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

corright 1915, Little, Brown & Co.

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CHAPTER XX .- (Continued). HI but what o' Jarge?" cried Job. A "Black Jarge don't mind a man's 'tept to black frequent; 'e don't nothin', nor nobody."

mind nothin', nor nobody."
"Job," said the Ancient, tapping his suffice, "ther's some things as is better nor sert, big muscles, and gert, strong fists-if you wasn't a danged fule yer'd know what I mean. Young man," he went on, turning to me," you puts me in mind o' what I were at your age—though, to be sure, I were taller 'n you about five or six inches, maybe more-don't so for to be too cocksure for that black Jarge aren't to be

all that black Jarge aren't to be seed at."

"And if you must 'it un," added the Imkeeper. "why, so for the chim-theer aren't a better place to 'it a man than on the chin, if so be you can thump it fight-and 'ard enough. I mind 't was so I put out Tom Brock o' Bedford—a sweet, blow it were too, though I do say

"Thank you!" said I; "should it come to fighting, which Heaven forfend, I shail certainy remember your advice." Saying which, I turned away, and crossed the road to the open door of the smithy, very conscious of the three pairs of eyes that watched me as I went. Upon the threshold of the forge I

Upon the threshold of the forge I paused to look about me, and there, sure snuigh, was the smith. Indeed a fine, big fellow he was, with great shoulders, and a mighty chest, and arms whose bulging muscles showed to advantage in the red glow of the fire. In his left hand be grasped as pair of tongs wherein was set a glowing iron scroll, upon which he beat with the hammer in his right. I good watching until, having beaten out its glow from the iron, he plunged the arcell back into the fire, and fell to blowing with the bellows. But now, as I haked more closely at him, I almost fabled if this could be Black George, after all, for this man's hair was of a gathered, all newly come from field or farmyard for most of them carried rake was you may sometimes see in a summer fay st evening. And yet again, his massive size would seem to proclaim him the famous Black George, and no other. It was with something of doubt in my mind nevertheless, that I presently stepped into the smithy and accosted him.

"Are you Black George?"I inquired At sound of my voice, he let go the dle of the bellows, and turned; as I shed, I saw his brows draw suddenly erether, while the golden hairs of his eard seemed to curl upward. "Suppose I be?"

"Then I wish to speak with you." "He that what you 'm come for?"

"He you come far?"
"Tex."
"That's a pity."
"Why?"

"Cause you'll 'ave a good way to go

"Wast do you mean?"
"Wast do you mean?"
"Well, fer one thing, I means as ant like your looks, my chap."
"And why don't you like my looks?"
"Lord" exclaimed the

"Lord" exclaimed the smith. "'ow seals I know-but I don't-of that I'm arth sure. You was wishful to speak 'me. I think?" he inquired. Tex." I answered. All" nodes.

Tea." I answered.

"Ah!" nodded the smith, "to be sure,"

"Al." I began a little put out at this,

"It," I began, a little put out at this,

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"It," I began, a little put out at this,

"It," I began, a little put out at this,

"I was a song I came

o knew well later.

well later. ye, seeing he was determined to give no chance to speak. I presently seated self close by, and fell to singing like-

louder he roared, the louder roared louder he roared, the louder roared ill the place fairly rang with the fa so much that, chancing to look at the open doorway. I saw the sat, with Simon. Job, and several st. oo the opposite side of the way, at open-mouthed, as well they to But still the smith and I consider the same of the way at the way

in me if I like that voice o' yourn!

with the sure, I don't sing very so, I answered.
Which I mean to say, is a very good sr, ah a very good thing!"
And to I pretend to sing.
Then why do 'se try now?'
For company's sake."
Well, I don't like it; I've 'ad enough

in, I don't like it; I've 'ad enough in, 'said I. 'suppose you listen to have to say?'

by ne manner o' meana."

a what do you propose to do?'

" said the smith, rising and ing aimself, 'since you ax me, I'm he pitch you out o' you door."

Insy try, of course." said I, ting the distance between us with 'but if you do, seeing you are he the higger and stronger man, curtainly fetch you a knock with if of mine which I think you will ser for many a day."

"Ing. I some and stopped out into interfer many a day."

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Ing. I some and stopped out into interfer many a day."

Ing. I some and stopped out into interfer many a face of my the crown of my hat and down inches up his hammer in an annual man, looked it over as if he is seen such a thing before, liste a corner, and, seating him-the anvil, folded his arms. All merry twinkle leapt into the class of his ever, and I naw the am of a smile.

"O' se want man?" said he.

"excupes, with a sudden resture, 'nor star out through the open had and fedded my an and some as me.

By JEFFERY FARNOL

"But suppose I was to come for 'ee now?"

"But you won't."
"You be a strange sort o' chap!" said
he, shaking his head.

"So they tell me."

"And what does the likes o' you want wi' the likes o' me?"

"Work!"

"Know anythin' about smithin'?"

"Not a thing."

"Th' owd church screen, yes."
"And are in need of a helper?"
"Ah! to be sure—but you aren't got the look o' a workin' cove. I never see a workin' cove wi' 'ands the like o' yourn, so white as a woman's they be."
"I have worked herd enough in my time, nevertheless," said I.
"What might you 'ave done, now?"
"I have translated Petronius Arbiter, also Quintilian, with a literal rendering into the English of the Memoires of the Sieur de Brantome."
"Oh," exclaimed the smith, "that sounds a lot! anything more?"
"Yes," I answered: "I won the high jump, and throwing the hammer."
"Throwin' the 'ammer!" repeated Black George musingly; "was it anything like

George musingly; "was it anything like that theer?" And he pointed to a sledge near by. "Something," I answered.

"And you want work?"
"I do."

"Tell 'ee what, my fellow, if you can

laked more closely at him, I almost dishted if this could be Black George, after all, for this man's hair was of a bight gold, and curied in tight rings spot his brow, 'while, instead of the Mack, sowling visage I had expected, I best a ruddy, open, well-featured lace at of which looked a pair of eyes of a time you may sometimes see in a summer two sizes would seem to proclaim him the lamous Black George, and no other. It was with something of doubt in my taken aback, for heads were shaken, and taken aback, for heads were shaken, and glances wandered from the smith and myself to the Ancient, and back again.

"Well, I'll be danged!" exclaimed Job. "I knowed it! I knowed it!" exed the Ancient, rubbing his hands and chuckling. "Knowed what, Gaffer?" inquired Black

George, as we came up. "Why, I knowed as this young chap would come out a-walkin' 'pon his own two legs, and not like Job, a-rollin' and a-wallerin' in the dust o' th' road—like a

hog."
"Why, y'see, Gaffer," began the smith, almost apologetically it seemed to me, "it do come sort o' nat'ral to heave the likes o' Job about a bit—Job's made for might say, but this chap's differ-

"So 'e be, Jarge-so 'e be!" nodded the "Though, mark me, Gaffer, I aren't nohow in love wi' this chap neither—'e gabs too much to suit use, by a long

sight!"
"'E do that!" chimed in Job, edging nearer; "what I see is, if 'e do get 'is back broke, 'e aren't got nobody to blame but 'isself—so cocksure as 'e be."

"Job," said the Ancient, "hold thee tongue."

"Job." said the Ancient, "hold thee tongue."
"I sez 'e's a cocksure cove," repeated Job doggedly, "an' a cocksure cove 'e be; what do 'ee think, Jarge?"
"Job." returned the smith, "I don't chuck a man into t' read and talk wi! 'im both in the same day."
In this conversation I bore no part, busying myself in drawing out a wide circle in the dust, a proceeding watched by the others with much interest, and not a few wondering comments.
"What be goin' to do wi! 'ammer, Jarge?" inquired the Ancient.
"Why," explained the smith, "this chap thinks 'e can throw it further nor me." At this there was a general laugh. "If so be e' can," pursued Black George, "then 'e comes to work for me at 'is own price, but if I beat 'im, then 'e must stand up to me wi' 'is fists for ten minutes."

minutes."
"Ten minutes!" cried a voice; "'s won't
last five—see if 'e do."
"Feel sorry for un," said a second, "'e
do be so pale as a sheet a'ready,"
"So would you be if you was in 'is
shoes!" chimed in a third; whereat there

shoes!" chimed in a third; whereat there was a general laugh.
Indeed, as I looked round the ring of grinning, unresponsive faces, it was plain to see that all sympathy was against the stranger, as is the way of bird, beast, fish, but especially man, the world over—and I experienced a sudden sense of ionelineas which was. I think, only natural. Yet, as I put my hand to loose the strap of my knapsack, I encountered another already there, and, turning, beheld Simon the innkseper.

ready there, and, turming, the whisthe innkeeper.
"If it do come to fightin'," he whispered close in my ear, "if it do come to
fightin', and I'm fair sure it will, keep
away as much as you can; you look quick
on your pins. Moreover, whatever you
do, watch 'is right, and when you do see
a chance to strike, go for 'his chin-a
little to one side—and strike danged
'and'"

ititle to one side—and strike danged 'ard'"

"Many thanks for your friendly advice," said I. with a grateful nod and, slipping off my coat, would have handed it to him but that the Ancient hobbled up, and, tahing it from me, folded it extentationally across his arm.

"Mark my words, Simon," said he, "this young chap is as like what I were at his age as one pea is to another—I says so, and I means so."

"Come," said Riack George, at this juncture, "I've work weitin' to be dene, and my forge fire will be out."

"I'm quite ready," said I, stepping forward, it was now arranged that, standing alternately within the circle, we should each have three throws—whoever alouid make the two best throws is wis. Herenpen, the synth took his place within the circle, hammer in band.

"Why did 'ee do that?" he inquired, staring.
"Because I don't think I shall need it after all."
"No." "No," answered Black George, metion-ing the onlookers to stand back, "Twe got th' 'ammer, and I'll throw first."

Now, as probably every one knows, it is one thing to swing a sledge-hammer in the ordinary way but quite another to throw it any distance, for there is required, besides the bodily strength, a certain amount of knowledge, without which a man is necessarily handicapped. Thus, despite my opponent's great strength of arm, I was fairly sanguine of the result.

"Work!" Who a thing."
"Not a thing."
"Then why do "se come 'ere!"
"The learn."
"More fool you!" said the smith.
"Whys!"
"Because smithin' is 'ard work, and dirty work, and hot work, and work as is badly paid nowadays."
"Then why are you a smith?"
"My feyther was a smith afore me,"
"And is that you only reason."
"My only reason."
"My only reason."
"Then you are the greater fool."
"You think so, do ye?"
"Certainly."
"Supposin', add Black George, siroking his golden beard reflectively, "supposin' I was to get up and break your neck for that."
"Then you would, at least, save me from the folly of becoming a smith."
"I don't," said Black George, shaking his head, "no, I do not like you."
"I sm sorry for that."
"Because," he went on, "you've got the gift o' the gab, and a gabbing man is worse than a gabbing woman."
"You can gab your share, if it comes to that," said I.
"Can I?"
"You can, gab your share, if it comes to that," said I.
"Can I?"
"You can, gab your share, if it comes to the look of a workin' cove, I never see a very quite soul—lambs bean't quieter, but I won't answer for that neck o' yourn if I get took—so look out!"
"I' understand you have an important piece of work on hand," said I, changins the subject."
"Th' wow church screen, yes."
"An' to be sure—but you aren't got the look o' a workin' cove. I never see a workin' cove u' 'ands the like o' yourn, so white as a woman's they be," "I have worked head enough in my time, nevertheless, said I.
"One workin' cove u' 'ands the like o' yourn, so white as a woman's they be," "I have worked head enough in my time, nevertheless, said I.
"One workin' cove u' 'ands the like o' workin' cove u' 'ands the like o' a workin' cove u' 'ands the like o' a

The excitement now waxed high, and many started off to measure the distance for themselves, shouting one to another as they went. As for the smith, he stood as they went. As for the smith, he stood beside me whistling, and I saw that the twinkle was back in his eyes again. "One hunner and twenty!" cried half-a-dozen voices. "And a half," corrected Job, thrusting

the hammer into my hand and grinning.
"Can 'ee beat that?" inquired Black George again. "Ay, can 'ee beat that?" echoed the

"It was a marvelous throw" said I. shaking my head. And indeed, in my heart I knew I could never hope to equal. much less beat, such a mighty cast. I therefore decided on strategy, and, with this in mind, proceeded in a leisurely fashion once more to mark out the circle, which was obliterated in places, to flatten the surface underfoot, to roll up my sleeves and tighten my belt; in fine, I ob-served all such precautions as a man might be expected to take before some

supreme effort.
At length, having done everything I could think of to impress this idea upon the onlookers, I took up the hammer. "Means to do it this time!" cried the man with the rake, knocking off Job's hat in his excitement, as, with a tremendous swing, I made my second throw. There was a moment's breathless silence as the hammer hurtled through the air, then, like an echo to its fall, came a shout of laugh-ter, for the distance was palpably far short of the giant smith's last. A moment later Job came pacing up and announced:
"Eighty-seven!" Hereupon arose a very babel of voices:

"You've got un beat a'ready, Jarge!"
"Well, I knowed it from the start!"
"Let un alone," cried Simon, "e've got another chance yet."
"Much good it'il do 'im!"

"Ah! might as well give in now, and take 'is thrashin' and ha' done wi' it." That my ruse had succeeded with the crowd was evident; they-to a man-be-lieved I had done my best, and already regarded me as hopelessly beaten. My chance of winning depended upon whether the smith, deluded into a like belief, should content himself with just beating my last throw, for, should be again exert his mighty strength to the uttermost, I

felt that my case was indeed hopeless.

It was with a beating heart, therefore, that I watched him take his place for the last throw. His face were a confident smile, but nevertheless he took up the hammer with such a businesslike air that my heart sank, and, feeling a touch upon

my arm, I was glad to turn away,
"I be goin' to fetch a sponge and
water," said Simon.

water." said Simon.
"A sponge and water!"
"Ah! Likewise some vinegar—theer's nothin' like vinegar—and remember—the chin, a little to one side preferred."
"So then you think I shall be beaten?"
"Why, I don't say that, but it's hest to

e prepared, aren't it, now?"
And, with a friendly nod, the innkeeps and, with a friendly hod, the innkeeper turned away. In that same minute there arose another shout from the crowd as they greeted Black George's last throw, and Job, striding up, announced: "Ninoty-eight!"

Then, while the air still echoed with

plaudits, I stepped into the ring, and, eatching up the hammer, swung it high catching up the game and, at the full length of my arms, began to wheel it. The from spun faster and faster till, setting my teeth, with the whole force of every fibre, every nerve and muscle of by body, I

every nerve and muscle of by body. I let it fly.

The blood was throbbing at my temples and my breath coming fast as I watched its curving flight. And now all voices were hushed so that the ring of the iron could be plainly heard as it struck the hard road, and all eyes watched Job as he began pacing towards us. As he drew pager I could been him counting to him. nearer I could hear him counting to him-

'Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-saven, ninety-sight, ninety-nine, one hundred one one, one hundred and two—one hundred and two!" Next moment, as it seemed to me, an in-articulate Ancient was desperately trying to force me into my coat, wrong side first.

articulate Ancient was desperately trying to force me into my coat, wrong side first, and Simon was shaking my hand.

"You tricked me!" oried a voice, and turning I found Blast George confronting me with cleached flats.

"And how did I trick you?"

"I could ha chucked farther nor that."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I thought you was beat. I say you fricked me."

"And I tell you the match was a fair one from start to finish!"

"Put up your hande!" said the smith, advancing in a threatening manner.

"No," said I. "a bargain is a bargain." and turning my back upon him, I fell to watching the man with the rake, who, not content with Job's word, was busily pacing out the distance for himself.

"Put up your hands!" repeated Black George hoarsely.

"For the last time, no," said I over my shoulder. "Strike me if you will." I went on, seing him raise his flat, "I shall not defend myself, but I tell you this, Slack George, the first blow you strike will brand you coward, and no housest man."

man."
"Coward, is it?" cried he, and, the word, had seized me in a grip crushed my flesh, and sigh swung me my fest: "coward is it?" he repeated

(CONTINUED TOMOBROW

SCRAPPLE



THE V.C.



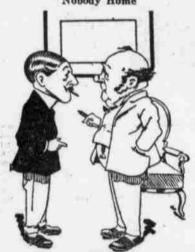
THE PADDED CELL



HIS BAYS

AGROAD.

Mother-Why Johnny, what do you mean by counting instead of saying Johnny-Oh, I forgot. I thought I was playing hide and seek.



"Sometimes; but there is no danger in your case.



Jerrold—I can't get any speed out of that car you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it. Hobart—So I was, old chap. For obstructing the highway.



Stingy Parent (who has just received the bill for the new hat)—I tell you, Ethel, it's much too little to fit your head and a little too much to fit my pocket.

"Funny you never hear Jiggs men-tion his golf any more."
"Not at all. His wife has taken up the game."—Buffalo Express.

Father's saving up for coal, Mother's canning fruit, And little Jack would give his soul For another baseball suit.



"Seen any ball games lately?" "No, I'm saving my grandmothers for the world's series."

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Unexpected Results

"George," said the man who had been a trusted friend, "I have a con-fession to make." "Spit her out," said the inelegant "I have allenated your wife's affec-

"Well, how much do I owe you?"

Liked the Eats "Did the new cook come this morn-

"Dropped in about 12."
"How do things seem to suit her?"
"Well, she liked the lunch I gave
her so we'l that she has agreed to
stay for dinner."—Louisyille Courier



No, this ten't a would be the to design the coming and the copies of a hotel proprietes taking the evening most