THE PADDED CELL

WHEN WIFE ASKS YOU TO BRING IN HER SEWING THE FRONT FORCH DON'T PUT ANYTHME YOUR POCKETS.

## THE BROAD HIGHWA

WHO are you?" said I, in no very CHAPTER XXIII. gentle tone.

"Donal's my name, str, an' if ye had an e'e for the tartan, ye'd ken I was a Stuart.

"And what do you want here, Donald Stuart?" "The verra question she'd askin' ye'sel

what' gars ya tae come gowkin' an' spierin' aboot here at sic an hour?" "It is my intention to live here, for the future," said I.

"Hoot toot! ve'll be no meanin' te?" "But I do mean it," said I. "Eh, man! but ye maun ken the place

is no canny, what wi' pixies, an' warlocks, an' kelpies, forbye-" "Indeed, they told me it was haunted, but I determined to see for myself."

"Weel?"

nothing worse than a wandering Scots The Highlander smiled his wry smile,

"Well. I am glad to find it haunted by

and taking out a snuffbox, inhaled a plach, regarding me the while. "Ye're the first as ever stayed-after they'd heard the first bit squeakie, tae

"But how in the world did you make such awful sounds?" "I'm thinkin' it's the bit squeakie ye'll be meanin'?" he inquired.

find out if 't were a real bogle or no."

"Yes; how did you do it?" "Oh, it's juist the pipes!" he answered, patting them affectionately, "will I show

ye the noo?" 'Pray do," said I. Hereupon he the mouthpiece to his lips, inflated the bas, stopped the vents with his fingers, and immediately the air vibrated with the bubbling stream I have already attempted to describe.

"Oh, man!" he exclaimed, laying the still groaning instrument gently aside, "But what has been your object in terrifying people out of their wits in this

"Str. it's a' on account o' the snuff." "Snuff!" I repeated.

"Juist that!" he nodded.
"Snuff," said I again; "what do you The piper smiled again-a slow smile,

that seemingly dawned only to vanish sgain; it was, indeed, if I may so express it, a grave and solemn smile, and his nearest approach to mirth, for not ence in the days which followed did I ever see him give vent to a laugh. The piper smiled, then, and, unwinding the plaid from his shoulder, spread it upon the floor and sat cown.
"Ye maun ken," he began, "that I hae muckle love for the snuff, an' snuff is

unco expenseeve in these parts."
"Well?" said I. "Ye maun ken, in the second place, at ma brither Alan canna' abide the

"Your brother Alan!" said I wonder-

"Ma brither Alan," he nodded gravely. "But what of him, what has he to do

"Man, bide a wee. I'm comin' tae that.
"Go on, then," said I, "I'm listening. "Weel, I'd nae ye tae ken I'm a braw, bonnie piper, an' ma brither Alan, he's a bonnie piper, too-no sic a fair graund piper as me, bein' somewhat uncertain wi' his 'warblers,' ye ken, but a bonnie piper, whateffer. Aweel, mebbe, a year syne, I fell in love wi' a lassie, which wad ha' been a' richt if ma brither Alan hadna' fallen in love wi' her, too, so that she, puir lassie, didna' ken which tae tak'. 'Donal,' says Alan, 'can ye no love anither lassie; she can no marry the twa o' us, that's sure! "Then Alan, says I, 'we'll juist play for her." Which I think ye'll own was a graund idee, only the lassic couldna' juist mak' up her mind which o' us piped the best. So the end of it was we agreed, ma brither Alan an' I, to pipe oor way through England for a year, an' the man wha came back wi' the maist siller should

'And a very fair proposal," said I,

"Wheest, man! just here's where we come to the snuff, for, look ye, every time I bought a paper o' snuff I minded me that ma brither Alan, not takkin' it himself, was so much siller tae the gude-an'-oh, man' it used tae grieve me sair-till, one day. I lighted on this bit hoosie." "Well?" said I.

"What, d'ye no see it?"
"No, indeed." I answered.
"Eh, man! ma brither Alan doesna'
buy the snuff, but he must hae a roof tae
shelter him an' a bed tae lie in o' nights, shelter him an' a bed tae lie in o' nights, an' pay for it, too, ye ken, fourpence, or a bawbee, or a shillin', as the case may be, whiles here I hae baith for the takkin'. An', oh, man! many's the nicht I've slept the sweeter for thinkin' o that saxpence or shillin' that Alan's a-partin' wi' for a bed little better than mine. So, wishfu' tae keep this bit hoosie tae my-sel-seein' 't was haunted as they ca' it—I juist kep' up the iliusion on account o' trampers, wanderin' gipsies, an' sic-like diriy tykes. Eh! but 'twas fair graund tae see 'em rinnin' awa' as if the de'il were after them, spierin' back o'er their shoulders, an' a' by reason of a bit squeakie o' the pipes, here. An' so, sir, ye hae it."

I now proceede, to build and relight

ye has it."

I now proceeded to build and relight the fir during which the Scot drew a packet of bread and cheese from his sporran, together with a flask which, having uncorked, he held out to me with the one word, "Whuskey!"

"Thank you, Donald, but I rarely drink arothless stronger than ale," and I.

anything stronger than ale," said I.
"Aweel!" said he, "If ye winna', ye
winna', an' there's but a wee drappie left, tae be sure." Whereupon, after two or three generous gulps, he addressed him-self to his bread and cheese, and I, fol-

Simon had provided.

"An' ye're minded tae bide here, ye tell me?" he inquired, after a while.

"Yes," I nodded, "but that need not interfere with you—two can live here as easily an one, and, now that I have had a good look at you, I think we might get along very well together."

"Sir," said he, solemnly, "my race is royal—I am a Stuart—here's a Stuart's hand," and he reached out his hand to me across the hearth with a gesture that was full of a reposeful dignity. Indeed. never remember to have seen Donaid nything but dignified.

do you find life in these parts?"

## By JEFFERY FARNOL

That is a question open to argument, "That is a question open to argument, Donald," said I; "can anyone play real music on a baspipe, think you?"
"Sir," returned the Scot, setting down the empty flask, and frowning darkly at the fire, "the pipea is the king of a instruments," is the awestest, the truest, the oldest, whateffer:"
"Hoot toot! the man talks like a muckle fulle," said Donald, maiding to the fire.

fule," said Donaid, nodding to the fire.
"For instance," I continued, "there can
be no comparison between a bagpipe and

be no comparison between a bagpipe and a -fiddle, say."

"A fiddle!" exclaimed Donald, in accents of withering scorn, and still addressing the fire. "Ye can just tell him tae gang tae the de'll wi' his fiddle."

"Music is, I take it, the expression of one's mood or thought, a dream translated into sound," said I thoughtfully, "Therefore."

'therefore-

"therefore—"
"Hae ye ever heard the pipes?"
"Why, yes, but long ago."
"Then," said Dennid, "ye shall juist hear 'em again." So saying, he wiped his mouth, took up his instrument, and began slowly inflating it.
Then, all at once, from drones and chanter there rushed forth such a flood of melody as seemed to sweep me away upon its tide.
"Donaid," said I, after a little, "Donaid."

aid, I will never speak against the pipes again; they are indeed the king of all in-

struments—played as you play them."
"Ou ay, I'm a bennie piper, I'll no deny
it!" he answered. "I'm glad ye like it,
for, Sassenach though ye be, it proves ye
has the music, 'T is a bit pibroch I made
tae Wuille Wallace—him as the damned
Sassenach musicand. Sassenach murdered-black be their fa' Aweel! 't was done afore your time or mine so gude-nict tas ye, Southeron!" Saying which, he rose, saluted me stiffly, and stalked majestically to bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE world was full of sunshine, the blithe song of birls, and the sweet, pure breath of waking flowers as I rose next morning, and, coming to the stream, threw myself down beside it and plunged my hands and arms and head into the limpid water whose contact seemed to fill-me with a wondrous gladness in keeping with the world about me.

In a little while I rose, with the water dripping from me and having made shift to dry myself upon my neckcloth, nothing else being available, returned to the cot-

tage.

Above my head I could hear a gentle sound rising and falling with a rhythmic measure, that told me Donald still slept; so, clapping on my hat and coat, I started out to my first day's work at the forge, breakfastless, for the good and sufficient

reason that there was none to be had.

Long before I reached the smithy I could hear the ring of Black George's hammer, though the village was not yet astir, and it was with some trepidation as to my reception that I apprached the open doorway. There he stood, busy at his anyll,

goodly to look upon in his bare-armed might, and with the sun shining in his yellow hair, a veritable son of Anak. He might have been some hero, or demigod might have been some hero, or denigous back from the dim age when angels wooed the daughters of men, rather than a village blacksmith, and a very sulky one at that; for though he must have been aware of my presence, he never glanced up or gave the slightest

sign of welcome, or the reverse, Now, as I watched, I noticed a certain slowness—a heaviness in all his move-ments—together with a listless, slipshod air which. I judged, was very foreign to him; moreover, as he worked, I thought he hung his head lower than was quite

"George!" George went on hammer-ing, "George!" said I again, He raised the hammer for another stroke, hesi-tated, then lifted his head with a jerk, mediately I knew why he had avoided my eye.

"What do 'ee want wi' me?"
"I have come for two reasons," said I; o is to begin work.

"Then ye'd best go away again," he broke in; "ye 'll get no work here." "And the second," I went on, "is to offer you my hand. Will you take it, George, and let bygones be bygones?"
"No," he burst out vehemently. "No,

I tell 'ee. Ye think to come 'ere an' crow o'er me, because yet beat me, by a trick, and because ye beerd-her-" His voice broke, and, dropping his hammer, he turned his back upon me: "Called me 'coward!" she did," he went on after a little while. "You heard her-they all heard her! I've been a danged fule:" he sald, more as if speaking his thoughts aloud than addressing me, "but a man can't help loving a lass-like Pres and can't help loving a lass-like Pres and can't help lovin' a lass-like Prue, and when 'e loves 'e can't 'elp hopin'. I've hoped these three years an' more, and last night-she called me-coward." Something bright and glistening splashed down upon the anvil, and there ensued a silence broken only by the piping of the birds and the stirring of the leaves out-

"A fule I be!" said Black George at last, shaking his head, "no kind o' man for the likes o' her; too hig I be-and rough. And yet-if she'd only given me the chance!"

there fell a silence wherein, mingled with the bird-chorus, came the tap, tapping of a stick upon the hard road, and the sound of approaching footstops; whereupon George seized the handle of the bellows and fell to blowing the fire vigorously; yet once I saw him draw the back of his hand across his across with a quick furtise resture. eyes with a quick, furtive gesture. A moment after, the Ancient appeared, a quaint, befrocked figure, framed in the quaint, befrecked figure, framed in the yawning doorway and backed by the giory of the morning. He stood awhile to lean upon his stick and peer about, his old eyes still dazzled by the sunlight he had just left, owing to which be falled to see me where I sat in the shadow of the forge.

"Marnin", Jarge!" said he, with his quick, bright nod. The smith's scowl was blacker and his deep voice gruffer than usual as he returned the greeting; but the old man seemed to heed it not at all, but, taking his sauffbox from the lining of his tall, bread-brimmed hat (its usual abiding place), he opened it, with

usual abiding place), he opened it, with his most important air.

"Jarge," said he, "I'm thinking ye'd hetter tak' Job back to strike for ye again if you 'm goin' to mend t' owd

"What d' ye mean?" growled Black

George. "Because," continued the old man, gathering a pinch of snuff with great de-liberation. "because, Jarge, the young feller as beat ye at the throwin"—'im as

was to have worked for ye at 'ls own price—he dead!"

"What!" cried Black George, starting.
"Dead!" nodded the old man, "a corp' 'e be—sh! such a fine, promisin' young chap, an' now—a corp'." Here the Ancient nodded solemniy again, three times,

and inhaled his pinch of snuff with great apparent zest and enjoyment.

"Why—" began the amazed George,
"what—" and broke off to stare, open-

"what—" and broke off to stare, openmouthed.

"Last night, as ever was." continued
the old man, "'e went down to th'
'aunted cottage—'t were nit no manner o'
use tryin' to turn 'm, no, not if I'd gone
to 'm en my marrer-house—'e were that
set on it; so off he goes, 'bout sundown,
to sheep in th' aunted cottage—I knows,
Jarge, 'cause I follered um, an' seen for
myself; so now I'm a-goin' down to find
'is corp—"
He had reached thus for when his

He had reached thus far, when his eye, accustomed to the shadows, chancing to meet mine, he uttered a gasp, and stood staring at me with dropped law.

"Peter!" he stalmmered at last, a cter-

"But ye slep' in th' 'aunted cottage last night.

"Yon."
"But-but-the ghost, Peter?" "Is a wandering Scotaman."
"Why then I can't so down and find ye corp' arter all?"

ye corp arter all?"
"I fear not. Ancient."
The old man slowly closed his snuff-box, shaking his head as he did so.
"Ah, well! I won't blame ye. Peter," said he magnanimously: "It bean't your fault, lad, no-but what's come to the shoat."

"The ghost," I answered, "is nothing more dreadful than a wandering Scotsman! "Scotsman!" exclaimed the Ancient

sharply, "Scotsman!"
"Yes, Ancient."
"You 'm mazed, Peter-ah! mazed ye
"You 'm mazed, Peter-ah! mazed ye
be! What, are n't I heerd un moanin'
be! What, are n't I heerd un't witterin an' groanin' to 'isself-ah! an' twitterin

"As to that," said I, "those shricks and howis he made with his bagpipe, very ensy for a skilled player such as he." Some one was drawing water from a well across the road, for I heard the ratweil across the road, for a heard the lat-tle of the bucket, and the creak of the winch, in the pause which now ensued, during which the Ancient, propped upon his stick, surveyed me with an expression that was not exactly anger, nor contempt, nor sorrow, and yet something of all three. At length he sighed, and shook his heat at me mournfully.
"Peter." said he, "Peter, I didn't think as you'd try to tak" 'vantage of a old

'vantage of a old man wi' a tale the like o' that-such a very, very old man, Peter-such a old, cld man;"
"But I assure you, it's the truth," said I earnestly.

"Peter, I seen Scotchmen afore now, he, with a repreachful look, "ah! that I 'ave, many's the time, an' Sctoch-men don't go about wi' tails, nor yet wi' 'orns on their 'eads-leastways I've never seen one as did. An'. Peter, I know what a bagpipe is; I've heerd 'em often an' often-squeak they do, yes, but a squeak bean't a scream. Peter bean't a scream, Peter, nor yet a groan-no." Having delivered himself of which, the Ancient shook his head at me again. and, turning his back, hobbled away, When I turned to look at George, it was to find him regarding me with a very

strange expression. "Sir." said he ponderously, "did you sleep in the 'aunted cottage last night?" "Yes, though, as I have tried to explain, and unsuccessfully it seems, it is haunted by nothing more alarming than a Scots

'Sir," said George, in the same slow heavy way. 'I couldn't go a-nigh the place myself-'specially arter dark-I'd be -ah! I'd be afeared to! I did go once, and then not alone, and I ran away. Sir, you'm a better man nor me; you done what I durst n't do.

"Sir, if so be as you'm in the same mind about it-I should like to-to shake your hand." So there, across the anvil which was to link our lives together thenceforth, Black George and I clasped hands, looking into each other's eyes.

each other's eyes.

'George," said I at last, "I've had no breakfast."

"Nor I" said George.

'And I'm mightly hungry"

'So am I," said George.

"Then come, and let us eat," and I turned to the door.

'Why, so we will—but not at—'The Buil' -she be theer. Come to my cottage-it be close by-that is, if you care to, sir?' "With all my heart!" said I, "and my name is-Peter."

"What do you say to 'am and eggs-Peter?" 'Ham and eggs will be most excellent!' said I.

CHAPTER XXV.

CMITHING is a sturdy, albeit a very D black art; yet its black is a good. honest black, very easily washed off, which is more than can be said for many

other trades, arts and professions.
Your true blacksmith is usually der, perhaps; a man slow of speech, of eye, kindly of thought, and, lastly-

simple-hearted.

Black George himself was no exception to his kind; what wonder was it, then that, as the days lengthened into weeks my liking for him ripened into friendship?

To us, sometimes lonely, voyagers upon this broad highway of life, fourneying on, perchance, through desolate places, yet hoping and dreaming ever of a glorious beyond, how sweet and how blessed a thing it is to meet some fellow wayfarer and find in him a friend, honest and loyal and brave, to walk with us in the sun, whose voice may comfort us in the shad-ow, whose hand is stretched out to us in the difficult places to aid us, or be aided. So there came such a friendship between Black George and myself, and l found him a man, strong, simple and lovable, and as such I honor him to this

The Ancient; on the contrary, seemed to have set me in his "black books;" he would no longer sit with me over a tankard outside "The Bull" of an evening. nor look in at the forge with a cheery nod and word, as had been his wont; he seemed rather to shun my society, and if I did meet him by chance, would treat me with the frigid dignity of a grand seigneur. Indeed, the haughtlest duke that ever rolled in his charlot is far less proud that your plain English rustic, and far less difficult to propitiate. Thus, though I had once had the temerity to question him as to his altered treatment of me, the once had sufficed. He was sitting. I remember, on the bench before "The Bull," his hands crossed upon his stick and his chin resting upon his hands.
"Peter," he had answered, regarding
me with a terrible eye, "Peter, I be disapp'inted in yei". Hereupon rising, he
had rapped loudly upon his snuff-box and
hobbled stiffly away. And that ended the
matter, so far as I was concerned, though matter, so far as I was concerned, though to be sure, Simon had interceded in my behalf with no better success; and thus I was still left wondering.

One day, however, as George and I were hard at work, I became aware of some one standing in the doorway behind me, but at first paid no beed (for it was become the custom for folk to come to look at the man who lived all alone in the haunted cottage).

"Peter!" said a voice at last, and turning, I beheld the old man leaning upon his stick and regarding me beneath his

"Why, Ancient!" I exclaimed, and held out my hand. But he checked me with a gesture, and fumblingly took out his snuff-box.

"Peter," said he, fixing me with his

"Peter," said no, nxing me with his eye, "were it a Scotchman or were it not?"

"Why, to be sure it was," I answered,
"a Scotch piper, as I told you, and—"

"Peter," said the Ancient, tapping his snuff-box, "It weren't no ghost, then—ay or no."

"No." said I, "nothing but a..."
"Poter!" said the Ancient, nodding solemnly, "Peter, I "ates ye!" and, turning sharp about, he toitered away upon his

stock. "So-that's it!" said I staring after the "So-that's it!" said I staring after the old man's retreating figure.
"Why, ye see," said George, somewhat dimdentity, "ye see, Peter, Gaffer be so old:—and all 'is friends be dead, and he've come to took on this 'ere ghoat as belongin' to 'im a'most. Loves to sit an' tell about it, 'e do: it he all 'e've got left to live for, as ye might say, and now you've been and gone and said as theer bean't no ghost arter all, d'ye see?"

ace?"

"Ah, yes, I ate," I nodded, "I see. But you don't still believe in this ghost, de you. George?"

"N-0-0-not 'mactiy," answered George besitating upon the word, "can't say as I believe 'mactiy, and yet Lord! 'ow should I know!"

Allies over the at sayes, are being faunched by the

. Allies over the greater part of the \$50-mile battle from

O tire, except at the eastern extremity, where storms have brought as



Lady (passenger on an ocean vessel)

Captain-About two miles Lady-Which way? Captain-Straight down.

NOTHING LIKE RAVING

THE RIGHT TOOLS AND A GOOD PAIR OF BRAINS TO

captain, how far are we from



Lady-Now, be sure and don't let your dog interfere with our luncheon bas-Boy-Oh, no, 'e won't, mum; I shall be 'ere.



-Tatler Voice Below-Now then, Bill, 'ow much longer are yer going to stop up there? Do yer fink yer belongs to the Anti-Hair Craft Corps?

At the Front



"Don't you wish you were home?"
"No! I'd rather take a chance with a cannon ball than a flatiron."



Teacher-Who drew that awful caricature of me? Sammy-What yuh pickin' on me for? Why don't yuh talk to the funny artist what drawed the rest of this



Visitor-Why don't you come and sit with me,



"See here, waiter, can't you see this coffee is muddy?"

"Yes, sir, it ought to be. It was ground this morning."



Most Important

THE HOME FOLKS

"I suppose there are many problems which polar explorers seek to solve." "Yes, a great many."
"What is the most important one?" "Gutting back."

Isn't It True? "Didn't you feel pretty cheap, sitting there with a roung and inno-cent girl at such a shocking play?"
"I did. She had to explain a good many of the innounces before I was able to grasp them."—London Mail.



WHY IN THURDER, DON'T THEY PUT BULKREADS IN GAS METERS SO THE

A Stitch in Time

"In Hoboke "What part"

"All of me except me hair and teeth;
They was born in Noo York."

PRECIOUS MOMENTS



Chinden and Callinson Discover You



-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME