EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1915.

THE BROAD HIGH

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

By JEFFERY FARNOL tis, Brown & Co. an English scholay, de-mala, Sie George Viberi, y 10 guiness (\$75) by the be "Buck" Viberi, a no-bicco pounds (\$100,000), rake, a cenat

Harrice "Bases" Vibert & Bo-rise of the constraints, a country is in the new restance of the old is also be an over "The First definition of the country of the old is shown to an over "The First definition of the country of the country is the country of the country of the country is the country of the country of the country is the country of the country of the country is the country of the country of the country is the country of the count of the country of the country of the count of the country of

tion, noting my awakened interest with a

twinkling eye.

the door.

"Well?" I inquired.

"Well?" I inquired again.

CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued) WE approached the house I saw

at the smooth gravel was cut up as by the coming and going of many and horses, and also that one of slows still shone with a bright and it was toward this window at and it was toward this window at any companion led me. In a while, at my companion led me. In a while, or may elimbed the terrace steps, I no-or that this was one of those French of that this was one of those French at this was one of those French and the set an old man who sat bowed down sti an old man who sat bowed down set an old man who sat bowed pillowed pillowed pillowed bowed pillowed pillowed bowed pillowed pil eves opening to the ground. Now, a table, with his white head pillowed his arms, sitting so very still that might have been asleep but for the grip of his twitching hands. Now, the table, at no great distance from between the guttering candles lay t-a very ill-used, battered-looking which I thought I recognized; etore looking about, I presently ed its owner leaning against the man-He was powdered with dust from d 10 foot, and his worn garments ad to foot, and his worn garments had more ranged than ever; and, as stood there, in the droop of his head the indices set of his shoulders, there is at air of the most utter dejection al hopeleseness, while upon his thin head is as the glisten of a great, soli-irr har. But, as I looked, the window as barst suddenly open: "Perry"

three surprise, joy, pity — all were manual up in that one short word-yet upper than all was love. And at that

the white head was raised, raised in the to see a vision of loveliness caught in two ragged arms.

"Why, you are getting old," said I. "So's t' stapil yonder, but t' stapil looks n'Eh as good as ever." Tather" and naw the three heads-the white, polder and the black-were drawn an together, drawn and held close in together, drawn indged reunion. "Ay, but 'e can't last forever," said haking his head Anchent, frowning, and shaking his head at the rusty staple. "I've watched un. And in difference was become was become was become and in difference was become and seen un growin' rustier an' rustier. The seense more deep among the seen

"An' so strong as a bull"" "To be sure." "An' t' stapil can't last much longer-oh. CHAPTER XIX.

HE sun was high when I came to a

malater?-so old an' rusty as 'e be?" "One would hardly think so." "Not so long as a turble vig'rus man, like I be?" he inquired, with a certain place where the ways divided, and, I stood hesitating which road to c. I beard the cool plash and murmur a brook at no great distance. Where-e, being hol and thirsty, I acrambled being hol and thirsty. I scrambled igh the hedge, and, coming to the k, threw myself face down beside

tike I be?" he inquired, when wistful appeal in his eyes. "No," I answered impulsively. "I knowed it.-"I knowed it." he chuckled, feebly brandishing his stick, "such a poor the staril as 't is, all eat up wi' water-Every time I come 'ere a-gatherin' watercress, I come in an' give un a look, an watch un rustin' away, an' rustin' away I'll see un #o fust, arter all, so I will!" and, with another nod at the staple, he turned, and hobbled out into the sun-And seeing how, despite his brave showing he labored to carry the heavy basket, I presently took it from him, disregarding his protests, and set off by his side; yet, as we went, I turned once to look back as we went, I turned once to look block at the deserted hut. "You 'm thinkin' 't is a turble bad place at night?" said the old man. "On the contrary," I answered. "I was thinking it might suit a homelens man like me very well indeed."

"Iron generally wears better than flesh

cracklin' flame o' lightnin'. I mind I'd bren up to th' farm accourtin o' Nancy Brent-she 'm dead now, poor lass, years an' years ago, but she were a flae, buxon maid in those days, y' ye see. Weil, i vere comin' 'orne, and what w' ane thing an' another. I lost my way. An' pres-ornity, as I were stumblin' along in the wark, comes another crackle o' lightnin', an lookin' up, what should I see but this wark, comes another crackle o' lightnin', an lookin' up, what should I see but this wark of a door an' winders, but the door was fi stood in the rain, not likin' to disturb the stranger, for 'e were a gert, fleres unfriendly kind o' chap, an' uncommon fond o' bein' loft alone. Howe'ever, arte a while, up I goes to th' door, an' knock fu' door, an' knocks wi' my flat clenched, in those days)-but Lord' nobod yan; in those days)-but Lord' nobody any fi tood is pocket, with great delibers itwinking oy.

"Seemed goin' on all quiet and reg'lar, though." said the bullet-headed man, whom I diacovered to be the landlord of "The Bull'--"seemed nice and quiet, and nothin' out o' the way when, 'bout an hour are it ware to be the say when, 'bout an hour ago it were, 'e ups and heaves Sam out into the road."

"Well," he continued slowly, "I lifted th' latch, an' give a push to the door, but it would only open a little way-an inch, p'r'aps, an' stuck." Hore he tapped, and opened his shuff-box. "Ah " said the old man, nodding his head again, "to be sure, I've noticed, Simon, as 'tis generally about the twen-tleth e' the month as Jarge gets 'took."

"'E've got a wonderful 'ead, 'ave the Gaffer !" said Simon, turning to me. "Well," he went on, "I give it a gert, big push wi' my shoulder (I were a fine, strong chap in those days), an' just as it new open, comes another flash o' light-"Yes," said I. "but who is Black George ; ow comes he to be 'taken,' and by what?" "Gaffer," said the innkeeper, "you tell

nin', an' the fust thing I seen was-a boot" un.' un." "Why, then," began the Ancient, nothing loth, "Black Jarge be a gert, big, strong man-the biggest, gertest and strongest in the south country, d'ye see-a'most as fine a man as I were in my time-and, off and on, gets took wi' tearin's and rages, at which times 'e don't mind who 'e 'in-.."

"No, nor wheer !" added- the innkeeper. "Oh, 'e be a bad man, be Black Jarge, when 'e's took, for 'e 'ave a knack, d'ye see, of takin' 'old o' the one nighest to likewise a leg, an' theer were this 'ero wanderin' man o' the roads a-danglin' behind th' door from a stapil-look ye!' un, and a heavin' of un over 'is 'ead." "Extremely unpleasant !" said I. "Just what he done this marnin' wi'

behind th' door from a stapil-look ye!" he exclaimed, rising with some little dif-ficulty, and hobbing into the hut, "theer be th' very stapil, so it be!" and he puinted up to a rusty iron staple that had been oriven deep into the beam above the door. Sam," nodded the innkeeper---"hove un out into the road, 'e did." "And what did Sam do?" I inquired. "Oh! Sam were mighty glad to get

off so easy." "Sam must be a very remarkable fel-

"And why," said I, "why did he hang low-undoubtedly a philosopher," said I. "'E be nowt to look at!" said the lumself?" "Seein' e' 'ad no friends, and never told Ancient. nobody-nobody never knowed," answered the old man, shaking his head, "but on that theer stapil 'e 'ung 'isself, an' on that theer stapil I fund 'im, on a stormy'

Now at this moment there came a sud-Now at this moment there came a sud-den deep bellow, a hearse, bull-like roar from somewhere near by, and, looking round in some perplexity, through the wide doorway of the smithy opposite I saw a man come tumbling, all arms and legs, who, having described a somersault, fell, rolled over once or twice, and sitting up in the middle of the road, stared about him in a dazed sort of fashion. "That's Job!" nodded the Ancient. "Poor fellow!" said I, and rose to go to his assistance. "Oh, that weren't nothin'," said the night sixty and six year ago come August." August." "You have a wonderful memory!" said I. "Ay, to be sure: a wunnerful mem'ry." "Sixty and aix years is an age," said J. "So it be," nodded the Ancient. "I were a fine young chap in those days, tall I were an' straight as a arror. I be a bit different now." "Why, you are retting old." said L

"Oh, that weren't nothin'." said the Ancient, laying a restraining hand upon my arm, "nothin' at all. Job bean't urt: why, I've seen 'em fall further nor that afore now, but y'see Job be pretty heavy handlin'-even for Black Jargs." And, in a little while, Job arose from

where he sat in the dust, and limping up, ware he sat in the dust, and limping up, sat himself down on the opposite bench, very black of brow and figrce of eye. And, after he had sat there silent for maybe five minutes, I said that I hoped he wasn't hdrt hurt.

"Urt?" he repeated, with a blank are. "'Ow should I be 'urt?" stare.

plenty of clasps

in the street.

stare. "'Ow should I be 'urt?" "Why, you seemed to fall rather heavily." said I. At this job regarded me with a look half resentful, half reproachful, and im-mediately turned his back upon me; from which, and sundry winks and nods and shakes of the head from the others, it seemed that my remark had been ill-judged. And after we had sat silent for maybe another five minutes, the Ancient appearance to notice Job's presence for the first time. "Why, you bean't workin' 's arternoon

"Why, you bean't workin' 's arternoon then, Job"" he inquired solemnly. "Noa !" "Goin' to tak' a 'olleyday, p'r'aps?" "Ah! I'm done wi's mithin'-least-ways, for Black Jarge." "And him wi' all that raft o' work in, Job? Pretty fix 'e 'll be in wi' no one to strike for 'im!" said Simon.



First Traveler (cheerily)-Fine day, isn't it? Second Ditto (haughtily)-Sir! You have the advantage of me. I don't know you First Ditto-Humph! I fail to see the advantage.



SCRAPPLE

THE PADDED CELL



and, catching up the sweet pure water my hands, drank my fill; which done, alled my feet and hands and face, became much heartened and resteby. Now, because I have the noise of running waters, while, I rose and walked on ed thereby. oved the the stream, listening to its blithe-melody, So, by devious ways, for brook wound prodigiously, I came at the a sudden declivity down which To a sudgen declivity down which ater plunged in a miniature cascade, liog in the sun, and gleaming with "muand rainbow hues. On I went, hing down as best I might, until I and myself in a sort of green basin. " cool after the heat and glare of toads, for the high, tree-clad sides normal much shade. On I went, past wrant thickets and bending willows, it soft lush grass underfood and heat

towan, for the high, tree-clad sides read moth shade. On I went, past want thickets and bending willows, h soft lush grass underfoot and lenfy as overhead, and the brook singing testistering at my side; albelt a brook chattsering at my side; albelt a brook ming in some fugitive ray of sun-mode and beside the brook, watch-the fish that showed like darting mes my eves I stopped. And there, and by leaves, shut in among the stood a small cottage, or hut. I woond klance showed it to be ten-tering the failent from its hinges. The stope failen from its hinges facepts its forlernness and desola-a septs the dilasidation of broken or and failen chimmey, there was some-and the sir of the place that drew me stops. It was somewhat roughly put and the sir of the place that drew me As ar of the pince that draw me f. It was somewhat roughly put but still very strong, and ave for the roof, weatherfast. In might do worse than live here," (1. "with the birds for neighbors, brook to sing him to size at

L , "with the birds for neighbors, we brook to sing him to sleep at Indeed, a man might live very in such a place." a still looking at the hut, with this mind, when I was startled by hear-will, quavering voice behind me: you'm a-lookin' at t' cottage, mas-

sharp round. I beheld a very man in a smock frock, who car-

I answered; "I was wondering tame to be built in auch an out-orid spot."

roads " manderin' man Ionely!" said I.

well say so, sir-haunted it

ar" said L

ind " and I. Ind as ever was!" answered the with a sprightly nod strangely ing with his wrinkled face and it imbs. "No one ventur's nigh a strar dark, an' few enough in ime, for that matter." count of the shoat?" medded the Ancient, "incans 's interes to, an' shakes chains. ablody has lived here of late?" we no-nor wouldn't, no, not it ies th. Nobody's come anigh . Tou may say, since 't were the wanderin' man. Lived 'cre 's did-killed 'isself 'cre like-

fir said 1. soif-be'ind th' door you

main-beind in door pun-eis years ago come August, ne as found 'im. 's res.' has as found 'im. 's res.' has blauent with great indety from dontatop. ''an sen. 't is storm that plaht-rain.

"D' ye mean-to live there?" exclaimed the Ancient. "Yes," said I.

"Yes," said I. "Then you bean't afraid o' the ghost?" "No." I answered. "P'r'aps you be one o' they fules as think theer bean't no ghosts?" "As to that." I answered. "I don't know, but I don't think I should be much afraid, and it is a great blessing to have some spot on this unfriendly world that we can call 'home'-even though it be but a hut, and haunted." In a little while the path we followed led up a somewhat steep ascent which, though not so precipitous as the place where I had entered the hollow, was a difficult climb, notwithstanding: seeing

difficult climb, notwithstanding; seeing which, I put out a hand to aid my aged companion. But he repuised me almost sharply: "Let be," he panted, "let be, nobody's

never 'elped me up this 'ere path, an' nobody never shall!" So up we went, the Anclent and I, side by side, and very slowly, until, the summit being reached be seated himself, spent and breathless, upon a fallen tree, which had doubless served this purpose many times before, and mopped at his wrinkled brow with a

"Ye see." he cried, as soon as he had recovered his breath sufficiently, "ye see. I be wunnerful spry an' active-could dance ye a hornpipe any day, if I was so minded "

my word," said I, "I believe you But where are you going now?" "On could!

could! But where are you going now?" "To Siss'n'urat?" "How far is that?" "Bout a mile acroat ' fields, you can see the pint o' Joel Amos's cast-'ouss above the trees yonder." "Is there a good inn at Sissinghurst?" "Ay, there's "The Bull' comfortable, an' draws fine ale!" "Then I will go to fissinghurst." "Ay, ay," nodded the old man, "if it be good ale an a comfortable inn you want you need seek no further norr Bis-'n'hurst: ninety an' one years I've lived there, an' I know." "Ninety-one years!" I repeated. "As ever was! returned the Ancient.

"n'hurst; ninety an' one years I've lived there, an' I know." "Ninety-one years!" I repeated. "As ever was! returned the Ancient, with another nod. "I be the oldest man in these parts' cept David Relf, an' 'e died last year." "Why then, if he's dead, you must be the oldest." said I. "No." said the Ancient, shaking his head, 'ye see it be this way: David wer my brother, an' uncommon proud 'e were o' hein' the oldest man in these pearts, an' now that 'e be dead an' gone it du seem a poor thing-ah! a very poor thing - to tak' 'vantage of a dead man, an' him my own brother!" Saying which, the Ancient rose, and we want on together, and by ide, toward Hisioghuret village.

CHAPTER XX.

"THE BULL" is a plain. square, white-I washed building, with a sloping root, and before the door an open portico, wherein are set two scale of which one may sit of a submy offermed will a star

"Sarves un right tu" retorted Job, fur-tively rubbing his left knee. "But what'll 'e do wl'out a 'elper?"

Persisted Simon. "Lord knows!" returned the Ancient; "unless Job thinks better of it."

"Not me," said that individual, feeling his right elbow with tender solicitude. "I'm done wi' Black Jarge, I am. 'E nigh broke my back for me once afore, but this is the last time.' I never solicitude. broke my back for me once afore, but this is the last time; I never swing a sledge for Black Jarge again—danged if I du!" "And 'Im to mend th' owd church screen up to Cranbrook Church," sighed the An-cient: "a wunnerful screen, a wunnerful screen! older nor mo—ah! a sight older —hunneds and hunneds o' years older— they wouldn't let nobody touch it but Black Jarge."

they wouldn't let nobody touch it but Black Jarge." "'E be the best smith in the South Country!" nodded Simon. "Ay, an' a bad man to work for as ever was!" growled Job. "I'll work for 'e no more: my mind's made up, an' when my mind's made up theer bean't no movin' me—like a rock I be!" "'T would ha' been a fine thing for a Siss'n'urst man to ha' mended t' owd screen." said the Ancient. "'T would that!" nodded Simon, "a shame it is as it should go to others." Hereupon, having finished my ale, I rose.

"Be you 'm a-goin', young maister?"

inquired the Ancient. "Why, that depends," said I. "I under-stand that this man, Black George, needs a helper, so I have decided to go and offer

my services." "You!" exclaimed Job, staring in open-mouthed amazement, as did also the other

two, "Why not?" I rejoined. "Black George needs a holper, and I need

"My chap," said Job warningly, "don't ye do it. You be a tidy, sizable chap, but Black Jarge ud mak' no more o' you than I should of a babby-don't ye do it." "Better not." said Simon. "On the contrary." I returned, "better run a little bodily risk and satisfy one's hunger, rather than lie safe but famishing beneath some hedge or rick-what do you think, Ancient". The old man isaned forward and peered up at me sharply beneath his banging

up at me sharply beneath his banging brows.

p at me rows. "Weil?" said L. "You 'm right!" he nodded, "and a man w! eyes the like o' yourn bean't one as t is easy to turn asids, even though it do be Black Jarge as tries." "Then," said Job, as I took up my staff, "If your back's broke, my chap-why, don't go for to blame me, that's all! You be a sight too cocksure-ah, that you be!"

"I'm thinkin' Black Jarge would find this chap a bit different to Job," re-marked the Ancient. "What do 'ee think.

marked the Ancient. What do 'ee think. Simon?"
"Looks as if 'e might take a good blow, ahi and give one, for that matter," re-turned the Innkeeper, studying me with haif-closed eyes, and his head to 'one side, as I have seen artists look at ple-tures. "He be preity wide in the shoul-dere, and full in the chest, and, by the look of him, quick on 'is pins." "You've been a fightin man, Simon, and you ought to know-but he 've got summat better still." "And what suight that be, Gaffer?" is-quired the Innkeeper. "A good, straight, Bright eye, Simon, wi's look in it as says, I will'."

(CONTINUED TOMORHOW.)



5

and S

This is my son. He's just left school, you know, and wants to get a com-

mission; but he doesn't know what to join." "Well, if you think it would be any help, I daresay I could get you an in-troduction to Lord Kitchener. You see, a nephew of mine has joined his army."

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

5

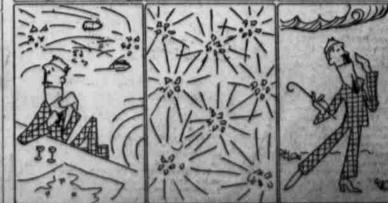
Millicent-The rapidity with which he took it up again as soon as we were married.

tion?"









A War Correspondent- According to Illmanif



we became engaged.

"Where did you spend your vaca-"At my wife's mother's."

"Have a good time?" "I told you I was at my wife's mother's, didn't I?"

Millicent-There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco wifen Phyllis-What is that astonishing thing?