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The Girl in the Crimson Cloak

By J. R. WILMOT

CHAPTER VIII PEARLS IN PERIL

It was two nights after the theft of the Leverton Diamond that a slim figure, a black silk mask concealing the upper half of his face, crept stealthily towards Stanford House situated a mile or so beyond the picturesque hamlet of Upper Marquham in the county of West Yorkshire.

The vast house was in darkness for two excellent reasons. The first of these was that it was two o'clock in the morning, and the second that Squire Mannisher was staying overnight in London where he had been attending a meeting of directors of many of the leading firms with which he was prominently associated.

But the masked figure that made its way towards the house cared little or nothing for Squire Mannisher's reputation in the City. He had arrived there with a definite object in view and that object was to retrieve Squire Mannisher of a magnificent rope of pearls which were highly prized by their owner and which were kept in a specially contrived drawer in the antique bureau that stood in that gentleman's study.

During Squire Mannisher's absence his household staff were, of course, sleeping on the premises. At least the masked intruder sincerely hoped they were sleeping. He had, however, left little to chance. He had, in fact, spent several days in the vicinity of Stanford House fortnight before and had made the acquaintance of an attractive little kitchen maid who, in her youthful innocence, and at finding the arm of an attractive young man around her waist, had prattled on, and had been suitably encouraged to continue such prattling. So that when the masked man wearing his silken mask made his way towards the house he had a fairly good idea of where he was going.

The man in the mask knew precisely which window of Stanford House he was making for. It was a small window—a pantry window—on the northern aspect of the house. It was such a small window that no one had ever imagined anyone could possibly enter by it, and for that reason had not been thought necessary to connect it with the burglar-alarm system which operated on the ground-floor windows.

But the young man in the mask was slim—a mere strapping, and when first he had selected that window he had realized at a glance that, at a pinch, he could insinuate himself through the aperture once he had unlatched the frame. That was a task with which he was quite too familiar. Nevertheless he was hoping that it would not present undue difficulty.

In this particular his hopes were abundantly justified, for when he arrived beneath the pantry window he noticed that it was very slightly open and that all that was required for him to insert the screwdriver he carried in his pocket beneath the metal bar, make an upwards movement, and the frame swung inwards revealing a blank void.

It was a matter of moments before he had raised himself on to the narrow stone sill and begun the task of squeezing himself through. The task proved more difficult than he had imagined. At the end of half an hour, however, and by dint of wriggling fractions of inches at one time he found himself inside.

Taking his torch from his pocket he flashed it guardedly about him. The pantry was larger than he had hoped, and there was a door on the opposite side from the window. His hand touched a handle, he yielded, and he discovered himself in a narrow stone passage-way leading to the kitchen.

had searched—the hollow twisted pillar which contained the rope of pearls. His fingers still trembled as he pushed aside the strip of metal that closed the orifice and with the light of his torch he saw the pearls. To remove them was simple since they filled the whole capacity of the cavity and it needed only the slim blade of his pocket knife to raise the topmost pearl to his fingers and so withdraw the entire rope.

With a feeling of quiet elation he dropped them into his pocket and proceeded to re-manipulate the secret pillar and prepare to leave. But before he left the man in the mask did something else. When he had come to the house he had carried a parcel which had preceded him through the pantry window and which he had carried beneath his arm until he arrived in the study. Now he slit the string with which it was tied, unwrapped the

paper and took out a crimson cloak composed of soft silk. This he proceeded to spread out over the arm of a chair standing in

juxtaposition to the bureau—a position in which it could not fall to be observed. Then, as quietly and as unobtrusively as he had arrived, the man in the mask departed. But there was one thing he did not do: he did not leave via the pantry window. Instead, he slipped the chain from the door leading from the kitchen into the walled-in yard at the rear where the wood and coal were stored and from there it was a simple matter to climb the wall and disappear into the night. (To be Continued)

EAST ROYALTY SCHOOL

Report for month of March:

Senior: X-1. Zita Morrissey; 2. Keith Clay; 3. Ursula Morrissey;

Grade IX-1. Ralph Robertson;

2. Alvin Andrew; 3. Harold Clements.

Grade VIII-1. Mona Clay; 2.

Orwell Morrissey; 3. Bernice Moore;

Grade VII-1. Kay Robertson; 2. Shirley Darrach; 3. Ethel Roper;

Grade VI-1. Eileen Walsh; 2. Albert Holmes; 3. Richard Holmes.

Junior:

Grade V-1. Velma Andrew; 2. Myron Morrissey; 3. Ada Robertson;

Grade IV-1. Lena Stewart; 2. Elvia Robertson; 3. Gladys Walsh & Cyril Morrissey, (equal);

Grade III-1. Allison Moore; 2. Claire Morrissey; 3. Leonard Hynes;

Grade II-1. Allison Holmes; 2. Pauline Morrissey;

Grade I-1. Maurice Walsh; 2. Gladys Henry; 3. Florence Henry;

Gordon Douglas, Principal, Georgia Matheson, assistant.

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

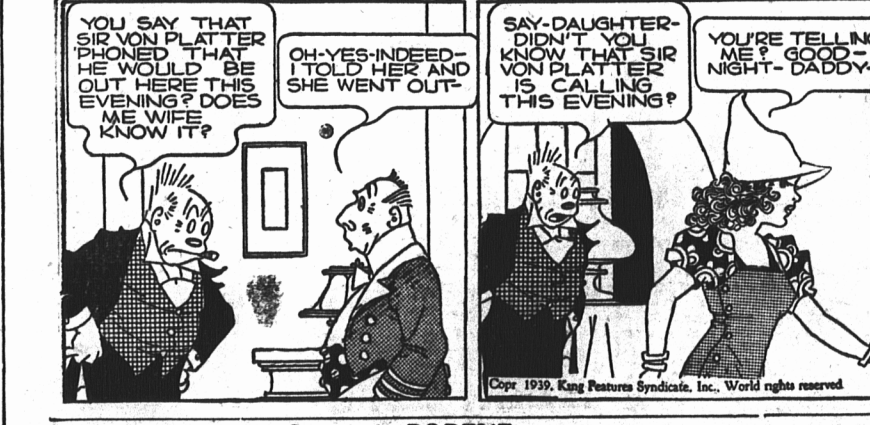
With Major Hoople



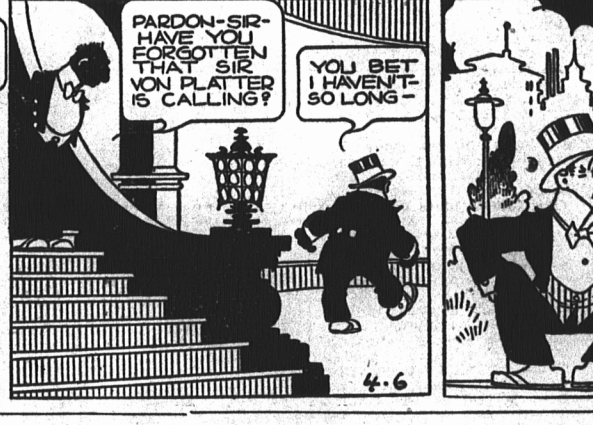
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TIPPIE and "CAB" STUBS



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