

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

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

By JEFFERY FARNOL

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued)
I saw the smooth gravel was cut up by the coming and going of many...

cracklin' flame o' lightnin'. I mind I'd been up to th' farm a-courtin' o' Nancy Brent...

"Well," he continued slowly, "I lifted th' latch, an' give a push to the door, but it would only open a crack...

"A boot!" I exclaimed. "A boot as ever was," nodded the Ancient, and took a pinch of snuff with great apparent gusto.

CHAPTER XIX
THE sun was high when I came to a place where the ways divided, and...

"Then you be afraid o' the ghost?" "No," I answered. "Praps you be one o' they fules as think there be no ghosts."

"I was wondering how it came to be built in such an out-of-the-way spot." "It was built by a wanderin' man."

CHAPTER XX
THE BULL is a plain, square, white-washed building, with a sloping roof...

SCRAPPLE



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.



Man's Way. Daughter—If my husband ever does anything I don't like, he'll find himself in hot water. Father—My child, a man is like an egg. Keep in hot water a little while he may boil soft, but keep him there long and he hardens!



THE PADDED CELL. THESE NEW COLLARS. HERE, PUSS, PUSS, PUSS!



Enthusiastic Visitor—I think all you nurse deserve to have medals. Nurse—Well, we are certainly offered plenty of claps.



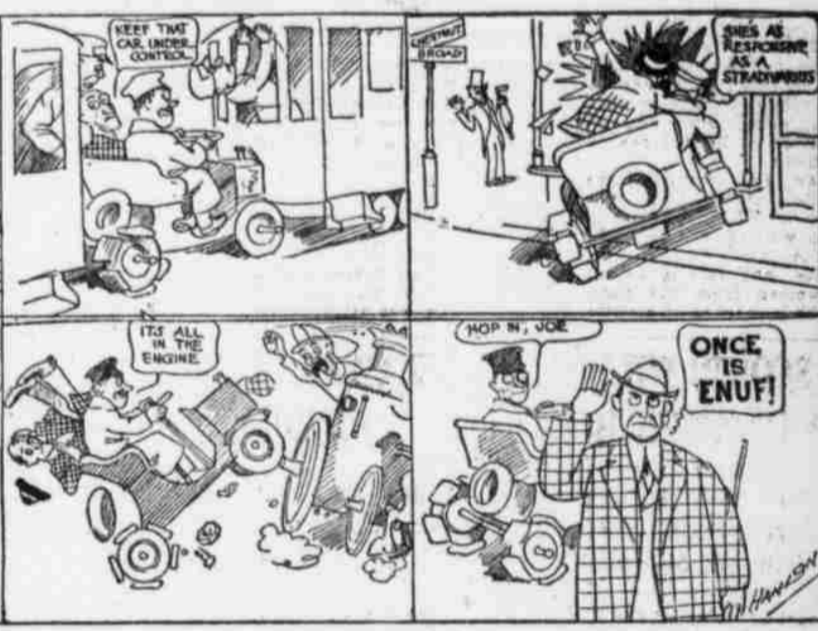
Had No Brains. A psychologist came upon a hard-working Irishman toiling, bare-headed, in the street.



Not to Be Caught. Two holiday-makers in Devonshire caught a glimpse of Dartmoor Prison while strolling along.



AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



ONCE IS ENUF! Millicent—There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged.



Presto Change. A Superfluous Question. "Where did you spend your vacation?" "At my wife's mother's."



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. This is my son. He's just left school, you know, and wants to get a commission; but he doesn't know what to do.



A War Correspondent—According to Hissell