THE BROAD HIGH

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

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Copyright, 1918 Little, Brown & Co. Paier Vibart, an English scholer, dependent upon his uncle, file George Vibart, a semistathed only 10 guiness (\$75, by the self man. Maurice ("Buck") Vibart, a non-serious prise fighter and rasks, a cousin of Pater, is left 20,000 pounds (\$200,000), Pater, against the protestations of his addition with whom he lived, Sir Richard Amerither, decides to go down "The Broad Bighway" of Kent and live. He plans to work after the zonce is goine. Hook I tells of his acciling adventures mail he reaches Sinsinghorst village, where he becomes a blackmutth in the smulley of "Black" George, Feter goes to live in a pasanted" house in a hollow. The principal feature in the first hook is that Feter in three times mistaken for his cousin Maurice. The only difference hetween the constitution of the period of the season of the period of the p

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

WAS at sea in an open boat. Out of the pitch-black heaven there rushed a mighty wind, and the pitch-black seas shove me rose high, and ever higher, secked with hissing white; wherefore, I east me face downwards in my little boat that I might not behold the horror of the waters; and above their ceaseless, surging thunder there rose a long-drawn cry: Charmian!"

I stood upon a desolate moor, and the pititess rain lashed me, and the flerce wind buffeted me; and, out of the gloom shere frowning earth and heaven met ere rose a long-drawn cry:

I started up in bed, broad awake, and briening; yet the turnult was all about me atili-the hiss and beat of rain, and a sound of a rushing, mighty wind-a mid that seemed to fill the earth-a wind that screamed about me, that howled above me, and filled the woods, near and above me, and filled the woods, hear and
far, with a deep booming, pierced now
and then by the splintering crash of
sapping bough or failing tree. And yet,
semewhere in this frightful pandemonium
of sound, blended in with it, yet not of
it, it seemed to me that the cry still
faintly schood:
"Charmian!"

so appalling was all this to my newlyawakened senses, that I remained, for a time, staring into the darkness as one tased. Presently, however, I dated. Presently, however, I rose, and, densing some clothes, mended the fire, which still amouldered upon the hearth, and, having filled and lighted my pipe,

and naving nied and agriced my pipe, at down to listen to the awful voices of the storm. Now, in a while, becoming conscious that my pipe was smoked out and column that my pipe was smoked out and column I reached up my hand to my tobacco box pon the mantelshelf. Yet I did not reach to down, for, even as my fingers closed upon it, above the wailing of the storm, above the hiss and patter of driven rain, there rose a long-drawn cry; "Charmian". "Charmian!"

ge, remembering the voice I had seemed to hear calling in my dream, I sat there with my hand stretched up to my tobacco but, and my face screwed round to the essement behind me, that, as I watched, book and rattled beneath each wind-gust at if some hand strove to pluck it open. How long I remained thus, with my land stretched up to my tobacco box, and my eyes upon this window, I am unable my, but, all at once, the door of the tage burst open with a crash, and imrediately the quiet room was full of roting wind and tempest; such a wind a stopped my breath and sent up a swirl smoke and sparks from the fire. And,

me upon this wind, like some spirit of he storm, was a woman with flying peries and long, streaming hair, who ned, and, with knee and shoulder, ed to the door, and so leaned there Tall she was, and nobly shaped. Her

had been wrenched and torn at the hair. I caught the ivory gleam shoulder, and the heave and tuult of her bosom. Here I reached down my tobacco box

mechanically began to fill my pipe, ing her the while. Soddenly she started, and seemed to then. Then, with a swift, stealthy mt, she slipped from before the noticed that she hid one

behind her. Charmian!" woman crouched back against the II, with her eyes toward the door, and ways her right hand was hidden in the e watching the door, and I her.

he voice was very near now, and, almmediately after, there came a loud hallo," and a heavy fist pounded the door

Charmian, you're there-yes, yes-I know you are. I swore you God!" A hand fumbled upon the the door swung open, and a man caught the woman's wrist. There a blinding flash, a loud report, and what buried itself somewhere in the ere overhead. With a strange, re-med cry, she turned upon me so flerce-that I fell back before her.

he newcomer meantime had closed the latching it very carefully, and now, before it, folded his arms, star at her with bent head. He was a real man, with a rain-sodden, belld hat crushed low upon his brows, rapped in a long, many-caped over-the skirts of which were woefully and torn. All at once he laughed, oftly and musically. You would have killed me, would

marmian—shot me—like a dog?" His was soft as his laugh and equally and yet neither was good to be you thought you had lost me, when you gave me the slip a wor! Lose me? Escape me? I tell you I would search for y and night—hunt the world over I found you, Charmian—until I you," said he, nodding, his head beaking almost in a whisper. "I by God!"

soman neither moved nor uttered a, only her breath came thick and and her eyes gleamed in the shadow

y stood facing each other, like two wites, each measuring the other's th, without appearing to be con-of my presence; indeed, the man at so much as looked toward me then I had struck up the pistol. with every minute I was becom-eve curious to see this man's face, as it was in the shadow of his lag hat brim. Yet the fire burned

always were a spitfire, weren't

always were a spitfire, weren't harmian?" he went on in the same velce: "hot, and flerce, and proud—be beneath the ice—I knew that, wat you the better for it; and so mined to win you. Charmian—to a whether you would or no. And—a so strong—so tall, and glorious, reag. Charmian!" sice had sunk to a murmur again, drew a siow step nearer to her. wonderful you are, Charmian! I loved your shoulders and that white throat. Loved? Worship—ms. worshipped them! And to—He painsed, and I felt, rather w, that he was smiling. "And you would have killed me, Charliot me—like a dog! But I would it different. You have flouted, sourned and mocked me—for mean and tonight you have killed me—and I—would not otherwise, for surely you can this of likely must make your factors at this of likely must make your factors atteriy at waranne with the of likely must make your factors atteriy at waranne with

sture utterly at variance with it sudden, force and passion-he sprang toward her with d firms. But, quick as by, she

By JEFFERY FARNOL

her, I stepped between them.

"Sir," said I, "a word with you."

"Out of n.y way, bumpkin," he retorted, and, brushing me aside, made after her. I caught him by the skirts of his long, losse coat, but, with a dexterous twist, he had left it in my grasp. Yet the check, momentary though it was, enabled her to slip through the door of that room which had once been Donald's, and, before he could reach it, I stood upon the threshold. He regarded me for a moment beneath his hat brim, and seamed undecided how to act.

seamed undecided how to act.
"My good fellow," said he at last, "I will buy your cottage of you-for to-

night—name your price."

I shock my head. Hereupon he drew a thick purse from his pocket and tossed it, chinking, to my feet.
"There are two hundred guineas, bump-

maybe more-pick them up, and-go, and turning, he flung open the door.

Obediently I stooped and, taking up the purse, rolled it in the coat which I still

purse, rolled it in the coat which I still held, and tossed both out of the cottage. "Sir," said I, "be so very obliging as to follow your property."

"Ah!" he murmured, "very pretty, on my soul!" And, in that same moment, his knuckles caught me fairly between the eyes, and he was upon me swift, and flerce, and lithe as a panther.

I remember the glint of his eyes and

I remember the glint of his eyes and the flash of his bared teeth, now to one of me, now to the other, as we swayed to and fro, overturning the chairs and crashing into unseen obsta-In that dim and narrow place small chance was there for feint or parry; it was blind, brutal work, fierce, and grim, and silent. Once he staggered and fell heavily, carrying the table crashing with him, and I saw him wipe blood from his face as he rose; and once I was beaten to my knees, but was up before he could reach me again, though the fire upon the hearth spun giddily round and round, and the floor heaved oddly beneath my feet.

Then, suddenly, hands were upon my throat, and I could feel the hot pant of his breath in my face, breath that hissed and whistled between clinched teeth.
Desperately I strove to break his hold to tear his hands asunder, and could not;

only the fingers tightened and tightened.
Up and down the room we staggered grim and voiceless—out through the open door-out into the whirling blackness of the storm. And there, amid the tem-pest, lashed by driving rain and deafened by the roaring rush of wind, we fought—as our savage forefathers may have done, breast to breast, and knee to knee-stubborn and wild and merciless-the old, old struggle for supremacy and

I beat him with my fists, but his head was down between his arms; I tore at his wrists, but he gripped my throat the tighter; and now we were down, rolling upon the sodden grass, and now we were up, stumbling and slipping, but ever the gripping fingers sank the deeper, choking the strength and life out of me. My eye stared up into a heaven streaked with blood and fire, there was the taste of sulphur in my mouth, my arms grew weak and nerveless, and the roar of wind seemed a thousand times more loud Then—something clutched and dragged us by the feet, we tottered, swayed helplessly and plunged down together. But as we fell, the deadly, gripping fingers slackened for a moment, and in that moment I had broken free, and, rolling clear, stumbled up to my feet. Yet even then I was still encumbered, and, stooping down, found the skirts of the overcoat twisted tightly about my foot and an-kle. Now, as I loosed it, I inwardly blessed that tattered garment, for it

seemed that to it I owed my life.

So I stood, panting, and waited for the end. I remember a blind groping in the end. I remember a blind groping in the dark, a wild hurly-burly of random blows, a sudden sharp pain in my right handa groan, and I was standing with the swish of the rain about me and the moan ing of the winds in the woods beyond.

How long I remained thus I cannot tell. for I was as one in a dream, but the cool rain upor my face refreshed me, and the strong, clean wind in my nostrils was wonderfully grateful. Presently, rising my arm stiffly, I brushed the wet hair from my eyes and stared around me into the pitchy darkness in quest of my op-

"Where are you?" said I at last, and "Where are you?" said I at last, and this was the first word uttered during the struggle; "where are you?"

Receiving no answer, I advanced cautiously (for it was, as I have said, black dark), and so, presently, touched something yielding with my foot.
"Come-wet up?" said I stooping to he."

"Come—get up." said I, stooping to lay a hand upon him, "get up. I say." But he never moved; he was lying upon his face, and, as I raised his head, my fingers encountered a smooth, round stone, hurled in the grass, and the touch of that stone thrilled me from head to foot with sudden dread. Hastily I tore open waistcoat and shirt and pressed my hand above his heart. In that one moment I above his heart. In that one moment I lived an age of harrowing suspense, then breathed a sigh of relief, and, rising, took him beneath the arms and began to half drag, half carry him toward the cottage. I had proceeded thus but some dozen

yards or so when, during a momentary lull in the storm, I thought I heard a faint "Hallo," and looking about, saw a swinkling light that hovered to and fro coming and going, yet growing brighter each moment. Sitting down my burden, therefore, I hollowed my hands about my mouth and shouted.

"This way!" I called; "this way!" "Be that you, sir?" cried a man's voice

"Be that you, sir?" cried a man's voice at no great distance.

"This way!" I called again, "this way!" The words seemed to reassure the fellow, for the light advanced once more, and as he came up I made him out to be a postilion by his dress, and the light he carried was the lantborn of a chaise.

"Why—sir!" he began, looking me up and down, by the light of his lanthorn, "strike me lucky if 'i'd ha' knowed ye! you looks as if—ch, Lord!"

"What is it?" said I, wiping the rain from my eyes again. The Postilion's answer was to lower his lanthorn toward the face of him who lay on the ground between us and point.

between us and point. Now, looking where he pointed, I started suddenly backwards, and shivered.

started suddenly backwards, and shivered, with a strange stirring of the flesh.

For I saw a paie face with a streak of blood upon the cheek—there was blood upon my own; a face framed in lank hair, thick and black—as was my own; a pale, aquiline face, with a prominent nose, and long, cleft chin—even as my own. So, as I stood looking down upon this face, my breath caught, and my flesh crept, for indeed, I might have been looking into a mirror—the face was the face of myself.

CHAPTER II GOOD Lord!" exclaimed the Post tillon, and fell back a step.

"Well?" said I, meeting his astonish look as carelessly as I might. "Lord love me!" said the Postilion. "What now?" I inquired.

"I never see such a thing as this 'ere," said he, alternately glancing from me down to the outstretched figure at my feet, "if it's bewitchments, or only enchantments, I don't like it-strike me pink if I do!"

pink if I do!"

"Eyes," continued the Postilion slowly and heavily, and with glance wandering still—"eyes, same-nose, i-dentical-nouth, whon not bloody, same-hair, same-figure, same-no, I don't like it-it's comat'rai! the 's what it is."

"Come, come." I broke in, somewhat itatily, "don't stand there starting like a fool-you see this sentleman is hurt."

"Omat'rai"s the word!" went on the Postilion, more as though speaking his thoughts sloud than addressing me, "it's

eluded him, and, before he could reach her, I stepped between them.

"Sir," said I, "a word with you."

"Out of my way, bumpkin!" he retorted, and, hrushing me aside, made after her. I caught him by the skirts of his long, loose coat, but, with a dexterous twist, he had left it in my grasp. Yet the check, momentary though it was, enabled her to slip through the door of that room which had once been Domaid's, and, before he could reach it, I stood upon the threshold. He regarded me for a moment beneath his hat brim, and seamed undeclided how to act.

"My good felluw," said he at last, "I

away. "Not on no account!"
"Then I must make you," said I, and

doubled my flats. The Postillon eyed me over from head to foot, and paused, irresolute. "What might you be wanting with a peaceful, civil-spoke cove like me?" he

"Where is your chaine?" "Up in the lane, som'eres over yonder," answered he, with a vague jerk of his thumb over his shoulder.

Then, if you will take this gentleman's "Then, if you will take this gentleman's heels we can carry him well enough between us—it's no great distance."
"Easy!" said the Postilion, backing away again, "easy, now—what might be the matter with him, if I might make so bold—ain't dead, is he?"
"Dead—no, foo!" I rejoined angrily.

"Dead-no, fool;" I rejoined angrily.
"Voice like his, too!" muttered the
Postilion, backing away still farther:
"yes, onnat'rai's the word-strike me
dumb if it ain't!"

"Come, will you do as I ask, or must I make you?"
"Why, I ain't got no objection to taking the gent's 'cels, if that's all you ask, though mind ye, if ever I see such damned onnat rainess as this 'ere in all my days, why—drownd me!"
So, after some delay. I found the over-

So, after some delay, I found the over-coat and purse (which latter I thrust into the pocket ere wrapping the gar-ment about him), and lifting my still unconscious antagonist between us, we started for the lane; which we even-tually reached, with no little labor and difficulty. Here were here and for the difficulty. Here, more by good fortune than anything else, we presently stumbled upon a chaise and horses. drawn up in the gloom of sheltering trees, in which we deposited our limp burden as comfortably as might be, and where I made some shift to tie up the

where I made some shift to tie up the gash in his brow.

"It would be a fine thing," said the Postilion moodily, as I, at length, closed the chaise door, "it would be a nice thing if 'e was to go a-dying."

"By the looks of him," said I, "he will be swearing your head off in the next 19 minutes or so."

Without another word the Postilion set the lanthorn back in 1's socket, and swung himself into the saddle.

swung himself into the saddle. "Your best course would be to make for Tombridge, bearing to the right when you strike the high road." The Postilion nodded, and, gathering

up the reins, turned to stare at me once more, while I stood in the gleam of the lanthorn. "Well?" I inquired. "Eyes," said he, rubbing his chin very hard, as one at a loss, "eyes, identical-nose, same-mouth, when not bloody,

same-'air, same-everything, same-Lord "Pembry would be nearer," said I.

"and the sooner he is between the sheets the better."
"Ah!" exclaimed the Postilion with a slow nod, and drawing out the word unduly, "and talking o sheets and beda —what about my second passenger? I started wi' two, and 'ere's only one what about Number Two-what about

"Her!" I repeated.
"'Er as was with 'im-Number One-'er
"'Er as was with 'im-Number One-'er what was a-quarreling wi Number One all the way from London-er as run away from Number One into the wood, yonder, what about Number Two-'er?"
"Why, to be sare-I had forgoten her!"

"Forgotten?" repeated the Postilion, "Oh, Lord, yes!" and leaning over, he winked one eye, very deliberately; "forgotten 'er-ah!-to be sure-of course!" and he winked again.

What do you mean?" I demanded, nettled by the fellow's manner.
"Mean?" said he, "I means as of all
the damned onnat rainess as come on a honest, well-meaning, civil-spoke covewhy. I'm that there cove, so 'elp me!'
Saying which, he cracked his whip, the
horses plunged forward, and, almost immediately, as it seemed, horses, chaise
and Postilion had lurched into the black
murk of the night and vanished.

CHAPTER III.

CONSIDERING all that had befallen luring the last half hour or so, it was not very surprising. I think, that I should have forgotten the very existence of this woman Charmian, even though she had been chiefly instrumental in bringing it all about, and to have her recalled to my recollection thus suddenly (and, moreover, the possibility I must meet with and talk to her) perturbed me greatly, and I remained, for some time, quite oblivious to wind and rain, all engrossed by the thought of this woman. "A dark, flerce, Amazonian creature!"

I told myself, who had (abhorrent thought) already attempted one man's life tonight; furthermore, a tall woman. and strong (therefore unmaidenly), with eyes that gleamed wild in the shadow of her hair. And yet my dismay arose not so much from any of these as from the fact that she was a woman, and, consequently, beyond my ken.

Hitherto I had regarded the sex very much from a distance, and a little askance, as creatures naturally lilogical, and given to unreasoning impulse; delicate, ethereal beings whose lives were made up of pretty trifies and vanities, who were sent into this gross world to be admired, petted, occasionally worshipped, and frequently married.

Women were to ma practically as the second of the property was to ma practically and the second of the second

Women were to me practically an un-Women were to me practically an un-known quantity, as yet, and hence it was with no little trepidation that I now started out for the cottage, and this truly Amasonian Charmian, unless she disappeared as suddenly as she had come (which I found myself devoutly hoping). As I went, I became conscious that I

was bleeding coplously above the brow, that my threat was much swellen, and that the thumb of my right hand pained exceedingly at the least touch: added to which was a dissiness of the head and a general soreness of body that testified to the strength of my opponent's fists.

a general sureness of body that testified to the strength of my opponent's fists.

On I stumbled, my head bent low against the stinging rain, and with uncertain, clumay feet, for reaction had come, and with it a deadly faintness. Twigs swung out of the darkness to lash at and catch me as I passed, invisible tress creaked and groaned above and around me, and once, as I paused to make more certain of my direction, a dim, vague mass plunged down athwart my path with a rending crash.

On I went (wearily enough, and with the faintness growing upon me, a sickness that would not be fought down), guiding my course by touch rather than aight, until, finding mysolf at fault, I storped again, staring about me beneath my hand. Yet, feeling the faintness increase with maction. I started forward, groping before me as I went; I had gone but a few paces, however, when I tripped (ver some obstacle, and fall heavily, it wanted but this to complete my missery, and I lay where I was, overcome by a deadily nauses.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SCONTINUED TOMORROW



SCRAPPLE

THE WAY OF WIMMIN



"If I try to kiss you will you call your father?" 'Yes, but he's not home



Patient-Say, doctor your appearance is misleading.

Doctor-what do you mean, mis-Patient-You seem cheerful enough, but most of the time you're looking down in the mouth.

Higher Aims "I suppose," said the husband, "I suppose that you women want to vote just like men do."

"Oh, no," replied the wife. "that isn't the point. We want to vote a great deal better than the men do."



Chlorinde-And her husband thinks she is extravaganti Dorothy-Why? Chlorinde-Just because she insists

on having Fido's monogram stamped



Doctor-How do you feel, Colonel, when you have actually killed a man? Colonel-Oh, not so bad. How do you?



Hokus-I would rather be good than be great. Pokus-Well, it's easier. There's less



AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL





"You have no idea what you miss by not being married."
"No, I suppose not. Do you count your money every night and morn

Very Much So

"I wonder what the poet meant when he alluded to woman in her hours of ease as being uncertain, coy and hard to please."

"I don't know about the coy part," said the saleslady, "but when it comes to picking out a hat she's all the rest of it."-Louisville Courier-Journal.



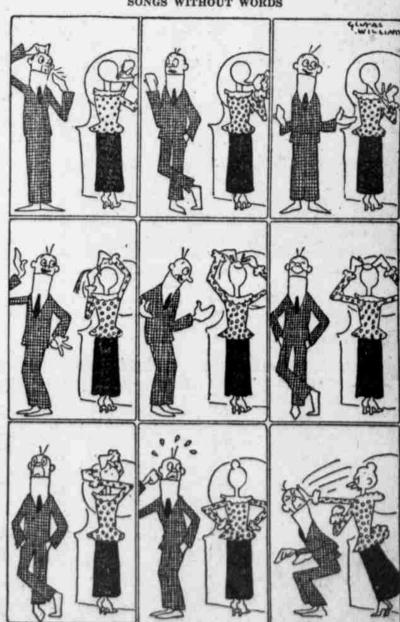
Lady-Can you suggest some suitable songs for a summer resort?

Clerk-Yes, ma'am. Here's a mosquito song called "He Bit Me Good-Rus."

Not Mercenary Mr. Gottrox-My daughters, young man, are both worth their weight in gold,

Suitor-The fact that I am asking you for the smaller one proves, at any rate, that I am not mercenary.-

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



Explaining to the Wife Why You Didn't Get Home Before 2 A. M.



