

**THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A
MOTOR CAR; OR,
THE HAUNTED MANSION
OF SHADOW VALLEY**

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The outdoor girls in a motor car; or, The haunted mansion of Shadow Valley by Laura Lee Hope

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LAURA LEE HOPE

**THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A
MOTOR CAR; OR,
THE HAUNTED MANSION
OF SHADOW VALLEY**



"TOPPLED FROM THE TREE, ALMOST IN FRONT OF THE CAR."
The Outdoor Girls in a Motor Car. Frontispiece (Page 13.)

The Outdoor Girls In A Motor Car

OR

THE HAUNTED MANSION OF
SHADOW VALLEY

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTDOOR GIRLS OF DEERMERE," "THE
OUTDOOR GIRLS AT RAINBOW LAKE," "THE BOB-
SEY TWINS," "THE BOBSEY TWINS IN
IN THE COUNTRY," ETC.

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THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A MOTOR CAR

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I OUT OF A TREE.....	1
II A STRANGE GIRL.....	14
III STRANGELY MISSING.....	24
IV THE QUEER PEDDLER.....	31
V PAUL AT THE WHEEL.....	41
VI A TOUR PROPOSED.....	48
VII MR. LAGG'S OFFER.....	56
VIII IN THE MUD.....	65
IX IN SHADOW VALLEY.....	77
X OFF ON THE TOUR.....	84
XI A TRACK OF THE GIRL.....	93
XII A DISABLED CAR.....	104
XIII THE STORM	110
XIV AT THE HAUNTED HOUSE.....	121
XV QUEER MANIFESTATIONS	129
XVI "SO YOU HAVE COME BACK!".....	138
XVII CONSTERNATION	147
XVIII THE PRISONER	153
XIX MYSTIFIED	160
XX SEEKING THE GHOST.....	168

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXI THE MISSING GIRL.....	177
XXII A SWINDLED FARMER.....	184
XXIII "THAT'S THE MAN!".....	195
XXIV THE FAKIR CAUGHT.....	199
XXV EXPLANATIONS	204

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A MOTOR CAR

CHAPTER I

OUT OF A TREE

"COME on, girls, the car is here, and this time I'm going to run it myself!"

"You never are, Mollie Billette!" exclaimed Grace Ford, as, with three companions, she hurried to the window of the library of the Billette home, and looked out toward the street, up which was coming a luxurious touring car of the latest model.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked Amy Stonington, as she looked admiringly at Mollie, whose cheeks were flushed with excitement.

"Oh, it simply gives me the creeps to think about it!" added Grace.

"I don't see why," spoke Mollie, as the car, in charge of a demonstrator, came to a stop in front of her house. "I've taken enough lessons, the garage man says; I have my license, and why shouldn't I run my car? Are you afraid to come with me?"

2 THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN A MOTOR CAR

"No—no, it isn't exactly that," said Amy, slowly, as she fastened the strings of her new motoring hood—all the girls had them, and very becoming they were. "It isn't exactly that, Mollie, but you know——"

"If you weren't afraid to go with Betty in her motor boat, I don't see why you should be afraid to come with me in the car," went on Mollie. "Oh, what did I do with my goggles?" she asked, as she hurriedly looked about the room, lifting up a pile of books and papers on a table. "I know I had them, and——"

"Look!" exclaimed Betty Nelson with a laugh. "Dodo and Paul are trying to pull them apart. I suppose they think the goggles are big enough for two," and she pointed to where the twins, Mollie's little brother and sister, were seated on the velvety lawn, both having hold of a new pair of auto goggles, and gravely trying to separate the two eye pieces.

"The little rascals!" cried Mollie, though she, too, had to join in the laughter of her chums. "Paul!" she called. "Dodo! Come here this instant with my goggles!"

The children looked up, their dispute forgotten.

"Us hasn't any doddles—us got tecticals!" exclaimed Paul.