

THE PAPER THAT APPEALS TO ALL SCHOOLGIRLS

The SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN 2d



**THE FUGITIVE
FROM THE YACHT!**

A dramatic incident from
this week's grand long
complete Morcove story.

A Long Complete Story of Popular Betty Barton & Co.

ONLY MORCOVE COULD HELP HER!



By
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STANTON.

The Morning After!

PAULA CREEEL raised her head from a pillow in the Fourth Form dormitory at Morcove School.

"Bai Jove, geals, is that the bell?"

"That," said madcap Polly Linton, "is the bell!"

"And that," cried impish Naomer, casting a pillow from her bed at Paula's head, "is ze one I borrowed in ze night!"

"Like your cheek, you unwuly wasca! You never asked me!"

"Bekas you were asleep, Paula!"

"She is half-asleep now," chuckled Polly. "Hi, wake up, Paula!"

"All wight, all wight! I won't be washed, geals. I—Wowp!"—as a wet sponge flew past her left ear. "Who thwew that?"

"Sorry," said another of the teasers. "It slipped out of my hand."

"You geals are a great twial!" sighed the beloved duffer, slowly setting foot to floor. "As soon as the day begins, bai Jove— And, by-the-bye, what sort of a day is it?"

"It's a day and a half—at present," Betty Barton added, remembering yesterday's bad collapse in the weather. "A grand morning, Paula darling."

"So get ze jerk on, queek!"

Paula held up a hand to check the dusky one's skittish dash at her.

"I wequire no assistance fwom you, Naomer. None, thank you! Hallo!" The amiable duffer suddenly beamed as she espied a not very familiar

face in the thronged dormitory. "Bai Jove, that's you, Muwiel Garth! How have you slept, Muwiel?"

"Splendid, thanks! It was so good of the headmistress to take me and Miss Aylwin in for the night, stranded as we were. I was awfully comfy."

"So the next thing—breakfast!" shrilled Naomer, rushing on with her dressing. "Bekas if you have got my appertite, Mariel Garth—"

"She couldn't have one like yours, Naomer," the madcap interposed scathingly. "Yours is the only one in the world that size!"

"Yes, wather!" Paula agreed. "The geal is simply a walking appe—ow! Groogh! Naomer

"Bekas what were you going to say about me?" the Imp demanded, hanging on to Paula's draperies, and thus getting towed across the floor. "You say—queek!"

Flump! was the sound Paula made as she suddenly sat down on the floor, with Naomer on top of her.

"That's right, Naomer," the madcap said sweetly, whilst brushing her hair. "You stand up for yourself!"

"At ze present I prefer to sit down for myself!" chuckled the Imp, bouncing upon squirming Paula.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Betty & Co. are tremendously excited about the yacht which is lying just off Morcove, especially when they are invited to visit it. Yet underneath all the lavish hospitality and display of wealth awaiting them on board, there lurks a strange mystery, a mystery of which only one Morcovian is in the least aware!

"What do you think of us all, Muriel?" smiled Pam Wloughby. "Does it make you glad you aren't a Morcovian?"

"Anything but!" was the laughing answer. "I only wish this were to be my first morning in school with you all."

"What ze diggings zen; you can change with me, queek!" offered Naomer. "You can take my place and have all ze lines I get from Miss Massingham; and I will be very pleased to go for that cruise in ze steam-yacht when she comes back to pick you up. That would be gorjus!"

"Hear, hear!" cried several. "You're a lucky girl, Muriel!"

"Lucky, I admit," she smiled, "to have been made to feel so at home amongst you all."

Muriel herself was dressed and ready to go downstairs. A stranger to the school, it had been natural that she should be awake very early this morning; but she had not liked to get up before the others stirred.

As for the juniors, whilst their remarks flew about in the usual high-spirited manner, they were rushing on with their toilettes. Another minute and the speeding away began.

Then Muriel seemed to maintain a mute but smiling association with one scholar in particular, as if a firm friendship had started.

That scholar was Helen Craig. As she rapidly finished dressing, she was distinctly returning Muriel's meaning smiles and glances. And Betty Barton, noticing this, suddenly remarked:

"Helen, you and Muriel seem greatly taken with each other. Look here, I think they ought to let you off school this morning, Helen, so that you can help Muriel pass the time waiting for that yacht."

"I wouldn't say 'No!'" stated Helen blandly.

"Or would Muriel like to go into school whilst she can?" jested Polly. "I am sure you would, Muriel."

"Yes, bekas, what ze diggings—"

"You hop it!" Polly rounded upon the Imp witheringly.

"All right; but give me ze key of the corner cupboard—"

"I will not give you any key!" cried Polly.

"You'll wait till brekker, Naomer!"

"I must have an apple, queek!"

"Yesterday you began with an apple and ended up with a doughnut. I'll keep the key," said Polly, scampering away. Come on, girls! A morning like this—hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

"Ze donkey ran away!" Naomer sang, as she flew after Polly.

"I shall suggest that about the morning off for you, Helen," was the Form captain's good-natured remark; and she, too, made off.

"Fine captain you've got; I do like her!"

Muriel Garth exclaimed, finding herself left alone all at once with Helen. All the rest had gone helter-skelter downstairs.

"Yes, Betty's a brick! And if I could stay around with you this morning, Muriel, I would be so glad. You know," Helen added, subduing her voice. "I hate the idea of your going on board the Salvator. Our talk together last night—"

She broke off. One of her schoolmates had returned to the dormitory, having forgotten something. Until they were alone again, neither Helen nor Muriel spoke.

"I was lying awake for a long time after lights out," Helen resumed presently, "thinking about it all."

"And I the same," murmured Muriel.

She turned to one of the open windows, which offered a view of the wide sea beyond Morcove's giant headland.

It was a very clear morning. With such good visibility it seemed remarkable that not a vessel

was in sight. Yet so it was; not even the smoke of a passing liner smudged that sharply defined horizon.

"Describe the yacht to me," Muriel pleaded, with an undernote of dread in her voice, "for I have never seen it, as you know."

"It is an ocean-goe—very big, of course. We all thought how lovely she looked," Helen murmured, "with a white-painted hull and a lot of brasswork that gleamed in the sunshine. I shall never forget the moment when I saw the Salvator steaming in to find an anchorage just off our shore. It made me quite excited—such an unusual thing for Morcove a vessel as big as that."

She gave a little sigh.

"I would have been more excited, Muriel, if I had known that the Salvator was from Mexico, and her owner a lady of the name of Garcio. That surprise came later."

Muriel Garth nodded gravely.

"Well, I do not see a sign of the yacht at present. I wonder, will she come back to-day—this morning?"

"How I wish I could doubt it!" was Helen Craig's heavy-hearted answer. "But the high seas have gone down in the night. The sudden storm soon blew itself out. It is certainly safe for the yacht to return to her anchorage."

The talk lapsed, and so both girls became aware of all the hurry-scurry and boisterousness downstairs. Well to be any of those care-free girls! Perhaps these two were thinking.

At last Helen overcame the oppression that was upon her.

"Breakfast?" she smiled invitingly. "It is no use, I suppose, Muriel; if you will go on board the yacht when it comes for you, then you will!"

"Only because I must," was the quiet rejoinder. "For reasons that you know."

They were resolute words that left Helen with an enhanced opinion of her new-found friend. As they went from the dormitory together, Helen suddenly threw an arm about Muriel's shoulders.

"I am not forgetting those reasons which you gave me last night, and I think it very fine of you, Muriel."

Perhaps Helen would have said no more than that in any case. As it was, another moment found her no longer alone with Muriel. Scholars were here, there, and everywhere!

Then downstairs there was Morcove's own kindly headmistress ready to say a cordial "Good-morning, Muriel!"

With Miss Somerfield was Deborah Aylwin, the young lady in whose care Muriel had travelled down to Morcove yesterday. As Helen Craig noticed, it seemed to turn Muriel a little pale to see Miss Aylwin's single dressing-case already in the hall—a sign that its owner was to be off by train after breakfast.

"You slept well, Muriel dear? So did I," Deborah Aylwin said blithely. "And now I must take care not to miss that early train down to Exeter to join the express."

"You two have a lot to say to each other," Helen considerably remarked. "I'll see you after brekker, Muriel!"

But Muriel, her wishes being consulted by the kindly headmistress, came to the Fourth Form table a few minutes later, and Pam Willoughby, who usually sat next to Helen, got up.

"Here you are, Muriel," she said "You'd like to sit next to Helen, I know."

"And mind you make ze jolly good breaker-fast," was the advice imparted by Naomer gaily.

"Bekas, he may be ze last meal you get on shore, don't forget."

"We'll hope not!" cried Polly.

But it was soon to appear as if Naomer's warning were coming true.

After breakfast, when everyone was getting ready for school, Naomer herself came yelling up the Fourth Form corridor:

"Muriel, queek, queek—where is zat girl—queek? Bekas you can see from Study 12 the yacht is coming in!"

Slight Relief for Helen!

NAOMER dashed into Pam and Helen's study, thinking Muriel might be there. So she was—at the window with the two scholars.

"Yes, queek!" yelled the dusky one. "You see him? Get ze jerk on then, Muriel! Ooo, gorjus, bekas perhaps we get ze morning off for this!"

With which rejoicing thought Naomer pranced back to Study 12.

"I shall strike!" announced Polly, turning away from that study's window. "There's the yacht steaming in, whilst we—"

"No, bekas Betty is going to ask for ze morning off for everybody!"

"Is she?" Betty herself laughed. "Can't be done, I'm afraid, Naomer! I've put in a word for Helen Craig—"

"What ze diggings! Bekas—"

"Because Helen and Muriel seem to have struck up a great friendship," the Form captain explained. "Miss Massingham is allowing Helen to stay out of school, as it is hardly likely that Muriel can go on board for at least an hour or two."

At this instant Muriel came in, manifestly keeping cheerful by a plucky effort.

"You girls, I suppose I must say good-bye to you now, as you are going into school at once. It won't take the yacht any time to get close in and then lower a boat to fetch me on board. So good-bye," she said, starting to shake hands all round, "and thanks ever so for all your kindness!"

"You were welcome," said Betty heartily. "Good-bye, and good luck, Muriel!"

"Yes, wather! A pleasant cruise, Muwiel!"

"Bon voyage!" chimed in Polly. "And don't forget to write some time."

"Bekas—"

For once even chatterbox Naomer felt checked to silence, such an emotional look had she seen in Muriel's eyes. It was as if they were going to fill with tears.

Flusteredly the girl turned back to the door and went out.

"I don't believe she wants to go on that yacht any more than we want to go into

school," Polly commented quietly. "And that's strange, if you like!"

Ten minutes more, and Morcove School was hard at work. The class-rooms were so many hives of industry, some of them sending forth the drone of many voices, audible to Helen and Muriel as they set off to the wayside station with Deborah Aylwin.

She was the young lady who had been Muriel's governess in former days, far away in Mexico, afterwards bringing her to the Homeland and seeing after the fatherless girl with sisterly devotion. No need to say, therefore, how poignant was the good-bye between them.

Helen witnessed it, and when the train had steamed away she felt that it was up to her to do all she could for Muriel. As far as lay in her power, Helen would try to make up to the girl for the loss she had suffered in having to part with Miss Aylwin.

The yacht had now steamed to within a mile of Morcove's rugged coast. As the two girls walked back from the little wayside station they could see the stately vessel still steaming in, but very slowly now.

"Why, she is like a small liner!" Muriel exclaimed, keeping her gaze upon the yacht. "The money it must have cost my stepmother to charter it! But I dare say her father, old Manuel Garcia, found the money."



Muriel sank down on the bed, her face to the wall. A minute later Jose opened the cabin door and peered in. She and Andro had been talking near the door, and she wondered how much Muriel had overheard.

"He is tremendously rich?" inferred Helen.

"A millionaire, or supposed to be."

They walked on in silence for a little while.

"And it is because he is ailing and has longed to see you again—his British granddaughter," as he calls you," Helen resumed at last, "that you mean to let them take you back to Mexico."

"Partly that, and partly for that other reason," responded Muriel, with fine composure. "I hope it may lead to my being able to repay Deborah Aylwin some day."

Again the talk lapsed. It was Helen's unhappy state to know that anything she might say would only be so much harping on risks and dangers which this spirited girl had made up her mind to undergo.

Soon the yacht was making its final manœuvre before anchoring—less than a mile from the shore. Helen and Muriel stayed beyond the school's bounds watching, but they did not go down the cliff's zig-zag path.

Soon enough, no doubt, Muriel's foreign stepmother would be sending a boat to the jetty. Soon enough would the girl's presence at Morocco be known to those on board, resulting in her being rowed out to the vessel. Meantime, Helen, at any rate, was wishing the Salvator at the other end of the world.

She had such terrible misgivings as to the future happiness of her new-found friend.

A foreign stepmother; a foreign stepbrother and stepsister! They had made her unhappy in the old days in Mexico. Was it to be believed that they really meant well by her now?

Far more likely, as Helen had realised overnight, that it was a mere ruse on the part of the stepmother to serve selfish ends. Old Manuel Garcia's longing to see his "British granddaughter" again—it was to be indulged for a nefarious reason. Helen felt sadly certain of that. And yet Muriel was resolved to go back to Mexico, and her motives were so laudable, one could not oppose the brave intention.

"Look, Helen!"

A boat was being lowered, manned by a couple of sailors.

Helen Craig felt alarmed. She took her companion by the arm and drew her back as if wanting to hide her.

"Come away, Muriel! Don't let them see you yet—and they very easily may with glasses. Oh, how I wish—"

"But is it any use keeping out of sight?" Muriel demurred resignedly. "Don't make a coward of me, Helen—"

"It isn't that, Muriel, I'd be the last to want to do that. But I do feel so unhappy about it all."

"I myself can't pretend to be—happy," was the answer, with a forlorn smile. "But there it is! Helen, now I can see two—three people going down a rope ladder into the rowboat. They appear to me to be Jose and Andro and their mother."

Gazing along with her companion, Helen nodded.

"The first two are the brother and sister right enough. But, Muriel—Where are you going?"

"To the jetty now," that girl accounted for her sudden haste. "I must be there when they reach it. I—I just can't allow them to think that I am dodging them—afraid."

So at the very moment when the boat was cast-

ing off from the yacht, the two girls reached the way down to the shore.

Out of a cloudless sky the sun shone upon surrounding beauties that were enough to captivate Helen and Muriel—the rugged rocks tufted with gorse and heather, the beetling cliffs, the beach and its old stone jetty.

Reaching the shore, they floundered over the heaped shingle and the mounds of seaweed left by last night's boisterous waves, and took their stand on the jetty.

There was a waving of hands from the boat as it drew near, and the watchers on the jetty waved back.

And now Helen could see what the Mexican lady with Jose and Andro looked like. She was dark, with the Spanish-type of beauty, and wore gaudy clothes, such as Jose herself favoured.

The landing on the jetty revealed her as being tall. Followed by Jose and Andro, she came up the water-worn steps with cries of extravagant delight at Muriel's being there.

"My dearest Muriel! Oh, you poor dear, did you think it very cruel that we were not here to meet you last night?"

It was said with gushing fluency, the lady flashing her teeth and smiling affectedly.

"Come then, kiss me—at last," she said, folding Muriel to her heart. "And how you have grown, dearest Muriel—like my own Jose and her brother! Naughty Muriel, to have been away from us all so long! But that is forgiven now—ah, yes!"

Then Madame Garcia took notice of Helen, whilst Muriel came in for greetings from her stepbrother and his sister.

"How do you do?" the lady cried, flashing her handsome eyes upon Helen, who bowed. "One of the scholars at the big school—yes?"

Muriel turned round to make the introduction. "A friend I have made at the school, and they let her off work this morning, thinking I would feel lonely. Helen Craig—"

"Ah, yes!" Madame Garcia mentally noted the name quite calmly. "And you also are a well-grown girl, Helen Craig; a credit to your school, I must say. Muriel my dearest, about the school. I came ashore thinking that I should thank the headmistress for her little courtesies yesterday."

"I hope you will see Miss Somerfield," Muriel answered earnestly. "She has been a friend in need to me, and to Miss Aylwin, who—cr—"

"Yes, what?"

Madame Garcia had not been able to hide the sudden displeasure which the mention of Miss Aylwin had caused her.

"Miss Aylwin has gone," Muriel said dully. "She could not wait. She has taken a post, and was under promise to be with her employer at a certain hour this afternoon. It meant catching an early train from Morocco."

Receiving this in silence, Madame Garcia started to take Muriel along with her in the direction of the cliff path. The two sailors had stayed in the boat, tying it to a ringbolt. Helen found herself walking away with Jose Garcia and the brother.

"A nice day after such a bad storm yesterday," Jose said, with a smile like her mother's. "And so you have been making friends with our Muriel. You like her?"

"Very much."

"Andro and I—we are ver' fond of her," the Mexican girl stated. "It is so, Andro?"

He was lighting a cigarette that smelt like

cigar-smoke. Only of school age though he was, apparently smoking was an established practice with him. It was another of those traits that made him less like a boy than a miniature man.

"Oh, yes!" he cried gaily, blowing out the match. "And we mean to get on well with Muriel now. Quarrels? No more!"

"I'm glad of that," Helen felt bound to say. "It appears that Muriel is really going back to Mexico with you all? We girls at Morcove rather imagined at first that she was merely to be taken for a cruise round these coasts."

"So?" Andro returned, and for the moment that was all. He exchanged glances with his sister. "Muriel has told you—many things, perhaps?"

"But of course," Jose smiled before Helen could answer. "They are such friends. I hope I also am a friend, Helen?"

"And that you will come on board for lunch," the brother rejoined. "Jose, you must ask mother about it."

"When do you leave with Muriel?" inquired Helen gently.

"Oh," he shrugged, whilst they all three ploughed over the shingle, "in a few hours."

A few hours! Helen's heart felt heavier than ever.

A few hours and she would be at a window of Morcove School watching the *Salvator* steam away with its resigned passenger.

Such was the scholar's saddening thought just then, although she was soon to have news that brought relief.

For within an hour Madame Garcia had gone out of her way to impress Morcove School with her very amiable and courteous nature.

Miss Somerfield did not think it possible to let Helen go aboard the yacht for lunch, as it would mean her missing afternoon classes. Accordingly, Madame Garcia vivaciously suggested that a small party of scholars should visit the yacht for tea. Then there would be no interference with schoolwork.

A boatload of them would be rowed out to the *Salvator*, bringing them back to the jetty a couple of hours or so later.

"You were so ver' kind to give our dear Muriel and Miss Aylwin shelter last night," Madame Garcia sparkled at the headmistress. "Do, please, let me repay the hospitality!"

"Very well, then, and with pleasure," was Miss Somerfield's genial response to that. "The girls will love it, I am sure."

And so, when the Forms came out of school at midday, certain members of the Fourth found Helen waiting to impart the exciting news.

"Muriel Garth has gone on board, girls, but the yacht isn't sailing yet," Helen informed the Study 12 chums. "We're to go on board directly school is over this afternoon for tea."

"What! Oh—"
"Hip, hip!" cheered Polly, throwing her books into the air joyfully. "Hooray!"

"Yes, wather! Bai Jove!"
"Gorjus!" shrieked Naomer. "Bekas he is bound to be a good tea. Zey are millionaires!"

Helen laughed along with the dusky one's other chums. But the laugh did not come from her heart, where there was still that grave anxiety about Muriel, and only the one comfort that they were to see each other again, although after that—no more!

Muriel Makes a Discovery!

ON board the stately *Salvator* all was silence now that afternoon had come.

Muriel, alone in the beautiful deck-cabin which had been made over to her, noticed the quietude as she gazed out of an open porthole.

The only sound was the lapping of waters about the anchored vessel.

It was long enough since lunch for all the clatter made by the foreign servants over their washing-up to have ceased. Now no doubt to many on board this seemed the correct time for a siesta.

Some of the sailors had been given leave to go ashore. Muriel knew that the yacht's sailing had been deferred until nightfall so that the men could have leave up till sunset. And how Muriel wished herself back on shore, able to linger about Morcove School until the very hour for sailing!

But there had been no kindly suggestion by her stepmother that she could return to land when lunch ended. So she had sought the solitude of her own cabin.

Only the one comfort, such as it was—the same comfort that Helen was doubtless experiencing whilst at her desk in class. The last good-bye was yet to be said.

A little while and then a broad-beamed boat would bring a whole batch of Morcove's scholars out to the yacht. The invited ones were those who had seen to her comfort the previous night, and Helen would be amongst them, of course.

Meantime, Muriel was going to lie down—not because she was tired. Even to-night there would be little sleep for her, so great were the troubles upon her mind. But Jose and Andro were on board this afternoon, and Muriel did not want their companionship if it could be avoided. She would have enough of those two in the days to come.

So in case Jose should come seeking her, Muriel was intending to sham an afternoon's nap here in her dainty cabin. If her stepsister came in she would pretend to be fast asleep.

Sure enough, after a few minutes the narrow door opened, admitting Jose.

"H'm! What's the matter with you then, Muriel?"

The remark was spoken in low tones, and Muriel ignored it.

Then Jose came over to the bedstead with which the luxurious cabin was fitted, instead of there being a mere bunk for sleeping.

For a moment the Mexican girl felt inclined to shake her stepsister. But she refrained, and giving a shrug, went out.

Andro was close at hand arranging deck-chairs. "Asleep!" Jose informed him derisively. "I suppose she was half the night talking to that Helen Craig. Oh, well, who wants her company?"

"If she is going to be like she was at lunch," Andro jeered, "I have no use for her."
"It is a beastly nuisance," was the English equivalent of Jose's rejoinder, "that mother has any use for her at all."

"Sh! Muriel will hear you, perhaps," whispered Andro.

"Not she," shrugged Jose, sinking into one of the deck-chairs. "She sleeps like a pig! Bah!"

In the cabin, Muriel suddenly lifted her head and looked towards the closed cabin door.

"Ah, well"—Andro spoke guardedly to his sister, yet Muriel in the cabin heard the words, and she understood them, knowing the language

of that country in which she had been reared from infancy—"ah, well, Jose, it is worth while having to put up with the little fool, as mother has said!"

"Oh, no doubt! Nothing can be done with grandfather, it seems, unless we do take the girl back to see him."

Andro gave a sniggering little laugh.

"His 'British granddaughter,' that he was always so fond of! No matter, if it means that he will be in a good mood when she is there. If it induces him to do as mother wishes—eh, Jose?"

"Yes—the obstinate old pig!" Jose stigmatised her stricken grandfather. "Why couldn't he put his affairs in mother's hands without making it a condition that she must first bring back Muriel?"

"Then that man Craig might have been forced to give up the San Rozel mine before this," Andro muttered the rejoinder.

In the cabin, Muriel was sitting up now, with a growing horror in her eyes.

All this that she was overhearing as it passed in undertones between the brother and sister outside on the deck it meant—What else could it mean, but the dramatic confirmation of a very real fear?

"Better be careful," she heard Andro resume in a still lower voice. "She may wake up, Jose."

"Let's shift our chairs further along, Andro."

Muriel sank back upon the bed with her face to the wall. And it was just as well she did adopt that precaution.

A moment later, whilst Andro was taking both chairs to another part of the deck, Jose opened the cabin door and peeped in.

Then she withdrew her prying eyes, and the door closed again.

Muriel threw off the rug that had been half-covering her. She got up and tip-toed across to the cabin door, listening there.

In vain.

Brother and sister were now too far off for any guarded talk of theirs to be audible.

Even so, what little she had picked up seemed quite enough to leave no doubt in her mind. Greatly agitated, she paced to and fro in the cabin, hands clenched, and biting her lip.

What to do now? Now that she had discovered proof!

She saw it all. Her stepmother wanted to deal Mr. Craig—Helen Craig's father—an unfair blow. And her stepmother could only do that by first gaining greater influence over an elderly father who was too ill to attend properly to business affairs.

There it was then, as clear as daylight. To humour old Manuel Garcia and so gain favour, his fond wish was being gratified.

Possibly the old man had weakly made it a bargain with his daughter. "You have Muriel to live with you again, and then I'll do anything you like to please you."

Nor was Muriel, schoolgirl though she was, unable to see in what direction the old man's pleasing his daughter would lie. The signing of a paper empowering Madame Garcia to act for him now that he was enfeebled!

Once armed with that document, and in a country like Mexico, where the law was so loosely administered, Madame Garcia would not scruple to do things which old Manuel Garcia had been above doing.

And so, in the very words which Muriel had heard being whispered just now, "that man

Craig" might be forced to give up the San Rozel mine!

Mr. Craig—Helen's father!

Muriel felt distraught by the appalling revelation of such intended roguery.

On the face of it, she herself was the vital part in the whole affair. She was the instrument by which her stepmother was to obtain favour with old Manuel Garcia.

Refuse to voyage back to Mexico, and the crafty stepmother would be robbed of the one strong card which she had hoped to play.

From this thought sprang the sudden desperate resolve: "I must not go!"

Then there came the recollection of a promise made to Helen overnight—a voluntary promise.

"The moment I discover that my going back to Mexico means danger to your father's interests, Helen Craig, I will know what to do."

In effect, that was what she had told Helen. And now there had been this discovery, and she could see clearly that her return to Mexico really would bring terrible trouble for Mr. Craig.

"I can't sail with the yacht then. I simply mustn't!" was Muriel's emphatic decision made there and then.

And yet—

She was already on board the yacht, and in a few hours it was due to sail!

A trembling alarm seized her. Back to that cabin porthole she drifted, from which she could gaze towards the shore and see Morcove School high upon its headland.

If only—oh, if only she were still on land, still with Helen at the school!

Could she contrive, by some pretext, to get ashore again, or was it all too late?

True, in a little while some of her chums of Morcove were coming on board for tea. But was a chance of escape likely to arise from that visit?

Already she had begun to think of her direful position as one from which she must escape.

Presently she went out on to the deck. Pretending that she was merely taking a casual wander round, Muriel sauntered to and fro, and presently looked over the rail.

It was from there that the ship's boats had gone to and from the jetty. A rope ladder hung over the side, but no boat was there now waiting to be jumped into. If only there had been one!

Suddenly she heard Jose call out in English:

"No, you can't go ashore, Muriel! Why should you want to? You've been in England quite long enough—we think!"

"Being so very fond of you!" Andro rejoined with irony.

Muriel went to another part of the spacious vessel, where she hoped to be beyond such taunting cries.

This, even before the yacht had sailed! What was her life likely to be, then, at the hands of the brother and sister, not to mention Madame Garcia, when the anchor had been raised?

As she glanced towards the shore she was aware of a couple of the men who had been on leave working their way down the Morcove zig-zag, evidently being under orders to row the schoolgirl visitors out to the Salvator.

Muriel glanced at her wrist-watch.

Yes, it was time—at last!

She took her stand at the ship's rail and gazed towards the jetty, with its background of mighty cliff



Naomer was terribly excited as she went on board. "What an ee-normous boat!" she cried. "Welcome on board the Salvator," said Madame Garcia, as she greeted the girls from Morcove.

Scarcely had the two sailors got into the boat that was moored at the jetty, than she saw the zig-zag become alive with girls hurrying down to the shore.

Five minutes more and the whole big boatload of joyous humanity was being rowed out to the yacht. Muriel still watched, her heart beating fast.

For a little while at least she was to be with those girls again. And then—what?

Must she indeed see them never again after today. Must she go upon the voyage in spite of her awful conviction of what would result, or would there yet be a chance, thanks to this reception of her Morcove chums on board, of going back with them when the time should come for them to go?

"Muriel, my dearest!"

She turned round.

Smiling that large, false-hearted smile of hers, there was Madame Garcia, very elaborately dressed for the occasion.

"Your friends arrive, Muriel."

"Yes."

"You had nothing better to change into than what you wear?" the stepmother said. "Jose could have lent you a frock."

"Oh, it does not matter, thank you!"

"But I do not wish those English girls to think you are on a different footing from Jose."

"I am sure you don't."

"Come, come!" laughed Madame Garcia, and a hand rested upon Muriel's shoulders that she longed to shake off. "You are not very amiable to-day?"

"I am sorry, but—"

"After our long separation, Muriel my dearest, and when we have come all across the ocean to fetch you home!"

Home!

A shiver went through Muriel.

Impossible to think of anywhere outside one's native land as home! And this tall handsome,

foreign woman, with her large smile—fancy having to think of her as mother!

Too Late!

"HOORAY! I am first, good job! But queek, queek, Polly, all of you—queek!"

Naomer, having scrambled up the rope ladder on to the Salvator's promenade deck, was doing a joyous caper.

"Gorjus! Ooo, what a tre-menjous boat! Ee-normous!"

"How do you do, my dears?" cried Madame Garcia, in her fluent English. "And you others," shaking hands with them one after another. "Welcome on board the Salvator!"

"Thank you, Madame Garcia!"

"Yes, wather; thanks, thanks! Quite a smooth twip!" Paula commented on the journey in the boat with great relief.

"My son and daughter—I think you girls all know them?" smiled Madame Garcia, as Jose and Andro came up. "You would like to have tea, then, before seeing over the ship?"

"Just as you please, Madame Garcia."

"Ooo, yes, tea first! Bekas eet give you rather an appertite, coming all this way out to sea."

"Well, Muriel"—Betty turned with others to greet that girl as Madame Garcia led the way—"how do you like it on board the Salvator?"

"Isn't it a grand vessel?" cried Polly, gazing around. "Oh, to be you, Muriel!"

"You must show us your cabin later on, Muriel," said Helen.

"Right you are, girls!" was the affable response.

Following Madame Garcia, they all came to a very spacious dining-saloon panelled with rose-wood. The long table down the centre had a snow-white cloth on which there was an array of costly china and silver with centre stands of cut flowers.

Naomer's eyes glowed as she saw the eatables—

plates of thin sandwiches, cakes, pastries, fruit salads and all.

"This," declared Naomer, rubbing her hands together, "is ze goods! Bekas it looks to me as if somebody has been shopping at ze Barncombe Creamery."

Madame Garcia laughed, seating herself at the head of the table.

"That is a very wonderful shop, your Creamery. You all take sugar? Jose—Andro—Muriel dearest, I trust you to see that your friends from Morcove School make a good tea."

When there were such signs of goodwill as all this, Betty & Co. would have felt it unfair to take too much notice of young Andro, who differed very much from their ideas of what a boy should be.

He, with his "old before his time" manners, was to the scholars the only real jarring note. Jose they found to be just as nice, in her slightly foreign way, as they had deemed her to be yesterday.

As for Madame Garcia, she was so very gracious towards them all, and was so very affectionate towards Muriel that the scholars were soon enjoying the novel treat even better than they had expected to do.

Only Helen out of all these Morcovians who had come aboard felt a mistrust of madame and her two children.

But for the fact that Muriel had begged her not to go into unpleasant matters with the other girls, Helen would have let fall a hint or two. As it was, she deemed herself under a promise not to discuss all those family affairs which had been her and Muriel's private topic overnight.

Tea over, the girls returned to the open deck, and then a round of the ship began.

Once again Andro jarred badly upon Betty & Co., used as they were to boys of the British public-school type, like Jack Linton, Dave Lawder and others. Andro was all for showing himself off, whilst showing off the grandness of the yacht.

They all went down into the engine-room, and even there he would do all the talking instead of leaving the chief engineer to show the visitors round. Andro, from the way he talked, knew all about everything!

Then some of the luxurious parts of the Salvator came in for inspection.

Betty & Co. were shown a sun-lounge, big enough for dancing when cleared of its tables and chairs. Madame Garcia gave them a peep into her own sumptuous cabin. Jose just as graciously invited them to see hers.

"Beautiful! Charming!" were some of the admiring comments.

"Yes, wather! Weally gwand!"

"Gorjus!"

Helen suddenly turned to Muriel. They were standing side by side outside Jose's cabin, whilst most of the others were inside.

"And your cabin, Muriel?"

"Come with me," she said as softly and quickly as Helen had asked the question, with a very meaning look.

Neither girl meant it as unfriendliness towards the rest of the party, but they hastened away in the hope of getting a few moments alone together.

Luckily there was so much to hold the other girls fascinated in Jose's cabin that it was not noticed how Helen and Muriel were giving them the slip.

"This, Helen—this is my cabin," Muriel said as her one chum followed her into it.

Helen closed the door behind her quickly. She could pay no attention to all the lavish fittings, the boudoir-like appearance of the cabin. With eyes only for the other girl's grave face, she whispered beseechingly:

"Muriel! Oh, I do wish you were not going! I—"

"Sh!"

"But it is all right for the moment," the Morcovian whispered tensely. "And how thankful I am, Muriel, that we have this chance of a word in private! I can't resign myself to the idea of your going on the voyage. I just cannot. You don't want to go, do you?"

"No, Helen. Now I would give anything not to go—"

"Then, Muriel—"

"Sh!" that girl again gestured. "Be careful! These cabin walls are very thin; they are not like brick walls. And Andro may be hanging about. He was not with the others just now."

"Muriel," Helen said, lowering her voice still more, "will you cancel the voyage before it is too late? Come back with us! Tell your step-mother—"

"Oh, that is impossible, Helen. My stepmother would never listen. No," sighed Muriel, "but if I can, I will—"

She stopped. Helen, nearest the door, had thrown up a warning finger.

"Hush!"

"May we come in?" silkily inquired Jose, opening the door to let Betty and the rest enter.

"There!" the Mexican girl added blandly. "You see, as nice a cabin as mine, is it not? Oh, but mother would never dream of giving Muriel anything but the best!"

"Well, I must say, Muriel," cried Polly, "this really is!"

"It is," agreed Pam. "Perfect!"

"What ze diggings, I could not wish for any-zink better," shrilled Naomer. "And I am a queen, don't forget! Look at ze gorjus gramophone!"

Jose smilingly stepped to the cabinet instrument and, pulling open a drawer full of records, chose one.

"Muriel is going home," she remarked sweetly, as she put on the record, "so we will play something suitable."

The record started to spin, and suddenly there was the loud music of a fine string band playing the opening bars to a familiar air. Then a famous contralto began to sing "Home, Sweet Home!"

"We remembered to get that one specially for Muriel," said Jose, speaking whilst the old tender song was still being rendered. "We thought she would like to play it often during the voyage home!"

Muriel suddenly strode to the gramophone and stopped it.

"Not now," she said in a queer tone. "You've seen the cabin girls; come outside and—"

Her tremulous voice trailed off into silence. She went and stood at the ship's rail, looking towards land. Then, as the scholars sauntered close, she smiled round upon them all.

"Different weather from this time yesterday?" she reminded them lightly. "If it had been as fine as this I—I would not have had to spend that night at Morcove."

"And then you wouldn't have got to know us,"

Betty rejoined affectionately. "So for our part, Muriel, we can't be sorry by any means." "Bokas we wouldn't have had this," chimed in Naomer. "Ooo, it has been ze gorjus do! I zink I do a bunk from Morcove and be a stow-away!"

They all realised that it was nearly time to think about the return to land. Madame Garcia and Andro were approaching, evidently ready to say good-bye to the scholars. Helen gave Muriel a nudge.

"Ask her, Muriel!" that nudge meant; but the girl could only nudge back:

"Useless!"

"Well, girls," cried Madame Garcia, as she came amongst them, "I suppose it is time for you to be off? The boat is ready. Don't think I wish to hurry you away, but—"

"No, Madame Garcia, we quite understand," was the chorus.

"Miss Somerfield asked me not to keep you too long," the Mexican lady said. "So we will say good-bye now."

"And, Madame Garcia," came Helen Craig's entreaty a few moments later, "could Muriel go back with us to spend just a—I mean, to—to—"

"Ah, impossible, I'm afraid," Madame Garcia dissented as sweetly as ever. "I have been so long without my dearest Muriel, I look forward to seeing her at dinner presently. Muriel, my dearest, say good-bye now."

"Yes, well," Pam murmured, as she became the first to receive Muriel's handshake, "we shall watch for the yacht's sailing by and by."

"That's it, Muriel," added Polly heartily. "We'll all be at the school windows, so mind you watch for us."

"Half an hour after sunset isn't it to be?" said Betty. "Right-ho, then! And once again, Muriel—bon voyage!"

"Thanks!" Muriel laughed, seeing the whole crowd of well-meaning girls through blurred eyes.

Another minute and they were going down into the ship's boat, where two sailors were ready to row them to the jetty.

Helen was last of all to embark. On the yacht's deck she suddenly turned again to Muriel and held her by both hands, which were like ice.

She wanted to draw the girl with her. But Madame Garcia was there, Jose and Andro as well. Impossible!

"Good-bye then!" the general shout came up from the boatload of Morcovians half a minute later. "Muriel—good-by-ee! Bon voyage!"

"And don't forget to write!" yelled up Naomer, last of all. "And zank you very much, Madame Garcia, for ze scrumptious do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good-bye, good-bye!"

Muriel leant farther over the rail and waved. She smiled, although her heart was in agony.

"Good-bye, all! Good-bye—Morcove!"

Music was suddenly in the air. Jose must have darted back to Muriel's cabin and restarted the gramophone, for once again there fell upon the hearing of the ship's unwilling passenger the strains of "Home, Sweet Home!"

The Sun Goes Down.

GONE!

And now, what was there for her to do but be finally resigned?

She was alone in her cabin again. Her friends of Morcove had reached land. There they were going, even as she gazed so wistfully, helter-skelter from the jetty to climb the zig-zag path.

Back to their beloved school, all of them, whilst she—

A captive, nothing else than that! By the refusal to let her return ashore, when there were yet several hours before the yacht raised anchor, she had been as good as told. Her stepmother was—a gaoleress!

The tide lapping by, the giant yacht rising and falling ever so slightly to the heave of the waters, and the sun sinking towards the west.

Madness to think of a desperate dive overboard with the idea of swimming to land. Off such a shore, and after what she had been told about the



Jose stepped to the gramophone and soon the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," filled the cabin. "We remembered to get that record," said Jose quietly, "for we felt sure Muriel would like it."

deadly currents, her strength would never suffice. Besides, she would be seen and instantly fetched back.

Muriel beat her hands together like one who feels frantic.

Even if there were a chance to jump into some boat that had been left tied at the vessel's side—there again, she would be seen.

Nothing to be done whilst daylight lasted. And ere it was dark the *Salvator* was to steam away!

She sat down, sighing bitterly. How long she had remained in that despairing attitude she did not know, when Jose suddenly intruded.

"Do you know the time, you?" was the bullying cry. "Look at me, dressed for the evening, and you sit there—"

"I would rather not come to dinner—"

"You had better not, if you have nothing decent to wear. Disgracing us before the eyes of the crew! And you are all sulks, too. I shall advise mother to let you feed by yourself."

"Very well, then, do that!" Muriel flashed. "I don't care what you do, Jose. I—I'm tired. I—feel—"

"Tired! After sleeping like a pig after lunch! The truth is," Jose sneered, "it has done you no good to be with that Miss Aylwin, letting her pamper you and make you lazy. I suppose you fancy you can go on being tired? Grandfather Manuel, when he dies, is going to leave you rich—that's what you think!"

With a taunting laugh, Jose banged out of the cabin, but in a couple of minutes she returned. Over one arm hung a spare frock of hers, which she flung towards Muriel.

"There, get into that! Mother says you are to come to dinner. You're to behave or be punished. As if we haven't stood enough of your nonsense! As for your wonderful Miss Aylwin, we care nothing about her. It is not worth mother's trouble, or we would put the law on to her for taking you out of our country years ago."

Again the vicious girl banged out of the cabin, and Muriel heard her change to a better mood, calling over the ship for "Andro! Andro!"

Soon after this they must have switched on the wireless, for Muriel, as she listlessly dressed for what would doubtless be a sumptuous evening dinner, heard band music.

It was as if there were a brass band on board, the "reception" was so good, and the same loud music was coming from the loud-speaker, when the family sat down in the dining-saloon.

Madame Garcia was in her richest raiment—an evening gown that must have cost a hundred guineas, flashing jewels, and a grand Spanish shawl for putting on later should she decide to sit out on deck. Andro, in his evening clothes, looked more a man than ever, just as Jose, too, seemed eager to appear older than her years.

The meal was served with great pomp, and Muriel could tell that those who waited at table simply dreaded any word or look of displeasure from madame. She was liable to fly into terrible rages:

Nor was this last evening at anchor off Morcove to close without a display of Madame Garcia's temper.

Muriel was standing apart on the open deck when this came.

The sun was setting, and she knew that down in the engine-room steam was being raised. But a couple of the men who had been on leave were not yet back, and nothing could be seen of them on shore.

Only the boat by which they would row out to the yacht was over yonder at the jetty, tied to a ringbolt. It was Madame Garcia's discovery that two of the crew looked like hindering the yacht's departure that set her storming right and left.

"Another time no leave for anyone!" she decreed in her own native tongue, as she paced about. "I will show them; I will teach all of you who runs this boat! You—you are no good!" she hurled the insult at one submissive officer. "I rule my servants at home; I will rule them here!"

Furiously she scanned the shore with her blazing eyes, but the overdue men were still not in sight.

The last of the sunset light was flushing the cliffs of Morcove with vivid hues, and it would have been easy to see any signs of life. But the jetty, the shore and the zig-zag all were deserted.

Muriel herself had grieved that none of Morcove's scholars were in sight, until she suddenly guessed that Miss Somerfield had put the shore out of bounds this evening.

Stamping the deck, Madame Garcia raged again.

"This makes me furious! There goes the sun. It will be quite dark before we get away. What is to be done about it, you?" she angrily demanded of her chief officer. "Come! I must have some understanding!"

She strode away to her lounge-cabin, and the officer followed. For twenty minutes after that the pair were in noisy argument.

Muriel could hear them interrupting each other, volubly, after the explosive manner of foreigners. Meantime, twilight crept over the waters, and the rugged shore began to be merged in the gloom of oncoming night.

Whichever way she turned she saw signs of the readiness to be off. The *Salvator* was only waiting for those two sailors, who had very humanly hung out their time on shore.

The wireless began again, dance music now, so that Jose and Andro could show off their dancing to various members of the crew who were idle at their posts.

Suddenly a shout was given by a look-out.



As the Fourth-Formers were being rowed back to the jetty they turned and waved to the girl whom they had left behind.—

"Here they come!"

Muriel's own sad eyes had been even more vigilant than those of the man on watch. She had described a few moments ago two men lumbering their way down the zig-zag. Soon they were in the boat, pulling away from the jetty.

Lights had been switched on all over the stately *Salvator*, but the seaboard carried no lantern. It came over the darkening waters swiftly and shadowy.

To hurry the belated pair, someone in the engine-room made the yacht's siren give a sudden terrific blast.

Zooo-oo-oomph! bellowed the siren. Zooo-oo-oomph!

And now the deck-hands began to scurry about, laughing behind the backs of the officers and Madame Garcia herself. Below, furnace doors banged open and shut, shovels clanged. The safety-valve behind the funnel blew off steam.

Muriel's spirits were at zero. It was one of the most miserable moments she had ever known. Never, since the night her father died, had she known such misery.

Why—why had a cruel fate made her aware of the plot which centred around her own young self only when it was too late? Why had she only found out when she was on board?

"This time last night!" she was thinking, still alone at the rail, every sound about the ship proclaiming the imminent departure.

She had been under Morcove's friendly roof then. At this very hour last night she had been having that grave talk with Helen Craig.

"If only I had let her persuade me not to go! But I meant it for the best," was Muriel's anguishing thought. "It seemed right for me to go then. And—ah, I did not realise how helpless I would be if ever I should regret doing it!"

The boat rowed by the two men was nearly up with the impatient *Salvator* now. Muriel wandered into her cabin and shut the door.

She felt she could not bear to be where others would see her when the anchors came clanking up and the first tremors ran through the vessel as it got into motion.

Her own Homeland almost lost to her even now in the falling darkness. And all through this starry night the yacht would be bearing her swiftly away for ever.

Suddenly she felt inclined to cry aloud wildly: "I can't go—I won't!"

At this last moment, when the overdue men had swarmed on board and were being stormed at for their lateness, and when the anchors were coming up, she was seized with mad desperation.

Was there no chance left even now? That boat by which the two sailors had rowed out to the *Salvator*—was it being left to be got on board later?

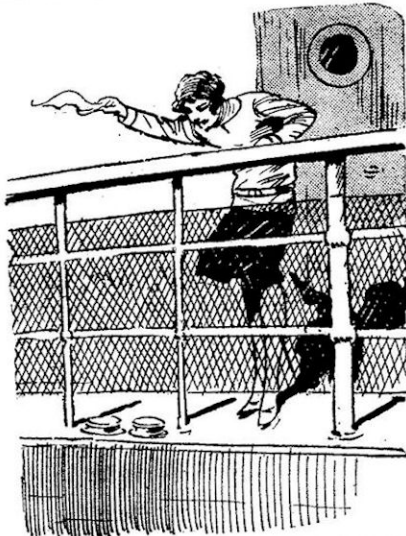
They certainly did not seem to be delaying the yacht's steaming away for another minute on that account. The whole ship seemed to be a-throb now.

Muriel suddenly went out of the cabin, hardly knowing what she was about or what desperate action she might not commit.

Again the siren's far-reaching blast crashed upon her hearing. Zooo-oo-oomph!

Sailors, doing everything in their excitable foreign way, were like monkeyish shapes except when they passed in the glare of saloon lights.

Muriel walked aft, feeling the heave and fall of the deck under her unsteady feet.



—Muriel hung over the rail, and tried to smile, but how sorrowful she felt as she called out "Good-bye—Morcove!" She never expected to see any of her new friends again.

A man was finishing with a steam winch. He ran off under shouted orders to lend a hand elsewhere. Muriel's heart was leaping as she glanced around and found herself alone just there.

She lent over the rail.

The waves were washing by in tell-tale fashion; all the dark waters seemed to be flowing rapidly astern of the yacht. And down there an empty boat tossed lightly, held to its parent vessel by a single rope.

Muriel looked behind her, and sudden hope gave way to fresh despair.

Down the ship Jose and Andro were swaggering together, talking and laughing. They came up to Muriel.

"Home, sweet home! Yes, take your last look at it, my dear!" jeered Jose. "Ha, ha, ha! Andro—see the lights of Morcove School!"

"Very pretty!" he scoffed.

"She is going to cry—bah, look at her!" Jose mocked, misreading Muriel's tense expression. "But come away, Andro. No need to trouble about her now."

They jauntily moved away together, going to the forward end of the yacht, where there was more room for promenading.

Muriel was alone again, but how long she would remain so she could guess with tragic certainty. At any moment sailors might be here! It was more their part of the ship than the passengers.

Her heart thudding on again, she flung a last wary glance over one shoulder, and then—

Over the ship's rail she swung herself, got hold of the slack rope by which the small boat was towing, and swung clear, all her weight upon the rope.

For a moment she had only the churning water

below her dangling figure. But her weight was causing the rope to draw up the boat, rocking in the ship's frothy wake.

Looking down as she lowered herself hand under hand, she suddenly saw the rowboat within reach of her dangling feet.

One more moment of terrible alarm for herself, and she simply dropped down into the boat. She tumbled backwards, but she was up again instantly, unhurt.

Her hands flew to the simple knot at that end of the tow-rope.

Splash! went the line as she cast it off into the seething waters.

All the time the terrific throb of the yacht's propeller was in her ears.

Then the *Salvator* seemed to flash right away from her, and she was left behind in the open boat, tossing up and down.

She half-fell, half-wearily dropped on to a plank seat, then groped for a couple of oars and fumbled them into position. They were very heavy. She had to get them out one at a time.

But at last their blades were dipping, and she could pull round with them.

Straining as for life itself, she pulled and pulled again.

The boat was headed towards the land—towards *Morcove*!

And there, right before her eyes as she rowed for dear life, the *Salvator* was steaming out to sea, showing a multitude of lights in the deepening darkness!

They Little Know!

"O O O, queek, queek, girls! Zere she goes—look!"

"Oh, isn't she lovely!"

"Bai Jove, that's wather impressive, what?"

"All those starry lights!" cried Polly, as she and her chums crowded at *Study 12's* window.

"Like you see at the end of a pier."

"And isn't she travelling, too!" was Betty's

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NOW ON SALE

admiring comment. "Soon be out of sight at that rate!"

"Well, good luck to Muriel Garth!" said Madge Minden. "She should have a lovely voyage, although I almost believe that at the last moment she didn't want to go."

"No, bekas I zink she was nearly crying," "You can't wonder," murmured Pam. "After all, it is her own *Homeland* she is leaving. I liked her awfully."

"So did I—and I! Pity we couldn't see more of her," others murmured.

One of them suddenly turned away from the window and went from the study in silence. It was Helen Craig. But the rest still stood gazing away into the darkness, watching the outward-bound vessel.

It was all the nightbound waters would show them—that jewel-like cluster of lights which was the stately *Salvator* seeking its ocean track for the long voyage to other climes.

"I have done it—I have done it!"

So Muriel Garth was saying to herself in the darkness through clenched teeth whilst she pulled hard at the oars, and hard again.

Pull! Whilst the yacht's lights grew ever more distant, fainter in the friendly night. Pull!

Made for far stronger arms than hers, these clumsy oars. Never mind, she had such a little way to row, after all, and then the jetty.

The wind was down. Quietly the lazy waves rolled by, keeping the boat gently a-rock, whilst she for her part kept its bows towards land—her *Homeland's* shores.

All went well. It was as if Providence itself were rewarding her for that great and daring act, only done for the sake of fair play to others.

Soon the *Salvator's* lights were mere starry gleams in the distance, often concealed by trailing smoke, whilst she, brave girl, was rowing the open boat close into the jetty.

Bump! went the boat's nose into the ancient stonework, almost throwing her off her balance. But in a flash she was up and getting the light craft moored.

Not a soul about!

She sprang to the jetty and went rushing up the steps.

And now—whither?

The boat must stay moored there, abandoned by her. In the morning perhaps *Morcove* would hear of it and wonder. Perhaps the *Salvator* would return, and there would be a hue and cry for her! Where, then—where to hide for the present? Whither now without a moment's delay?

And instantly, definitely she felt something answering:

"*Morcove School!*"

She flitted away.

Over the shingle, up the zig-zag with cautious rushes and frequent pauses to regain breath and listen, so she held on.

And back there at the jetty the dark tide lapped the stonework and 'gently sported with an open boat that bore the tell-tale name: *Salvator*.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

Will Muriel Garth seek to gain admittance at *Morcove School* at this hour of the night? It seems the only place where she can possibly find shelter. Be sure you don't miss next week's enthralling long complete tale entitled "*Morcove's Midnight Intruder*." Order your copy of *SCHOOLGIRLS' Own* now.