OH. I DON'T LIKE
TO BOTHER YOU
AND ANYWAY, ITS
ONLY A SHORT
BLOCK TO THE

THE PADDED CELL

THERE GOES THE TELEPHONE

FAMILIAR SAYINGS :-

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

YOU'D TAKE

AN OHBRELLA

YOU MUST LET ME LOAN YOU AN UMBRELLA THE RAIN IS COMING DOWN IN TORRENTS

00

HEAR MY CAR

COMING, I'LL

RUN FOR IT

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

19th Century England, Full of the Thrills of Adventure and Spirit of Romance

CHAPTER V

Lis" said the bullet-headed man, ping to blow the froth from his was arter I beat Jack Nolan, of The Prince 'e come a-run-'e did, as I sat in my corner at a loose tunk, "Tom," 'e you be a wonder.' 'I done an up proper I think, your 'Ighmys L 'Tom,' says 'e, wi' tears 'you 'ave; an' if I 'ad my

ays 's. I'd make you Prime Minis-morrer!' 'e says. An' slapped me beck'e did, wi' 'is merry own 'and, wise gave me this 'ere pin,' say-ich he pointed to a flaming dis-horseshoe which he wore stuck his neckerchief. The stones perly large and handsome, look-such out of place on the fel-person, and seemed in some out his story. Though, ine Regent, whose tastes were at psculiar (to say the least), and love for "the fancy" was notorious, get it, on the whole, very probable; sespite Crassy's words, foolishly all though they sounded, there was him in his tow, retreating brow, mall deep-set eyes, his great square and heavy chin, a certain air there as mistaking. I also noticed that the half of one ear was unduly thick wollen, which is a mark (I believe) a professional puglist alone.

"" cried the one-eyed man, "wot's see heard of Ted Jarraway, of

this we heard of Ted Jarraway, of sees, beln' knocked out in five rounds as ere Lord Vibbot, up in London?" tankard. "I 'aven't 'eard of no is tankard. I aven't eard of no neither lord, earl, nor dook."

Tom." coaxed the other, bedy's heerd o' Buck Vibbot, 'im alls the 'Fightin' Barronite."

and Cragg, rolling his bullet head.

was to ask me who put Ted Jarsleep. I should answer you, Sir Vibart, commonly called 'Buck' an' it took ten rounds to do it,

as may be expected, at this mention of wish's name I pricked up my ears. nom Cragg, in three?" At this there and all eyes were oward the speaker, a small, redof fellow, with a truculent eye.

"said he, blowing a cloud of too moke, "in three rounds! What as to that now, come?"

is had started up in his chair and at scowling at his inquisitor open, ad and in the hush I could hear eking of the clock in the corner. the crackle of the logs upon the in. Then, sil at once, Crags's pipe ered to fragments on the floor and he ed to his feet. In one stride, as it s his feet. In one stride, as it he reached the speaker, who ocat the corner opposite mine, but, even raised his fist, he checked himself to the pocket-pistol which the other leveled across the table. come none o' that," said the

ended man, his eye more truculent ever, "I sin't a fightin' cove my-and I don't want no trouble—all I is, what about Buck Vibart putting fom Cragg-in three rounds? That's ril question, ain't it—what d'ye say

says," cried Tom Crags, flourishing great fist in the air. "I says as 'e done on a foul!" And he smote the table how that set the glasses ringing. cried three or four

"Os a foul!" repeated Cragg.
"Tunk again," said the red-headed
an, "twere said as it was a werry

"An I say it were done on a foul," rean' wot's more, if Buck Vibart afore me-ah, in this 'ere very

wm, I'd prove my words."
"Humph!" said the red-headed man.
"bey do say as he's wenderful quick wi deys,' an' can hit-like a sledge-

wi' 'is 'ands 'e may be, an' to give a goodish thump, but as for on me-it's 'all me eye an' Betty Maran' you can lay to that, my lads. could put 'im to sleep any time an' vers, an' I'd like—ah! I'd like to see hap at says contrairy!" And here usilist scowled round upon his hear-more especially the red-headed man) makiy, and the latter individual d to become interested in the lock

like," repeated Cragg, "ah! I'd like the cove as says contrairy." the cove as says contrairy." one ain't a-goin' to, Tom," said eyed man, soothingly, "not a soul, wish they would," growled

there nobody to obleege the gen an" inquired the red-headed man.
d fight any man as ever was born—
i may die!" snorted Cragg.
on always was so flery, Tom!" purred

eyed man, blinking his pale orb.

ts, "cried the prizefighter, workself into another rage, "ah! an" oud of it. I'd fight any man as see breeches—why, burn me! I'd by man 10 shillin' as could stand

shillings!" said I, to myself, "10
the when one comes to think of
a very handsome sum—more espewhen one is penniless and desti-

I may die!" roured Cragg, amithay die!" roared Cragg, amitinst down on the table again, "a
a sciden guinea to the man as
stand on 'is pins an 'nght me for
imites—an' as for Buck Vibart—
in. I say, as 'e won on a foul!"
lina, "said I to myself, "is a forAnd, setting down my empty
d, I crossed the room and touched
apon the aboulder.

"Ill flash you."

pon the ahoulder. Il Baht you," said I, "for s

se the fellow's eyes met mine, he put at his chair and his mouth sionly, but no spoke no word, from me until he was stayed by where he stood, staring at me. again there fell a silence, in heard the tick of the clock in her and the crackle of the logs hearth.

hearth.

said he, recovering himself with

"you?" and, as he spoke, I

at eyelid twitch suddents.

"I answered, "I think I can
is even you—for five minutes."

spoke he winked at me again.

as means for me was certain,
at his back was toward the

sugh what he intepded to conid-form no idea, so I assumed
at an afr.as possible and waited,
the one-eyed man broke into
faucous laugh, in which the

led.

1015. Lattle. Strown & Co. . By JEFFERY FARNOL

"Ay, to be sure, 'e arent' got so much as our old cat!" grinned a third.
"Slay!" cried the one-eyed man, peering up at me beneath his hand. "Is they whiskers a-peepin' at me over 'is cravat or do my eyes decrive me?" Which pleasantry called forth another roar of laughter at my expense.

myself to Cragg.
"I am willing," said I, "to accept your conditions and fight you-for a guinea-or any other man here, for that matter, except the humorous gentleman with the watery eye, who can name his own price." The fellow in question stared at me, glanced slowly around, and, sitting

down, buried his face in his tankard.

"Come, Tom Cragg," said I, "a while ago you seemed very anxious for a man to fight; well—I'm your man," and with the words I stripped off my coat and laid it across a chair-back.

laid it across a chair-back.

This apparent willingness on my part was but a cloak for my real feelings, for I will not here disguise the fact that the prospect before me was anything but agreeable; indeed, my heart was thumping in a most unplease the prospect. ing in a most unpleasant manner, and my tongue and lips had become strangely parched and dry, as I fronted Crass.

Truly, he looked dangerous enough, with his bestling brow, his great depth of chest, and massive shoulders; and the possibility of a black eye or so, and general pounding from the fellow's knottee. eral pounding from the fellow's knotted fists, was daunting in the extreme. Still, the chance of earning a guinea, even under such conditions, was not to be lightly thrown away; therefore I folded my arms and waited with as much resolution as I

could.

"Sir," said Cragg, speaking in a very sitered tone. "sir, you seem uncommon—eager for it."

"I shall be glad to get it over," said I.
"If." he went on slowly. "if I said anything against—you know who, I'm sorry for it—me 'aving the greatest respect of the property of the state of th sorry for te-me aving the greatest respect for-you know who-you understand me, I think." And herewith he winked, three separate and distinct times.
"No, I don't understand you in the least." said I. "nor do I think it at all necessary; all that I care about is the guines in question."

necessary; all that I care about is the guinea in question."

"Come. Tom," cried one of the company, "knock 's 'ead off to begin with."

"Ay, set about 'm, Tom—cut your gab an' finish 'im," and here came the clattes of chairs as the company rose.

"Can't be done," said Cragg, shaking his head, "leastways—not 'ere."

"Tm not particular," said I, "if you prefer, we might manage it very well in the stable with a couple of lanthorns."

"The barn would be the very place,"

"The barn would be the very place," suggested the landlord, bustling eagerly forward and wiping his hands on his apron, "the very place-plenty of room apron, "the very place—plenty of room and nice and soft to fall on. If you would only put off your fightin' till to-morrow, we might cry it through the villages; 't would be a big draw. Ecod! we might make a purse o' twenty pound—if you only would! Think it over—think it over."

"Tomorrow I hope to be a good distance from here," said I; "come, the sooner it is over the better, show us your barn." So the landlord called for lanthorns and led the way to a large outbuilding at the back of the inn, into which we all trooped.

"It seems to be a good place and very

which we all trooped.

"It eeems to be a good place and very suitsple," said I.

"You may well say that," returned the landlord, "it's many a fine bout as has been brought off in 'ere; the time Jem Belcher beat 'The Young Rufflan' the Prince o' Wales sat in a cheer over in that theer corner—ah, that was a day, if you please!"

you please!"
"If Tom Cragg is ready," said I, turning up the wristbands of my shirt, "why,
so am I." Here it was found to every
one's surprise, and mine in particular,
that Tom Cragg was not in the barn. Surprise gave place to noisy astonishment when, after much running to and fro, it was further learned that he had vanished altogether. The inn itself, the stables, and even the haylofts were ranstables, and even the half relative to a sacked without avail. Tom Cragg was gone as completely as though he had melted into thin air, and with him all my hopes of winning the guinea and a comfortable bed.

It was with all my old dejection upon me, therefore, that I returned to the taproom, and, refusing the officious aid of the One-Eyed Man, put on my coat, readjusted my knapsack and crossed to the door. On the threshold I paused, and leaked back.

said I, glancing round the ring of "It." said I. glancing round the ring of faces, "if there is any man here who is at all willing to fight for a guinea, ten shillings, or even five. I should be very glad of the chance to earn it." But, seeing how each, wifully avoiding my eye, held his peace, I sighed, and turning my back upon them, set off along the darkening road. "If." ening road.

CHAPTER VI.

Evening bad fallen, and I walked along in no very happy frame of mind, the more so, as the rising wind and flying wrack of clouds above (through which a walery moon had peeped at fitful intervals) seemed to presage a wild night. It needed but this to make my misery the more complete, for, as far as I could tell, if I slept at all (and I was already very weary), it must, of necessity, be beneath some hedge or tree.

As I approached the brow of the bill I Evening had fallen, and I walked along

As I approached the brow of the hill I suddenly remembered that I must once more pass the gibbet, and began to strain my eyes for it. Presently I spled it, sure enough, its grim, gaunt outline looming through the murk, and instinctively I quickened my stride so as to pass it as soon as might be.

I was almost abreast of it when a figure rose from beneath it and alouched into the road to meet me. I stopped there and then, and grasping my heavy staff waited its approach.

"Be that you, sir?" said a voice, and I recognized the voice of Tom Crags.
"What are you doing and there of all

"Oh-I ain't afeared of 'im," answered

""Oh—I ain't afeared of "im," answered Cragg, jerking his thumb toward the gibbet. "I ain't afeard o' none as ever drawed breath—dead or livin'—except it be "is "Ighness the Prince Regent."
"And what do you want with me?"
"I opes as theer's no offense, my lord," said he, knuckling his forehead, and speaking in a tone that was a strange mixture of would-be comradeship and cringing servility. "Cragg is my name. an' craggy's my natur, but I know when I'm beat. I knowed ye as soon as I isid my 'peepers' on ye, an' if I said as it were a foul, why, when a man's in 'is cups, d' ye see, e''s apt to shoet rayther wide o' the gospel, d' ye see, an' there was no offense, my lord, strike me blind! I know you, an' you know me—Tom Cragg by name an' craggy by—"
"But I don't know you," said I, "and, for that matter, neither do you know me."

"W'y, you ain't got no whiskers, my lord-leastways, not with you now, but

"And what the devil has that got to do "And what the devil has that got to do with it?" said I angrily.
"Diaguissa, p'rapa!" said the fellow, with a sly leer. "arter that theer kidnappin"—an' me 'ayin' laid out Sir Jarsper Trent, in Wych street, accordin' to your orders, my lord, the Prince give me word to "clear out"—cut an' run for it, till it blow's ever; an' I thought, p'rapa. knowin' as you an' 'im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' 'im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' 'im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought as you an' im 'ad 'ad words. I thought to manifestiy drunk." said I. 'If you still wish to fight, for any sum no matter how small-put up your hands: If not, get out of my road." The craggy one stepped saide-gomewhat hastlip, which done, he re-

"Siay!" cried the one-eyed man, peering up at me beneath his hand. "Is they whiskers a-peepin at me over is cravat or do my eves deceive me?" Which pleasantry called forth another roar of laughter at my expense.

Now, very foolishly perhaps, this non-sense greatly exasperated me, for I was, at that time painfully conscious of my bare lips and chin. It was, therefore, with an effort that I mastered my quickly rising temper and once more addressed my self to Cragg.

"I am willing," said I, "to accept your conditions and fight you—for a guines—or any other man here, for that matter, except the humorous gentleman with the road before and benind me and my emply pockets, I became a prey to great dejec-tion. So much so that I presently sank wearily beside the way, and, resting my chin in my hands, sat there, miserably enough, watching the night deepen about

me.

"And yet," said I to myself, "If, as Epictetus says, 'to despise a thing is to possess it,' then am I rich, for I have always despised money; and if, weary as I am, I can manage to condemn the luxury of a feather bed, then tonight, lying in this grassy dich henersh the stars. I in this gracey ditch beneath the stars, I shall slumber as sweetly as ever I did between the snowy sheets." Saying which between the snowy sheets." Saying which I rose and began to look about for some likely nook in the hedge where I might pass the night. I was thus engaged when I heard the creak of wheels and the pleasant rhythmic lingle of harness on the dark hill above, and in a little while a great wagon or wain, piled high with hay, hove into view, the driver of which rolled loosely in his seat with every joit of the wheels, so that it was a wonder he did not roll off altogether. As he came level with me I halled him loudly, whereupon he started erect and brought his horses to a stand.

whereupon he started erect and brought his horses to a stand.

"Hulloa!" he bellowed, in the loud, strident tone of one rudely awakened, "wat do 'ee want wi' I?"

"A lift," I answered; "will you give a tired fellow a lift on his way?"

"W'y—I dunno—be you a talkin' chap."

"I don't think so," said I.

"Because, if you be a talkin' chap, I beant a-goin' to give ee' a lift, no'ow—not if I knows it; give a chap a lift t'other day, I did—took 'im up t'other aide o' Seven-oaks, an' e' talked me up 'ill an' down 'ill, 'e did—dang me! if I could get a wink o' sleep all the way to Tonbridge; so if you'm a talkin' chap, you don't get no lift wi' I."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.) (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SPECTACULAR WORK ON "L" BEGUN TODAY

Monster 70-Foot Pile Driver Is Used at Front Street and Girard Avenue

Philadelphians saw the first spectacu-lar work on the Frankford elevated line lar work on the Frankford elevated line this afternoon, when a monster 70-foot pile driver was erected at Front street and Girard avenue. This machine will be employed to drive heavy timbers down to solid rock in order that there may be a sound foundation upon which to construct the concrete work for the superstructure of the road.

There are 20 pits already dug on Front street, south of Girard avenue, in which the workmen will begin to hammer the

the workmen will begin to hammer the big posts within a few days. There will be nine of the piles in each pit, and their great size may easily be judged when the size of the pits are considered. Each of them is 10 feet square and 8 feet deep. The foundation wall will, therefore, rest on a base of concrete that is 8 feet below the surface.

It is not believed that many piles will be needed for the Frankford "L." as the engineers who have made borings learned that there was little probability of them being needed to the great extent above Girard avenue. About 500 of the timbers will be driven in Front street below Girard avenue. The soil was found to be largely "filled" in many places in that vicinity, and that accounts for the need of placing piling as supports for the foun-

dation.

A 6000-pound steam hammer will drive the big timbers down to solid rock.

One of the pits has been filling with water during the last day or two, and old residents say that this is probably due a creek that they remember running ato the Delaware many years ago from that section

In excavating for the pits workmen came across foundation walls of brick built by August Belmont, 24 years ago, when he started to construct a Frankford elevated line. The engineers of today marvel at such a foundation for a heavy steel elevated line. They say it shows clearly the advancement of the science of engineering when it is com-pared with the kind of concrete and piling foundations the city is going to build

Police Court Chronicles

Luck pursues James Dorney so persist-ently that he even profits by his mistakes. He likes to take long walks, and was on He likes to take long walks, and was on his way from Tloga to City Hall yesterday when he lost his bearings and got in the neighborhood of 2d and Louden streets. Some one told James that he was a couple of miles out of his road, and he was about to retrace his steps when he saw a kes of beer lying in the street. It didn't seem to belong to any one in particular, and seeing that it would interfere with traffic, Dorney rolled it up an alley and covered it with some old boards. He then entered a nearby saloon and by a very persuasive manner succeeded in borrowing a spigot and a mailet. It was the easiest thing in the world to borrow a cup from the in the world to borrow a cup from the front of a crockery store when the pro-prietor wasn't looking, and with this outfit James soon got results. He was en-joying life to the full and had sampled great deal of the keg's contents when

Policemen Larzere chanced along.
Although Dorney explained that the keg was homeless when he picked it up to prevent possible accidents in the street, the cop compelled him to explain to Magistrate Wrigiey at the Branch-town station.

town station.

The keg was taken along by way of evidence. While James was endeavoring to explain, the driver of a brewery wagon came in and reported the loss of the keg. He recognized it in the police station and told Dorney what he thought of him in German. As it could not be shown that James stole the beer, the Judge was lenient, and on promising to bring such matters to the attention of the police in the future, he was allowed to pursue his pleasant walk of eight miles to City Hall, which he did somewhat unsteadily. station

U. of P. Professor Weds Divorcee News of the marriage of Mrs. Mary Palmer, divorced on Friday from Jackson Palmer, an attorney, of Lowell, Mass., to Dr. Henry B. Smith, member of the University of Pennsylvania faculty, became known today. The marriage took place in Philadelphia on Monday, two days after her divorce was obtained.

Mrs. Palmer is a member of the prom-







Beggar-Sir, I have a hungry famare to get their next meal.

Gentleman — We're in the same trouble at our house. The cook has MY HOW LATE IT IS

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY

GOOD

MIGHT



"You haven't another cigar fike the one you gave me the other day, have you?"

"Sure, I always carry a bunch with me." "You see, old man, I'm trying to break my boy of smoking."



didn't know them gol darned things went in the water ez well ez on land! Look at the life preserver!



Poet-You said in your paper that pov -Well? Poet-Yet you declined to accept my verses simply because they are poor.



ne of the decorations on "Don't some of the decorations on women's hats amuse you?" "Yes: the plumes tickle me very



"My boy, I'm in a hurry to get to the river. Can you tell me the quick-est way to get there?" "Sure! Go down to the dock and



CURSES !!

ONLY A





IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT

I SHOULDN'T WONDER! PARDON ME MISS, BUT HAVNT I HAD THE GOOD IT WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK !! FORTUNE TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE BEFORE?



