

THE TEST

By ETHEL STONE.

Edgebrook-On-the-Hudson was a famous, old, boarding school for young women. It was a large, grand old school; the finest in the country. No one but the most wealthy blue bloods of the country sent their daughters there. It was situated on the banks of the lordly Hudson, a fine beautiful old building, which reminded one of Colonial Days. Its wide broad verandas, supported by massive stone pillars; the long windows from the ceiling to the floor opened out on the veranda and gave a very pleasing effect; the bamboo chairs and settees arranged carelessly here and there on the veranda; all suggested luxury and ease.

The beautiful flower gardens and well-kept lawns were also a pleasing scene, with the wide, pounded-sand driveways and walks. On each side of the walk set in quite a ways from these driveways played artificially carved fountains. The skilled workmanship was almost inconceivable. On one side was the carving of Aurora, and preceeding that were dancing cherubims. As the wind blew the light mist to and fro in the bright, warm sunlight, it gave every indication of a rainbow.

It was a warm day in autumn, and the young girls flitted here and there along the walks. Some played tennis and basket ball in the courts near by; others were scattered on the lawn, and some had congregated and were talking in a very excited manner.

It happened, that same morning, that Miss Graham had announced in the study hall, that a young lady would arrive sometime that afternoon, and would

occupy a private room. The fact that she would occupy a private room caused undue excitement as the girls usually had a roommate.

"Who is she?" asked one girl.

"Oh, We'll have to wait and see, Miss Graham is so concise about everything" said one. Just as she finished speaking, a young girl came tripping across the lawn, and was hailed with manifest delight by a bevy of girls.

"Oh, Rose, where have you been?" they exclaimed.

"Taking a walk down the road," answered the young lady. Rose Stahl was a tall, well-proportioned girl, with large hazel eyes, and a quantity of light, chestnut hair. She was light complexioned, with heavy eyebrows, a thin sharp nose and a somewhat large mouth.

"I'll bet you went to see if you could see that new creature who is coming here," cried Patricia Langhorne.

"I didn't, I don't care anything about her, and you forget, Miss Wright forbids us to use slang."

"No I didn't forget it. I simply don't care," she cried with a toss of her pretty head.

Patricia and Rose never seemed to agree. If Rose affirmed a statement, Patty promptly replied most emphatically to the negative. Patricia was considered however, one of the most brilliant girls in school, and she certainly was one of the most charming. She was a typical cattleman's daughter, and possessed a pair of dancing blue eyes.

She was as obstinate as the days are long, and as perverse as the weather, and as witty as Twain, but as staunch, and true