

THE BRAD HIGGINS

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

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Copyright, 1915 Little, Brown & Co. Peter Vihart, an English scholar...

at by your fellow-man from your youth up, said the man. "What do you mean by 'chilled at'?"

his caravan, and molesting his lips as if I tightened my grip upon his arm. "What about me?"

CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued) "SHE'LL make some man a fine wife, some day!"

Now, as he ended, I stooped very suddenly indeed, and caught hold of his wrist, and then I saw that he held my purse in his hand.

He turned and regarded me with a pair of deep-set very bright eyes, and blew a whiff of smoke slowly into the air.

"Ay," nodded George. "Ha!" said the old man, and we smoked for a time in silence.

"I could swear to it anywhere." "Could you?" "Then p'raps you'd better take it, young cove, and very welcome, I'm sure."

"Then, sir," said I. "I am happy to be able to return your purse to you."

"Ow do 'ee know that?" said George, turning sharply upon me. "My eyes and ears tell me so, as yours surely must have done long ago, I answered."

"I had hardly uttered the words when, with a sudden cunning twist, he broke my hold and, my foot catching in a rug-rug, I tipped and fell heavily, and ere I could rise he had made good his escape."

"What is this 'kleptomani' I read so much about in the papers? Is it catching?" "No, it's taking!"

"What do 'ee mean?" "How do 'ee know?" "He's I the main gran'feather!" "He's sure, Gaffer—quite sure!"

"I had noticed a venerable man in a fine blue surtout and a wide-brimmed hat, who sat upon the seat of a cart and puffed slowly at a great pipe."

"I'm a professional Bambo." "And what is yours?" "I'm a professional Bambo."

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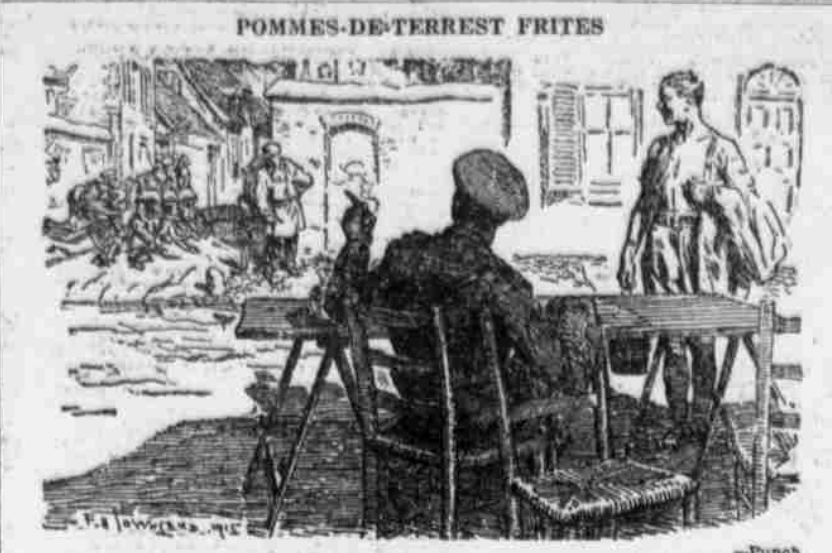
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SCRAPPLE



Officer (somewhere in France)—I say, Simpson, why are all those men rushing into that place? What are they after?



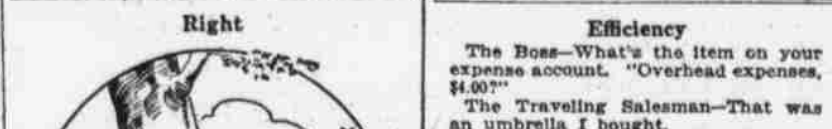
Old Gentleman—How old are you, my little man? Little Man—I'm not old at all; I'm nearly new!



Young Visitor—May I speak to your stenographer? Manager—My dear sir, she's engaged.



The Boss—What's the item on your expense account. Overhead expenses, \$4.00? The Travelling Salesman—That was an umbrella I bought.



What is this 'kleptomani' I read so much about in the papers? Is it catching? No, it's taking!



Lady—Don't you ever come to this house again? Wraggles—Very well, madam. Mr. Wraggles don't let me forget to have my secretary cross this lady's name from my visiting list.



HOW LONG WILL THE AMMUNITION HOLD OUT



Knicker—Why does Outate try to explain the currency bill to his wife? Bocker—He says it is easier than trying to explain why he didn't come home.



She—Couldn't you tell me what kind of work my brother is suited for? He—He'd make a good stage hand at a moving picture theatre!



Hubby—You've made a regular fool of me ever since we've been married. Wifey—Oh, no, dear. It's surely de-voled on you.



Commuters who use the Pennsylvania Main Line between Broad Street Station and Paoli will soon have the benefit of faster service as a result of the inauguration of the electric trains.



Mrs. De Spitzer—How do you do, Mrs. Doctor Capant? Mrs. Smith—He says he's a husband a-plenty, but he's a regular old man. It's going to be a long and hard week I guess, so you best be ready.