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

Tale of 19th Century Engagement of the continued only 10 primas (875) by the country only 19 primas (875) by the seathed only 10 primas (1900,000). The first day, which is the highest of the broad of the highest of the seathed only 10 primas do start the money is gone.

In first day, which passeling as a ballows a highway man is hausing as a ballows as highway man is hausing as a ballows as highway man is hausing as a ballows as highway man is new minutes before. If the continues a seathed the seathed of the seathed

CHAPTER XX-(Continued).

TYPES," said I, "none but a coward Could attack an unresisting man." for a full minute we stood thus, starinto each other's eyes, and once again what would hav

and outwards.
That would have been the end I cantasy, but there came upon the stillthe sound of flying footsteps, the d was burst asunder, and a girl before us, a tall, handsome girl raven hair, and great, flashing black

hi-you, Jarge, think shame on your-"On-you, Jarge, think shame on your-elf-think shame on yourself. Black large, Lock!" she cried, pointing a fin-scr at him, "look at the great, strong man-es is a coward!"

I felt the smith's grip relax, his arms dropped to his sides, while a deep, red gles crept up his cheek till it was lost in the clustering curis of gleaming, yel-

-" he began, in a strangeby altered voice, and stopped. The fire was gone from his eyes as they rested

By JEFFERY FARNOL

breathed hard and shuffled uneasily in "I mean, Peter, as I've beerd un," he replied slowly.

"Heard him!" I repeated incredulously; "you? Are you sure?"

"Sure as death, Peter. I've heard un a-shrickin' and a-grosnin' to 'isself, same as Gaffer 'as, and lots of others. Why. Lord bless 'ee! theer be scarce a man in these parts but 'as 'eerd um one time or another."

"Ay-I've 'eerd un, and seen un, tu!"
croaked the Ancient excitedly. "A gert,
tall think 'e be, wi' a 'ern on 'is 'ead, and
likewiss a tail; some might ha 'thought
't was the Wanderin' Man o' the Roads as
I found 'angin' on t' stapil—some on 'em
du, but I knowed better—I knowed 'twere
Old Nick 'isself, all flame and brimstone,
an' wi' a babby under 'is arm!"

"A baby" I repeated.

"A babby as ever was," nodded the Ancient.

"An you say you have heard it, too, Simon?" said I.

"Ay," nodded the innkeeper; "I went down into th' 'Oller one evenin'—'bout six months ago—wi' Black Jarge, for we 'ad a mind to knock th' owd place to places, and get rid o' the ghost that way. Well, Jarge ups wi' is 'ammer, and down comes the rotten old door wi' a crash. Jarge 'ad swung up 'is 'ammer for another blow when, all at once, theer comes a scream." Here Signon shivered involuntarily and glanged uneasily over a scream." Here Simon shivered in-voluntarily and glanced uneasily over his shoulder, and round the room.

"A scream?" said L "Ah!" nodded Simon, "but 'twere worse nor that." Here he paused again, and looking closer at him I was surprised to see that his broad, strong hands were shaking, and that his brow glistened with

"What was it like?" I inquired, struck by this apparent weakness in one so hardy and full of health,
"Twere a scream wi' a bubble in it."

he answered, speaking with an effort; "'twere like somebody shriekin' out wi' 'Is throat choked up wi' blood. Jarge and me didn't wait for no more; we run. And as we run, it follered, grossin' arter us 'till we was out upon the road, and then it shrieked at us from the bushes. Ecod! it do make me cold to talk of it. even now. Jarge left 'is best siedge be'ind 'im, and I my crowbar, and we never went back for them, nor never shall, no." Here Simon paused to mop the grizzled hair at his temples. "I tell 'ce. Peter, that place aren't fit for no man at night. If so be you'm lookin' for a bed, my chap, theer's one you can 'ave at 'The Bull,' ready and willin'. "An' gratus!" added the Ancient, tap-

"Thank you," said I, "both of you, for the offer, but I have a strange fancy to hear, and, if possible, see this ghost for myself."

'ee du it," admonished the

the sun had set ere I reached the Hollow. Yes, the sun had set, and the great Basin below me was already brimful of shadows which, as I watched, seemed to assume shapes—vast, nebulous and constantly changing—dewn there smid the purple gloom of the trees. Indeed, it looked an unholy place in the half light, a pit framed for murders and the safe hiding of tell-tale corpses, the very haunt of horrid gobilins and spectres, grim and ghastly.

So evilly did the place impress me that

So evilly did the place impress me that it needed an effort of will ere I could bring myself to descend the precipious slope. Bats flitted to and fro across my path, now and then, emitting their sharp, needlelike note, while from somewhere in the dimness beyond an owl hooted.

By the time I reached the cottage it had failen quiet dark, here in the Hollow, though the light still lingered in the world above. So I took out my tinder box and one of the candles, which, after several failures, I succeeded in lighting, and, stepping into the cottage, began to look about me.

began to look about me.

The place was small, and comprised two rooms shut off from each other by a strong partition with a door midway. Lifting the candle, I glanced at the staple on which the builder of the cottage had choked out his life so many years ago, and, calling to mind the Ancient's fierce desire to outlast it. I even reached up my hand and gave it a shake. But, despite the rust of years, the iron felt as strong and rigid as ever, so that it seemed the old man's innocent wish must go unsatisfied after all. The second room appeared much the same size as the first, and like it in all respects, till, looking upward, I noticed a square trap door in a corner, while underneath, against the wall, hung a rough ladder. This I proceeded to lift down, and, mounting, cautiously lifted the trap. Holding the candle above my head to survey this chamber, or rather garret, the first object my eye encountered was a small tin pannikin, and beyond that a stone jar, or demijohn.

Upon closer inspection I found this last Upon closer inspection I found this last

to be nearly full of water quite sweet and fresh to the taste, which of itself was sufficient evidence that some one had

was sufficient evidence that some one had been here very lately. I now observed a bundle of hay in one corner, which had clearly served for a bed, beside which were a cracked mug, a fin plate, a pair of shoes and an object I took to be part of a flute or wind instrument of some kind. But what particularly excited my interest were the shoes, which had evidently seen long and hard service, for they were much worn and had been roughly patched here and there. Very hig they were, and somewhat clumsy, thick-soled and square of toe, and with a pair of enormous silver buckles. a pair of enormous silver buckles.

These evidences led me to believe that whoever had een here before was likely to return, and, not doubting that this must be he who played the part of ghost so well, I determined to be ready for him. So, leaving all things as I found them

I descended, and, having closed the trap, hung up the ladder as I had found it. In the first of the rooms there was a rough fireplace built into one corner, and as the air struck somewhat damp and chill, I went out and gathered a quantity of twigs and dry wood, and had soon built a cheerful, crackling fire. I now set about collecting armfuls of dry leaves which I pilled against the wall for a bed. By the time this was completed to my satisfaction the moon was peeping above the treetops, filling the Hollow with far-fung shadows.

fung shadows.

I now lay down upon my leafy couch and fell to watching the fire and listening to the small, soft song of the brook outside. In the opposite wall was a window, the glass of which was long since some through which Louis are accessed. gone, through which I could see a square of sky, and the glittering belt of Orion. My eyes wandered from this to the glow of the fire many times, but gradually my head grew heavier and heavier, until at length the ctars became confused with the winking sparks upon the hearth and winking sparks upon the hearth, and the last that I remember was that the crackle of the fire sounded strangely like the voice of the Ancient croaking:

"A hijlous thing, Peter, a thing! I must have slept for an hour, or nearer two (for the room was dark, save for a few glowing embers on the hearth and the faint light of the stars at the win-dow), when I suddenly eat bolt upright. dow), when I suddenly eat bolt upright, with every tingling nerve straining as if to catch something which had but that very moment eluded me. I was yet wondering what this could be, when, from somewhere close outside the cottage, there rose a sudden cry—hideous and appailing — a long-drawn-out, bubbling scream (no other words can describe it) that died slowly down to a wall, only to rise again higher and higher, till it seemed to pierce my very brain. Then all at once it was gone, and silence rushed in upon me—a silence fraught with fear and horror unimaginable. I lay risid, the blood in my veins jumping with every throb of my heart till it seemed to shake me from head to foot. And then the cry began again, deep and hoarse the cry began again, deep and hoarse at first, but rising, rising until the air thrilled with a scream such as no earthly

lips could utter.

Now the light at the window grew stronger, and all at once a feeble shaft of moonlight crept across the floor. I was watching this most welcome beam when it was again obscured by a something, indefinable at first, but which I gradually made out to be very like. thing, indefinable at first, but which I gradually made out to be very like a human head, peering in at me; but, if this was so, it seemed a head hideously misshapen—and there, sure enough, rising from the brow, was a long, pointed h.rn.

As I lay motionless, staring at this thing, my hand, by some most fortunate chance, encountered the pistol in my pocket; and from the very depths of my soul I poured benedictions upon the honest head of Simon the Innkeeper, for its very contact seemed to restore my be-

very contact seemed to restore my be-numbed faculties. With a single bound I was upon my feet and had the weapon leveled at the window. "Speak!" said I. "speak, or I'll shoot." There was a moment of tingling suspense and then: "Oh, man, dinna do that!" said & voice

"Oh, man, dinns do that!" said & voice.
"Then come in and show yourself!"
Herewith the head incontinently disappeared, there was the sound of a heavy step, and a tall figure loomed in the doorway.
"Wait!" said I, as, fumbling about, I presently found tinder box and candle, having lighted which I turned and beheld a man—an exceedingly tail man-clad in the full habit of a Scottish Highlander. By his side hung a long, straight, basket-hilted sword, beneath one arm he carried a bagpipe, while upon his head was—not a horn—but a Scot's bonnet with a long eagle's feather.

"Oh, man," said he, exeins me with a somewhat wry smile, "I'm juist thinkin' ye're no afeared o' bogies, whateffer!"
(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

(CONTINUED MONDAY.)

2000 FEET OF LUMBER BURN Prompt Discovery of Blaze Prevents Destruction of Whole Yard

Two thousand feet of lumber were destroyed early today when sparks from a Philadelphia and Reading locomotive started a blaze on top of a 20-foot pile of lumber in the yard of Charles F. Felin & Co., York road and Butler streets. The prompt discovery of the fire by James Mooney, a watchman, prevented the entire stock of lumber from being destroyed.



SCRAPPLE



DERNIT! THERE

THE PADDED CELL



I BANE GOT

(BIG IDEA

FOR THIRD

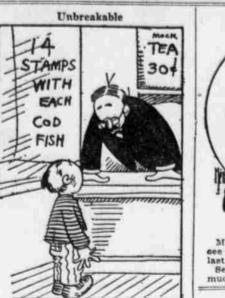
ACT!

IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT

I HAVINT SPENT A CENT OF MONEY FOR REPAIRS ON MY MACHINE SINCE I GOT IT MOST







Grocer-What will you have? Boy-I want a lamp chimney and mother says let it be as strong as the

AND A BARGAIN, TOO

"Another new hat! You should really save your money, with the price of

A Warning

butter you sold her yesterday.

Bill-A codfish weighing 80 pounds was caught off Rittery Point, Me. As it was being cut open the knife came in contact with something hard in the fish's stomach. It proved to be a six-pound flatiron. Jill-Another very good reason for

a man to keep his mouth shut when his wife is hurling flatirons.



Mistress-From your references, I see you've had four places in the last month.
Servant-Yes'm; that shows how



EVERYBODY HAS THE MOVIE "BUG"

AS USUAL

A Contortionist

Billy-This sallor must have been an

acrobat. Here the book says "Having

lit his pipe he sat down on his chest."



"Did she tell her age?"

-The Passing Show,



Behind the Scenes

He—I saw your understudy as I came in. How is she getting along? She—I don't know and I don't care. He—That's unkind of you, for she's always willing to take your part.

Not Interested "I wish, Mrs. Nursch, you would come over some time and see my aplary."

"Thank you, Mr. Jiggs, but really monkeys never interested me."

SONGS WITH OUT WORDS



"With a single bound I was upon my feet, and had the weapon leveled at the window

was something infinitely woe-be-and pitiful in the droop of his to the beautiful, flushed face of the law her eyes grow wonderfully tank sweet, and brim over with tears, a when Black George had betaken maif back to his smithy, she also ned, and, crossing swiftly to the inn, maked through its open doorway.

he 've a fine sperrit, 'ave that darter fourn, Simon, a fine sperrit. Oh! a sperrit as ever was!" chuckled the

"Frue are n't afeard o' Black Jargeer was," returned Simon; "she can hase un-allus could; you'll mind she id allus tame Black Jarge wi' a look.

"Ah! she 'm a gran'darter to be proud b. be Prue." nodded the Ancient, "an' mud I be tu!"
"What," said I, "Is she your daughter,

id your granddaughter, Ancient?"

The then be, that she be."

The then, Simon must be your son."

on as ever was!" nodded the old

"and a goodish son 'e be tu-oh,
sen worse."

Is now." added Simon, "come in.
The shall taste as fine a jug of ale
hire be in all Kent."

"ait," said the old man, laying his
upon my arm, "Twe took to you,
se chap, took to you amaxin'; what
if your name be?"

"ar." I snawered.

sood name, a fine name," nodded

good name, a fine name," nodded

reter-Simon," said he, glancing from
to the other of us. "Simon-Peter;
into me o' the deciple of our blessed
d, if du; a fine name be Peter."
to Pater I became to him henceforth
to the whole village. CHAPTER XXI

to after the Ancient and Simon and I lad very creditably emptied the jus on we I rose to depart. said the Ancient, "wheer be

and wheer he that?" ottage in the Hollow," said I. st-th' 'aunted cottage?" he cried.

I nodded; "from what I saw of ik, with a little repairing, it might very well." he ghost?" cried the old man; fornet the ghost?"
I have heard of a ghost really aby one yet. I answered, said mimon, quietly, "I sell sure o' that. I wouldn't he place, myself; once is

if t, "what do you come by

m her, and he made a movement as uph he would have reached out his don't 'ee du it. Feter."

"Why, Prue—" he sald again, but had suddenly, and, turning away, his back toward his forge without ther word. On he went, looking ther to right nor left, and I thought ther was something infinitely woe-be-

some bread and meat—no matter what— I'll be off, for I should like to get there before dusk," Nodding gloomlly, Simon rose and went out, whereupon the Ancient leaned over and laid a yellow, clawifke hand upon

my arm. "Peter," said he, "Peter, I've took to

"Peter," said he, "Peter. I've took to you amazin'; just a few inches taller—say a couple—an' you'd he the very spit o' what I were at your age—the very spit."
"Thank you, Ancient!" said I, laying my hand on his.
"New, Peter, 'twould be a hijious thing—a very hijious thing, if when I come a-gatherin' watercress in the marnin', I should find you adengtin' or it wiscil. should find you a-danglin' on t' stapil, cold and stiff—like t' other, or lyin' a corp wi' your throat cut; 'twould be a hijious, hijious thing, Peter—but, oh! 't would mak' a fine story in the tellin'."
In a little while Simon returned with

In a little while Simon returned with the candles, a tinder-box and a parcel of bread and meat, for which he gloomly but persistently refused payment. Last of all he produced a small, brass-bound pistol, which he insisted on my taking. "Not as it'll be much use again' a ghost," said he, with a gloomy shake of the head, "but a pistol's a comfortable thing to 'ave in a lonely place—'specially if that place be very dark." Which last, if something illogical, may be none the

if something illogical, may be none the

So, having shaken each by the hand, I bade them good night and set off along the darkening road.

CHAPTER XXII NOW, as I went, my mind was greatly exercised as to a feasible explana-

tion of what I had just heard. That a man so old as the ancient should "see things" I could readily believe by reason of his years, for great age is often subject to such hallucinations, but with
Simon, a man in the prime of his life,
it was a different matter altogether.
That he had been absolutely sincere in
his story I had read in his dilating eye
and the involuntary shiver that had
passed over him white he spoke. Here,
indeed, though I scouted all idea of supernatural agency, there lay a mystery
that piqued my curiosity not a little.
Ghosts!-pehaw! What being, endowed
with a reasoning mind, could allow himself to think, let alene believe in, such
folis? Ghosts-fiddle-de-dee, sir!
Yet here, and all at once, like an
enemy from the dark, old stories leaped
at and seized me by the throat: old
tales of spectres grim and bloody, of
goblins and haunted houses from whose
dim desolation strange sounds would
come; tales long since heard and forgot
-till now.
Ghosts! Why, the road was full of of his years, for great age is often aub-

come; tales long since heard and norgot come; tales long since heard was full of them; they crowded upon my beels, they peared over my shoulders: I felt, them brush my elbows and heard them gibbering at me from the shadows.

And the sun was estiling already! (thosts! And way not? There are more things in heaven and marth than are dynamed of in your philosophy.)



"Will you love me forever and a "Oh, I say, can't I get a day off for good behavior?



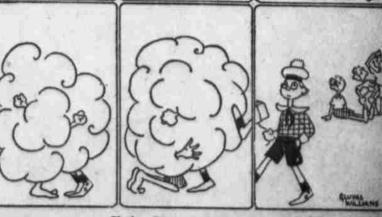
"Are you going abroad on an art scholarship?"

"No, on a cattleship."

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME







Clothes Don't Make the Man

A New Instructor

