

THE BRADY HIGHWAY

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

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By JEFFERY FARNOL

broken whispers, and with her face still hidden, but, as her words, she peeped at me through her fingers. "You mean?" "You must run away."

"What is the door locked?" "The window!" she repeated, trembling. "You would find it easy enough with my help."

"Wait," said I, and turned back into my room. Hereupon, having locked the door, I got into my boots, slipped on my coat and knapsack, and, last of all, threw my blackthorn staff out of the window (where I was sure of finding it) and climbed out after it.

"The porch I had mentioned, upon which I now stood, sloped steeply down upon two sides, so that I had no little difficulty in maintaining my foothold; on the other hand, it was no great distance from the ground, and I thought that it would be easy enough of descent."

"At this moment the lady reappeared at the lattice. "What is it?" I whispered, struck by the terror in her face. "Quick!" she cried, forgetting all prudence in her fear, "quick—they are coming! I hear some one upon the stairs. Oh, you are too late!" and, springing upon her knees, she covered her face with her hands. Without more ado I swung myself up, and clambered over the sill into the room, hesitating for a moment as I looked round for something that might serve me for a weapon, when my eye encountered a tall oak press, a heavy, cumbersome affair, but, save the bed, the only furniture the room possessed.

CHAPTER XVIII. The moon was fast sinking below the horizon, and the stars were beginning to twinkle in the sky. I had reached a road, or rather cart-track that wound away up a hill. Faint and far a church clock slowly chimed the hour of eleven. I was alone, and very alone.

SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL. Vicar (who has called to read a letter to one of his parishioners from her son at the front)—Your son, Mrs. Codling, has been fighting in the trenches. For a whole week he was standing up to his neck in water!



Obeded Orders. Joiner—Didn't I tell you to notice when that glue bottled over? Apprentice—I did, sir; it was eleven o'clock.



Quite Different. He—Was it the fast beating of your heart that told you I was here? She—Oh, no. I recognized you by your long legs.



Not What He Meant. She—What's a Roman nose like? He—Like mine. She—Oh, you mean just red.



Plenty of Experience. "My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?" Why, lady," responded our hero, modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."—Buffalo Express.



Quite So. "Here somebody says that electric currents can be made to take the place of food in sustaining life." "What a shocking theory!"—Baltimore American.



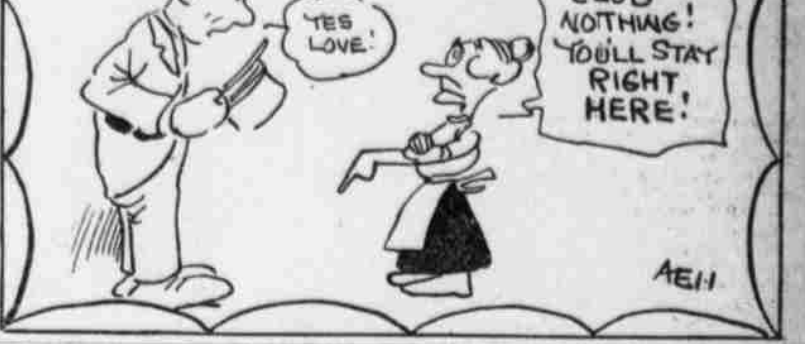
AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME. Irrate Officer—D-n it, man! Duck your head—don't you know you'd get shot? Fastidious Recruit—Ye-es, sir; but this beastly grass keeps tickling my nose!



THE PADDED CELL



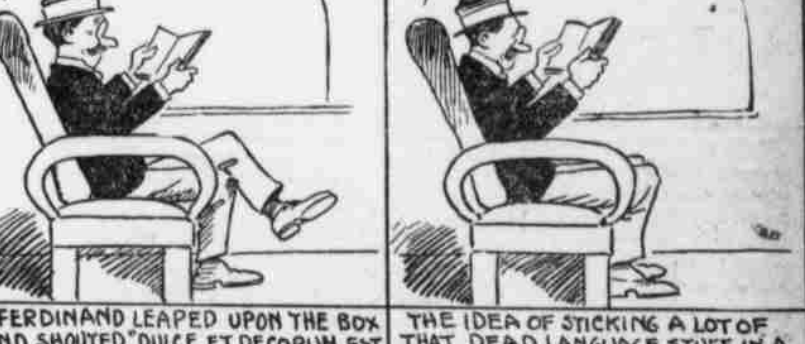
WHY IS THIS LITTLE WART BOSS OF THE HOUSE WHILE THIS BIG GUY IS A SLAVE?



Naturally. "Did you watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?" "Sure, you didn't think it would go through, did you?"—Yale Record.

Looked Like a Bargain. The Brooklyn man who bequeathed 25 cents to his daughter knew the feminine penchant for something marked down.—New York Mail.

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



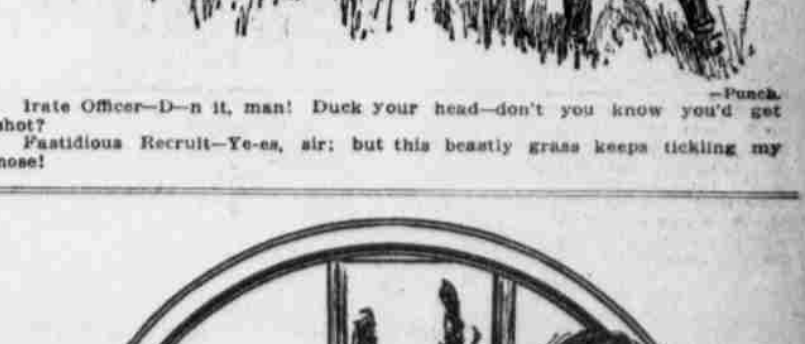
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BOOK TO PASS AWAY THE TIME ON A TIRESOME RAILROAD JOURNEY. GET YOUR PAPERS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES HERE NONE SOLD ON TRAIN.

HA, NOW I SHALL ENJOY A RARE LITERARY TREAT. FERDINAND LEAPED UPON THE BOX AND SHOUTED 'DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI' OH! HELP!

AW, SHUCKS! DARN THESE AUTHORS THAT STICK A LOT OF LATIN AND FRENCH IN THEIR BOOKS THAT A FELLOW DON'T UNDERSTAND. THE IDEA OF STICKING A LOT OF THAT DEAD LANGUAGE STUFF IN A BOOK JUST TO LET PEOPLE KNOW THAT YOU CAN USE IT.



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