

GIRLS' CRYSTAL ³^d

AND "THE SCHOOLGIRL"

CASTAWAYS ON MONKEY ISLAND



The Exciting Adventures Of A Cheery Band Of Boys And Girls Who Were Shipwrecked In The Pacific—By ELISE PROBYN

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER

"AND I'll take him this pineapple you didn't finish, Tom," chuckled Beryl Saunders, seizing the last remnant of their lunch from the ship's table. "You've guessed—it's for the stowaway!"

"Better not let the skipper catch you spoiling him, Beryl," murmured Tom Preston.

"I'll keep an eye on the skipper for you," promised his unperturbed sister Kay. "See you on deck when you come back, Beryl?"

Beryl nodded gaily, and down the gangway she went, arms laden with good things. The Anzac was a small cargo steamer trading the South Seas. Its passengers numbered only a dozen—including Beryl and her two chums, Tom and Kay Preston, who had been studying with her at an agricultural college in Sydney and were returning with her now to her father's fruit farm in New Zealand. Yet a sensation had swept the Anzac this trip—the discovery aboard of a boy stowaway!

Beryl opened the grating of his locked bunker now and gave him a cheery smile. He was a cheery boy with a square, freckled chin and an engaging air of determination. He didn't seem to bother two hoots about his plight. But not a word would he say about himself—not a word could Beryl glean to penetrate his mystery. It was only from the crew that she had learnt his name was Jack Harker.

"I've brought you some extras, Jack," she said, handing them through the grating.

"Thanks a lot—you're a pal!" he told her cheerily.

"But you're not!" Beryl laughed. "Why don't you tell me why you stowed away on this old tub?"

"Gee, this is something like!" And he smacked his lips. "Pineapple!"

"You wouldn't have taken such a risk for nothing," Beryl pursued him, more and more intrigued. "Why didn't you choose a bigger boat—a liner? Ever so much safer. And why—"

"Your name's Beryl, isn't it?" he put in quickly.

"Yes!"—And her eyes lit up as she expected a confidence from him at last.

"Then I think I can hear someone calling you on deck," he said with a wink. "Better scoot; mustn't be seen with me!"

Beryl gasped with disappointment; but at that moment, sure enough, she heard Kay calling her name in warning tones. There was nothing for it but to dodge up the nearest companionway, on to the deck to join her chums.

A nudge from Kay explained her warning. The captain had come down from the bridge and was on his way below. Luckily he had paused for a word with one of the other passengers, an earnest-looking young man named Keith Rendall.

"When do you expect to reach Monkey Island, captain?" Rendall was asking.

"Early to-morrow morning," the captain answered. "We're putting in there for water. There's nothing else there except monkeys. A ship with a cargo of the little imps was wrecked off there a few years back, you know, and ever since the island's been alive with them."

"Very interesting," observed Rendall. "Mind if I go ashore with your men when they go for water? I'm very interested in—"

And then it happened.

Without the slightest warning there came a deafening explosion which rocked the whole ship.

One moment Beryl was staring across at Rendall and the captain, intrigued by their

reference to Monkey Island. The next, and she was flung into the arms of her chum as the vessel heeled over, a shuddering wreck with a great hole gaping in its bows.

"It's a mine!"

"We've hit an old Jap mine!"

The shout was taken up all along the deck, and then came the captain's voice:

"Keep calm! No need for panic. Action stations, everyone! All hands on deck!"

The next half-hour was like a nightmare to Beryl and all the rest. Knowing that the little cargo ship was doomed, the captain ordered the lifeboats to be lowered. Fortunately the sea was smooth, and without a hitch everyone got away from the vessel—a few minutes before, with another shuddering lurch, it reared on its stern and went plunging to the bottom.

Beryl and her chums, together with the captain, Keith Rendall, and one or two elderly passengers, were in one boat. Jack Harker, the stowaway, and the rest of the crew were in the other. All were calm now that the first nerve-racking shock was over, for they knew there were plenty of islands in the vicinity where they could take refuge until rescue could come.

All through the night they rowed, and in the darkness the two boats became separated. Then in the morning, as the sun rose above the horizon, Beryl gave a glad shout.

"Land ahoy!" she announced.

The captain took one look at the tropical island ahead, then gave a satisfied nod.

"Monkey Island—the very place you wanted to visit," he said, with a smile at Keith Rendall. "We'll be all right there."

"But—but where's the other boat?" asked Beryl, with an anxious look around at the empty sea.

The captain smiled reassuringly.

"It must have made for one of the other islands," he said. "There's no need to worry in a sea like this. They'll be safe enough. Pull for the shore, boys!" he added to those at the oars.

The boat slid through the smooth blue water and soon Beryl & Co. were walking up a sandy beach. Green trees were fluttering in the sunlight. Little figures were swinging down from the trees and chattering a shrill welcome. An incredible number of them, an incredible babel they made. Beryl gazed, and her sense of unreality changed to pure enchantment. They were the monkeys of which the captain had spoken.

"These little fellows are highly pleased to see us," the captain was saying, "and there's nothing else to worry about, for they're the only creatures living here!"

"My, you've taken a load off my mind, captain!" sighed nervous Mrs. Tiller, the planter's wife, whom Beryl & Co. loved for the pluck she had shown in the crisis. "I was afraid there'd be savages—cannibals—"

"Only monkeys!" smiled the captain.

"What fun! We're real castaways!" Beryl laughed, exchanging animated looks with her chums. "We three are the youngest, captain. We'll get straight to work if you'll give us our orders. Shelter's the first thing, isn't it?"

Captain Briscoe beamed at her, and before issuing his orders he uttered a brief reassurance to everybody.

"We're safe and sound on dry land, we've had a marvelous escape, now we're a little band of castaways, as Beryl says. We've got to live as best we can for a few days on a perfectly lovely little island where there's nothing except dates and coco-nuts and monkeys. It won't be long. Does anyone know anything about wireless?"

"Tom!" Beryl and Kay said in one breath. Tom was already rummaging eagerly in the boat for a wireless transmitting set—badly damaged as the result of the explosion aboard ship. Wireless was Tom's pet hobby. But the earnest Keith Rendall looked at the set and shook his head hopelessly.

"Damaged beyond repair!" he said.

"If anyone could mend it, Tom could," said Beryl.

"See what you can do," the captain urged Tom, echoed imploringly by the older people in the party. "It will bring our rescue many days earlier if only we can wireless an S O S stating exactly where we are."

"I shouldn't bank on it," warned Keith Rendall. Then off came his jacket and his immaculate blue collar and tie as he began unloading the other things from the boat.

Beryl and her chums helped busily. They found a shady plateau, an ideal camping spot, just a few hundred yards inshore, and there they carried the boatload of stores, including the sails, followed back and forth every time by swarms of inquisitive little monkeys.

Beryl made the last journey, returning with the remaining odds and ends and the boys' coats. Tom was unrolling the sails now, to rig them up as tents.

"Thanks, Beryl, but I shan't need any coat on this job!" he chuckled, sweltering with perspiration.

Keith Rendall was less gracious. The monkeys, as well as the heat, were beginning to tell on his temper.

"You might have brought my collar and tie while you were about it!" he said peevishly.

"They weren't there," said Beryl.

"They must have been—unless someone's taken them."

Beryl and her chums exchanged glinting looks. They were the only ones who had handled Rendall's property.

"Just what are you driving at, Rendall?" began Tom in a dangerous tone.

And then the tension was snapped by a peal of laughter from Beryl. She was pointing convulsively to the trees.

There in the branches swung an impish little monkey, a saucy white tuft over his brow and Rendall's blue collar and tie round his neck.

"All right! Don't stand laughing, catch the little brute!" gasped Rendall. But Beryl noticed that he was panting with relief.

He made a fierce lunge towards the monkey. And never did he make a bigger mistake.

"Ow!"

A coco-nut cracked him on the head with deadly aim. The monkey was reaching for another. Beryl stepped back, and the little creature paused, gazing at her with his head on one side.

"Tufty—oh, you little darling, I'd like to adopt you!" And delightedly she held out her hand to him.

The little monkey she had impulsively named Tufty seemed to have taken a liking to her.

Chattering amiably, he fumbled in a hollow of the tree. Then he placed in her hand the captain's pipe and a hair ornament belonging to Mrs. Tiller.

"You see, that's what I mean. You can't be too careful of your property here," fussed Rendall, as if to explain away his agitation.

The monkey whipped off the collar and tie, ripped them into shreds with his sharp little teeth, then dropped them and was gone before Rendall could blink.

Beryl and her chums couldn't help laughing. But Rendall turned restlessly away, fidgeting again amongst his cherished belongings. He heard the captain and the other passengers returning from a brief survey of the island. Then Beryl saw him jerk something quickly into his pocket and without a word he hurried away on his own.

"He's as jumpy as a kitten," she said.

The captain returned then with the rest of the party, and was agreeably surprised to find that the chums had already rigged up several makeshift tents. While Beryl handed him back his pipe, which he took with a gratified grin, he proceeded to allot duties all round.

Cooking, fetching and carrying, and all the more active work had to fall on the youngsters. Beryl and her chums undertook it enthusiastically. The captain would be in charge of food stores and would dole it out to Beryl in care-

fully measured rations for cooking in case it had to last out longer than they hoped. The three ladies and their husbands—none of them young—would mend and that and do the work about the camp.

"Where's the other fellow—that young Rendall?" the captain asked suddenly.

"He's gone off by himself somewhere, skipper," said Beryl.

"Oh, has he?" And the captain frowned. "He ought to be here. He's got to pull his weight same as everybody else!"

Work started then in real earnest. Beryl and Tom between them built a clay oven. Kay collected stacks of fuel. Tins and buckets were fashioned into cooking-pots and a fire lighted—to the hilarious excitement of the monkeys who festooned in the treetops all round the camp. Beryl spared them what titbits she could, and the one she had called Tufty grew more friendly than ever. Indeed, he seemed to have adopted her, for he began to follow her wherever she went.

A hot stew of canned meat and beans and sweet potatoes was ready before Keith Rendall returned.

"Sorry I'm late, Beryl; I—I lost my way," he apologised as he joined the circle seated around her.

"Never mind, we've got lots of time," said Beryl, seeing that he was still jumpy. And she served him with stew and a small piece of precious bread.

The meal was partaken with much hilarity and laughter, especially when Tufty, not to be left out of it, perched himself on Beryl's shoulder, and, leaning forward, helped himself to a spoonful of stew.

But Keith Rendall did not join in the merriment. Instead, he sat a little apart from the others, aloof, a nervous, worried expression on his face.

It astonished Beryl to see that Rendall still seemed nervy next morning.

Her own night's sleep had been deliciously restful, snug against Kay in their little tent. Both were up at sunrise, lighting the fire and cooking breakfast, while Tom put in a couple of hours' eager work mending the wireless.

Yet when Keith Rendall at last appeared he looked oddly harassed.

"I say, did you people hear something in the night—like s-someone prowling about?" he asked jerkily.

"Millions of 'em," laughed Beryl. "Monkeys!"

"It wasn't a monkey!" Rendall insisted, his face twitching with apprehension. "I heard feet creeping outside my bivvy, and I tell you th-they were human feet!"

The captain caught the gist of this as he came up for his breakfast porridge, and after that there was no more peace for Keith Rendall. The whole party teased him hilariously, especially when Beryl's pet monkey Tufty suddenly rolled up with the missing lid of the teapot.

"All the same, I know what I heard in the night," Rendall kept muttering, "and it wasn't a monkey!"

Still fidgety, he went down to the beach with Kay and Tom to wash the breakfast dishes. Beryl followed the captain to his bivvy and drew the day's rations, the little monkey, Tufty, perched on her shoulder.

"I've still got a little left from yesterday," she told him cheerfully. "That's the best of having only porridge for breakfast."

Taking her fresh supplies, she carried them along to the iron box—her larder, as she called it—in its pit at the side of the clay oven. While Tufty contentedly bit at a biscuit, she opened the heavy clasp and raised the lid.

Then her heart gave a jump. Some of the food had gone—vanished since she put it away last night! Beryl stared again, flabbergasted. A loaf was missing! So was a quantity of ship's biscuits and a tin of meat! A marauder had been here—but who?

No monkey could have opened that heavy iron box!

BERYL KEEPS HER PROMISE



BERYL'S senses reeled. She asked herself if there was truth, after all, in Keith Rendall's jumpy assertion.

Was it footsteps he had heard in the night? Was there indeed some mysterious human being on this island besides themselves? Only a human hand

could have opened this box!

She gazed about her incredulously. Nothing else had been disturbed. The fuel Kay had collected lay on one side of the pit; on the other, the loose mound of earth which she and Tom had dug up in making it, and—They suddenly her heart galloped.

There were footprints in that loose soil! A faint trail leading away into the trees!

Beryl darted forward, Tufty swinging himself up on to her shoulder again. Breathlessly she followed the trail, stooping her head as she came to the thicket. It was like a miniature jungle. None of the party had ventured here. These were not their footprints!

Deeper she burrowed, walking upright now, threading her way through a narrow gap winding snake-like in and out of the dense foliage. In the green gloom she could still see a speck of loose earth here and there to guide her.

Excitement drove Beryl on. The way seemed never-ending, zigzagging through this twisting maze of jungle; but she was lost to all sense of time and distance.

It was the sudden dazzle of sunlight, bursting through the trees, that told her she was nearing some fresh part of the beach.

She heard the soft murmur of the sea; she emerged amidst a jagged clump of rocks overlooking a tiny bay. Her eyes met the glare of the sun—then a dark wisp of smoke curling up just beneath her.

It was the smoke of a fire! Someone was here!

Tremors seized Beryl for the first time. Every instinct of caution warned her to go back, back to her chums. There might be grave danger from this mysterious denizen of the island. But curiosity was even stronger than caution.

She was lying flat on the rock now—hiding, watching, while the little monkey chattered at her side.

She could see the red embers of the fire. It burnt outside a small cave, and as she watched she saw someone walk out of the cave, seat himself before the fire, and hitch a can of water to the tripod built above it.

It was a boy in a singlet and tattered white shorts.

Beryl gave an amazed gasp. "Jack Harker!" she cried, and clambered down to the beach.

It was the stowaway, the boy she had befriended on the Anzac. He gave a gasp of dismay as she came running forward.

"But I—I thought—" Beryl stuttered in sheer bewilderment. "What I mean is, you were taken off on the other boat to the other island!"

"I was!" He eyed her steadily, but as though wondering how far he could trust her. "But I had reasons for giving them the slip and coming here instead."

Beryl gazed to the water-edge, and her heart thudded as she saw a crudely made raft lying there.

"You crossed all the way here—on that thing?" she whispered. "Why?"

"I liked the scenery better," and he gave her his old enigmatical smile.

"But you must have had desperate reasons! You can't get out of it like that!" she said. "Tell me, Jack. You'd never tell me anything on the boat, but you've got to tell me why you took such a risk, just to get to this island. You must!"

"Beryl," he said gravely, "you were my one and only friend on the boat. Are you still going to be my friend?"

There was urgency in his question. Beryl kept her eyes turned to the loaf and the tin of meat he had pilfered from her store, but she could hear his fast breathing as he watched her. She waited for him to continue.

"I'm going to ask you not to give me away!" he jerked out with a kind of desperate appeal. "I'm in your hands, Beryl. Everything I've risked, everything I'm risking now, depends on you, depends on your keeping silent. Will you?"

Her eyes swung round upon him.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"

"I daren't say any more now—not till I've done what I came here for!" he said rapidly. "I'm asking you just to trust me!"

Beryl's gaze didn't leave his face. She had befriended him on the boat, shown him small kindnesses because every other hand had been against him. But it was the time now to speak frankly.

"You were a stowaway," she said. "You've told me nothing about yourself, and all I know is that you were caught on board, breaking into a passenger's cabin!"

"That's what Rendall said!"

"Yet now you ask me to trust you!"

"I only ask you to tell no one you've seen me—not even your friends!" And with no whine in his voice, but with quiet drama, he added: "If you refuse, you know what it means for me. The captain will have to make me a prisoner again. Then everything will be finished for me!"

Beryl's eyes clouded unhappily, and again she tried to grope at the mystery he was hiding from her.

"Why did you risk everything crossing over to this island?" she asked, taking a swift shot. "Was that your object all along when you stowed away? To come to this island?"

He didn't answer, but she knew by the start he gave that her shot had struck on the truth. It left her all the more baffled and intrigued. Yet it made her decision more easy. Why should she betray him? What harm could he do on this little island? Deep down in her heart she knew that she didn't want to betray him.

"There'll be a boat picking us up when our radio's mended," she said, wavering. "Then you'll have to come out into the open, anyhow, won't you?"

"By then I'll be glad to—if all goes well!" he murmured.

"If only you'd tell me and not make a mystery of it!" But, with a sigh, Beryl knew she was going to yield. "All right, I will keep your secret, Jack!" It was said without another thought. "I won't give you away!"

His hand gripped hers with a fervency that quite touched her, and without a word he led her down the beach to show her a more direct way back.

"You'd better not come any farther," she murmured, her gaze scanning the long line of coast stretching campwards. "I believe I can see one of our people way up there!"

"Thanks!" He drew back swiftly into the bay. "Thank you for everything, Beryl. I won't forget!"

She heard the breathless gratitude in his voice, and it astounded her as she picked her way back over the rocky beach, Tufty chattering from his perch on her shoulder. What had she done for him except promise him a few days' freedom on this desolate little island? How could it mean so much to him? How could the island mean anything to him?

Lost in her thoughts, she was nearly home when a figure moved out to meet her from a loose fall of rock under the cliff. It was Keith Rendall, his puckered face looking at her curiously.

"What, all alone, Beryl?" he asked her.

"Except for Tufty," she agreed, smiling fondly up at the little figure that clung to her hair. "Just taking a solitary stroll," she added.

"But I thought I saw you with Tom," he said, blinking quickly. "I was looking through

my glasses when you were down by that bay, and you weren't alone then."

"Oh, we didn't come back together!" hastily answered Beryl, and realised that her warning to Jack had been none too soon. It was Rendall she had discerned in the distance, and here he was with a pair of binoculars slung over his shoulder.

"I'll join you, then; I'm going back now," he said, falling into step beside her in his restless way.

Tom was sitting outside his bivvy when they reached camp, industriously mending the wireless set.

"Can you get it to go, Tom?" Beryl asked him.

"I think I can make a job of it!" breathed Tom.

"How long have you been at it?" Rendall asked.

"About an hour," said Tom. "Ever since breakfast."

Beryl saw the jump Rendall gave.

"Then it wasn't Tom I saw you with!" he gasped. "I can't understand this, Beryl! I—I'm certain I saw you with a boy. Who could it have been if it wasn't Tom?"

Beryl looked him straight in the eyes and laughed. She had promised to keep a secret and she wasn't going to have that secret threatened all through a nervous, jumpy scare-monger like Keith Rendall.

"You're seeing things, Mr. Rendall," she chuckled. "Unless you mistook Tufty for Tom! Or the spook with the mysterious feet you heard last night!"

"Oh goodness, is he at that again!" sighed Mrs. Tiller.

"I d-don't want to question Beryl's truthfulness," spluttered Rendall.

"You'd better not!" warned Tom.

"But I distinctly saw a figure through my field-glasses—"

"What's this?" And now the captain came marching up. "Can't have you gaping through field-glasses while everyone else is working, Rendall!" he said brusquely. "You've slacked enough; now I'm going to make you buckle to!"

And all day long the captain kept Keith Rendall hard at work chopping and carrying.

Night came and Beryl turned into bed with Kay. Her last drowsy thoughts were of the young stowaway in his lone cave. What were his plans? What was his aim in coming to the island?

Still musing over the mystery, she sank to sleep.

It was a violent uproar in the camp which suddenly awakened her. She heard frenzied feet rushing outside and Keith Rendall's voice yelling hysterically:

"Thief, thief! Call out the captain! I've been robbed!"

"Keep your head, man, and let's get a light!" Tom was shouting.

Beryl flung a few clothes on and burst out of her bivvy with Kay. It was a staggering sight that met her gaze in the lantern-light.

The side of Rendall's bivvy had been ripped open with a knife and his belongings dragged out. His scanty bits of luggage and even his clothes had all been ransacked. Papers were blowing everywhere; papers by the dozen were strewn across the camp.

"I told you, captain—I told you there was someone else on this island, some thieving desperado, and you wouldn't listen to me!" Rendall was panting.

Beryl gazed thunderstruck. This was the work of Jack Harker, the boy she had shielded! Horror held her limp. Even the captain's face looked ashen now in the light of the lantern.

"We shall get him, Rendall. There's no escape for the rascal any more than there is for us!" he said tremblingly. "What has he stolen? Who else has he robbed?"

"He didn't have time to rob anyone else! I

(Please turn to page 197.)

Danger Awaited Her There

The Merry-makers at College



By
DAPHNE
GRAYSON

A SCORE FOR SALLY & CO.

"PIGGOT meant to do things in style for the dean's niece!" whispered Sally Warner.

"It's the best tea-room in the hotel he's booked!" breathed Johnny Briggs.

"And it's a wonderful spread he's ordered!" sighed Fay Manners.

"Sssh!" whispered Don Weston, and winked at Sally. "Time we were moving—train's nearly due!"

The chums were hovering, furtively, outside the door of a small private tea-room in the Station Hotel—and here were not the only ones who had come here this afternoon from Roxburgh Co-ed College for the express purpose of meeting the dean's niece on the two-thirty train.

On the other side of that door in the hotel tea-room, all innocent of the Merry-makers' presence, were their rivals of K House—Nat Piggot and his cronies, Sidney Fiske and the two Blaney sisters.

Nat Piggot had hired the tea-room specially to give an impressive welcome to the guest, who was coming to stay for a week at the college. He wanted to show her how much better K House did things than, for instance, Sally & Co., of J House.

"Now!" whispered Sally—and noiselessly she turned the key in the outer lock, and Nat Piggot's excited voice could no longer be heard.

Johnny Briggs hung one of the hotel notices on the doorknob: NOT TO BE DISTURBED.

Then softly Sally led the way out along the carpeted lobby. Voices reached her ears, and she glimpsed an official uniform as she neared the vestibule. Finger to lips, she flashed a warning to the others. All halted in hiding behind the curtains.

It was the hotel doorman they could see, magnificent in blue and gold, and talking to him was a sly-looking man who spoke with his mouth on one side.

"It's going to be dead easy, Tony!" he was saying in low tones. "One of the sights she wants to see is Black Rock Canyon. Her own special request, too! We'll see she goes to Black Rock all right, eh? And once we get her there—"

The doorman gave him a nudge, and the pair vanished stealthily into his little office. The chums streaked out unseen through the main door.

"Nice pair of schemers, those two!" commented Sally. "They're up to something fishy!"

"Black Rock Canyon's going to be unlucky for someone!" said Johnny. "If I had time to do a bit of detective work— Hey, here's the train!"

Sprinting across the yard, the chums were just in time to reach the platform as the train steamed in. The first passenger to jump out was the dean's vivacious and rather excitable niece.

"Miss Raeburn!" Sally cried. "Why, it's Sally!" And the other recognised her in delight. "I thought you called me Pam!"

"I will now," laughed Sally, "but I've only met you once before, and then you were with the dean. Fay, boys—here's Pam!"

"Lovely of you all to meet me!" cried Pam. "Anyone else?"

"No one else!" Sally & Co. said in one voice, delighted at their triumph over Nat Piggot. "It's our honour! J House first every time!"

Then their faces dropped as a pageboy pushed past them on the platform—a pageboy from the Station Hotel, and waving an envelope in his hand.

"Miss Pamela Raeburn?" he shrilled, and handed the envelope to the dean's niece.

Rather woefully Sally watched her open it. It was from Piggot, she guessed. Even though she and her chums had locked him in the tea-room, he must have found a way to send this pageboy along with his invitation to tea.

Then Sally's eyes suddenly widened as Pam opened the envelope. It wasn't a message from Piggot. It was a beautifully coloured brochure advertising the charms of Black Rock Canyon.

"Trips arranged from the Station Hotel at short notice," ran a line neatly typed beneath it. "Special car and guide!"

"Oh, goody!" exclaimed Pam. "Just the very place I wanted to see! Black Rock Canyon! I'm not missing this trip!"

Delightedly she thrust the brochure into her

pocket. Sally & Co. gathered up her luggage and escorted her to the station taxi.

She was a gay and enthusiastic companion. It was only her second visit to Roxburgh—always a place of glamour to her because of her distinguished uncle's deanship of the college—and now, as she told Sally exuberantly, she had a whole week to do all the sights and go everywhere in the vicinity. She wasn't going to miss anything!

The taxi rolled into the college grounds, and in great spirits she breezed into the dean's house to greet her uncle. Sally & Co. sailed along to the Merrymakers' club-house, where they had a sumptuous tea, quite the equal of Nat Piggot's awaiting her.

Sally's suppressed excitement was let loose as soon as they were alone.

"I say, did that strike you as strange—about the trip to Black Rock Canyon?"

"The brochure came from someone in the hotel!" her chums said breathlessly.

"Where we heard the doorman talking about the very place!" Sally rushed on. "Am I crazy, or do you think it was Pam Raeburn they were talking about? Pam they want to lure along to the canyon?"

"That's what struck me!" Don said quickly, echoed by the others. "It may have been just a coincidence—"

"And it may not!" burst in Sally. "They're bound to have heard all about Pam Raeburn—"

The club-house door burst open, and Nat Piggot came storming in, his face scarlet to the tips of his large ears.

"I'll give you lock me in! I'll make you pay for that room I hired!" he blazed. "You've made me look a proper fool—"

"But you can't help that, Piggy dear!" Fay laughed.

"It was a pity about the tea, but I'm sure you and your chums will enjoy it," Sally smiled consolingly. "Now, buzz off, there's a good lad!"

After a few more remarks meant to be biting, Piggot went, determined the spread should not be wasted.

The chums' faces were grim when they were alone again.

"I think you've hit it, Sally!" Don said tensely. "There's a plot against Pam!"

"Then that means," Sally said slowly, "Pam must not go to Black Rock Canyon! It's our job to see that she doesn't, and it'll be easy enough without saying a word to scare her. There're bags of other places where she can go. But not Black Rock Canyon!"

Pam came sailing in then, far too high-spirited to notice any earnestness in Sally & Co., and her glee was unbounded when she saw the cosy spread they'd got for her.

So much did Pam enjoy the Merrymakers Club that she joined it there and then as a holiday member, and the next thing Sally & Co. knew, she had adopted them as her inseparable chums for the holiday.

"But we're not on holiday, you know," laughed Sally.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said Pam. "I've fixed it with uncle!"

The next two days were a breathless whirl of sightseeing for them all. Johnny solemnly appointed himself guide and organiser. Sally helped him cram fresh trips into the itinerary, when she wasn't helping Fay pack their innumerable picnic baskets, and they took Pam to every beauty spot, baseball match, market, and place of interest for miles around.

It was on the third day, after lunch, that Pam came bursting along to them with a happy idea of her own.

"I've fixed up a glorious trip for us this afternoon!" she cried.

"That's good news!" applauded Johnny in relief. "I've just heard that the steamer's full up, and that washes out what I was planning."

"We'll go on the steamer another day," said Sally. "What's your weeze, Pam?"

Then her heart jumped with dismay as Pam told her:

"I've just phoned the Station Hotel and they'll have a car for us at two-fifteen, and a special guide. We're going to Black Rock Canyon!"

THE PLAN THAT WENT WRONG



"OH!"

Sally tried to hide the start she gave, but Pam must have seen the change in her chum.

"What's the matter—don't you want to go to Black Rock Canyon?" she asked in quick concern.

"I think"—and Sally grabbed at the first excuse she could invent—"I think it would be nicer some other day, Pam, when the weather's brighter, then we can take snaps!"

Pam stared at her. "But there's always a black sort of mist in the canyon, Sally! That's its charm! I've been reading all about it. Look, if you don't want to come, I'll go on my own. I don't mind, really. And I'll see you this evening. Say, here's my taxi!" And she turned to hail the cab that was gliding in through the college gates.

Before Sally's wits could work, Johnny gave her a warning nudge.

"Of course Sally's coming, Pam!" he said loudly. "We're all coming!"

Pam's eyes lit up joyfully, and she couldn't bundle them all into the taxi fast enough.

They bowed out through the gates, heading for the Station Hotel. Sally watched Johnny warily. He was looking out of the window, his brow furrowed in thought.

Halfway to Roxburgh town, a narrow road branched off to the left, bearing the signpost: "TO THE COUNTY STADIUM." That road was congested now with an endless line of cars and motor-bikes all making for the stadium.

Johnny saw his chance. "Turn left here, driver!" he sang out.

The taxi swung round into the line of traffic.

"You haven't seen the stadium, have you, Pam?" said Johnny disarmingly to Pam. "It's not far out of our way. Looks as if there's something big on there to-day, but you'll just have a glimpse of it as we pass!"

"Good!" Pam said eagerly. "Only don't forget we have to meet the car at two-fifteen!"

"Oh, sure!" said Johnny.

Sally & Co. relaxed. Johnny's bright idea had already done the trick. Their taxi was now wedged in the endless stream of stadium traffic, with no hope of pulling out.

A quarter of an hour's crawl, then Pam gazed apprehensively at her watch.

"Johnny!" She gave a jump. "It's nearly two now!"

"We're only a couple of miles from the Station Hotel," Johnny answered lightly. "Look! Here's the stadium, Pam! Shall we have a look inside while we're here?"

There was no alternative, actually, for their taxi was already being carried with the tide into the stadium car-park. Johnny jumped out and gave his hand to Pam.

"They always have jolly good shows here," he said. "We'll just have a peep at this one!"

He lingered behind for a lightning word with the driver. Next second he was escorting Pam to the entrance.

"Wouldn't have let you miss this for anything, Pam!" Sally heard him say.

Then her heart went suddenly faint as they emerged into full view of the arena.

Stretched right across it was a gigantic

banner, bearing a monstrous caricature of Pam's uncle, the dean of Roxburgh College!

"KILLJOY!" ran the enormous slogan. "ROXBURGH WANTS ENTERPRISE—NOT KILLJOYS!"

A hundred insulting banners, all bearing the dean's caricature, reeled before Sally's gaze. Dotted between them were other banners advertising "BENCHLEY'S DE LUXE ROADHOUSES." On a platform a flashy, bald-headed man was roaring into a mike, his voice booming through the loudspeakers:

"You could have a smart roadhouse—a line of shops—money rolling into Roxburgh from wealthy visitors all over the States! Who's stopping you?"

"An old fogey!" roared his supporters. "One man is cheating you of this great chance I bring you—the dean of Roxburgh College!" And the speaker pointed scathingly to the gigantic caricature. "He doesn't own these building sites! They're yours! But he owns the power to sell them to me! He alone can sign the sale—and he refuses! I—Silas Benchley—can turn these sites into gold for you! But you're all being cheated by an old college bookworm, an old killjoy!"

Sally heard a strangled sound from Pam, even though a few dissenting voices now shouted against the speaker. White to the lips, Pam gave a fierce tug at Johnny's arm.

"How could you bring me here?" she gasped. "Take me away!"

She turned and went racing down the exit steps, Johnny's face as white as her own as he caught her up.

"I—I didn't know what was going on, Pam! I never dreamed—"

Pam had reached the car-park now, and the first thing she saw was that the taxi had gone. "Where—?" Suspicion rushed into her eyes. "Did you send it away—did you pay the taxi off?"

"Ye-es," spluttered Johnny. "You see, Pam I—I—"

"I think I do see," Pam said in white-faced calm. "You didn't want me to go to Black Rock Canyon. You brought me here instead—to hear an insulting campaign against my uncle!"

She turned and ran out through the gate, tears burning in her eyes. Sally rushed to join her, to say how sorry they were, even though she could not explain. But Pam was too upset even to listen. She went rushing along the dusty, congested lane till she came to the crossroads where they had turned off.

Sally saw a familiar green car ambling along the main road. It was Nat Piggot's car. He saw Pam as he drove by with his three K House cronies in the back—and swiftly he leaned out.

"Can I give you a lift, Miss Raeburn?" he asked.

"Oh, if you would! Thank you!" And Pam clambered into the front seat beside him, leaving Sally & Co. helpless in the road.

Their feelings were inexpressible as they watched her drive back to the college with Piggot. No wonder Pam was so hurt. And it wasn't their fault; it wasn't Johnny's fault. His bright idea had been solely to protect her, and it had gone sadly wrong.

"I didn't even know Benchley's swindling company was trying to build a roadhouse here," he said shakily. "As for his hiring the stadium to launch an insulting campaign against the dean—"

"None of us knew, Johnny! You couldn't help it!" Sally consoled him, though her own voice was dead.

There was no chance of another word with Pam that day. Deliberately she kept away from Sally & Co.

"I'm not really surprised," Sally said wretchedly. "If only we knew for certain, so

that we could explain and tell her of the danger at Black Rock Canyon! I know!" She looked suddenly at Don. "Supposing one of us went along to the canyon to-morrow morning and had a quiet look round. Don, will you go?"

"I was just thinking the same," Don said slowly. "No need for a crowd. I'll spin out there on my bike to-morrow, Sally, first thing!"

The chums saw him off next morning, and Sally rather hoped that by this time Pam would have got over her vexation, and would resume their friendship. But no. Nat Piggot gave her no chance. He monopolised Pam immediately after breakfast, and Sally didn't see her again.

It was after two when Don came scorching back on his bike. Sally rushed to meet him. One glance at his excited face was enough to tell her that his journey hadn't been wasted.

"Don! You've found out something?"

"They're after Pam, right enough!" he said, out of breath. "They were both there—the doorman, and that fellow with the crooked mouth! They couldn't keep their eyes off me when they saw my Roxy colours. Then the little chap came sidling up to me. Said he'd been expecting one of our young ladies there yesterday afternoon, and asked me—in a kind of offhand way, as he thought—why she hadn't turned up! The pair of them are crooks all right! They'd fixed something shady for Pam! You should have seen their faces when I left them guessing!"

"I knew it!" gasped Johnny. "This settles it!" breathed Sally. "Come on, boys! We're going to tell Pam why we upset her afternoon yesterday, and warn her of her danger!"

Eyes bright with excitement, she led the way to K House, to the cosy lounge where Nat Piggot and his friends often gathered.

"All right, we haven't come to see you K people!" said Sally, as their intrusion was greeted by indignant roars. "We've come to see Pam Raeburn!"

"She's not here!" came a chorus. "Where is she?" inquired Sally. "Gone out with Nat Piggot and his friends—to Black Rock Canyon!"

Sally & Co. staggered out again. They were too late with their warning! Pam had already gone to her danger—she had gone to Black Rock Canyon!

Sally gave a tug at Don's arm. She called to Fay and Johnny. She was making a rush for the garage where Johnny's patched-up old car was kept.

"We've got to go after her—quick! Get out the Boneshaker, Johnny! Fast as you know how—to Black Rock Canyon!"

THE PLOT AT THE CANYON



SUSPENSE kept Sally in a fever of tension throughout that wild, hair-raising drive. What was Pam's danger? Would they be in time to save her? Suspense grew intolerable till at last she saw the grey shadow of the mountains, and the thick mist overhanging the canyon, which cut like a deep ravine through the foothills.

Yet—the thought quite startled her—how normal it looked, this popular tourists' haunt! Just as normal to-day as any other day!

"All cars park here! Twenty-five cents!" yawned an attendant as Johnny pulled up, and he took the money and opened the turnstile at the head of the canyon. "You'll find a guide taking another party round, if you want to join them.

Another party! Sally exchanged breathless

looks with her chums as they plunged down the winding, misty path of the canyon. Two hundred yards they ran. They were just passing a ramshackle hut, evidently the guides' headquarters, when a laughing voice reached their ears.

"Can't you see, Nat? Shall I hold your arm?"

It was Pam's cheerful voice teasing Nat Piggot. Sally stared through the haze. She could see Pam drifting happily along on the heels of the guide, Nat Piggot & Co. on one side of her, and on the other a fashionably dressed blonde lady and her chauffeur.

"You won't let go of my arm, will you, dear?" the lady pleaded.

"No, Mrs. Van de Golz. I've got you safe!" smiled Pam.

Sally looked blankly at her chums, for nothing could have been less sinister than the carefree little scene below. The guide, true, was that man with the crooked mouth. But the lady excursionist in the stylish clothes dominated the party. No girl ever looked less in need of protection than Pam did.

"If only you'll keep close to me like this all the way, my dear," the lady was saying to her—then Sally heard her break off with a startled cry. "Oh!"

"What's the matter, Mrs. Van de Golz?" Pam exclaimed.

"My pendant—my ruby pendant! It's gone!" the lady cried.

She tore her arm free of Pam's. Her hand went distractedly to her neck. Pam's voice came in quick alarm:

"Gone? But you had it only a second ago—you must have dropped it here!"

"I couldn't have dropped it—the clasp is a patent one—it's been snatched—someone's snatched it from me!" And then wildly the woman accused Pam: "Only you could have snatched it!"

"I?" Pam's indignant horror was more than shared by Sally & Co.

"You were pressing close against me—I felt a jerk—it was you!" the woman panted, and turned hysterically to her chauffeur. "Make her turn out her pockets, Harvey! She's stolen my ruby pendant!"

The white-moustached chauffeur advanced upon Pam. She stood stock still, flashing-eyed. He dived his hand into her left pocket. He dived his hand into her right pocket. Then a gasp left his lips, and he drew out a glittering ruby pendant!

"I knew it. I knew it—the girl's a thief!" the woman cried. "Police! Call the police!"

Sally had just presence of mind to drag her chums into hiding, behind the hut.

"That's their game!" she panted. "They're framing Pam!"

Pam looked like a white ghost in the mist. She was staring incredulously at the pendant, stammering out incoherent denials. Piggot & Co. stood by in sickly agitation. The guide was making a pretence of calming Mrs. Van de Golz, but she was not to be calmed.

"If she were a poor girl, there'd be some excuse, but she's not poor. She deserves no mercy—stooping to thief, bringing disgrace upon her family!" she cried. "Fetch the police, Harvey!"

The white-moustached chauffeur went hurrying up the slope. Something in his figure was strangely familiar to Sally as he flashed past her hiding-place.

"I—I say, can't we keep the p-police out of this?" stuttered Piggot. "It'll be dreadful for the deap! She's his niece, you know, ma'am."

"All the more reason why she deserves no leniency!" the woman burst in. "A dean's niece, you say! A girl who has had every chance in life, and she turns her hand to stealing! Bring her this way—we will wait for the police!"

The party were moving now towards the hut. Sally pressed back against her chums, hiding behind the ramshackle wall. She could hear Pam's choked voice protesting her innocence. She could hear Piggot pleading for her with the obdurate blonde woman.

Sally peered round the side of the hut. Mrs. Van de Golz had paused only an arm's-length from her. She was still waving the ruby pendant remorselessly before the distraught Pam, and now, with a final threat, she thrust it into the pocket of her own elegant fur coat.

"You will gain nothing by denying it, you shameless girl—your own friends were witnesses!" she cried.

Sally's hand stole out unseen, and with a lightning movement she extracted the pendant from the woman's pocket.

Her chums watched her in voiceless horror. Don tugged frantically at her sleeve.

"I know what I'm doing!" Sally whispered under her breath. "Now do what I tell you, Don!"

The party moved into the hut. A second later Don crept away, then broke into a run as he dashed out of the canyon.

Sally glued her eyes to a chink in the back of the hut. Fay and Johnny, crouching tensely beside her, found similar spyholes. They could see the party inside.

They saw the guide slip away. He edged away into another section of the hut, closing the door after him. Sally crept past the back of the hut to the far end, and found a spyhole where she could peep into that other section. It was furnished with a table and a telephone, and the guide was now dialing a number on the telephone.

"Hallo! That you, sir?" Sally heard him say at last, his voice soft and his crooked mouth twisting with excitement. "It's all fixed, sir! We've got the girl scared out of her life. You'll get the dean's signature to anything now!" he chuckled. "Good luck, Mr. Benchley!"

Enlightenment flashed on Sally as she heard that name. But she didn't have the time even to whisper to Johnny or Fay. There were hurried steps on the path of the canyon, and back came the white-moustached chauffeur—bringing with him a patrol policeman!

"Here's the girl, officer! Here's the thief!" cried Mrs. Van de Golz, throwing open the door of the hut. "I charge her with stealing a valuable ruby pendant!"

"It isn't true!" sobbed Pam.

"How did it happen, madam?"

"She snatched it from my neck!"

"Any witnesses?" asked the policeman seriously.

"Her own friends!"

"And the pendant?"

The door opened promptly, and it was Sally who walked in.

"Is this it?" she asked—and she held up the ruby pendant.

The sensation was electric. Eyes gaped. Pam tottered back against the wall. Mrs. Van de Golz gave a violent jump and dived her hand into her pocket.

"Wh-where did you get that?" she spluttered.

"I took it from you!" Sally said coolly.

The woman's mouth opened and closed, but she couldn't get any words out. It was the policeman who cut in sharply:

"But you've just charged this other young lady with stealing it, madam!"

"That's ridiculous, isn't it?" Sally echoed him. "I took it! I've admitted it!"

Pam was gazing at her with eyes dazed and unbelieving, but brimming with gratitude. Even Nat Piggot couldn't bring himself to believe. But it was enough for him if Sally was willing to take the blame.

(Please turn to the back page.)



Detective June's MOST THRILLING CASE

ABOARD THE YACHT

JUNE GAYNOR, niece of Noel Raymond, the famous young detective, went to Port Craig College disguised as a new girl, Dorothy Whiteman. Her object was to help her uncle track down a mysterious master-crook known as the Grey Falcon.

As a result of the Grey Falcon's scheming Noel was accused of himself being the Grey Falcon. But June discovered that the Grey Falcon was really Howard Wyndham, tenant of the near-by Manor, and chairman of the College governors, and also that Miss Tuft, the Upper Fourth Form-mistress, was in league with him.

After rescuing Noel Raymond from the Grey Falcon and his gang, June herself was caught, and told that she was going to accompany them to South America, now that they had found the treasure which they had been seeking.

Wondering what had become of Uncle Noel, June was taken aboard a motor-boat, and they set off for the yacht moored off Smugglers' Isle.

WHAT had become of Noel Raymond? That was the question which was hammering at June Gaynor's brain as the motor-boat cleaved its way forward.

When she had left her detective uncle he had been contemplating some desperate plan to delay the escape of the Grey Falcon and his gang. He had even talked of trying to steal aboard the yacht which was to take the crooks to South America.

Was it possible that Noel Raymond was aboard the craft now?

The thought made June's heart leap, then glumly she shook her head. For how could her uncle hope to turn the tables now? He would be only one against many, and, thanks to her having been captured, there was no hope of any help arriving on the scene.

"Switch off, and get ready to make fast!" The shout from the Grey Falcon cut into June's troubled thoughts, and, looking up, she saw that they were drawing alongside the long white yacht which lay at anchor under the frowning cliffs of Smugglers' Isle.

The trim-looking vessel seemed to be de-

serted, and no one came forward to help the new arrivals clamber aboard. But a rope ladder dangled from the rails, and, when the motor-boat had been tied to a trailing cable, the Grey Falcon turned to June and gave her a push.

"Up you go!" he ordered.

Without a word, the schoolgirl detective grasped one of the rungs of the ladder, and, hand-over-hand, clambered up the steep side of the yacht. Then helplessly, she stood on the deck, watching the crooks follow her example. The ancient treasure-chest was finally hoisted aboard, and, as it was dumped down at his feet, the Grey Falcon gave an exultant chuckle.

"My last haul—and my richest!" he declared, and grinned mockingly across at June. "I suppose you'd like to see what's inside, eh?" he said. "Well, if you behave yourself during the voyage, maybe I'll let you take a peep."

He laughed again, and June felt an icy shiver run down her spine. The thought that she was to be forced to accompany the master-crook on his long sea-trip was unbearable. Surely there must be some way of escape? Desperation in her eyes, she looked wildly around.

As if guessing what was in her mind, the Grey Falcon took a step forward and laid cold, ruthless fingers around her arm.

"No use trying to get away!" he declared. "No one can help you now—not even that meddling uncle of yours. You're aboard the Sea Spray, and here you're going to stop—and just to make sure you don't try any monkey tricks, we'll make you nice and snug below!"

He tugged at her arm, and, all hope gone now, June was forced across to the companion-way. At the top of the stairs the black-bearded sailor who had brought them across in the motor-boat stood talking to Miss Tuft. They both grinned maliciously as they saw June, and the ex-Form-mistress held up the dispatch-case she clutched in one hand.

"What shall I do with this, chief?" she asked.

"Take it to my cabin," the Grey Falcon replied, and turned to grin at June. "Good job neither you nor your uncle laid hands on that," he said. "It contains papers that would have given the game completely away. But

It's too late now, my dear, so don't bother to cast longing eyes on it. As soon as I have a minute to spare, I mean to destroy all its contents."

He uttered another sardonic laugh, then eyed the sailor. He was a ruffianly looking fellow, with his black beard, beetling eyebrows, and ill-fitting sea jacket.

"Everything ready?" he asked.
"Ay, ay, sir!" The seaman nodded. "The tide's just right. We can slip out to sea the moment you give the word. 'Course, there's no wind, but the motor's a good 'un. It'll enable us to put up a good rate o' knots."

"Good! Then we'll up anchor as soon as the treasure chest has been safely stowed away. See to it, will you, Jenkins?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"
The sailor saluted and turned away, while the Grey Falcon's grip tightened on June's arm.

"Come along!" he ordered.
Realising the futility of attempting to resist, June allowed herself to be escorted down below. Miss Tuft, still clutching the dispatch-case, preceded them, and disappeared into one of the cabins. The Grey Falcon kicked open an adjoining door, and took a coil of string from his pocket.

"There's not much chance of you escaping," he declared, "but I'm taking no risks. Out with your hands."

Silently June obeyed. He tied her wrists together, then gave her a push which sent her reeling into the cabin, to collapse on to a low bunk.

"O.K! Stay there until we're safely out to sea," the master-crook ordered. "Then I'll find you a job. Don't think you're going to live a life of ease aboard this ship, my girl—for you're not. You're going to work harder than you've ever done in your life before."

He laughed harshly, then the door slammed behind him, and there came a click as the key turned in the lock.

Left alone, June sat up, feeling more miserable than ever before in her life. Again she found herself wondering what had become of Uncle Noel. And had anyone chanced to find that message for help which she had dropped outside the old refectory?

"But what does it matter now?" she whispered. "There's not a chance of turning the tables. This is the end—"

She broke off, and a gasp of dismay escaped her lips, for suddenly there had come the rattle of chains, followed a few moments later by the throb of a powerful motor, and the whole yacht seemed to quiver.

Jumping to her feet, June pressed her pallid face against the glass of the porthole. In the light of the setting sun, she saw the rocky cliffs sliding past. The yacht was under way—nosing cautiously between the many sandbanks which dotted the bay. The long voyage to South America had begun!

Helplessly June sank back on the bunk again. For a while she sat as if stunned, overwhelmed by the nightmare fate which had overtaken all her hopes.

She would never see Uncle Noel again, and he now would never be able to prove his innocence. The Grey Falcon's triumph was complete and final.

And then suddenly her heart gave a wild leap.

What was that?

Tap, tap, tap!

Three quick taps on the locked door, then something whirled through the open fanlight and clattered down on the floor at her feet. Incredulously she gazed at the object, hardly able to believe her own eyes.

"A knife!" she whispered. "And a key—the key to the cabin!"

Quivering with a wild excitement that suddenly swept over her she jumped to her feet, and bent over the two metal articles. They were tied together by a piece of string, and

attached was a grimy luggage label on which had been written one short, startling, electrifying sentence:

"As soon as the yacht stops, make your way to the stern."

And underneath was a name which set her heart thudding, which brought a gleam of delirious delight to her eyes.

"Uncle Noel," she breathed. "Then he's aboard—and he's got some plan to beat the Grey Falcon, after all!"

THE GREY FALCON'S DISPATCH-CASE



FOR a second or two June just stood there, almost dazed with delight at this sensationally unexpected development.

Exactly what that cryptic message meant she had no idea.

The yacht was now making its way at top speed through the narrow channel between the sandbanks. Before long it would reach the open sea.

How then could it be brought to a standstill? How could Noel Raymond—clever and audacious though he was—possibly hope to outwit the ruthless gang of crooks aboard the Sea Spray?

June did not know—and she didn't waste time in attempting to answer those questions. She only knew Uncle Noel was on the yacht—and she had implicit faith in him.

Picking up the knife she seated herself on the edge of the bunk, and, gripping the knife between her knees, rubbed the bonds which secured her wrists against it.

The knife was as sharp as a razor. It cut easily through the cord, and jubilantly June jumped up, rubbing her chafed wrists. She was free. But what should she do now? The yacht still showed no sign of stopping; its powerful motor hummed as vibrantly as ever. She pressed her face against the porthole, to find that now it was getting dark. There was no sign of Smugglers' Isle. It had been left far behind. Nothing was to be seen but the placid sea, with the sandbanks, rising in dark, shadowy patches at the side of the channel. Restlessly June turned away, hating to remain so inactive. Wasn't there anything she could do while waiting for Uncle Noel's mystery plan to mature?

Suddenly her eyes began to sparkle.

She was thinking of what the Grey Falcon had said about the contents of the dispatch-case Miss Tuft had been carrying.

"That contains all the evidence against him," she told herself excitedly. "If only I could get hold of it—"

Impulsively, not stopping to think of the possible danger, she crossed the cabin. Fitting the key into the lock she turned it, then, her heart racing, she opened the door an inch or two and peered out.

No one was in sight. The corridor was deserted.

"Goody!" she breathed.

Closing the door softly behind her, she darted along to the next cabin—the one into which Miss Tuft had taken the dispatch-case. Anxiously she turned the handle and pressed. The door swung open.

Almost quivering with delight June entered the cabin, and as she switched on the electric light a triumphant cry escaped her lips.

For there on the green-topped desk which stood under the porthole was the vital dispatch-case!

Snatching it up she examined it eagerly. It was locked, but that didn't worry her, for the way the bag bulged showed that the all-important papers were still inside.

"Got it!" she exclaimed. "Won't Uncle Noel be pleased when—"

And then she broke off. Some sixth sense seemed to warn her of danger. Though she had heard nothing to alarm her, she felt her heart give a sudden, wild lurch. Conscious of a growing sense of fear she swung round, and then the blood drained from her face.

Standing in the doorway, regarding her with baleful, malevolent eyes, was a tall, menacing figure.

The Grey Falcon!

The dispatch-case still clutched in both hands, June involuntarily recoiled. There was something very frightening about the quiet, deliberate way in which the master-crook closed the door and stepped into the cabin.

"So you have managed to escape, eh?" he said softly. "And you have dared to continue your prying ways aboard this yacht? I think the time has come to teach you a lesson, young lady—a very thorough lesson."

There was a world of menace in his voice, and June felt an icy shiver run down her spine as the Grey Falcon continued to advance.

"First kindly hand over that case," he ordered. "Then—"

But that was as far as he got.

Suddenly there came a startling, totally unexpected happening.

Without the slightest warning there came a shuddering crash, and ornaments and pictures went smashing to the floor. To the alarmed June it seemed as if the yacht had suddenly reared up on end, and, as there came another rending crash, she clutched frenziedly at the brass handle of the porthole.

The Grey Falcon, having nothing to grasp at, was flung bodily across the cabin. A slithering chair tripped him up, and he fell headlong, his head cracking against the edge of the bunk.

He gave one groan, then collapsed in a toppled heap, and as June stood there, dazed and shaken, still clinging to the porthole handle for support, she heard the yacht's screaming motor come to a sudden stop, and for one breathless moment not a sound could be heard aboard the now motionless vessel.

Still trembling from the shock, June gazed around the cabin. The floor rose at a sharp angle, and broken glass and overturned furniture lay piled up on the carpet. And then her gaze went to the Grey Falcon. He lay on the floor in a heap, groaning, a trickle of blood seeping from the injury on his forehead. With a gasp she realised that the fall had stunned him, but it would not be long before he recovered consciousness.

Turning to the porthole, June pressed her face against it. She could see nothing of the rolling sea; outside there was what appeared to be a high, grey wall, and with another gasp she realised what had happened.

"We've run into one of the sandbanks," she told herself. "The yacht's grounded!" And then her eyes lit up. "Golly, this must be Uncle Noel's work!" she exclaimed. "Oh, what a wizard he is!"

Her heart swelled with admiration for the famous young detective, then, as there came a louder groan from the Grey Falcon, she realised that there was not a moment to be lost.

Now was her chance to carry out Noel Raymond's instructions.

Still clutching the precious dispatch-case, she stumbled out of the cabin and hurried along the steeply sloping corridor. Her heart in her mouth, she ascended the companionway steps. The sun had almost set, but there was still sufficient light for her to see the furious, uneasily talking figures gathered in the bows, peering at the great bank of slippery sand into which, unaccountably, the yacht had driven.

She looked back across the deck. There was no one to be seen in that direction.

"Goody!" she breathed, and went racing along to the stern. To her dismay she could see nothing of Noel Raymond. "Uncle!" she called anxiously. "Uncle Noel!"

And then as a man's head and shoulders reared up above the rail she recoiled in alarm. Confronting her was the black-bearded, ruffianly sailor who apparently was the captain of the yacht.

"Oh!" she gasped, and at her obvious fright the seaman chuckled.

"Sorry if you don't like my whiskers," he said.

June gave another gasp—but it was one of delight this time. There could be no mistaking that teasing voice.

"Uncle!" she exclaimed. "Oh, it's you! And I never even guessed. But how ever did you manage it?"

The disguised detective laughed as he clung to the rope-ladder which dangled from the rail.

"It was easy," he declared. "You see, after I left you I rowed across to Smugglers' Isle, to find the yacht deserted except for the skipper—a rascal named Jenkins. I managed to knock him out, and when I had stowed him away below I took his place."

"And you tampered with the steering!" June cried, her voice full of admiration, then her face fell. "But I'm afraid I've let you down," she declared woefully. "I never got a chance to deliver that note to the police."

"Never mind. We'll make do without help. But come on, my dear. This is no time for gossiping. We've got to get away while the going's good."

He helped her over the rail, and as she descended the swaying rope ladder, June saw moored there two motor-boats. In one of them stood a bulky, oak chest. At sight of it June gave a cry of delight.

"Why, you've even got the treasure!" she gasped.

Her uncle grinned. "Naturally. It's far too valuable to leave in the Grey Falcon's possession. But sit down, my dear. The sooner—"

He broke off, and June's heart missed a beat. For above the medley of voices from the bows there arose a new one. The furious voice of the Grey Falcon. He had evidently recovered, and was sounding the alarm.

"Hold tight—there'll be trouble in a jiffy!" declared Noel, his face grim.

June obeyed, and then, as the detective switched on the engine and cast aside the mooring rope, there came a wild scurry of feet from the deck, then an amazed cry:

"There she is! In that boat! But look who's with her! The cap'n!"

"That's not the captain, you fool!" It was the Grey Falcon's savage voice that cut in. "That's Noel Raymond!"

And as he shouted the master-crook dived a furious hand into his pocket. Next moment something bright and sinister gleamed in the fading light, and there came the staccato crack of a revolver.

THE LAST CHASE



"DOWN—down for your life!"

At Noel's shout, June flung herself flat on the bottom of the boat—just as the bullets came screaming through the air—and, white-faced and trembling, she lay there, while Noel Raymond spun round the wheel.

In a heart-stopping half-circle the motor-boat streaked away from the grounded yacht, and in a few moments was out of range. But Noel knew that they had gained only a short respite. Owing to the sudden appearance of the Grey Falcon the detective had not been able to put the second motor-boat out of action. It would only be a matter of moments before the pursuit was taken up.

Noel and June knew too much to be allowed to regain the mainland. Besides, with them they had the chest containing the

treasure buried three centuries before by Sir Richard de Coreville. The Grey Falcon would not give that up without a struggle.

"Here they come," Noel announced, and June, lifting her head, felt her heart give another wild lurch as from the stranded yacht another sleek shape came speeding across the water.

The second motor-boat, with the Grey Falcon at the wheel, and the rest of his gang crowded about him!

Noel's face grew grimmer than ever, and desperately he strove to coax another ounce of speed out of the straining motor. He knew that the chase which loomed ahead was going to be a perilous one. It was over two miles to the shore, and during every yard of the way they would have to run the gauntlet of the furious crooks' revolvers.

Sitting behind the wheel, Noel had no protection. It was not of himself he was thinking, however, but of June. As there came a medley of ominous cracks from the rear he gave another urgent shout.

"Keep down, June—lie flat!" he ordered. June obeyed, but her face was white as a sheet, and she lived in a nightmare of apprehension as she heard the bullets screaming through the gathering dusk, and heard them ping and smacking against the sides of the speeding boat.

"Uncle, you'll be hit!" she gasped, fearful for his safety. "Duck down! Oh, please, duck down!"

But Noel Raymond did not budge. Bent over the wheel, he continued to steer for the distant shore.

"Never mind about me, my dear!" he jerked over his shoulder. "You keep down yourself! We've got to—"

He broke off as there came another fusillade of bullets, and suddenly the motor-boat's mad speed slackened. He glanced at the luminous dials on the dashboard, and a horrified gasp escaped his lips. June, lifting her head, peered anxiously at him.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They've hit the petrol tank," he announced. "You mean—"

The tensed, grim figure before her gave a nod.

"Yes—the petrol's running out. It'll only be a matter of seconds before we're forced to a standstill."

June made no comment, but her face went whiter than ever. It seemed, after all, that Noel's resource and audacity were all to be in vain.

The motor gave an ominous spluttering cough, and the speed slackened still more. From across the dusky water came a chorus of triumphant shouts. The Grey Falcon & Co. had realised what had happened, and exultingly the master-crook's voice rang out:

"You're finished! You'd better heave to!"

June uttered a groan of despair, and, careless of the risk of another fusillade of bullets, she rose to her knees and glanced back over the stern. It was to see the pursuing motor-boat bearing down on them at top speed. Nearer and nearer it drew. Desperately she crossed to where Noel sat, grappling grimly with the controls.

"Isn't there anything you can do?" she asked, in a whisper. Silently he shook his head. June strove pluckily to smother her rising fears. "Then—" she began, only abruptly to break off, stiffening, her head tilting to one side. "What's that?" she gasped.

Above the shouts and the vibrant roar of the oncoming motor-boat had come a new sound. The deep, muffled throb of powerful engines, and as June, startled and bewildered, looked about her, she saw away to port a dim, towering shape looming up through the darkness.

"Uncle—look!" She pointed with a trembling finger. "A ship!"

Noel turned his head, and then they both grew rigid, for from the oncoming steamer had suddenly come a beam of dazzling light.

A searchlight!

Like some great white sword it stabbed out, probing over the heaving water, first picking out the oncoming crooks, then passing on to light up the motor-boat in which June and Noel sat, their hearts leaping with new-born hope.

And then as swiftly the ship bore down on them, a stentorian voice boomed out:

"What's happening out there? Heave to, both of you! His Majesty's coastguards calling!"

"A coastguard vessel!" gulped June, the blood rushing back to her ashen cheeks. "Oh, uncle, what luck! We're saved!"

With delirious delight she gazed up at the blue-uniformed figure who, megaphone in hand, could now be seen standing at the rails.

But it was with different feelings that the Grey Falcon & Co. watched the grey-painted sloop cleaving through the water. At first sight of it the Grey Falcon had shut off the engine, but now, as he realised what the arrival of the steamer meant, he bent frenziedly over the controls.

June, hearing the sudden roar of the engine, swung round, then, as she saw the other motor-boat slew round and go streaking away, she leapt to her feet and shouted wildly.

"Stop them! Oh, stop them! It's the Grey Falcon and his gang!" she cried.

There came a startled gasp from the deck of the coastguard vessel:

"The Grey Falcon? Why, that's the scoundrel we've been ordered to look out for! Hey!" Imperiously the voice roared through the megaphone. "Heave to, there! Heave to, in the name of the law!"

But the only response was a mocking laugh. The Grey Falcon, knowing the game was up, was bent on escape. But he reckoned without the coastguard men. They were well prepared for such an emergency as this.

Rat-tat-taaaa! Rat-tat-taaaa!

The machine-gun rigged up in the bows opened up. A storm of bullets went screaming after the fleeing motor-boat, and suddenly the Grey Falcon gave a hoarse bellow, and, letting go of the wheel, clapped his hand over his other arm. For a few dizzy seconds the motor-boat plunged madly round in circles, out of control, then, as the machine-guns rattled out again, it wallowed to a standstill, its motor shattered beyond repair.

A boat was lowered from the coastguard's vessel, and soon the sullen, helpless crooks were being escorted aboard. June and Noel Raymond followed, and when they were all lined up on the deck of the sloop in front of the captain, the schoolgirl detective-received yet another surprise.

For the timely appearance of the coastguards on the scene had not simply been a providential coincidence.

It appeared that Julie Vermont, the plump leader of the Upper Fourth, had seen June being hustled into the taxi by Miss Tuft. The surprised and puzzled girl had run forward to investigate. By the time she had gained the spot the taxi had departed, but lying on the ground had been the message for help which June had dropped.

When the startled Julie had read it, she had not wasted time on making a report to the Head, but had immediately got out her cycle and raced down to the police station. When the inspector in charge had heard her story he had got in touch with the near-by coastguard station, and immediately the coastguards had steamed out for Smugglers' Isle to investigate.

June's eyes sparkled when she learnt what had happened.

"Good old Julie!" she cried.

Please turn to page 196.



The SKATING GIRL'S Mystery Mascot

By MARIE MATHESON

RED EAGLE'S DARING RESCUE

SHEILA MAYNE lived with her family at the little Canadian town of Juniper Bend.

The "Bluebirds," the skating club to which Sheila belonged, were anxious to do well in the forthcoming ice carnival and impress Lee Farrell, a film producer, who would be present.

Sheila's rival, Corinne Lefevre, was being tutored by Karl Olsen, who boarded with the Maynes. He and Corinne seemed curiously interested in an owl totem necklet which Sheila had found, and which Red Eagle, a young Redskin, told her to guard closely. He also offered to help her improve her skating.

While taking part in a torchlight parade through the town to advertise the forthcoming Ice Ballet, someone—Sheila believed it to be Karl Olsen—deliberately frightened Sheila's sleigh pony. As he galloped madly along, Sheila heard a reassuring voice behind her. It was Red Eagle. He made a desperate leap for the runaway's back. He landed, then slipped, and it seemed as if his daring bid to stop the runaway was to end in disaster.

HELPLESS to intervene, Sheila sat on the jolting sleigh, watching Red Eagle carried along by the panic-stricken horse. At first it looked as if the young Red Indian would lose his precarious grip. Every moment she expected him to fall beneath those lunging hoofs, and then she gave a gasp, half of admiration and half of relief, for by means of a supreme effort Red Eagle had pulled himself on to the runaway's back. He gripped the trailing reins, then turned, to smile back at Sheila.

"Do not be anxious," he panted. "The worst is over. Soon I will stop him."

Clinging to the bumping, rocking sleigh, Sheila watched him with admiration as he tugged on the reins, and gradually got the galloping horse under his control, then turned it into a dark, deserted side road.

From the main street came the sounds of people in pursuit, and suddenly she remembered Tubby, who had fallen out of the sleigh.

"Red Eagle," she called, "was he hurt? Tubby, I mean."

Red Eagle shook his head.

"Your friend is safe," he answered her. "I saw him hit the snow bank and then get up. The snow broke his fall. But I reached you just in time. Now I must go, lest anyone sees us together. I know how your friends disapprove of me."

He had patted the sweating, panting horse, which had now calmed down, but was still blowing badly and trembling with fright.

"Red Eagle," said Sheila. "I—I don't think it was an accident. Someone deliberately threw those fireworks under the horse, and I think it was Karl Olsen."

"Olsen!" said Red Eagle, his eyes flashing fire. "You mean he was trying to hurt you?"

Sheila nodded.

"Yes," she insisted. "You see—he's on Corinne's side, really wants her to have the chief part in the ice-ballet. I noticed him running alongside our sleigh, in and out among the spectators. If the sleigh had overturned and I'd been injured then I wouldn't have been able to take part in the test that's been arranged between us for the principal part."

He stepped up close to her, certain that the horse would give no more trouble.

"Come down, please," he commanded, and held up a hand to assist her. "If this is true it is indeed bad medicine. Our enemies will stop at nothing. And now that the portrait is gone—"

She interrupted him excitedly.

"Red Eagle, I know how important the portrait is to you. I believe I know how Karl Olsen got it away from the Greens' place. I am almost certain I know where it is now."

She told him swiftly about the broken skipoles Olsen had dispatched to the railway depot to be called for by a Mr. Leopold. Instantly Red Eagle's eyes flashed with interest.

"It was clever of you to find that out!" he exclaimed. "I will go and see about it. Red Eagle will learn the truth, never fear. And if, as you say, Olsen's hand was bandaged, no doubt he cut it when he broke the window to get inside. It is the cunning of the fox, he has. But look, your friends come. They will recognise me. Red Eagle must go. Somehow I will let you know what I discover."

He gave her a quick salute, and ran off into the darkness. Sleights and ski-runners were now hurrying down the road.

Sheila drew a deep breath, and turned to greet them. Had anyone of the Bluebirds recognised Red Eagle as the person who had sped to save her? If so, they would surely have better thoughts of him now, would scarcely believe he was as black as Corinne had painted him.

"Sheila—are you there?" rang out Jack Nelson's voice.

"Yes, that's the sleigh all right," called another. "Oh, I do hope Sheila isn't hurt!"

Larry Green was the first to reach her and find her standing beside the sleigh. He caught her hands, almost dancing with pleasure.

"Sheila, you didn't get hurt. We were all so terrified. Tubby's got a few bumps, that's all. It was plucky of you to hold on, and manage to stop the horse. What would have happened to our ice-ballet if you had been injured?"

"Sheila didn't stop the horse," cut in Corinne's malicious tones. "Someone else did it for her. Possibly she had her outlaw friend hidden in the sleigh. I certainly saw someone like him jump on her horse."

"Oh, stop being so spiteful, Corinne," said Mabel Rowan sharply. "I saw everything clearly. You're just trying to make trouble. There was nobody hidden in Sheila's sleigh. The chap jumped off a galloping horse right on to Sheila's runaway."

Sheila felt a glow of gratitude towards plump but resolute Mabel. She still had some true friends among the Bluebirds, despite all Corinne's efforts to make them dislike her.

"Yes, and he just pulled it up, saw that I was all right and went off after I thanked him," added Sheila swiftly. "But seeing there's been no real harm done, what about the procession? We've got to finish it!"

She saw Corinne's eyes flash angrily as she turned the conversation artfully in the right direction to avoid further awkward questions. She wondered at the same time if Corinne did know that it was Red Eagle who had saved her.

But the united acclamations of the others drowned any further remarks Corinne might have made. The procession—that was the chief business of the evening.

"I'll take charge of your sleigh, now, Sheila," said Larry Green. "I'm better with horses than Tubby. Come on, let's get the show over. We've got to get right back where we started. Laugh, sing and be jolly and keep the collecting tins going. Don't let this dishearten us."

The Bluebirds cheered, then dashed off to their own waiting sleighs. In a few moments the procession had formed up again, and was continuing on its triumphant way.

Sheila thrilled, for she could see now that local interest was well-aroused. At the same time Red Eagle had now obtained the information she had so urgently desired to pass on to him. If he could get into the depot, or somehow find out if the stolen portrait was concealed in the ski-pole, then the whole mystery might be solved.

"A swell show," said Larry when the procession came to an end. "Sheila, we'll count up what we've taken in the collecting tins at our next meeting, to-morrow night, and at the same time you and Corinne will have to stand your test before the committee. I wish you the best of luck. I'll drive you as far as the foot of Chinook trail."

"Thanks, Larry," she told him gratefully, for she was feeling a little weary.

But when she had parted from Larry and had started to walk on towards her home, her thoughts turned again to Red Eagle. Had he got to the depot in time? Had he discovered if there was any truth in her suspicions about Olsen's package?

Half-way up the trail a shadow slipped

silently from behind a tree, and faced her. It was Red Eagle.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I was just wondering about you, Red Eagle. What did you discover?"

SKATING RIVALS



TO her dismay the young Red Indian shook his head.

"I am afraid I discovered nothing," he said. "Red Eagle's luck was out. The depot was closed, but I got in through a window in the roof. I searched, but could not find the parcel. It had already been collected by

this person named Leopold. The parcel book told me that."

Sheila grimaced in disappointment. Fate seemed to thwart them at every turn.

"Oh, Red Eagle, what are we going to do now?" she gulped. "That portrait was our only clue."

He smiled gravely. "Do not worry," he said, giving her arm a reassuring pat. "Red Eagle will track down this Leopold. He will recover the picture. Now I must go. I only came because I knew you would be anxious for news. Good luck to-morrow evening. Red Eagle is certain that you will beat Corinne in the test."

His hand rose in swift salute, then he sped off down the trail, leaving Sheila to walk on. When she entered the house and made her way upstairs to her bed-room, she saw a light still shining underneath Karl Olsen's doorway. He had probably made a hasty return there, if he had really been responsible for the runaway horse episode.

Sheila shivered as she passed the door. It was dismaying to know that one had an enemy in the house—one who could always pry and spy upon her. But if she were to get rid of him they would lose the money that was so badly needed.

She had to stick it out, either till Karl Olsen's villainy was unmasked, or she had achieved her dream of being picked by Lee Farrell as one of the stars for the new film.

Next morning she was full of the success of the torchlight parade, but was careful not to worry her father regarding the accident.

All day her thoughts were on the test, and she completed her housework early, then changed and set out eagerly for the clubhouse beside the lake. The rest of the Bluebirds had already arrived, and they stood in groups, excitedly discussing the forthcoming test between their two best girl skaters.

Corinne, in Cossack costume, with high-topped, polished boots, was an elegant and attractive figure. She knew it, and strutted about among everyone, showing off, and endeavouring to create an agreeable first impression.

When she saw Sheila, she smiled condescendingly, then turned away, chattering to Jack Nelson. Larry Green, and the rest of the committee took out chairs and established themselves on the bank of the lake, then a home-made spotlight was turned on to the ice.

"The winner will be decided by a show of hands," explained Larry, as everyone crowded forward. "But in the event of a tie, the committee will decide. Corinne, it's your turn first."

Corinne swept out on to the ice, opening with graceful, speedy strokes. After showing off her costume to advantage in a number of glides and circles, she commenced figuring.

She seemed to be cool as a cucumber, and her skating was superb. When she finished up in a brilliant execution of a "maple leaf" upon the ice, everyone clapped and cheered. Whoever won the contest, there was no doubt

that the Bluebirds' Ice Ballet would not lack a star performer.

"Sheila, it's your go now!" called Larry.

Sheila held her breath, then skated out into the spotlight. Now or never she had to do her very best to win. She began to skate in a way which quickly roused the spectators' admiration. Then, as she commenced another series of intricate figures, there came from the woods the sudden blare of a moose horn, steady, prolonged, disturbing.

For one brief fraction of a second Sheila hesitated. The notes of a moose horn were a signal that Red Eagle had told her he might use when he wanted to get in touch with her. But, as her eyes flashed beyond the spectators, Sheila saw that Karl Olsen had vanished.

Perhaps it was he who had sneaked up into the woods to make that noise to startle her, and ruin her performance, so that Corinne would get the chief part.

Something inspired her as the sounding horn's echoes were taken up by the hills around the lake. She glided into a figure and movement that was her own, anticipating each note with a little leap and a deft movement, with outspread fingers to her head, as if to imitate the outspread antlers of a running moose.

And, throwing back her head, she boomed out an answer.

It was so natural, so well done that everyone applauded.

The notes of the moose-horn died away, and Sheila brought her performance to an end with a breathless series of dizzy whirls. As she finished there came another burst of applause.

"Then Larry Green rose.

"Two excellent performances," he declared. "Now let's have the vote. Those for Corinne as leading lady please raise your right hands."

It seemed to Sheila that a forest of hands shot up.

"Thirteen," smiled Larry. "Now for Sheila?"

"Thirteen hands now shot up! It was a tie!

"The committee have four votes, and I, as president, have a casting vote," Larry intimated. "We'll take our vote now. Here's two votes now for Sheila Mayne. Any more, committee?"

Two more hands shot up.

"Sheila wins!" came a stentorian chorus from the Bluebirds. "Three cheers for the Queen of the Bluebirds."

Sheila stood gasping, almost unable to believe her good fortune.

"Congrats, Sheila," Corinne said quietly.

"That was a tricky piece working in a figure to the moose-horn. I could object, of course, as I'm sure it was that disreputable friend of yours, Red Eagle, who put you up to it. But we'll see, at ballet, who really makes the best impression. The people we're to be entertaining won't be too keen on someone who hangs around with a branded outlaw."

Sheila flushed indignantly.

"I'm not a fool, Corinne," she flashed back. "You know who blew that horn. I see Karl Olsen is no longer present. Probably he's hiding that horn away somewhere cute, just as he did the portrait he stole from the Greens!"

THE SECOND MASCOT



CORINNE stood staring, the colour draining away from her face at Sheila's sharp, impulsive retort. If ever Sheila had seen guilty knowledge in a person's eyes, she saw it now.

"You—you're mad, Sheila Mayne. What would I know about the missing portrait?" stammered Corinne.

"Ask Mr. Leopold," Sheila said. "And now make any complaint to the committee you like. I won't mind."

Corinne stood for a second, breathless. For the first time in her life she was bereft of words. She watched Sheila turn her back on her and walk off, jangling her skates, and into her eyes came a look of hatred.

Sheila, at that moment, was wondering whether she had been wise or not to have been so open. Would Red Eagle have approved of her tactics?

Sheila did not have more time to consider matters, for she was now almost surrounded by her friends, Mabel Rowan, Mavis Poynter, Tubby Laing, and a crowd of others, all showering their congratulations on her and extolling her performance. Then they all returned to the club-house, where a set supper had been laid out. During the meal, Larry rose to make an announcement.

"I've some good news for you all," he said. "The collection we made during the procession last night amounts to two hundred and sixty-three dollars, forty-five cents. It will easily defray our expenses for the ballet."

Cheers greeted this announcement. The Bluebirds had worked hard for success, and now they had achieved it.

Supper over, the tables were dismantled and everyone danced to the music of the radio-gram. It was late when the party broke up, but Sheila's father was still up when she entered the house. He rose eagerly as she came into the room.

"Well, my dear, how did you get on?" he asked.

"I won, daddy," she cried happily. "I'm to be leading lady at the ballet. Oh, isn't it wonderful?"

"Rather! Simply splendid!" he agreed, gazing at her admiringly. "Now I'll have to get busy painting that backcloth you'll be needing."

Sheila cried out in sheer delight.

"You will paint us one?" she cried. "Oh, that will be lovely! We'll certainly want one for the Danube waltz scene. We're also hiring the ice-rink for three afternoons running before the days the ballet is to be presented, to put in proper dress-rehearsals. You wait and see, the Bluebirds are going to make things hum. And we'll be showing the same ballet at the Ice Carnival when Lee Farrell comes. It should make a big hit with him. At least, we hope so."

"I'm sure, my dear, if Farrell's attracted by nothing else, he will be by your enthusiasm. I'll certainly do all I can to help," promised John Mayne.

Early next morning, when she had just started housework after breakfast, the telephone bell rang.

Sheila dropped her brush and picked up the receiver.

"Hallo! Who's calling?" she asked.

"The voice that answered had a trace of a French accent in it.

"The antique dealer in Juniper Bend," thought Sheila, remembering the shop she had called at with the mystery mascot.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," called the dealer. "I have something tres interessante to announce. Into my possession has come an old Indian trinket such as you showed me."

Sheila gave an excited start. Could the two mascots be connected? she wondered.

"Yes, Monsieur Cuvier," she said swiftly. "You're right. I am very interested in this Indian necklet you've got. I'll come right into Juniper Bend and see it at once. It was so good of you to ring me up. Thanks a lot!"

Sheila laid down the receiver and took a deep breath. In his portrait, Red Eagle's ancestor had worn a necklace from which hung three mascots. One had been of an owl—identical with her own. What if the originals of the other two were appended to the necklace which had come into the possession of the antique dealer? In that case, Red Eagle might be able to discover what he

wanted to know without ever securing the missing portrait.

Sheila ran off excitedly towards her father's studio to tell him that she was off to town. As she did so, a face that had been peering behind a slightly opened door behind her, looked out and grimaced in triumph.

It was Karl Olsen who stood there, and he had overheard everything that Sheila had said!

"Cuvier's!" he scowled. "Well, that's just where the missing mascots might land. I'll put a spoke in your wheel, Sheila Mayne. As soon as you're safely out of the way I'll phone Corinne!"

Little suspecting what was afoot, Sheila put on her ski-suit, donned her skis, then went gliding over the snow. She thoroughly enjoyed the trip to Juniper Bend, but as she neared the little antique shop she encountered three of the Bluebirds. One was Jack Nelson, the others were two girls who were friends of Corinne's.

"Hallo, what's the hurry, Sheila?" asked Jack with a friendly smile. "Aren't you going to stop for a chat? Or what about coming and having a milk-shake?"

"Sorry, but I'm in a hurry. I've an errand to do, and must get back home in time to prepare dinner," explained Sheila.

One of the two girls gave a suspicious laugh.

"I'll bet I know where you're hurrying," she said. "Corinne Lefevre was right about you. Five minutes ago we saw that ne'er-do-well, Red Eagle, in town. It's him you're going to meet."

Sheila flushed.

"You're quite wrong," she retorted. "I'm not going to meet him at all. I'm going to Monsieur Cuvier's, the antique dealer's, if you must know."

And she went skiing on. Reaching the shop, she entered and eagerly crossed to the counter. M. Cuvier greeted her with a smile.

"Ah, there you are, mademoiselle," he said.

"I'll let you see what I phoned about in a moment. A travelling Redskin pedlar offered it to me, and when I saw how similar it was to your own, I bought it at once."

The little French-Canadian opened a drawer and took out a tray covered with a number of old ornaments. After searching among them for a few moments, he lifted one up and laid it down on the counter in front of Sheila. It was a necklace, and from it hung not two mascots, as Sheila had hoped, but only one. Nevertheless, she felt a thrill of excitement run through her.

"Yes, it's almost identical with mine," she agreed, "except that the mascot is a bear and not an owl. I really must have it. How much does it cost?"

"Twenty dollars to you, ma petite," said the old man.

Twenty dollars! Sheila gave a gasp. She had no idea that would be the price. It sounded like a fortune to her.

There was a slight tinkle from the door-bell, and a girl stepped into the shop, wrapped up in an expensive fur coat. Sheila instantly recognised Corinne Lefevre.

"Hallo, Sheila," said Corinne, and she strolled up to the counter, smiling at the dealer. "I came in to see what you had in the way of Indian trinkets, Monsieur Cuvier. Ah, what's this you have here? I believe it's the very thing I want."

Taking up the mascot in her hand, Corinne looked at the dealer.

"How much?" she demanded.

"Just as I have been saying to Mademoiselle Mayne, here—twenty dollars," said Monsieur Cuvier. "She has a special interest in this, as she already owns one like it."

"She hasn't bought it, though, and I don't

believe she could raise the money, either," sniffed Corinne. "I'll give you thirty dollars here and now, for a quick sale."

And she counted out a roll of bills upon the counter.

Sheila went white with disappointment. Would what seemed to be another link in the mystery fall into the possession of her bitter enemy?

Next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL** will contain another enthralling instalment of this thrilling serial.

DETECTIVE JUNE'S MOST THRILLING CASE

(Continued from page 192.)

The captain of the sloop stroked his chin with a puzzled hand, looking doubtfully from one group of captives to the other.

"It's pretty obvious that the information in that note was accurate," he observed, "but darned if I know which of you's the Grey Falcon even now."

"But I can soon help you to find out," declared June, with a happy laugh, and proudly she held up the dispatch-case she had risked so much to secure.

WHEN the mainland was reached the Grey Falcon and his band were marched to the police station and placed under lock and key. Then when full explanations had been made to the police June returned to the college, and Noel Raymond went with her—a Noel Raymond who was no longer a fugitive, but a free man whose innocence had been completely proved.

June elected to stay on at the school until Foundation Day, for she was as keen as Julie & Co. were that their play should be a big success. And a success it was, as the enthusiastic cheers which rang out after the final curtain conclusively proved.

Afterwards, in the great Assembly Hall of the college, a celebration dinner was held, with June and Noel Raymond as the guests of honour, and with them a proud Aunt Janet—an Aunt Janet who, having read all the glowing newspaper accounts of her niece's thrilling adventures, had begun to see June's detective ambitions in a new light.

Toasts there were in plenty, but the one which roused the greatest enthusiasm was the one which Noel Raymond proposed at the end.

"Friends," he said, "I think you may be interested in a little item of news I have to impart. As you know, June"—he flashed the girl at his side another fond, admiring glance—"will shortly be leaving school. As a result her aunt and I have discussed her future career, and I am pleased to announce that Miss Gaynor has withdrawn all her previous objections to June's detective hopes."

He paused, and June's heart gave an excited thud, for this was news to her.

"Accordingly," went on the famous young detective, smiling around, "I have decided to invite her to join the firm of which I have the honour to be head. Ladies and gentlemen"—more strongly his voice rang out—"I ask you to rise and toast—Miss June Gaynor, my detective partner!"

And as June sat there, blushing with embarrassment, but her eyes sparkling with delight, the toast was drunk with musical honours.

THE END.

Next Friday a grand new serial featuring June and Noel will begin. Look out for: **THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL.**



CASTAWAYS ON Monkey Island

(Continued
from
page 184.)

heard him and gave the alarm!" panted Rendall.

His first thought had been for his papers; he was seizing them up frantically. But now Beryl saw him rush to his case and grope wildly inside.

"My watch is gone!" he cried. "My watch—and my gold cigarette-case!"

"Are they the only valuables missing?" the captain jerked out.

"They're the only valuables I had with me," Rendall said, distraught. "They've both gone!"

Beryl turned away, sick at heart. She found herself facing Tom, who was looking stupefied.

"This beats me, Beryl," he muttered. "What do you make of it?"

"It seems that he wasn't imagining things, after all," Beryl said in a dead voice.

"Then there's someone else on this island, and someone who's dangerous!" Tom said in low tones.

Worry was haunting Beryl. What was her duty? To keep her promise to a boy who had proved himself a thief and a rascal, or to protect her fellow-passengers from another outrage of the kind?

Her mind was quite made up. Quietly, and without a word to the others, she would tell Captain Briscoe who the culprit was and where to find him.

The captain was shepherding the passengers back to their bivvies now, and doing his best to reassure them all. Beryl went into her own bivvy and waited. Kay, beside her, dropped to sleep again in the space of two minutes. But it was quite a long time before things quietened in the camp.

Then softly Beryl stole out again. Creeping towards the captain's quarters, she had to pass Keith Rendall's bivvy. A lantern was burning inside, and she could see in clearly through the hole that had been cut in the side of the canvas.

Rendall was on his knees, rummaging feverishly through the papers he had rescued. His hands were shaking; he had obviously suffered a severe loss. But Beryl's gaze was riveted flabbergasted on the blankets behind him.

Lying there, glistening in the lanternlight, were the gold watch and cigarette-case he said had been stolen!

DANGER TO THE STOWAWAY

RENDALL had lied!

Why?

Beryl's thoughts somersaulted. She gazed in fascinated horror at Rendall, his hands searching frantically amongst the papers. Every twitching muscle in his face told of loss, panic. But he had not been robbed of either

watch or gold cigarette-case. They were there! It was a false charge he had made against the marauder!

Beryl turned with a shiver. She thought of the lone boy who had begged her silence. Her decision to give him away was now shaken. It could wait. It could wait at least till he

had been given a chance to tell her his story. That, at least, he deserved, if only to defend himself against the lies of Keith Rendall.

She turned on her toes and crept back to her bivvy.

She slept fitfully and was out again before the first light of dawn broke over the camp.

There was little time. Soon the hunt would begin, the captain leading the party high and low to comb the island in search of the unknown marauder. She must see him first. Must return to the camp before the hue and cry began, before she was missed.

The beach was the quickest way to Jack Harker's hideout. Beryl glided noiselessly towards the path leading seawards.

"Tee-whoeeeee!" a shrill little voice pierced out behind her.

Beryl whirled round, with her heart jumping into her throat. It was Tufty. The little monkey did not mean to be left behind.

Fervently, Beryl hoped that no one had heard him.

She fancied she heard a slight stir in Rendall's bivvy, and, with nerves stretched to breaking-point, she stood motionless. But nothing happened; all was quiet again.

Placing Tufty on her shoulder, she followed the path to the beach.

She had shielded the stowaway. Had she done right? Her own mind was less easy now in the grey light of morning.

Apprehension grew upon her as she drew near at last to the curve of the little bay. It was Tufty who checked any thought she might have of turning back. His quick nose sensed a stranger here, and he let out a shrill chattering.

There was a hasty movement behind the rocks, and then Beryl was face to face again with Jack Harker.

"Beryl! Are you alone?" he jerked out.

"Yes!" she said in a strained voice. He could see now that there was no trap, no one following. His eyes softened.

"Then you didn't give me away—even after last night!" he said, in wonderment. "You do trust me, Beryl!"

"Trust you?" She looked back at him coldly, yet, in spite of herself, perplexedly. "You extracted a promise from me, asked me to be your friend and not give you away—and you came at night to the camp to steal! You robbed Keith Rendall!"

He faced her unflinchingly, his eyes steady as the rocks around him.

"I didn't rob Rendall!" he answered. "Rendall robbed me! I came to take back what is mine!"

The quiet, deliberate way he said it staggered her even more than his utterance.

"How—how could Rendall rob you? How could you expect me to believe that?" she asked faintly.

"You must have some belief in me, or you would have given me away," he answered, watching her with a little smile. "You've proved that you trust me, Beryl! That's the happiest thing that's happened to me for a long, long time. So I'm going to trust you!"

His hand went to the breast pocket under the red neckerchief he wore. Beryl gazed bewilderedly as he drew out a thin, weather-stained envelope.

"This is what Rendall stole from me," he said, holding it so that she could see the name upon it. "It's plainly my own property, isn't it? I took it from his bivvy last night."

Beryl's heart jumped. It was his own name, Jack Harker, bearing an address in Melbourne,



that she could see written in a shaky hand upon the envelope.

"It's a letter from my uncle—the last he ever wrote. Beryl," he went on, his voice less steady now. "I thought the whole world of Uncle Steve. I know he was fond of me. Ever since I was a little nipper, he'd planned to make me his partner—he was a diamond merchant—and I used to dream of the day we'd sail all over the world together. Only it wasn't to be. The tropical fever got poor old uncle on his last trip. He died. His last words to me are written in this letter."

Beryl didn't speak. It was his genuine boyish emotion for someone he'd loved that touched her, for the moment, rather more than his narrative.

"I knew," he went on quietly, "I've always known that my uncle wouldn't go without a last message to me. It's two years since he died, Beryl. Yet it was only last night that I saw this letter for the first time!"

"The first time?" she echoed, shocked. "But, Jack, why not before?"

"Rendall had it!" he said, in level tones. "Rendall works for the firm that took over my uncle's business. Rendall sent me the rest of his few belongings, but he kept one thing back from me, Beryl—this letter!"

"Why?" she whispered.

With a hand that was steadier now, he gave her the letter.

"This will tell you why, Beryl." She drew a thin sheet of paper from the envelope. She saw, with a queer tremor, that it was headed, in its shaky writing: "Monkey Island, Pacific, 12th October, 1943." Then she was reading:

"Dear Nephew Jack,—They've taken me ashore here, and the good doctor's doing what he can, but I guess I shan't make port again. I want you to know that everything I have is yours—and everything consists now of the packet of diamonds I bought on this trip.

"A sick man daren't trust such temptation in the hands of a mixed crew like this. I'd die unhappy if I thought you were to be cheated of what I leave you. So I'm hiding the diamonds here for you, Jack, on this island.

"The exact location where you will find them buried is—"

Beryl looked up, with thumping heart, her face grown suddenly ashen.

"Rendall was robbing you, Jack—of the diamonds?" she cried out.

"Just that!" he said, with grim calm, as he took the letter from her. "I suspected something of the sort long ago. I've trailed him for months. When I heard he was sailing on the Anzac—when I knew that his real goal was this island, Monkey Island, the last place where Uncle Steve ever set foot ashore—then I knew I was going to trail him here, whatever the risk. I couldn't afford a sea passage. I stowed away—" He broke off electrically.

An excited shout burst out in the stillness. The rush of feet approaching. The hue and cry was on! Had they been seen?

"Hide, Jack!" Quicker than thought, Beryl thrust him frantically behind the rock. "They mustn't catch you! Not yet!"

He stood there quivering—uncertain whether to brazen it out before Rendall or run for it.

Beryl didn't hesitate for a split second. No words could clear Jack. It would be the word of a stowaway against the robbed passenger Rendall—the only evidence to support it a letter admittedly stolen from Rendall. No proof could Jack bring till he could bring the solid proof of the diamonds.

"They mustn't catch you!" she panted, and recklessly she snatched the red kerchief from his neck. "I'll take this—in case they've spotted you. I'll decoy them. Run for it, Jack! Lie low and keep low till you've found the diamonds!"

He ducked and went rushing away between the rocks. Beryl whipped the red kerchief

round her neck, deliberately allowing its flaming colour to be seen for a second as she fled in another direction, into the dense belt of jungle.

The ruse had succeeded. They were following her, not Jack. She knew it soon enough. She heard feet beating in pursuit of the winding path behind her. They had glimpsed the red scarf that was their clue.

She ran on at full sprint, Tufty swinging along with her in the branches overhead. No doubt now how the hue and cry had begun so soon—and so accurately! Rendall had heard her leave the camp—he had spied on her, warned by Tufty's shrill little squeal. He had led the others on her trail. Had they spotted her—had they spotted her with Jack? If only she could reach the camp ahead of them all and snuggle down innocently in her bivvy, it was more than likely that she could bluff everybody except Rendall—and she didn't care a snap of the fingers now for Rendall.

Here at last was the gap at the end of the jungle. Only fifty yards now to the camp and—

"Put some speed on!" roared the captain's voice in the jungle behind her. "Stop him!"

Beryl pulled up, gasping. But she was too late! An ambush was waiting for her in the gap—an ambush led by the knowing and cunning Keith Rendall! He was determined to catch her, even though the others had failed to catch her companion.

He and his followers came bursting into her path. Next moment the captain and his party, with her own two chums, came surging up behind her.

"B-Beryl!" gasped Kay.

"I want an explanation from you, miss!" the captain said, in a voice of thunder. "You haven't led us this dance for nothing! What were you doing down there in the bay? Who did you go to meet?"

"Did you see me meeting anyone, captain?" Beryl asked, to play for time.

"Yes! A fellow—wearing a scarf just like yours!" he flared.

"Then perhaps I can answer that question," said Rendall, and he whisked the scarf from Beryl's neck. "I've seen this before! I've seen these initials before!" he cried. "J. H. Yes—it belongs to Harker, it belongs to that stow-away scamp!"

Beryl clenched her hands and let the storm burst upon her. This was Rendall's big moment. Her own time and Jack's would come later!

"Young Harker—that rascal of a stowaway!" the captain cried, his face livid. "You knew he was here, miss. You knew he was the thief who broke into the camp and robbed Mr. Rendall last night. You said not a word to me about this, but you sneaked down to meet him this morning, and deliberately helped him to get away—right under my very nose!"

"I did give him a chance, captain," and Beryl moistened her dry lips, feeling agonised at the shocked, startled stares of Kay and Tom, "but I shall be able to tell you later—"

"Later?" the captain thundered. "You'll take me straight to his lair, young lady, and you'll take me now! Do you know you've made yourself liable to a serious charge?" He turned grimly to Tom. "Have you got the wireless in working order yet?"

"Very nearly, sir. It will be ready by this afternoon," muttered Tom.

"Then you'll add the stowaway Harker's name to the list you send in the first message," rasped the captain.

Beryl didn't speak. Thank goodness, she had gained precious time for Jack. The next hour or two, all being well, would produce solid proof of his own just cause—and solid evidence against Keith Rendall.

She led the party to the abandoned cave in the bay. No trace of Jack remained, save the ashes of his fire. No trace of him could be found anywhere else. For two hours the captain

directed the search for him high and low, only to give up at last without success.

"We can wait!" he said, with grim patience, as he led the way back to the camp. "We shall all be picked up in a day or two, thanks to your friend Tom's work on the wireless, Miss Beryl—and you may think yourself lucky that you will not be going where your other friend, the stowaway is going—to prison!"

They filed into the deserted camp as he was speaking. Tom mechanically walked across to the wireless set that he was mending, only to start back with a sudden cry of horror.

"The fellow's been here! Look! He's smashed up the radio!"

Beryl gazed, petrified, as the group came to a stunned halt. There, on the ground, lay the wireless transmitter with all Tom's careful work destroyed and the instrument battered to smithereens!

STEVE HARKER'S HOARD



A HIDEOUS faintness seized Beryl. Everyone seemed stunned, till old Mrs. Tiller's voice spoke with a little sob:

"Then—then we can't hope for an early rescue, after all?"

"I'm afraid not, madam," the captain said, his voice stifled.

"That's why the bounder did it—to put off his arrest a bit longer," Tom said huskily, looking in despair at his wrecked handiwork. "It's finished! Couldn't do anything with it now!"

It was a bitter moment for Beryl. The older people drew away from her in silent accusation. Even Kay couldn't bring herself to look at her. A tragic blow had been dealt the little band of castaways. Their unspoken blame only added to the shock Beryl felt. She saw Keith Rendall hurrying to join the group and, unable to bear his recriminations now, she crept away to her bivvy, feeling miserable and sick at heart.

For about an hour she remained there, trying desperately to find some excuse for Jack, some reason to account for his ruthless action. Then, suddenly, a furry little figure came fussing into the bivvy.

"Hallo, Tufty," she said to him listlessly. He reached to pat her hair, and then—then, with a start, she saw something tied inconspicuously above his paw.

It was a note, folded very small, and almost hidden in the monkey's fur.

Rapidly she untied it and read:

"I had to do it. It was for your sake more than mine. You are in danger. Must see you at once. Come to the west tip of the island and meet me in the seventh cave along the cliff.—Jack."

Beryl's heart shook. This crazy, ruthless thing Jack had done was for her sake! He feared danger for her. What danger? What wild imagining could have made him commit this folly as a misguided act of chivalry?

She sped feverishly out of the camp, Tufty dancing at her heels. Blindly she ran to the lonely western tip of the island. Down the jagged slope to the beach, to the great wall of cliff framed in the background.

Caves gaped in the cliff-face like dark open jaws. She counted them as she hurried by. The seventh was but a slit in the rock, narrower and darker than the others.

She burst inside, stumbling in the gloom. "Jack—" Then her voice froze away in a strangled cry.

Something whistled over her head. A rope noose was pinning her arms to her sides—cutting deep into the flesh. A brutal hand pulled it tighter. A dark figure leapt out of the gloom, aiming a blow at the little pet monkey as it squealed with fright.

"Get out, you—you've done your job!" a voice hissed.

Rendall's voice! It was Keith Rendall! His grip tightened on the rope as Beryl struggled frantically to loosen her arms.

"You!" she panted. "You wrote that note!" "And you thought it was your stowaway friend—that's why you walked into the trap! You won't get out of it so easily!" And the high pitch of his nervy, threatening voice made her shudder. "What has he told you? Everything, yes? Everything! That letter he stole—"

"The letter you stole!" accused Beryl fiercely. "It was a forgery! You forged it!" he hissed at her. "You forged it yourself, to help your stowaway thief, and you're going to confess it—in writing!"

"Oh, yes, you will! You're going to write what I tell you—confessing that you forged that letter!" And his high voice rushed on as she tried to break in. "You won't do it yet! No! Not in the mood you're in now. But you'll do it! There's plenty of time. Days and days and perhaps weeks before we're picked up! I provided for that—I needed time!"

"You," Beryl whispered, her senses reeling—"you smashed the radio!"

"You know why now—to give me time!" he said, with triumph. "Time to deal with you and your friend Harker. Time to work till I've found what I want—Stephen Harker's diamonds! They will take time to unearth! There's been a heavy fall of rock since he buried them. They're underneath!"

He was winding the rope about her as he spoke, tying her fast with his nervous, twitching fingers.

Beryl struggled wildly and hopelessly. Her nerves were snapping. Somewhere in the distance she could hear little Tufty's poignant cries, but no other sound save the low rumble of the sea. She raised her voice in sheer despair, and shouted again and again for help. The cave echoed her mockingly. Rendall mocked her.

"They'll never hear you, so save your breath!"

He had bound her hands and feet so that she couldn't move a muscle. Now he was lashing the end of the rope to a rock.

"I shall come back at sundown! I shall hope to find you willing to write what I say!"

He was making for the mouth of the cave now. He was leaving her. Beryl's voice rose in one last hopeless cry against the echoes.

Was it only the echoes that answered? She heard Tufty's shrill little cries. She heard those cries drawing nearer, and it sounded queerly as though heavier feet than his were thudding on the sands. She saw Rendall take one step out through the mouth of the cave. Then—

Crash! She heard a blow and a thud as he went toppling over on his back.

"Beryl! Are you here, Beryl?" a voice was shouting—and it was Jack Harker's voice!

It was Jack who came panting into the cave. She had barely time to see him before other shouts were ringing out everywhere. She heard Tom shouting and a wild clatter of feet rushing down the slope to the beach.

"He's here, skipper! It's Harker! He's dashed into one of those caves! It's Harker, right enough—I spotted him!"

Jack was tearing at Beryl's bonds, and Rendall was lying groaning on the floor of the cave, as the ship's party came bursting in, led by Tom. In one body, they pounced upon the young stowaway—then all paused, thunder-struck, at the spectacle they saw.

"I'm glad you came," Beryl was saying to them breathlessly, her eyes shining through tears as she gazed at her rescuer. "You couldn't have come for Jack at a better time!"

Jack gave her a dazed look, not yet grasping what the consequences to himself might be.

"As long as you're O.K., Beryl, that's O.K. by me," he said huskily. "Your little monkey came running and crying to me. Seemed like he was trying to tell me something. I knew in

my bones that something had happened to you. I got the little fellow to lead me, and he brought me here. These folks spotted me as I was coming to you—and now they've got me!"

"And they've got Rendall!" Her hands flew now. Beryl pointed tremblingly to the figure on the ground. "Rendall lost a letter, captain, which Jack has now in his pocket. Rendall stole that letter from him. That's one piece of evidence against him. There's another real and more solid piece of evidence somewhere on this island—and when you've read that letter, I want you to reserve judgment till we've found this other evidence. I know you'd wish to be just, skipper, even to a stowaway!" she added softly.

DIGGING had been going on hour after hour in the blazing sunlight, under that heavy fall of rock. Beryl had worked even as hard as Tom and the captain. She was limp with fatigue. Jack was exhausted, all were exhausted. But grimly they carried on.

And then, suddenly, with a cry, Beryl flung herself to her knees. She thrust her hand into a crevice and drew out a tightly sealed oilskin packet.

An incredulous hush fell over the party. Keith Rendall's face was suddenly grey. The young stowaway was opening the packet.

Inside it were five uncut diamonds. And something else. A little message, written in frail, shaky handwriting.

"To my devoted nephew, Jack Lindsay Harker, I bequeath this, my fortune.—(Signed) STEPHEN HARKER, 12-10-43."

Beryl's hand clasped warmly over Jack's, and she didn't speak, but her eyes told her happiness. And then another hand closed over Jack's, and it was the skipper's. There would be no charge brought against Jack when the party was rescued—only a charge against Rendall for wantonly smashing the ship's wireless and delaying their rescue.

But that was the one thing for which Beryl might have forgiven Rendall, and so said her chums, for they enjoyed every moment of their prolonged exile on Monkey Island, with Jack Harker to make up the happy party.

THE END.

THE MERRYMAKERS AT COLLEGE

(Continued from page 188.)

"There you are, ma'am, it wasn't Pam Raeburn at all—it was Sally Warner!" he said excitedly. "She's admitted it."

"I don't believe her; I've never seen her before in my life," Mrs. Van de Golz gasped. "She's trying to shield the real thief, but I won't be fooled like that! I won't go back on my accusation, just to save the dean's niece from the police!"

"We'll see about that!" Sally said softly. There was the howling of a siren and the fast car braking. Heavy steps came rushing down the path of the canyon. Into the hut burst Don, followed by a whole posse of police!

Mrs. Van de Golz went suddenly pale. Her chauffeur went even whiter than his moustache. The guide's crooked mouth twitched with panic.

"We sent for you, captain, because this lady's making a false charge against a friend of ours!" Sally said clearly to the chief. "That's not the only thing here that's false. There's this, for instance!" And she gave a sudden tug at the chauffeur's white moustache.

Off it came in her hand—and the startled face behind it was the face of the doorman from the Station Hotel, Roxburgh.

"What's this game?" the captain barked at him.

"I—I only did what I was told," gasped the doorman, and in his fright he turned accusingly upon the blonde lady. "It was you and your 'usband who put me up to it, Mrs. Benchley!"

"Mrs. Benchley, did you say?" Pam echoed, and gave a start of recollection.

Sally gazed with a grim smile at the blonde woman, who was now livid.

"I guessed that's who you really were, Mrs. Van de Golz, when I heard this so-called guide speaking on the phone just now!" she told her steadily. "Hold him, Don, while I tell the police what the little game was!"

Don made a grab for the crooked-mouthed guide just as he was bolting for the door.

"The game was to frame a false charge against the dean's niece," Sally went on distinctly, "and then force the dean to sign something he didn't wish to sign, in return for dropping the charge and hushing up the scandal. Mr. Benchley was the brains of the scheme—his wife and these other two were helping him. Mr. Benchley wants to put up one of his swindling roadhouses in Roxburgh, and a line of jerry-built shops. But the dean has authority over the building sites, and wouldn't sell them to him. This is how Mr. Benchley meant to force the dean's signature!"

"But, Sally!" Don burst out desperately. "How are we going to warn the dean in time?"

"Before he signs?" Pam cried frantically.

Sally chuckled and opened the other section of the hut, where the window stood conspicuously open.

"Did you get through to the dean all right, Johnny?" she asked.

Johnny turned, beaming, from the telephone, where Fay was hovering beside him.

"Easily, thanks!" he grinned. "The dean's got two cops hiding in his study now, and Benchley's just walked in to give his final terms. Do come and hear what he's saying, Sally. The dean's leading him up the garden beautifully before the cops pounce!"

MR. and Mrs. Benchley and their two confederates spent the afternoon in the police cells, awaiting a charge of wrongful accusation and attempted fraud. Pam spent the happiest afternoon of her holiday, despite everything, in Black Rock Canyon—with Sally & Co.

(End of This Week's Story.)

Look out for another full-of-life complete story featuring those cheery chums, the Merry-makers, in next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**.

2 Special Treats In Next Friday's Issue!

THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL

A thrilling new serial featuring June Gaynor and Noel Raymond.

SECRET ALLY OF THE SCHOOL-BOY MASQUERADER

A grand double-length complete story by Hazel Armitage.

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.—Saturday, December 15th, 1945. 8G