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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649133246

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

Trieste



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

The Outdoor Girls In A Motor Car

OR

THE HAUNTED MANSION OF SHADOW VALLEY

BY

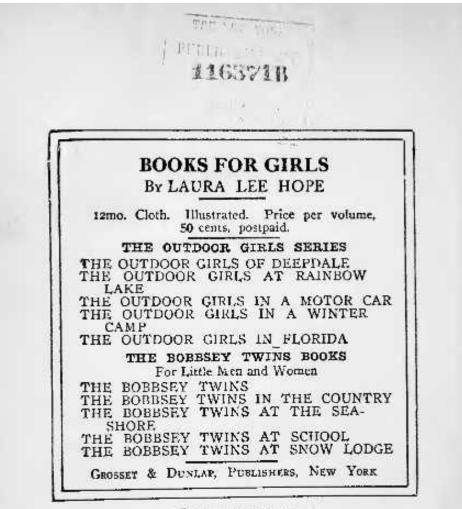
LAURA LEE HOPE

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ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK GROSSET & DUNLAP PUBLISHERS

> Made in the United States of America +=1913 -



COPYRICHT, 1913, BY GROSSET & DUNLAF.

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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 Mollic, whose checks 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?"

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"No-no, it isn't exactly that," said A'my, 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 Mollic, 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.