EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, SEFTLALER 22, 1915.



Copyright, 1915, Little, Brown & Co.

Cupright, 1915, Little, Brown & Co.

corprisent, 1915, Little, Brown & Co. ers Vibart, an English schular, de-ment mon his uncide. Sir George Vibert, equasibled only 10 guineas (1731 by the man. Maurice "Euler" Vibart, a tro-ment, haurice "Euler" Vibart, a tro-ment, heitz 20,000 pommér (2000,000), against the protestations of his old with whom he lived, Sir Richard arother, deddes to so down "The Read where the the monte is gune. a first day, while passing a guileway to after the monte is gune. a first day, while passing a guileway to the first but a few minutes before, is ther ber to the the while Hart, an had bet but a few minutes before, is the but a few minutes before, is the bound of the provess. The head of his provess.

ter, boasts of his provess. ter, boasts of his provess. ter, boasts of his provess. The second se The journey to Tonbridge in interrupted by a duel, in which Peter sees Sir Jasper and Killed.

by a due, in the second second

Peter's next encounter is with a madman whe tries, vainly, to kill him. After this scape the traveler comes to a tavern and stars into conversation with the landlord.

CHAPTER XVI-(Continued).

H-TO-BE-SURE," said he: "ah, A to be sure! And me 'ave allus sught on it like it was a great big wer standin' in the midst o' the city as an as mountain. Humph-not a tower ha! disappi'nted I be. Humph! Good ight, master. Disapp'inted I be-yes." And having nodded his head ponderously weral times he turned and went poncusly along the passage and down the

At the end of my chamber was a long. ow casement, and, drawn thither by the manty of the night, I fluig open the lattice and leaned out. I looked down upon a narrow, deeply rutted lane, one was tdly wondering what fool had troubled to build a tavern in such a remote, sut-of-the-way spot, when my ears were saluted by the sound of voices. Now, immediately beneath my window there was a heavy porch, low and equat, from which jutted a beam with a broken signboard, and it was from beneath this porch that the voices proceeded, the one porch that the voices proceeded, the one loud and hectoring, the other gruff and sullen. I was about to turn away when a tenned out into the monilight. "Come." said I, and (almost as guickty man stepped out into the moonlight. a man stepped out into the moonlight. His face was hidden in the shadow of beside me upon the roof of the porch, his hat brim, but from his general air and appearance I judged him to be one of the gentlemen whose chaise bad braken down. As I watched him he walked slowly round the angle of the bouse and disappeared. house and disappeared.

In a little while I drew in my head

In a little while I drew in my head from the casement, and, having removed my dusty boots together with my knap-mack and coat, blew out the candle and composed myself to aleep. Now it seemed to me that I was back upon the road, standing once more be-als the great oaktree. And, as I watched, a small, hunched figure crept from the jagged opening in the trunk, a furre with a jingling pack upon its back, at sight of which I turned and ran, filled with an indescribable terror. But, as I weat, the pack jingled loud behind me-and when I glanced back I saw that he ran with head dangling in the trunk, a farsped a rasor. On I sped faster and farsped a rasor. On I sped faster and farsped a rasor. On I sped faster and farster, but with the Tinker ever at my heels, until I reached this tavern; the

By JEFFERY FARNOL

brokan whispers, and with her face still hidden, but, at my words, abe peeped "Cranbrook Church." hidden, but, at my words, abe peeped at me through her fingers. "You mean?" "But the door is locked." "There remains the window." "The window!" she repeated, trem-bling. "Is it far to Cranbrock ?" 'One mile this way, but two by the road yonder."

"You seem very well acquainted with these parts," said L

You would find it easy enough with my help. "Quick, then!" she exclaimed, and held

bline

"Walt," said 1, and turnfed back into my room. Hereupon, having locked the door, I got into my boots, slipped on my coat and knapazek, and, last of all, threw

"What is it?" I whispered, struck by the terror in her face. "Quick!" she crisd, forgetting all pru-dence in her fear, "quick-they are com-ing-I hear some one upon the stair. Oh, you are too late!" and sinking upon her knees, she covered her face with her hands. Without more ado I swung my-self up, and clambered over the sill into the room beside her. I was looking round for something that might serve me for a weapon, when my eye encoun-tered a tall oak press, a beavy, cumber-some affair, but, save the bed, the only furniture the room possessed. Setting my shoulder to it therefore, I began to urge it toward the door. But it was soon urge it toward the door. But it was soon apparent that I could not get it there in time, for the creeping footstep was

in time, for the creeping rootstep was already close outside, and, next moment. a key was softly inserted in the lock. "Quick! hide yourself!" I whispered, over my shoulder, and, stepping back from the door to give myself room, I clenched my fists. There was a faint creak as the key turned, the door was opened cautiously and a man's dim firopened cautiously, and a man's dim figure loomed upon the threshold. He had advanced two or three paces on tiptoe before he discovered my pres-

which it seems out of all possibility can ever lead the traveler anywhere, and I word, he sprang at me. But as he came. I leapt aside, and my fist took him full i and squarely beneath the ear. He pltched sideways, and, falling heavily, rolled over upon his back, and lay still. As I leaned above him, however (for the blow had been a heavy one), he ui-tered a groaning oath, whereupon, pin-ning him forthwith by the collar, I dragged him out into the passage, and, whipping the key from the lock, trans-ferred it to the inside and locked the

and wondered.

self implicitly to my guidance, so that we were soon standing in the lane before the house, safe and sound except for a

whipping the key from the lock, trans-ferred it to the inside and locked the

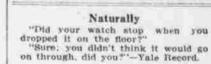


Vicar (who has called to read a letter to one of his parishioners from her son at the front)-Your son, Mrs. Codling, has been fighting in the trenches. For a whole week he was standing up to his neck in water!" Mrs. Codling-Well, I never! This war be doing some funny things, sir, to be sure. We couldn't get 'im to put water anywhere near 'is neck when 'e wos at 'ome!

Joiner-Didn't I tell you to notice X Justin when that glue boiled over? Apprentice-I did, sir; it was eleven o'clock. KACHOORIN "I told my giri the other night that If she didn't marry me I'd hang my-self in front of the house."

Obeyed Orders

SCRAPPLE



HURR UP!

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

CLUB

NOTHING!

TOULL STAY

RIGHT HERE!

AEH



THAT STICK A LOT OF LATIN AND FRENCH IN THEIR BOOKS THAT A FELLOW DONT UNDERSTAND

THE PADDED CELL

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

THE IDEA OF STICKING A LOT OF BOOK JUST TO LET PEOPLE KNOW



"Part of the Sefton estates," she con tinued; "Cambourne village lies to the right, beyond." "The Lady Sophia Befton of Cam-bourne!" said I thoughtfully. "My dearest friend," nodded my com-

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 have mentioned, upon which I now stood, sloped steeply down upon two sides, so that I had no little difficulty in maintaining my foothoid; or 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 lattlee. "What is it?" I whispered, struck by the terror in her face. "Quick!" she cried, forgetting all pru-dence in her fear, "quick-they are com-ing-I has some one upon the stair. Oh, you are too late!" and, sinking upon he stair. Oh, you are too late!" and, sinking upon her face with her knees, she covered her face with her hands. Without more ado I swung my-

"I have lived here all my life; those are

the class cast I almost innered I could de-tect the first faint gleam of day. And after we had traversed some distance in silence, my companion suddenly spoke, but without looking at me. "You have never once asked who I am." she said, almost reproachfully I thought, "nor how I came to be shut up in such a

swer. "I should find not the least difficulty in

"Certainly not," I added; "how should

your casement."

on: and sne-this time in a tone of surprise, and her anger all gone again, for I saw that she was smilling; and again I wondered.
"Yes," I nodded.
"Then," said she, seeing I was silent,
"whom do you suppose me?"
"Your are, to the best of my belief, the Lady Helen Durastre".

Lady Helen Dunstan." My companion stood still, and regarded me for a mo-ment in wide-eyed astonishment.

"And how, sir, pray, did you learn all this?" she demanded, with the dimple corner of her pretty mouth. "By the very simple method of adding

"Have you ever seen this particular Goddens" inquired my companion. "Never." "Then wait until you have sir." The moon was down now, yet the sum-mer sky was wonderfully luminous and in the east I almost fancied I could de-

"nor how I came to be shut up in such a

place-with such a man." "Why, as to that," I answered, "I make it a general rule to avoid awkward subjects when I can, and never to ask questions that it will be difficult to an-

answering either," said she. "Besides." I continued, "it is no affair of mine, after all."

He it be?" "How indeed!" said she, over her shoul-der. And then I saw that she was angry.

"And yet," I went on, after a lapse of silence. "I think I could have answered both questions the momentI saw you at

said she-this time in a tone of

once more peeping at me slyly from the

two and two together," I answered;

What did she say?"

hanging around here."

"She said. Oh, non't do it. You know that father doesn't want you

Quite Different

needs, until I reached this tavern; the door crashed to behind me only just in time, and I knew, as I lay there, that he was standing outside in the moonlight. staring up at my casement with his hor-rible, dead face.

Here I very mercifully awoke, and lay for a while blinking in the ghostly radiance of the moon, which was flooding in at the window directly upon me. Now whether it was owing to the vividness of my fream I know not, but as I iay, there least up within me a sudden con-viction that somebody was indeed stand-ins outside in the lane, staring up at my window. So firmly was I convinced of this that, moved by a sudden impulse, I rose, and, cautionsly approaching the window, peered out. And there, sure woowsh, his feet planted wide apart, his hands behind his back, stood a man star-ing up at my window. His head was thrown back, so that I could see his face distinctly-a fleshy face, with small, close-set eyes and thick lips, behind which I caught the gleam of big, white teeth. This was no tinker, but as I looked I theorem of the the stenderer of the two "Corinthians" with whom I had fail-en out at "The Chequers." Hereupon I of my dream I know not, but as I lay, to the back to bed, drowily wondering that should bring the fellow hanging beut a dilapidated hedge-taven at such a hour. But gradually my thoughts aw less coherent, my eyes closed, and another moment I should have been sheep, when I suddenly came to my how, broad awake and listening, for I head have first awake and listening. as have two sounds, the soft creak of window opened cautiously near by and a stanithy footstep outside my door.

CHAPTER XVII.

BHUS, for a space, I lay, with cars on the stretch, and every nerve ngling, waiting for-I knew not what. In a little while I became conscious of another sound, indescribably desosan's sobbing.

Once more I rose, and looking down to the lane, found it deserted; the atcher had vanished. I also noticed at the casement next to mine had been ed wide, and it was from here, as it and, that the weeping proceeded.

After some little hesitation, I knocked was checked abruptly, save for an was checked abruptly, mave for an minnal sob, whoreupon I presently Md again. At this, after a moment is I maw a very annal, white hand ar at the neighboring window, and moment was looking into a lovely, ed face framed in bright hair, with wosfully swelled by tears-but a te showed me that she was young. of a rare and gentle beauty.

fore I could speak, she laid her r upon her lip with a warning ges-

tedir: "they have locked me in hore, i dare not go to bed, and and what shall I do?

ked you in?" I exclaimed.

what shall i do?" she subbed. what shall i do?" she subbed. you I am atruid of him-his hate-ated syss!" Here a freinor asched the her, and she cavered her face whands. "Tonight when I fuund y sons from the door, and re-red his look as he hads me 'Good-'thought I should have died. I have, close beside the window--is listening. Once I thought I the pointed on your door, and opened minut to throw mixed cast he "And the here when he comes."

and my hat was whisked from my head. "Are you hurt?" panted my companion. "No," said I, "but it was a very excel-lent shot nevertheless!" For, as I picked up my hat, I saw a small round hole that pierced it through and through, mildway between crown and brim. The lane wound away between high hadnes, which rendered our solns very

The lane wound away between han hedges, which rendered our going very dark, for the moon was getting low, and difficult by reason of the deep wheel ruts, but we hurried forward notwithstanding, urged on by the noise of the chase. We had traversed some half mile thus, when my ears warned me that our pursuers were gaining upon us, and I was in-wardly compratulating myself that I had congratulating myself that I had stopped to find my staff, and wondering how much execution such a weapon might reasonably be capable of, when i found that my companion was no longer at my nide.

As I paused, irresolute, her voice reached me from the shadow of the

hedge. "This way," she panted. "Where?" said I. "Here!" and, as she spoke, her hand

wardly

slipped into mine, and so she led me through a small gate, into a broad, open mendow beyond. But to attempt crossing this would be little short of madness, for Seas. (as I pointed out) we could not go a yard

without being seen. "No, no," she returned, her breath still laboring, "wait-wait till they are past." And so, hand in hand, we stood there in the shadow, screened very effectively from the lane by the thick hedge, while from the lane by the thick needs, while the rush of our purners' feet drew nearer and nearer; until we could hear a voice that panted out curses upon the dark lane, ourselves and everything con-cerned; at sound of which my companion seemed to fall into a shivering fit, her clasp tightened upon my hand and she drew closer to me. Thus we remained

frew closer to me. Thus we remained until voices and footsteps had grown faint with distance, but, even then, I could feel that she was trembling still. drew until faint

uers in at Tonbridge, and I never for-set names or faces-especially such as his." "How I hate him!" she whispered. "An unpleasant animal, to be sure." waid I. "But come, it were wiser to get as far from here as possible: they will doubtless be returning soon." So we started off again, running in the shadow of the hedge. We had thus doubled back upon our pursuers, and, leaving the tavern upon our left, soon gained the kindly shadow of those woods through which I had passed in the early evening.

evening. Borne to us upon the gentle wind was the haunting perfume of hidden flowers, and the sinking moon sent long shafts of silvery light to pierce the leafy gloom, and make the shadows more mysterions. The path we followed was very harrow, so that sometimes my companion's silken hair brushed my brow or cheek, as I stooped to lift some trailing branch that harred her way, or open a path for her through the leaves. Bo we journeyed on through the mys-teries of the woods together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FTHE moon was fast sinking below the I treatops to our left by the time we reached a road, or rather cart-track that wound away up a hill. Faint and far a church clock slowly childed the hour of I the shall not find you 2, the solunit notes prining awast and sig-minut." A second solution with stands.

"Quite sure. And, as we ate, he told me many things, and among them of a life of wasted opportunities—of foolish riot, and prodigal extravagance, and of its logical consequence-want." "My poor Perry!" she murmured.

"He spoke also of his love for a very cautiful and good woman, and its hopelessness." "My dear, dear Perry!" said she again. "And yet," said I, "all this is admit-tedly his own fault, and, as I think,

Heraclitus says: 'Suffering is the inevit able consequence of Sin, or Folly.'" "And he is well?" she asked; "quitequite well? "He is," said I

"Thank God!" she whispered. "Tell me," she went on, "is he so very, very poor-is he much sitered? I have not seen him for a whole, iong year." "Why, a year is apt to change a man,"

I answered. "Adversity is a hard school but sometimes a very good one." 'Were he changed, no matter howwere he a beggar upon the roads, I should love him-always!" said she,

should love him-always!" said she, speaking softly in that soft, careasing oice which only the best of women pos

"Yes, I had guessed as much," said I and found myself sighing.

"A year is a long, long time, and we Were to have been married this month, but my father quarreled with him and forbads him the house, so poor Perry went back to London. Then we heard he was ruined, and I almost died with griefyou see, his very poverty only made me love him the more. Yesterday-that man

"Sir Harry Mortimer?" said I.

"Yes (he was a friend of whom I had often heard Perry speak); and he told me that Perry lay at Tonbridge, dying, and beguing to see me before the end. He offered to escort me to him, assuring me that I could reach home again long before dusk. My father, who I knew would never permit me to go, was absent, and so-I ran away. Sir Harry had a carriage walting, but, almost as soon as the door was closed upon us, and we had started, I began to be afraid of him and-and-

"Sir Harry, as I said before, is an un-pleasant animal," I nodded. "Thank Heaven," she pursued, "we had

"Thank Heaven," she pursued, "we had not gone very far before the chaise broke down! And-the rest you know." The footpath we had been following now led over a stile into a narrow lane or byway. Very soon we came to a high stone wall, wherein was set a small wicket. Through this she led me, and we entered a broad park where was by we entered a broad park, where was an avenue of fine old trees, beyond which I saw the gables of a house, for the

I saw the gables of a house, for the stars had long since paled to the dawn, and there was a glory in the east. "Your father will be rejoiced to have you safe back again," said I. "Yee," she nodded, "but he will be very angry." And, hereupon, she stopped and began to pull, and twist, and pat her shining hair with dexterous white fingers, taiking thus the willie: "Ny mother died at my birth, and since

talking thus the while: "My mother died at my birth, and since then father has worshipped her memory, and his face always grows wonderfully gentie when he looks upon her portrait. They say I'm greatly like her-though also was a famous beauty in her day. And, indeed, I think there must be some truth in it, for, no matter how I may put him out, my father can never be very angry when my hatr is dreamed au." With the word she turned, and truly I thought the face peeping out from its clustered curits more lovely and hewitch-ing than before.

The second very much doubt it any man could."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



Plenty of Experience

such an expert swimmer?"

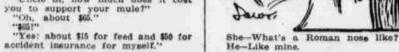
in Venice."-Buffalo Express.

wallington

"My

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.



She-Oh, you mean just red. Quite So man, where did you become "Here somebody says that electric currents can be made to take the place of food in sustaining life." Why, lady," responded our hero, nodesty. "I used to be a traffic cop 'What a shocking theory!''-Baltl-

Not What He Meant

more American. -AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Irate Officer-D-n it, man! Duck your head-don't you know you'd get Fastidious Recruit-Ye-es, sir; but this beastly grass keeps tickling my nose!



