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

k" Vibart, a no-l raite, a coustn pounds (Bles 696), atlens of his old ved. Sir Richard down The Broad live. He plans to gone.

prise light or of the a cousting is left 20,000 pounds (E102,000), against the proteinsticing of the old with whom he lived. Sir Hichard ther, decides to ga down 'Tim Bread or of Kent, and live. He plans to die the mount is sone, as allows as a construction of the mount is sone, as allows the day, while passing a a 'bad. Peter to held up and his money. He returns to The White Hart, an addler hut a few minutes before, there Tom Crags, as ignorant prise. The mount tunds accepts Crags's a fall to the mann who will stand with him for 10 minutes. As the returns are hearing completion Crags's seems to recognize Peter, and, arricken, leaves the link. Still withmonly Peter, continues on his way, the seaffold Crags' reappears and is mocherently of recognizing Peter, and sapping affair in London. The pugi-the day great is the darkness. A later Peter passes a hay wagon and the driver for a lift.

CHAPTER VI-(Continued). AM generally a very silent chap,"

said I; besides, I am too tired and o talk, even if I wished—"
"y yawned the man, "then up
my chap—I'm sleepy too—I alius
f love ye! theer's nowt like sleep
you, my chap." Forthwith up
ered, and laying myself down
is fragrant hay, stretched out my
abs and sighed. Never shall I
ne delicious sense of restfulness
a over me as I lay there upon
I listening to the creak of the
muffled in the thick dust of the
d the gentle snore of the driver
r promptly fallen asleep again.

went as if borne on air, so soft
bed, now beneath the far-dung
gof trees, sometimes so low that
have touched them with my
gow beneath a sky heavy with
masses of flying cloud or bright
soft radiance of the moon. On
areless alike of destination, of
i of future, content to lie there
s hay and rest. And so, lulled
entie movement, by the sound of
ind harness and the whisper of
wind about me, I presently fell
out logseed sleep.

CHAPTER VII
long I slept I have no idea, but
it opened my eyes it was to find
in shining down on me from a
heaven; the wind also had died
it seemed my early fears of a
th were not to be fulfilled, and to talk, even if I wished-" gespy: yawned the man, "then up set, my chap—I'm sleepy too—I alius Lord love ye! theer's nowt like sleep wi you, my chap." Forthwith up dambered, and laying myself down me the fragrant hay, stretched out my limbs and sighed. Never shall I set the delicious sense of restruiness stale over me as I lay there upon back listening to the creak of the muffled in the thick dust of the and the gentle shore of the driver series, muffled in the thick dust of the stand the gentle snore of the driver the had promptly fallen esleep again. It is so that the same of the same to see the same to see the same to see that the same to see the same that th

ow long I slept I have no idea, but when I opened my eyes it was to find moon shining down on me from a y: It seemed my early fears of a

By JEFFERY FARNOL

custom holds, let shame say what it will, still-I do not think I snored."
"'Ow do I know that-or you, for that matter?" rejoined the farmer, stroking "Then, neither can I swallow your beef will, atili-I do not think I snored."
"Ow do I know that—or you, for that matter?" rejoiced the farmer, streking his glossy whiskers, "hows'sver, if you be quite awake, come on down out o' my hay." As he said this he eyed me with rather a truculent air, likewise he clenched his fist. Thinking it wieses to appear unconscious of this, I nodded affably, and letting myself down from the hay, was next moment standing beside him.

him.

"Supposin' I was to thump 'ee on the nose?" he inquired.

"What for?"

"For makin' so free wi' my hay."

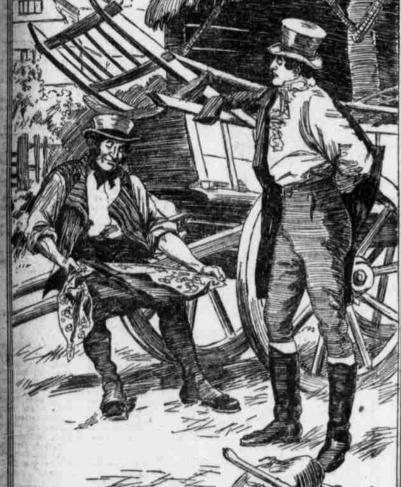
"Why then," said I, "I should earnestly endeavor to thump you on yours."

The farmer looked me slowly over from head to foot, with a dawning surprise.

"Thought you was a common tramper, I did," said he.

"Why so I am." I answered, brushing

"Why, so I am," I answered, brushing the clinging hay from me.
"Trampers of the road don't wear sentlemen's clothes—leastways. I never see one as did," Here his eyes wandered over me again, from my boots upward. Half way up, they stooped exidently.



"You drive a hard bargain, but the waistcoat is yours at your

modestly,

"That's so!" nodded the farmer.

"And the natural inference is that you ought to have a flowered waistcoast to go with them."
"Why, that's true, to be sure!" he

onned.
"The price of this one is—15 shillings."
tld 1.
"That's a lot o' money, master," said

he, shaking his head.
"It's a great deal less than 40," said I.

"An' 16 is less than 15, an 19 shillin' my price; what d' ye say—come now." "You drive a hard bargain," said L

I. packeting the 10 shillings.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I won't go so fur as that, but 't is a mighty fine weakit theer's no denyin', an' must ha' cost a sight o' money—a powerful sight!"
I picked up my knapsack and, slipping it on, topk my staff and turned to depart. "Theer's a mig o' home-brewed, an' a slice o' fine roast beef up at th' 'ouse, if you should be so inclined—"

Why, as to that," said I, over my shoulder, "I neither eat nor drink with a man who double my word."

"Breath," those 40 shillin'?"

"Frechedy"

"Welt," said be, twisting his whisker

"Well," said he twisting his whisker with a thoughtful air, "if you could man-

own price.' for this I was sufficiently grateful. Now his gaze to the top button of his left as I lay, blinking up to the moon, I gaiter, "woman is uncommon fond o' a good pair o' whiskers—leastways, so I've heerd." standatill and I listened expectantly for the fingle of harness and creak of the els to recommence. "Strangel" said I to myself, after having waited valuly little time, and wondering what cause the delay, I sat up and looked is cause the delay, I sat up and Isoked is ms. The first object my eyes, enlared was a haystack and, beyond another, with, a little to one side, ow of barns, and again beyond these, real, rambling farmhouse. Evidently sain had reached its destination, over that might be, and the sleepy test, forgetful of my presence, had blad off to bed. The which I thought scellent an example that I lay down is, and, drawing the locae hay over closed my eyes, and once more fell to

feecend awakening was gradual. If the became conscious of a sound, and failing with a certain monotegularity, that my drowsy ears make nothing of. Little by little, the sound developed itself into twent mournful melody or refrain, but a hot unmusical voice. I mel and, having stretched myself, sat look and listen. And the words of the were these: second awakening was gradual. I

one was a tall, strapping fellow a stood-tempered face, whose ruddy was set off by a handsome pair, sok whiskers. As I watched him, he saids the pitchfork behad been using, agreeched the wagon, but, chancing up, his eye met mine, and he

a." he exciaimed, breaking short he middle of a note, "hulloa!" o" said I. he doin' up theer!"

to be doin up theer?"

se thinking," I returned, "that, certain circumstances, I, for one, set blame the individual, mentioned ar song, for his passionate attachie muffins. At this precise moment ma-or, say, five or six, would be acceptable, personally,"
you partial to muffine, then?"
indeed," said I, "more especially I have not broken my fast since resterday."

seterday."

All w'at be doin' in my hay?"

a been asleep," said I

sh' what business 'ave ye got

all a-snorth' in my hay?"

itred," said I, "and nather hat

"Wheet be goin'?" he inquired, rising. and sle." said I.

"Wheet be goin'?" he inquired, rising. and following as I made for the gate.

"To the end of the road," I answered.

"Then you be goin' pretty fur—that theer road leads to the sea."

"Why then I'm seals to the sea." "Why, then I'm going to the sea,"

"What to do?"
"I haven't the ghost of an idea," I re-

"Can you work?"
"Yes," said I.
"Can ye thatch a rick?"
"No," said I.

"Shear a sheep?"
"No," said I.
"Guide a plow?"
"No," said I.

"Shoe a 'oss?"
"No," said I.

"Then ye can't work—Lord love me.
wheer 'ave 'e been?"
"At a university," said 1.
"Where, master?"
"At a place warranted to turn one out a highly educated incompetent," I explained.

"Why, I don't hold wi' eddication nor book-larnin', myself, master. Here I be wi' a good farm, an' money in the bank, an' can't write my own name," said the

"And here am I, a 'first' in "Litterae "And here am I, a 'first' in "Litterae Humaniores,' selling my waistcoat that I may eat," said I. Being come to the gate of the yard, I paused. "There is one favor you might grant me." said I. "As what, master?"

"Five minutes under the pump yonder and a clean towel." The farmer nodded, and crossing to one of the outhouses, presently returned with a towel."

presently returned with a towel. And, resting the towel upon the pump-head, he seized the handle and sent a jet of clear, cool water over my head and face and hands. hands.

"You've got a tidy, eizeable arm," said he, as I dried myself vigorously, "like-wise a good strong back an shoulders: theer's the makin's of a man in you as theer's the makin's of a man in you as might do summat—say in the plow or smithin way, but it's easy to see as you're a gentleman, more's the pity, an' won't. Hows'ever, sir. if you've a mind to a cut o' good beef, an' a mug o' fine ale—say the word."

"First," said I, "do you believe it was a particular of shillings—yes or no?"

The farmer twisted his whisker and stared very hard at the spout of the pump.

'Tell 'ee what," said he at length, mak'

"Tell 'ee what," said he at length, mak' it 30, an' I give ye my Bible cath to do the beat wi' it I can."
"Then I must needs seek my breakfast at the nearest inn," said I.
"An' that is the 'Old Cock,' a mile an' a half nearer Tonbridge."
"Then the sooner I start the better," said I, "for I'm mightly sharp set."
"Why, as to that," said he, busy with his whisker again, "I might stretch a pint or two an' call it—85, at a pinch—what d'ye say?"
"Why, I say 'good morning,' and many

"Why, I say 'good morning,' and many of them!" And, opening the gate, I started off down the road at a brisk pace. Now, as I went, it began to rain.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE are times (as I suppose) when the most aesthetic of souls will forget the snow of lilies, and the down of a butterfly's wing, to revel in the grosser joys of, say, a beefsteak. One cannot rhapsodize upon the beauties of a sunset, or contemplate the pale witchery of the moon with any degree of poetic fervor, or any degree of comfort, white hunger gnaws at one's vitals, for comfort is essential to your aesthete, and, after all, soul goes hand in hand with stomach.

Thus, I swung along the road beneath the swaying green of trees, past the fra-grant, blooming hedges, paying small heed to the beauties of wooded hill and grassy dell, my eyes constantly search-ing the road before me for some sign of the "Old Cock" tavern. And presently, sure enough, I spied it, an ugly, flatfronted building, before which stood a dilapidated horse trough and a battered sign. Despite its uninviting exterior, I hurried forward, and mounting the three worn steps, pushed open the door. I now found myself in a room of somewhat uninviting aspect, though upon the hearth a smouldering fire was being kicked into a blaze by a sulky-faced fellow, to whom I addressed myself.

"Can I have some breakfast here?" "Why, it's all according, master," he

"Why, it's all according, master," he answered, in a surly tone.
"According to what's" said I.
"According to what you want, master."
"Why, as to that—" I began.
"Because," he went on, administering a particularly vicious kick to the fire, "if you was to ask me for a French hortolon

you was to ask me for a French hortolon—or even the 'ump of a cam-el—being a very truthful man, I should say—no."
"But I want no such things," said I.
"And 'ow am I to know that—'ow am I to know that—'ow am I to know that—'ow am I to know as you ain't set your 'eart on the 'ump of a cam-el?"
"I tell you I want nothing of the sort,"

"I tell you I want nothing of the sort," said I, "a chop would do—"
"Chop!" sighed the man, scowling threateningly at the fire, "chop!"
"Or steak," I hastened to add.
"Now it's a steak!" said the man, shaking his head rucfully, and turning upon

"Indeed," said I, "few women can look upon such things unmoved, I believe, and nothing can set off a pair of fine, black whiskers better than a flowered satin waistcoat." me a doleful eye, "a steak!" he repeated:
"of course—it would be; I spose you'd
turn up your nose at 'am and eggs—it's
only to be expected." "But, unfortunately," said I, passing my hand over my smooth lips and chin, "I have no whiskers."

only to be expected."
"On the contrary," said I, "ham and eggs will suit me very well; why couldn't you have mentioned them before?"
"Why, you never axed me as I remember," growled the fellow

"No," returned the farmer, with a thoughtful shake of the head, "leastways, none as I can observe."
"Now, you have," said I.
"So they do tell me," he answered Slipping my knapsack from my shoulders, I sat down at a small table in a corner while the man, with a final kick at the fire, went to give my order. In a few minutes he reappeared with some billets of wood beneath his arm, and followed by a marry-eved resvented to lets of wood beneath his arm, and fol-lowed by a merry-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass, who proceeded, very deftly, to lay a snowy cloth and thereupon, in due sea-son, a dish of savory ham and golden-yolked eggs.

"It's a lovely morning!" said I, lifting my eyes to her comely face.

"It is indeed, sir," said she, setting down the cruet with a turn of her slen-der wrist.

"It is indeed, sir," said she, setting down the cruet with a turn of her slender wrist.

"Which I make so bold as to deny," said the surly man, dropping the wood on the hearth with a prodigious clatter, "'ow can any merning be levely when there ain't no love in it—no, not so much as would fill a thimble? I say it ain't a lovely morning, not by no manner o' means, and what I says I sin't ashsmed on, being a nat'rally truthful man!" with which words he sighed, kicked the fire again, and stumped out.

"Our friend would seem somewhat gloomy this morning." said I.

"He've been that way a fortnight now, come Satu'day," replied the slim lass, nodding.

"Oh?" said I.

"Yes." she continued, checking a smile, and sighing instead; "It's very and, he've been crossed in love you see, sir."

"Poor fellow!" said I, "can't you try to console him?"

"Me, sir—oh, no!"

"And why not!"

"You drive a hard bargain," said I, "but the waistcoat is yours at your own price." So saying, I slipped off knapsack and coat, and removing the garment in question, having first felt through the pockets, handed it to him, where upon he slowly counted the 10 shillings into my hand; which done, he sat down upon the shaft of a cart near by, and, apreading out the waistcoat on his knees, looked it over with glistening eyes. "Forty shillin' you paid for 'un, up to Lunnon," said he, "40 shillin' it were, I think?"

"Forty shillings?" said I.
"Ecod. it's a sight o' money! But it's a grand weekit—ah, that it is!"

"So you believe me now, do you?" said I, pecketing the 10 shillings.

console him?"

"Me, sir-oh, no!"

"And why not? I should think you might console a man for a great deal."

"Why, you see, sir," said she, blushing and dimpling very prettily, "It do so happen as I'm the one as crossed him."

"Ah!—I understand," said I.

"I'm to be married to a farmer down the road youder; leastways, I haven't quite made up my mind yet."

"A fine, tall fellow?" I inquired.

"Yes-do se know him, sir."

"With a handsome pair of black whist-ers." said I.



SCRAPPLE





THE WAY O' WIMMIN



"How dare you kiss me, sir!"



"Kiss oor Muzser, 'ttle Pupsy-wupsy!"



Warden-I'm going to make some improvements round here! No. 213-Well, when you do, Warden, put a new piece of meat in my soup-the old piece is all wrinkled!

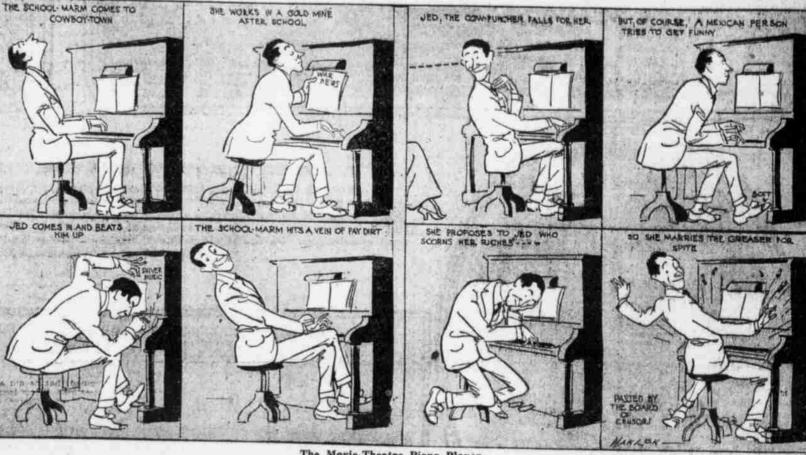


to me before we were engaged.
Tom-What do you mean?
Bill-When I saked her to marry me she said she was agreeable



THE PADDED CELL

JOBS-HARD AND SOFT



The Movie-Theatre Piano Player

IN TRAINING FOR THE WAR



"Why, father, I wasn't so very late; only a quarter of 12."
"How dare you lie to me! I was awake when you came in and I looked at my watch-it was 3 o'clock."
"Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

Between Girls "Perhaps I shall accept him. But I must look over his past."
"Better overlook his past."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"It's all right, Auntle, we're only shelling you out!"

Proof Positive

"Do you believe in love at first

"Of course I do. There's Maggeby,

for instance. Do you suppose his wife would ever have married him if she'd taken a second look at his face?"

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

B.JONES

PRES.

PRIVATE



They say that prize fighters don't





Downs-I am very glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit. Upa-Why?

Downs-Because I never have my watch and dress suit out at the same





Finnigis Filosofy