THE PADDED CELL

HURRY ROUND WITH THE TAPE, BOY-AND DON'T STOP ON THE WAY

THE GENTLEMANS IN RUSH !

w

(accounting

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

mt. 1918. Little, Brown & Co.

vyhart, an English scholar, deupon his untie. Sir George Vihart,
whest only 10 giviness (570) by the
Mauffee "Buck" Vibert, a norise faither, and take, a consinis jest 28,000 popules (510,000),
whise the protestations of his oldwith shoon he lived, the Richard
detty decides to go down 'The Broad
of Kent, and live. He plans to
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first decides to go down 'The Broad
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wither decides to go down 'The Broad
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the theory of the man who will stand
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is exturns to The White Harl, an
had left hut a few neftwates before
to boasts of his prowess.

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statems are searting completion Grage
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bed, in which Pater seem Sir Jasper
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bed, in which Pater seem Sir Jasper
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of the the premise on his fourney,
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an hat he has been mistaken for his
six matrice Vibert. The resentwho is Sir Peregrine of the duch he
med in the denotes on the fourney,
the list Peregrine of the duch he
med if the dead man's entate.

CRAPTER XIII—(Continued).

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued).

ND I used to purnmel him so when we were boys together at Etonald Jasper!" And presently he handme old Jasper!" And presently he handme my pipe and rose. "Mr. Vibart."
me ht. "It would seem that by no effort,
virtue of my own, I am to win free of
all howing desolation of nowhere-inscientar after all; believe me, I would
addy take you with me. Had I not
with you it is—rather more than
abable—that I—should never have seen
sother dawn; so if—if ever I can be of
se to you, pray honor me so far; you
a always hear of me at Burnham
all. Pembry. Good-by, Mr. Vibart, I
me soing to her—in all my rags—for I
me aman again."
so I bade him good-by, and, sitting in
be ditch, watched him stride away to
new life. Presently, reaching the

is ditch, watched him stride away to be new life. Presently, reaching the cow of the hill (there are hills every-listed in the south country), I saw him are to flourish the battered hat ere he peared from my sight.

CHAPTER XIV

ND, in a while, I rose, and buckled on my knapsack. The shadows were resping on space, but the sky was clear, while, low down upon readerfully clear, while, low awar upon the herizon. I saw the full-orbed moon, very broad and bis. It weald be a bril-lant night later, and this knowledge re-lates me not a little. Before me stretched a succession of

performe stretched a succession of bulk-that chain of hills which, I be-lave, is called the Weald, and over which the dim road dipped and wound, with, on either hand, a rolling country, sark with wood and coppice—full of The wind had quite fallen, but hedges came sudden rustlings, unaccountable noises. Once amall and dark scuttered scross the road before me, and once a but, hidden near by, set up a loud com-paint, while from the deeps of a neigh-being wood came the mournful note of

I walked on through the shadows, t trees that were not trees, and ges that were not hedges, but frightphantoms, rather, lifting menncing above my head and reaching after with clutching fingers. Time and in, ashamed of such weakness, I used myself for an imaginative fool, hat kept well in the middle of the road and grasped my staff firmly, notwith-

I had gone, perhaps, some mile or so in this way, alternately rating and reaaing with myself, when I suddenly acid I heard a step behind me and mag round upon my heel with ready ex; but the road stretched away—pty as far as I could see.

ie on all sides, I tly went on again, yet, immediatee, il seemed that the steps began also, beging time with my own, now slow, fast, now slow again; but, wheneror I turned, the road behind was api can conceive of few things more we are being dogsed by something which we can only guess at, and that all our ections are watched by eyes which we scions are watched by eyes which we cannot see. Thus, with every step, I hand the situation grow more intoleralise, for, though I kept a close watch bannot me and upon the black gloom of the hedge, I could see nothing. At heath, however, I came upon a gap in the hedge, where was a gate, and beyond time, vaguely outlined against a glimmer et sky, I saw a dim figure.

Ideteupon, running forward, I set my hand upon the gate, and, leaping over, found myself-face to face with a man, who carried a sun across his arm. If I was startled at this sudden encounter

a startled at this sudden encounter was no less so, and thus we stood, eing each other as well as we might the half light.

Well," I demanded, at last, "what do ou mean by following me like this?" I aren't follored ye," retorted the man. "But I heard your steps behind me." "Not mine, master. I've sat and alted sre 'arf a hour, or more, for a

someone was following me." Well, it weren't I. A keeper I be, boain' for a peachin' cove just about ar size, and it's precious tucky for you you are a-wearin' that there bell-uwned 'at'."

"Because, if you 'adn't 'appened to be equity that there bell-crowner, and I dn't 'appened to be of a argifyin' and suirin' turn o' mind, I should ha' filled in full o' buckshot."

full o' buckahot."

The said I.

Ten said I.

Ten said he, nodding, while I expensed a series of cold chills up my me. "not a blessed doubt of it. Poachhe went on, "don't wear bell-whed ats as a rule—I never seed one old; and so, while I was a-watchin' you beind this 'ere 'edge, I argies matter in my mind. 'Robert,' I says matter in my mind. 'Robert,' I say ald you ever can to see a poachin' cove in a bell-wine before? No, you never did, see Titt, or the other 'and, this 'ere cove he very spit o' the poachin' cove as a-lookin' for. True!" see I, to methat this 'ere cove is a-wearin' bell-crowner 'at, but the poachin' ager wore a bell-crowner-nor with. wore a bell-crowner-nor Still, I must say I come very sullin' tringer on ye-just to make so, ye see it were precious tucky of the see it were precious tucky of the see years.

certainly was," said I, "turning

that there beli-crowner, and like-is I'm a man of a nat'rs! gift for the and of a inquiring—" ibout doubt," said I, vaulting over the min the road once more, turn o' mind, because if I adn't a and you 'adn't 'a' were that there

By JEFFERY FARNOL

done before; and there was gratitude in look and touch, for tonight it had, indeed, stood my friend. From this bit of sentimentality I was

From this bit of sentimentality I was middenly aroused by hearing once more the sound of a footstap upon the road behind me. So distinct and unmintakable was it that I turned sharp about, and, though the road seemed as deserted as ever, I walked back, looking into every patch of shadow, and even thrust into the denser parts of the hedges with my staff; but still I found no one. And yet I knew that I was being followed persistently, step by step, but by whom, and for what reason?

reason?

A little farther on, upon one side of the way, was a small wood or copice, and now I made towards this, keeping well in the shadow of the hedge. The trees were somewhat scattered, but the underbrush was very dense, and amongst this I hid myself where I could watch the road, and waited. Minute after minute clapsed, and losing patience. I was about elapsed, and losing patience. I was about road, and waited. Minute after minute elapsed, and, losing patience, I was about to give up all hope of thus discovering my unknown pursuer, when a stick snapped sharply nearby, and, glancing round. I thought I saw a head vanish behind the bole of an adjacent tree; wherefore I made quickly towards that tree, but ere I reached it, a man stepped out. A tall, loose-limbed fellow he was, clad in rough clothes (that somehow had clad in rough clothes (that somehow had about them a vague suggestion of ships and the sea), and with a moth-eaten fur cap crushed down upon his head. His face gleamed pale, and his eyes were deep-sunken and very bright; also, I noticed that one hand was hidden in the pocket of his coat. But most of all, I was struck by the extreme pallor of his face, and the burning brilliancy of his

eyes.

And, with the glance that showed me all this, I recognized the Outside Pas-

CHAPTER XV.

G OOD evening, str !" he said, in a strange, hurried sort of way, "the noon, you will perceive, is very nearly at the full tonight." And his voice immediately struck me as being at odds with hiswlothes.

"Why do you stand and peer at me?" said I, sharply.

"Peer at you, gir?" "Yes, from behind the tree, yonder."
As I spoke, he craned his head toward
me and I saw his pale lips twitch suddenly. "And why have you dogged me; why have you followed me all the way from Tonbridge"

"Why, sir, surely there is nothing so strange in that. I am a shadow." "What do you mean by a shadow?"

"Sir, I am a shadow cast by neither sun, nor moon, nor star, that moves on unceasingly in dark as in light. Sir, it is my fate (in common with my kind) to be ever upon the move—a stranger every-where without friends or kindred. I have been during the last year all over England, east, and west, and north, and south; within the last week, for instance, I have traveled from London to Epsom, from Epsom to Brighten, from Brighten back again to London, and from London here. And I peer at you, zir, because I wished to make certain what manner of man you were before I spoke, and though man you were before I spoke, and though the moon is bright, yet your hat-brim left your face in shade."
"Well, are you satisfied."
"So much so, sir, so very much so, that I should like to talk with you, to—to ask you a question," he answered passive.

you a question," he answered, passing his hand—a thin, white hand—across his brow, and up over the fur cap that was so cut of keeping with the pale face

below.
"A question?"
"If you will hes o obliging as to listen. sir; let us sit swhile, for I am very weary." And with the words he sank down upon the grass. After a momentary hesitation, I followed his example, for my curiosity was piqued by the fellow's strange manner; yet, when we were sitting opposite each other I saw that his

very commonplace one, I fear, but with the virtue that it is short, and soon told."
"My time is entirely my own," said I.
leaning with my shoulders against the tree behind me, "proceed with your

story."
"First, then, my name's Strickland-John Strickland!" Here he paused, and, though his head was bent, I saw him watching me beneath his brows.
"Well?" said L

"I am e supercargo."
Again he paused expectantly, but seeing merely nodded, he continued:

I merely nodded, he continued:
"Upon one of my voyages our vessel was wrecked, and, so far as I know, all save myself and six others—four seamen and two passengers—were drowned. The passengers I speak of were an old merchant—and his daughter, a very beautiful girl; her name was—Angela, sir."

Once again he paused and again he eyed me narrowly.
"Well?" said I.
"Yell, sir," he resumed, speaking in a

low, repressed voice, "we seven, after two miserable days in a drifting boat, reached an island, where that same night the old merchant died. Sir, the sailors the old merchant died. Sir, the sailors were wild, rough men; the laland was a desolate, one from whence there was seemingly no chance of escape, it lying out of the usual track of ships, and this girl was, as I have said, very beautiful. Under such conditions her fate would have been unspeakable degradation, and probably death; but, sir, I fought and bled for her, not once but many times, and eventually I killed one of them with my sheath-knife, and I remember to this hour how his blood gushed over my hands and arms and sickened me. After that they waited hourly to avenge his death, and get me out of their way ones and for and get me out of their way once and for all, but I had my long knife and they but such rude weapons as they could de-viae. Day after day and night after night all, but I had my long knife and they but such rude weapons as they could devise. Day after day and night after night I watched for an opportunity to escape with the boat, until at last, one day while they were all three gone irland, not dreating of any such attempt, for the sea was very dangerous and high, with the girl's help I managed to launch the boat, and so stood out to sea. And I remember those three sailors came running with great shouts and cries, and fung themselves down upon the beach and grawled upon their knees, praying to be taken off along with us and begging us not to leave them to periah. After three days' buffeting at the mercy of the scas we were picked-up by a brig bound for Portsmouth, and six months later were in England. Sir, it is impossible for a man to have lived beside a beautiful woman day by day, to have fought for and suffered with her, not to love her also. Thus, accing her friendless and penniless. I wooed and won her to wife. We came to London, and for a year our life was perfect, until, through stress of circumstances. I was forced to take another position aboard ship. Well, sir, I hade farewell to my wife and we set sail. The voyage, which was to have lasted but three months, was lengthened out through one missadventure after another, so that it was a year before I saw my wife again. At first I noticed little difference in her save that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but gradually I came to see that she was palar, but graduall

ing once more in a low, represed tone. "returning home one day, I found her-

"Gone"
"Gone"
"And she left no trace no letter—"
"No, she left no letter, sir, but I did
find something—a something that had
rolled life a corner of the room."
"And what was that?"

"And what was that?"
"This, sir!" As he spoke, his burning eyes never leaving mine, he thrust a hand into his bosom-his left hand, for his right was where it had been all along, hidden in his pocket—and held out to me a gold seal such as gentlemen wear at their felts.

a gold seal such as gentlemen wear at their fobs.

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"Take it!" said the man, thrusting it toward me; "look at it!" Obediently I took the trinket from him, and, examining it as well as I might, saw that a letter was engraved upon it, one of those ornamental initials surrounded by roccco scrolls and flourishes. "What letter does it bear?" asked the

man in a strangled voice.
"It looks very like the letter 'Y,' "

answered. "The letter 'Y'!" cried the man, and then, with a gesture sudden and fierce, he snatched the scal from me, and, thruncing it back into his bosom, laughed strangers.

thrusting it back into his bosom, laughed strangely.

"Why do you laugh?" said I.

"To be sure," said he harshly, "the light might be better, and yet-well! my story is nearly done. I lived on in my lonely house from day to day and month to month, hoping and waiting for her to come back to me. And one day she did come back to me just about this hour it was, sir, and on just such another evening; and that same night—she died."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Poor fel-

died,"
"Good God!" I exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" And, leaning forward, I laid my
hand upon his knes, but, at my touch,
he drew back quickly, and with a look so
evil, that I was startled,
"Hands off!" said he, and so sat staring at me with his smoldering eyes.
"Are you mad?" said I, and sprang to
my feet.

my feet.
"Not yet," he answered, and once again he passed his hand up, and over his face and brow; "no, not yet, sir." Here he rose, and stood facing me, and I noticed that one hand was still hidden in his pocket, and, thereafter, while I listened to him, I kept my eyes directed thither. "That night-before she-died, sir," he continued, "she told me the name of the man who had destroyed her, and killed my soul; and I have been searching for him ever since east, and west, and north, and south. Now, sir, here is my question: If I should ever meet that man face to face, as I now see you, should I not be justified in—killing him?" For a moment I stood with bent head. question: yet conscious all the while of the burn-ing eyes that scanned my face, then; "Yes," said I.

The man stood utterly still, his mouth opened as if he would have spoken, but no word came. All at once he turned about, and walked unsteadily five or six paces. Now, as I looked, I saw him sud-denly draw his hand from his pocket, then, as he wheeled, I knew, and hurled myself face downward as the pistol flashed. "Madman!" I cried, and next moment

was on my feet; but, with a sound that was neither a grean nor a scream, and yet something of both, he leapt into the thickest part of the underbrush, and made off. And standing there, dazed by the suddenness of it all, I heard the snapping of twigs grow fainter and fainter as he crashed through in headlong flight.

CHAPTER XVI TWIGS whipped my face, thorns and brambles dragged at my clothes, hidden obstacles lay in wait for my feet, for the wood grew denser as I advanced. but I pushed on, heedless alike of these

and of what direction I took. But, as luck would have it, I presently blundered sitting opposite each other I saw that his hand was still hidden in the pocket of his coat.

"Perhaps, sir," said he, in his nervous, hurried manner, "perhaps you would be better able to answer my question were I first to tell you a story—an ordinary, a very commonwhise one. I feer but with judged was the tavern itself. I was yet standing looking about me when a man issued from the stables upon my right, bearing a hammer in one hand and a lanthorn in the other. "Hallo!" said he, staring at me. "Hallo," said I, staring at him.

"You don't chance to 'ave a axle-bolt about you, I suppose?"

"Humph?" he grunted, and, lowering he lanthorn, began searching among the cobblestones.
"Is this it?" I inquired, picking up a

"Is this it?" I inquired, picking up a rusty screw-bolt at my feet.
"Ah" said he, taking it from me with a nod. "know'd I dropped it 'ere some-'eres. Ye see," he went on. "couldn't get another round 'ere tonight, and that cussed axie's got to be in place to-morra."

"Ah!" nodded the man, "Chaise come in 'ere 'arf an hour ago wi' two gentlemen and a lady, in the Lord's own 'urry too. 'Mend this axie, me man, says one on 'em-a top-sawyer be the leoks on 'im-'mend this axie, and quick about it.' 'Can't be done, my lord,' says I, 'W'y not?' says 'e, showin' is teeth saysge-like. 'Because it can't,' says I, 'not no'ow, me lord,' says I, Well, after cussin' 'isself well-nigh black in the face, 'e orders me to 'ave it ready fust thing tomorra, and if you 'adn't found that there boit for me it wouldn't 'ave been ready fust thing tomorra, which been ready fust thing tomorra, which would ha' been mighty bad for me, for this 'ere gentleman's a fire-and-fury outand-outer, and no error."
"Can I have a bed here, do you think?"

said he, "I think you can."

"Ah," said he, "I think you can,"
"For how much, do you suppose?"
"To you-sixpence."
"Why, that seems reasonable," said I.
"It are," nodded the man, "and a fine feather bed, too! But then, Lord, one good turn deserves another—"
"Meaning?"

"Meaning?"
"This 'ere boit."
"Are you the landlord, then?"
"I be; and if you feel inclined for a mug of good ale—say the word."
"Most willingly," said 1: "but what of the axie?"
"Plents of time for the axie."

the axie."

"Plenty o' time for th' axie," nodded the landlord, and, setting down his hammer upon a bench hard by, he led the way into the tap. The ale was very girong and good; indeed this lovely county of Kent is justly famous for such. Finding myself very hungry, the landlord forthwith produced a mighty round of beef, upon which we both fell to and ate with a will. Which done, I pulled out my negro-head pipe, and the round of beef, upon which we both fell to and ate with a will. Which done, I pulled out my negro-head pipe, and the landlord fetching himself another, we sat a while amounts. And presently, learning I was from London, he began plying me with all manner of questions concerning the great city, of which it seemed he could not hear enough, and I to describe its wonders as well as I might. At length, bethinking him of his sake, he rose with a sigh. Upon my requesting to be shown my room he lighted a candle and led the way up a somewhat rickety stair, along a narrow passage, and, throwing open a door at the end, I found myself in a lair-sized chamber with a decent white bed, which he introduced to my notice by the one word, "feathers." Hereupon he placked off the snow of the candle with an expression of panderous thought.

"And so the Tower o' London sin't a towor?" he injuired at last.

"No," I manwored, "it is composed of several towers autrounied by very strong battlements with."

SCRAPPLE



"Why did you order your prisoner to alt down here?" "Cos o' the thistles, sir."



for rats? Sergeant-What denomination are you? Church of England? Recruit-Oh, I sin't partic'lar. What are yer short of?

Some Distance

She-You say the lot was only a stone's throw from the beach. He—Yes. Why? She—Well, Sandowmust have thrown the stone

"John, what are you looking at? Why don't you come on?"
"I never realized until now what an easy time the draymen have!"



-Tatler First Rustic-They tell me squire's son's wounded; 'ad to 'ave 'is leg off. Second Rustle-What! foot and all?



Jimmie-Do you know what's good Willie-Why polson, of course Jimmie-No, that would kill 'em;

A Real Shock Wife-George, I want to see that

Husband-What letter, dear?
Wife-That one you just opened. I
know by the handwriting it is from
a woman, and you turned pale when
you read it. Hand it here, sir: Husband-Here it is, dear. It is from your dressmaker.



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

Information on Fashion Yes, this is the fashion editor," said

"Yes, this is the ramion editor, said that functionary as he held the re-ceiver to his ear.
"Could you tell me, please," said a silvery voice at the other end of the line, "what is the very latest thing in salad dressing?"

A Strong Story Two men were disputing which smelled the stronger, a goat or a tramp. They agreed to leave it to the Judge. "All right," said the Judge, "trot in your animals."

They brought in the goat and the Judge fainted. They brought in the tramp and the goat fainted.



AEH

TAILORING

"What were your father's last words?" "He didn't have any. Mother was with him at the finish."



Visitor-Your sister lets me kiss i Now, won't you let me kiss you? Little Sister-No indeed! I don't al-



Getting Into a Boiled Shirt

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Solving the Problem

"But, my dear, if you don't know how to cook how will we live?" "Easily," said the bride. "We'll swap theatre treats for invitations to



Evaline-How do you like my new Caroline-I think it is charming. I had one just like it last year.

