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

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vier vinert, an English scholar, desert upon his uncto. Hr George viner, sequrathed only 10 cutteness (\$70) by the nam. Manrice "Huck" Vinert, a nome price fighter, and rake, a season refer is left 20,000 pounts (\$100,000) or segament the protestations of his old red with whem he lived, Sir. Rechard wither decides to go down "The Broad hows," of Kent, and live. He plans to a fire the momey is zone.

As there the momey is zone.

As the fay, while passing a gathows are highwayman is hanging as a bad maps. Peter in held up and his money has the features to The White Hart, an his had left but a few minutes before. As there Tom Crass, an ignorant prise-ber, boasts of his provess.

Meet, without randa, accepts Crass a set, without randa, accepts Crass and him for 10 minutes. As the passing are nearing completion Crass decly seems to recognize Peter, and, seems the him for 10 minutes. As the passing are nearing completion Crass decly seems to recognize Peter, and, seems the fan, Still withmency Peter continues on his way, at he scaffold Crass resuppears and term incoherently of recognizing Peter, and selections affair in London. The pigitation of the protection of the property of the protection of the pigit head disappears in the darkness.

The location of the production of the calors into conversation about Lonwith an elderly man.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

CHAPTER X-(Continued).

HOW was that?" I inquired.
"Why, theor's 'The White Hart' Sevenoaks, an' they brews fine ale at a White Hart.' d' ye see, an' one glass

and they sent ye back in the carrier's " said the fat man, smiling broader "Ever see the Lord Mayor a-ridin' in a goold coach, sir?" pursued the old

with an instinctive disgust.

They were dressed in that mixture of

ultra-fashionable and horsey styles pe-culiar to the "Corinthian," or "Buck" of

the period, and there was in their air an overhearing yet lazy insolence toward all and aundry that greatly annoyed me.

"Fifteen thousand a year, by gad!" ex-aimed the taller of the two, giving a

Yes, ha! ha!—and a damnably pretty ally into the bargain!"
"You always were so infernally lucky!"
Tetorted the first.
"Call it rather the reward of virtue,"

answered his companion with a laugh that showed his big, white teeth.

"And what of Beverley-poor dey-vil?"

Beverley!" repeated the other; "had a possessed any spirit he would have lown his brains out, like a gentleman;

powh his brains out, like a gentleman; as it was, he preferred merely to disappear," and harewith the speaker thrugged his shoulders, and drank off his times with infinite relish and gusto.

"And a-pretty filly, you say?"

"Oh, I believe you! Country bred, but devise well blead.

evilah well-blooded-trust Beverley for

Egad, yes. Beverley had a true eye for

heauty or breed, poor dey-vil!" This ex-pression of pity seemed to afford each of them much subtle enjowment. "Harking back to this-filly;" said the big man, thecking his merriment, "how if she jibs and cuts up rough, kicks over the traces

Willish awkward, eh?"

companion raised his foot and rest

all carelessly upon the settle near by, and upon the heel of his slim riding-boot 1 a particularly cruel-looking, long-"My dear Mostyn," said he, his nostrils a redling like a pair of good sharp 'per-

in the slender gold-mounted cane he brief, "and I rather fancy I know just as and when to use 'em, Mostyn." And the again I saw the gleam of his big, hite testh.

All this I heard as they lolled within

all this I heard as they loiled within a and of me, manifesting a lofty and compitude disregard for all save themore, waited upon most deferentially by smiling fat fellow, and stared at by seed man with as much admiring awe if they had each been nothing less an a lord mayor of London at the very but now they leaned their heads when and spoke in lowered tones, but neithing in the learning eyes of the one. The smiling lips of the other, told me if we may be the other and spoke in toward to the one. The smiling lips of the other, told me if we not of horees that they spoke.

Bring her to reason, by gad?" the slighter of the two, setting down empty glass with a bang. "oh, trust to know their pretty, skittish ways, if me to manage 'em; I've never falled by gad?"

Curse me, that's true enough!" said the

ale also finished. I took up my staff, any, knotted affair, and turned to go, one field so, my foot, by accident. In printed with the gold-mounted tramentioned, and sent it clatter to the floor. I was on the point of the for it, when a rough hand my shoulder from behind, (wisted any shoulder from behind, the savagety about, and I thus found it starting upon two rows of sharp.

reillous sniff to the brandy he had

"Yes," said I. "Byer speak to 'im?"

why, no."
Ah well. I once knowed a man as
the to the Lord Mayor o' Lunnon's
achman—but 'e' a dead, took the smallper the year arterwards an' died, 'c

r open, and two gentlemen entered. frut was a very tall man with black that curied beneath his hat-brim, to luxuriant a growth of whisker it left little of his florid counte-exposed. The second was more bullt, with a pale, hairless face, were set two small, very bright rather close together, separated by heh, thin nose with nostrils that ked and quivered when he spoke, a hose most potent feature was the coarse and red, with a somewhat brant under lip, yet supported by sare, determined chin below—a mouth with more than a susof cruelty lurking in its full curves,

By JEFFERY FARNOL

soins to do so, of must I make you?" and his nostrils worked more than ever.

For answer I raised my foot and sent the cane spinning across the room. Some-body laughed, and next moment my hat was knocked from my head. Before he could strike again, however, I raised my staff, but suddenly remembering its for-midable weight, I altered the direction of the blow, and thrust it strongly into the very middle of his gayly flowered waistcoat. So strongly did I thrust, indeed, that he would have fallen but for the timely assistance of his companion.

"Come, come," said I, holding him off on the end of my staff, "he calm now, and let us reason together like logical beings. I knocked down your cane by accident, and you, my hat by intent; very well, then, he so good as to return me my property, from the corner yonder, and we will call 'quits."

"No, by gad!" gasped my antagonist, bending almost double, "wait—only wait until I get—my wind—I'll choke—the infernal life out of you—only wait, by gad!"

"Willingly," and I. "how whitever, also."

fernal life out of you—only wait, by gad!"
"Willingly," said I, "but whatever else
you do, you will certainly reach me my
hat, otherwise, just so soon as you find
yourself sufficiently recovered, I shall endeavor to throw you after it." Saying which, I laid aside my staff, and buttoned

up my coat.

"Why." he began, "you infernally low, dusty, ditch-trotting blackguard—" But his companion, who had been regarding me very closely, twitched him by the sleeve and whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was it affected my an-tagonist strangely, for he grew suddenly very red, and then very white, and ab-

ruptly turned his back upon me,
"Are you sure, Mostyn?" said he, in an
undertone. "Certain."

"Certain."

"Well, I'd fight him were he the devil himself! Pistois perhaps would be—"

"Don't be a fool, Harry," cried the other, and seizing him arm, drew him farther away, and, though they lowered their voices, I caught such fragments as "What of George?" "Changes since your time." "Turn your changes at the start." "ruin your chances at the start," "dead shot." Sir," sal

said I, "my hat-in the corner yonder. Almost to my surprise the taller of the two crossed the room, followed by his friend, to whom he still spoke in lowered

"That my friend, Sir Harry Mortimer,

long time from London, while I labored under a-a disadvantage, sir-until your bat was off."

Now, as he spoke, his left eyelid flick-ered twice in rapid succession. "I beg you won't mention it," said I,

'Cursed rich, on my life and soul!" cried

"Sir," said I. "do you happen to know a pugilist, Tom Cragg by name?" "Tom Cragg! well, I should think so:

"Tom Cragg! well, I should think so; who doesn't, sir?"

"Because," I went on, "he, too, seems to labor under the delusion that he is acquainted with me, and—"
"Acquainted!" repeated the tail gentleman, "acquainted! Oh, gad!" and immediately hugged himself in another ecatasy.

"ig" said I, "you will have the good-ness to tell me for whom you evidently mistake me—"
"Mislake you!" he gasped, throwing himself upon the settle and rocking to and fro, "ha! ha!—mistake you!"

Seeing I did but waste my breath, I turned upon my heel and made for the door. As I went, my eye, by chance, lighted upon a cheese that stood at the fat landlord's elbow, and upon which

he cast amorous glances from time to

'George?" said I, staring.

I altered the direction of the blow and thrust it strongly into the very middle of his stomach.

he laughed. Indeed, while the other stood

servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

"I told you to pick it up," he repeated, thrusting his head toward me, "are you soing to do so, or must I make you?" and his noatrils worked more than ever.

For answer I raised my foot and sent the cane spinning across the room. Somebody laughed, and next moment my hat was knecked from my head. Before he could strike again, however, I raised my staff, but suddenly remembering its formidable weight, I altered the direction of the blow, and thrust it strongly into the very middle of his gayly flowered waistcoat. So strongly did I thrust, indeed, that he would have fallen but for the timely assistance of his companion.

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Following the high road, I came, in a little, to where the ways divided, the one leading straight before me, the other turning sharp to the left, where (as I remember) is a very steep hill.

And at the parting of the ways was a finger-post with the words: "To London-To Tonbridge Wells. To Pembry." Now as I stood beneath the finger-post, debating which road I should take, I was aware of the sound of wheels, and, glancing about, saw a carrier's cart approaching. The driver was a fine, tall, ruddyfaced fellow, very spruce as to his person, who held himself with shoulders squared and bolt upright, and who shouted a cheery greeting to me.

"If so be you are for Pembry, or there-abouts, sir," said he, bringing his horse to a standstill, "why, jump up, sir—that is, if you be so minded."

"My course lies anywhere," said I.

"Then—if you be so minded——?"
"I am so minded," said I.
"Then, sir, jump up," said he.
"Thanks!" said I.
So I climbed upon the seat beelds him, and then I saw that he had a wooden less and straightens understood his leg, and straightway understood his smart bearing and general neat appear-

"You have been a soldler?" said I.
"And my name's Tom, and I could tell
you a sight about them Spanishers, and Frenchies—that is, if—you be so minded?"
"I am so minded; fire away, Tom."
Much he told me of lonely night
watches, of death sudden and sharp, of

watches, of death sudden and sharp, of long, weary marches and stricken fields, of the bloody deings of the Spanish guerrillas, of Mina, and his devittries. And in my ears was the roar of guns, and before my eyes the gleam and twinkle of bayonets. By the side of Tom the Soldier I waited the thunderous charge of French Draspons, say, their stern at French Dragoons, saw their stern, set faces, and the flash of their brandished steel as they swept down upon our de voted square, swept down to break in red confusion before, our bristling bay-onets; and the air was full of the screams onets; and the air was full of the screams of smitten horses, and the deep-throated shouts and groans of men. By the side of Tom the Soldier I stormed through many a reeking breach, swept by fire and slippery with blood; and all for love of it, the munificent sum of eight pence per day, and that which we call "Glory." Bravo. Tom the Soldier! Bravo, Tom the Soldier!

And presently I became aware that he had stopped his horses, and was regarding me smilingly.
"Tom," said I, "you are a wonderful talker!"

"And you, sir," said he, "are a better listener, and, look you, a good listener is mighty hard to come by. Howsomever, here's the end o' my journey, more's the

pity, but if you—"
"Tom," said I, suddenly, "you never heard of Tom Crags, did you?"
"Can't say as I have," he answered, stroking his chin, thoughtfully, "though there was a Dick Snagget in the '39th." the big teeth which gleamed white tones, stooped, picked up my hat, and,

"And you don't know who 'George' is, apof course?" I continued, musingly "Why, I've knowed a many Georges in my time," said he, "and then there's George, Prince 'o Wales, the Prince Relost his temper is regretted both by him and myself," said he, "but is readily ex-plained by the fact that he has been a gent, as they calls him now.

"George, Prince of Wates!" said I, staring; "by heavens, Tom, I believe you've hit it!" And, with the word, I sprang down from the cart.
"My cottage is nearby, sir, and I should

be proud for you to eat supper wi' me-that is—if you be so minded?"
"Many thanks," said I, "but I am not so minded, and so, good-by, Tom:" And, with the words, I wrung the soldier's honest hand in mine, and went upon my way.

"No, no," cried he laughingiy and chaking his head, "ha! ha!—devilish good! By the way, they tell me George himself is, in these parts—incog., of course—" "George, Prince of Wales!" said I to myself; "could this be the 'George' they had meant? If so, then who and what had they supposed me?" Hereupon, as I walked, I feil into a profound meditation, in which I presently remembered how that Tom Cragg had also mentioned the Prince stitutes and the country of the prince in t the tall gentleman, shaking his head and laughing again. "Mum's the word, of course, and I swear a shaven face be-comes you most devillably!"
"Perhaps you will be so obliging as to tell me what you mean?" said I, frown-

how that Tom Cragg had also mentioned the Prince, giving me to understand that his Highness had actually ordered him (Tom Cragg) to leave London; and why? "Arter that theer kidnappin", an' me 'avin' laid out Sir Jarsper Trent—accordin' to yer order."

Sir Jasper Trent! I stopped stock still in the road. Sir Jasper Trent! At last I remembered the name that had eluded me so persistently. Remembered it? Nay, indeed, it was rather as if the pugilist had whispered the words into my ear, and I glanced round almost expecting to see him. "Oh, by gad!" he cried, farrly hugging himself with delight. "Oh, the devil! this is too rich—too infernally rich, on my life and soul it is!"

Now all at once there recurred to me the memory of Tom Cragg, the pugilist: of how he, too, had winked at me, and of his incomprehensible manner afterward beneath the gibbet on River Hill. "Sir." and L. "do you happen to know

him.

"Arter that theer kidnappin', an' me 'avin' laid out Bir Jarsper Trent-accordin' to yer orders!"

According to my orders, or rather, the srders of the man for whom he (in common with the two gentlemen at "The Chequers") had mistaken me. But who was that man? Of him I knew two facts—namely, that he was much like me in person, and had formerly worn, or possibly still wore, whiskers. And beyond these two facts I could get no farther, revolve the matter how I might, so I presently shrugged my shoulders, and hanishing it from my thoughts for the time being, set forward at a good pace.

CHAPTER XII

FIRE sun was already westering when I came to a pump beside the way and seizing the handle I worked it vigorously, then, placing my hollowed hands beneath the gushing spout, drank and pumped, alternately, until I had quenched my thirst. I now found myself prodigously hundry, and remembering the bread and cheese in my knapsack, looked

opening my clasp-knire, prepared to fall to.

At this moment I was interrupted in a rather singular fashion, for hearing a rustling closs by. I looked up, and into a face that was profruded through a gap in the hedge above ms.

It was a very thin face, pale and hollow-eyed and framed in black curly hair, whose very blackness did but accentuate the extreme pallor of the skin, which was tight, and drawu above the cheek bones and angle of the jaw. Yet, as I looked at this face, worn and cadeverous though it was, in the glance of the hollow eyes, in the line of the clean-cut mouth I saw that mysterious admething which marks a man, what we call for want of a better word, a gentleman.





Recruit-I know I did it innacurately; but dod you mind correcting me a little less loudly? Instructor-What! Why? Recruit-That's my office boy on the fence.



Turkey-Sister Hun! Sister D-d-do you see any body ing? Sister Hun (after a careful look round the Dardanelles)—I tink it vould

pe as vel to haf ze luggage in ze

"Yes, but if you're nearly blind why

don't you get treated for it?"
"Well, mum, between me and you that's eggaactly wot I'm allus saying to folks."

Young Bride-Mother, dear, how long does the honeymoon last?
Mother-Until you ask your husband for money, my child.

What to Expect

Singer-I am thinking of

touring South America next year,

Best Friend-Take my advice and

don't. An ostrich egg weighs two or three pounds, you know,



Mr. Catchem-Flow many make a million? Mr. Smart-Very few.



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



THE PADDED CELL

Talking Turkey

What, asks a rube contributor, shall I do to get even without a fuss with my neighbor, who keeps 30 turkeys that live on my place all the time? Get 20 turkeys of your own and raise them. They'll stay over on your neighbor's place continually. No turkey ever boards at home. They always take all their meals out.



"Was your father in his right mind when he died?"

"I'll tell you after his will has been



Hostess-But when you got so far north that the nights were three north that the nights were three months long, it must have been inex-pressibly dreary. How did you put in your time? Arctic Explorer-Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chesa.

Accommodating "That rude fellow told poor little Miss Homeleigh that he didn't like her

"What did she do?"
"She changed countenance."—Balti-more American.

Breaking in a New Pipe

Faith Lost

"Aren't you going to say your prayers. Willie?"
"No, I'm not. I am tired of praying for this family without getting any

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





Doris-Do you love your fiance?

-London Opinion

Chloris—De you know, I prefer yours.
Dorris—Mine! What en earth can y ou see in him, I should like to know!





"That seems a fine cheese!" said I.
"It is, sir, if I might make so bold, a
noble cheese!" he rejoined, and laid his
hand upon it with a touch that was a about for an inviting spot in which to on one side of the road was a thick hedge, and, beneath this hedge, a deep, dry, grassy ditch; and here, after first slipping off my knapsack, I sat down, took out the loaf and the cheese, and opening my clasp-knife, prepared to fall to.

noble cheese? he rejoined, and taid his hand upon it with a touch that was a careas.

"Then I will take three pennyworth of your noble cheese," said I.

"Cheese!" faintly echeed the gentleman upon the settle, "three pennyworth. Oh. I shall die, positively I shall burst!"

"Also a loaf," said I. And when the landlord had cut the cheese with great nicety—a generous portion—and had wrapped it into a parcel, I put it, together with the loaf, into my knapsack, and giving him "Good day!" strode to the door. As I reached it the tail gentleman rose from the settle and bowed. "Referring to George, sir—""
"George!" said I shortly! "to the devil with George!" and I shortly! "to the devil with George!"

Now I rould not help being struck by the effect of my words, for sig Harry let fall his came and stared spen-mouthed, while his companion regarded me with an expression between a frown and wideleyed dismay.

"Now I wonder," said I to myself as I desembled the steps. "I wonder who