A Tale of 19th Century England, Full of the Thrills

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Peter Vibert, an English scholar, dependent upon his uncle, fitr George Vibert, is bequesthed only 10 guidens (870) by the old man. Maurice ("Buck") Vibert, is netoprious prise fighter and rake, a count of Peter, is left 20,000 pounds (\$100,000). Peter, against the protestations of his old friend with whom he lived, Sir Hichard Austrather, decides to go down "The Broad lighway" of Kent and live, He plans to work after the money is gone.

From the very beginning of the journey, Peter meets with adventions which crown upon once another so fast that his life is one round of exciting solacides. The meat important development of that part of the journey which he hings him to Significant for the course Maurice. The resemblance is exact, except that Peter is civan-shaven and Maurice has a heard.

At Sinstinghurst, Peter decides to work for the his kennith, "Hank" George, and having his house in a "haunted" house a little distance from the village, against the above the house from the village, against the hear of every one. The first night in the proves to be only a Scotchman.

The Residentian is Donald Stuart, a wandering bagging, who has made the house his resting place with his pipes, which, anded to the fact that a man has hanged limited the heavy man with the proves to be only a Scotchman.

The Accident specially, it will suppose the filling the house, frightens the poorylingents. When Peter returns to the villinger he next morning safe, and whose the limithations look at him with mistriet; some even put him in league with Stan. The Accident to the fact that a man has hanged immedit in the bount, frightens the poorylingents. When Peter returns to the relient, especially, it "disappointed" in Tever, and feels a personal hurt in the disappoint of the faction, second hur in the disappoint of the faction of the faction of the faction of the faction of the fact that a man has hanged in the facility of the fact that a man has hanged in the facility of the fact that a man has hanged

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued).

MITHEN you still believe in the ghost?" Why, y'see, Peter, we do know as # man 'ung 'isself theer, 'cause Gaffer found un-likewise I've heerd it scream-but as man 'ung 'isself theer, 'cause Gaffer tound un-likewise I've heerd it scream-but as for believin' in it, since you say contrarywise-why, 'ow should I know?"

"But why should I deny it, George; why should I tell you all of a Scotsman?"

"Why, y'see, Peter," said George, in his heavy way, "you be such a strange sort o' chap!"

"George," said I, "let us get back to work."

Yet, in a little while, I set aside the

hammer, and turned to the door.

"Peter, wheer be goin?"

"To try and make my peace with the Ancient," I answered, and forthwith crossed the road to "The Bull." But with my foot on the step I paused, arrested by the sound of voices and laughter within the tap, and, loudest of all, was the voice of the pseudo blacksmith, Job. "If I were only a bit younger!" the Ancient was saying, Now, peeping in through the casement, a giance at his dejected attitude, and the blatant bear

ing of the others, explained to me the situation then and there.

"Ah! but you ain't," retorted old Amos, "you'm a old, old man ana' getting' older wi' every tick o' the clock, you be, an' gettin' mazed-like wi' years."

"Haw! haw!" laughed Job and the five or six others

or six others. "Oh, you—Job! if my b'y Simon was "ere 'e'd pitch 'ee out into the road, so 'e would—same as Black Jarge done."

Quavered the Ancient.
"P'r'aps, Gaffer, p'r'aps!" returned have rendered my cottage weather-proof. I next turned my attention to furnishing it. To which end I in turn, and with infinite labor, constructed a bedstead, two elbow-chairs and a table; all to the profound disgust of Don-

Job. "but I sez again, I believe what Peter sez, an' I don't believe there never was a ghost at all."
"Ay, lad, but I tell 'ee theer was—I seed un:" cried the old man eagerly, "seed un wi' these two eyes, many's the time. You, Joel Amos—you've 'eerd un a-moanin' an' a-groanin'—you believe as I seed un, don't 'ee now—come?"
"He! he!" chuckled Old Amos, "I don't know if I du, Gaffer—ye see you'm gettin' that old—"

"But I did-I did-oh, you chaps, I tell 'ee I did!"

"But so strong as a bull, I be attendy the Ancient, trying manfully to steady the quaver in his voice.
"Haw! haw!" laughed Job and the others, while Old Amos chuckled shrilly

"But I tell 'ee I did see un, I—I see'd un plaineas plain," quavered the Ancient in sudden distress. "Old Nick it were, wir 'erns, an a tall."

"Why, Peter told us 't were only a cottish man wi' a bagpipe," returned

"Ay, for sure," nodded Old Amos, "so

"A lie, it be—a lie, a lie!" cried the Ancient, "'t were Old Nick, I see un—plain as I see you."
"Why, ye see, you'm gettin dre'fful old an 'elpless, Gaffer," chuckled Old Amoe again, "an' your eyes plays tricks

"Ah, to be sure they do!" added Job; was reupon Old Amos chuckled so much that he was taken by a violent dt of

"Oh! you chaps, you as I've seen grow

"Oh! you chaps, you as I've seen grow up from babbles—aren't theer one o' ye to tak' the old man's word an' believe as I seen un?" The cracked old voice sounded more broken than usual, and I saw a tear crawling slowly down the Ancient's furrowed cheek. Nobody answered, and there fell a silence broken only by the shuffle and scrape of heavy boots and the setting down of tankards. "Why, ye see, Gaffer," said Job at last, "theer's been a lot o' talk o' this 'ere ginst, an' some 'as even said as they seered if, but come to think on it, nobody's never laid eyes on it but you, so..."

"There you are wrong, my fellow," said I, stepping into the room. "I also have seen it."

"You?" exclaimed Job, while half-addesen pairs of eyes stared at me in slow wonderment.

"Certainly I have."

"But you said as it were a Scotchman, W! a baguipe, I heafd ye—we all did."

"And believed it—like foois!"

"Peter!" oried the Ancient, rising up out of his chair, "Peter, do 'ee mean it?"

"To be sure I do."
"To be sure I do."
"Do 'ee mean it were a ghost, Peter, do 'ee?"
"Why, of course it was." I nodded, "a ghost or the devil himself, hoof, horns, tail and all—to say nothing of the fire and britasione."
"Peter," said the Ancient, straightening his bent old back proudly, "oh, Peter i—tell 'em I'm a man o' truth, an' no liar—tell 'em Feter."

"You'm gettin' old, Gaffer," repeated

s, dwelling upon the theme with t unction, "very, very old—" ut so strong as a bull, I be!" added

"Good evening, Mr. Peter," she said.

"but I sez again, I believe what | aid, who could by no means abide the

curloaity.

be gangin'.

"Never!" said I.

grup o' ye hand. Gude keep ye, Peter, man!"

So saying he thrust the brogues upon me, caught and squeezed my hand, and turning sharp about, strode away through the shadows, his kilt swaying and tartions streaming gallantly.

And, presently, I went and sat me down upon the brack braide the door, with the war-work above upon my knee. Suddenly, as I sat there, faint and fainter with distance, and busiterably sad, came the slow, sweet music of Donald's pipes playing the "Wallers Lament." Sartly the material rose and foil, until it died away in any bear down, with not bear of the said.

By JEFFERY FARNOL

man, laying his hand upon my arm, "Peter don't mind Old Nick no more'n I do-Peter aren't afeard of 'im, 'Cause why?' 'Cause 'e 'ave a clean 'eart, 'ave Peter. You don't mind Old Nick, do 'ee, lad?'

"Not in the least," said I, whereupon those nearest instinctively shrank farther from me, while Old Amos rose and shuf-fled toward the door.

"T've heerd o' folk sellin' theirselves to the devil afore now!" said he.

"You be a danged fule, Joel Amos!"
exclaimed the Ancient angrily.
"Fule or no—I never see a chap wi'
such a tur'hie dark-lookin' face afore, an'
wi' such eyes—so black, an' sharp, an'
plercin' as needles, they be—ah! goes
through a man like two similate, they do." through a man like two gimlets, they do!"

Now, as he spoke, Old Amos stretched out
one arm lowers. one arm toward we with his first and second fingers crossed, which fingers he now opened wide apart, making what I believe is called "the horns," and an infallible safeguard against this particular

form of evil.
"It's the 'Evil Eye,' " said he in a half whisper, "the Evil Eye'!" and, turning about, betook himself away. One by one the others followed, and, as they passed me, each man averted his eyes and I saw that each had his fingers

So it came to pass that I was thenceforward regarded askance, if not openly avoided, by the whole village, with the exception of Simon and the Ancient, as one in league with the devil and pos-sessed of the "Evil Eye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT wonder if, at this time, my earlier dreams and ambitions faded from my ken; what wonder that Petronius Arbiter and the jolly Sieur de Brantome lay neglected in my dusty knap-

But let it not be thought my leisure hours were passed in idle dreaming and luxurious ease; on the contrary, I had, with much ado, rethatched the broken roof of my cottage as well as I might, mended the chimney, fitted glass to the casements and a new door upon its hinges. This last was somewhat clumsily contrived, I grant you, and of a vasty strength quite unnecessary, yet a very excellent door I considered it, neverthe-

Having thus rendered my cottage weather-proof, I next turned my atten-tion to furnishing it. To which end I in turn, and with infinite labor, constructed

rasp of my saw, so that, reaching for his

torrent of martial melody.

my bend, for I knew this was Donald's last farewell.

CHAPTER AXVIL Strike! ding! ding! Strike! ding! ding! The Iron glows. And loveth good blows As fire doth bellows. Strike! ding! ding!

Out beyond the emitty down in the night sky, like some great jewel; but we have no time for star-gazing. Black George and I, for tonight we are at work on the old church screen, which must be finished tomorrow.

And so the bellows roar hoarsely, the hammers clang, and the sparks fly, while the sooty face of Black George, now in shadow, now illumed by the fire, seems like the face of some Fire-god or Salamander. In the corner, perched securety out of reach of stray sparks, sits the Ancient, snuff-box in hand as usual.

I stand, feet well spart, and swing the great "sledge," to whose diapason George's hand-hammer beats a tinkling melody, coming in after each stroke with a ring and clash exact and true, as is, and has been, the way of masters of the smithing craft all the world over from time immemorial.

"George," said I, during a momentary luil, leaning my hands upon the long hammer-shaft, "you don't sing."

"No, Peter." "And why not?"
"I think, Peter."

"But surely you can both think and sing, George?" "Not always, Peter."

"What's the trouble, George?"
"No trouble, Peter," said he, above the roar of the bellows. "Then sing, George."

"Ay, Jarge, sing," nodded the Ancient; "t is a poor 'eart as never rejices, an' that's in the Scripters—so sing, Jarge." George did not answer, but, with a turn of his mighty wrist, drew the glowing fron from the fire. And once more the

sparks fly, the air is full of the clink of hammers, and the deep-throated Song of the Anvil, in which even the Ancient joins, in a voice somewhat quavery, and generally a note or two behind, but with great gusto and good will notwithstand-

"Strike! ding! ding! Strike! ding! ding!"

in the middle of which I was aware of one entering to us, and, presently, turning round, espied Prudence, with a great basket on her arm. Hereupon, hammers were thrown aside and we straightened our backs, for in that basket was our

supper.
Very fair and sweet Prudence looked, lithe and vigorous, and straight as a young poplar, with her shining black hair curling into little tight rings about her ears, and with great, shy eyes, and red, red mouth. Surely, a man might seek very far ere he found such another maid as this brown-cheeked, black-eyed village beauty.

"Good evening, Mr. Peter!" she said. dropping me a courtesy with a grace that could not have been surpassed by any duchess in the land; but, as for poor George, she did not even notice him. neither did he raise his curiy head nor

giance toward her.
"You came just when you are most needed. Prudence," said I, relieving her needed, Prudence," said I, relieving her of the heavy basket, "for here here be two hungry men."
"Three!" broke in the Ancient; "so
"ungry as a lion, I be!"
"Three hungry men, Prudence, who

have been hearkening for your step this half hour or more." Quoth Prudence, shyly: "For the sake

of my basket?"

"Ay, for sure!" croaked the Ancient; so ravenous as a tiger, I be!" "No," said I, shaking my head, "basket or no basket, you are equally welcome Prudence-how say you, George?" But George only mumbled in his beard. The

Ancient and I now set to work putting up an extemporized table, but as for George, he stood staring down, moodily, into the yet glowing embers of the forge Having put up the table, I crossed to where Prudence was busy unpacking her basket.

pipes, he would fill the air with eldrich "Prudence," said I, "are you still at odds with George?' Prudence nodded.
"But." sald I, "he is such a splendid fellow! His outburst the other day was shricks and groans or drown me in a It was about this time-that is to say, quite natural, under the circumstances my second bedstead was nearing complesurely you can forgive him, Pruden "There be more nor that betwixt Mr. Peter," sighed Prudence. "Tis tion, and I was seriously considering the building of a press with cupboards to hold " Tis his drinkin'; six months ago he promised me never to touch another drop-an' he my crockery; also a shelf for my books -when, chancing to return home somebroke his word wi' me."

"But surely good ale, in moderation, will harm no man-nay, on the conwhat earlier than usual, I was surprised to see Donald sitting upon the bench I had set up beside the door, polishing the "But Jarge bean't like other men, Mr. buckles of that identical pair of square-

"No; he is much bigger and stronger! toed shoes that had once so piqued my said I, "and I never saw a handsomer fellow.'

As I approached he rose and came to meet me with the brogues in his hand. "Man, Peter," said he, "I mann juist fellow."
"Yes," nodded the girl, "so strong as a giant, an' so weak as a little child."
"Indeed, Prudence," said I, leaning nearer to her in my earnestness, "I think you are a little unjust to him. So far as I know him, George is anything but weak-minded, or liable to be led into anything—" "Going!" I repeated; "going where?"
"Back tae Glenure—the year is a'most
up, ye ken, an' I wadna' hae ma brither
Allan afore me wi' the lassic forbey he's
an unco braw an' sonsy man, ye ken, an'

weak-minded, or liable to be led into anything—"

Hearing the Ancient chuckle gleefully. I glanced up to find him nodding and winking to Black George, who stood with folded arms and bent head, watching us from beneath his brows, and, as his eyes met mine. I thought they gleamed strangely in the firelight.

"Come. Prue." said the Ancient. bustling forward, "table's ready—le's sit down an' cat—faintin' an' familahin' away a lassic's mind is aye a kittle thing."
"True," I answered, "what little I know
of woman would lead me to suppose so;
and yet—heaven knows! I shall be sorry lose you, Donald."
"Ay-I ken that fine, an' ye'll be unco

lonesome wi'out me an' the pipes, I'm down an' eat-faintin' an' famishin' away "Eh, Peter, man! If it wasna' for the inscie, I'd no has the heart tas leave ye. Ye'll no be forgettin' the 'Wullie Wallace Lament'?"

So we presently sat down, all three of us, while Prudence carved and supplied our wants, as only Prudence could. and after a while, our hunger being appeased, I took out my pipe, as did the Ancient and George theirs likewise, and together we filled them, slowly and carefully, as pipes should be filled, while Prudence folded a long, paper spill wherewith to light them, the which she proceeded to do beginning at her grand-"Never!" said I.

"Oh, man, Peter! it's in my mind ye'll no hear sic pipin' again, forbye there's me man—Hielander nor Lowlander—has juist the trick o' the 'warhiers' like me, an' it's no vera like we shall e'er meet again i' this warld, man, Peter. But I'll aye think o' ye—away there in Glenure, whon I play the Wullie Wallace' bit tuns—I'll ave think o' ye. Peter. man." wherewith to light them, the which she proceeded to do, bestinning at her grand-father's churchwarden. Now, while she was lighting mine, Black George suddenly rose, and, crossing to the forge, took thence a glowing coal with the tongs, thus doing the office for himself. All at once I saw Prue's hand was tremblion, and the spill was dropped or ever my tobacco was well alight; then she turned swiftly away, and bogan replacing the plates and knives and forks in her basket. when I play the Wuille Wallace' bit tune—I'll aye think o' ye, Peter, man."

After this we stood awhile, staring past each other into the deepening shadows.

"Peter," said he at last, "it 'is no a vera genteel present tae bosmakin' ye, I doot," and he held up the battered shoes.

"They're unco worn, an' wi' a clout here an' there, ye'll notice, but the buckles are guid siller, an' I has nasthing else to gi'e ye. Ay, man! but it's many a weary mile I've marched in these at the head o' the Ninety-second, an' it's mony a stark fecht they've been through—Vittoria, Salamanca, Talavers, tae Quatre Bras an' Waterloo; tak' 'em, Peter, tak' 'em—lae mind ye sometimes o' Donai' Stuart. An' now—gi'e us a grup o' ye hand. Gude keep ye, Peter, man!"

So saying, he thrust the brognes upon

in her basket.
"Be you'm a-goin', Prue?" inquired the
Ancient mumblinsly, for his pipe was in
full blast. full blast.
"Yes, gran'fer,"
"Then tell Simon as I'll be along in 'arf
an hour or so, will 'ee, lass?"
"Yes, gran'fer!" Always with her back

"Yes, gran'fer!" Always with her back to us.

"Then kiss ye old grandfeyther as loves 'èc. an' means for to see 'ee well hestowed an' wed, one o' these fine days!" Frudence stooped and pressed her fresh, red lips to his wrinkled old cheek and, catching up her basket, turned to the door, yet not so quickly but that I had causht the gleam of tears beneath her lashes. Black George half rose from his seat, and stretched out his hand toward her burden, then sat down again as with a hasty "Good-night," she vanished through the yawning doorway. And sitting there we listeemed to her notice ight factering cross the road to "The Rull"



ITS ALL RIGHT IF YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT





Cold the winds of winter sighing Send the swallows southward flying. Some birds we know with shivers flock. To get their overcoats from hock!

The Way of Wimmin



"Say Clara, I just had my salary alsed to \$25 per." you grand,

"No, I didn't I was just kidding." "I thought so, you little runt. Never speak to me again."

Much Worse



Blinker-Can anything make a man feel worse than to have his wife continually begging for money? Tinker-You bet! Have her getting



"Gosh! Skinny always did have good

THE PADDED CELL



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



Patience-This paper says wo will be barred from witnessing I ing bouts in Wisconsin in the fut Patrice-Sure! Let the won satisfied with the fighting at he



Butcher (to applicant for the situation)—Let me hear you go through the weight table, boy."

Boy.—Fourteen ounces make one pound, and.—" Butcher-That will do. You're and



This Tries One's Patience Is a woman eligible to a card in the Garment Workers' Union just because she goes through her husband's pants at night?—X. G., Toledo, O.

What's the Use?



An Indication of Temperament

Patience-Why did Wagner write such terribly loud music, do you sup-

Patrice—Oh, I guess his wife was deaf, and he did it to annoy her.—Yonkers Statesman.