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

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Perry Vibert, an English scholar, depended upon his uncle, Sir Cherge Vibert,
bequested only 10 guineas (2:0) by the
old man. Maurice ("Buck") Vibert, a notrens price fighter and rake, a country
Teler, is lest 20,000 pounds (\$100,000),
best denist the protentations of his old
fresh with whom he lives, Sir Righard
assirther, decides to go down 'The Broad
assirther, decides to go down 'The prinassirther, decides to go down 'The prinser to the money is gone.

Makir Bouse in a hollow. The princould feature in the first book is that Feter
three times mistates for his cousts

Maurice. The only difference between the
arrole that Feter is clean shaven and

Adurice has a beard. At the end of this

Makir 'Black' George, convinced that Pradece, the inikesper's daughter, loves

relative mass and provided the Pradece, the inikesper's daughter, loves

relatives and the serving of Book II, is

and and any and the serving of Book II, is

and any and the serving of Book II, is

and the serving in Boom, it is his

coust, after a ferce struggle. A pos
mice, helps Feter remove the prostrate

and the serving in the form

The latter starts back to his home,

to tall to the ground, overcome by

stanting.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III-Continued. Now presently, as I lay thus, spent and sick, I became aware of a soft glow. a brightness that seemingly played all and me, wherefore, lifting my heavy send, I beheld a ray of light that pierced the gloom, a long, gleaming vista jewsled by falling raindrops, whose brilse was blurred, now and then, by the ing shapes of wind-tossed branches. at sight of this my strength revived, and siag, I staggered on toward this wellight, and thus I saw that it ned from the window of my cottage. ven then, it seemed, I journeyed miles fore I felt the latch beneath my finand fumbling, opened the door, sed in and closed it after me. fumbled in and closed it after me.

For a space I stood dazed by the sudden light, and then, little by little, not little that the table and chairs had been righted, that the fire had been mended, and that candles burned brightly upon the mantel, All this I saw but dimly, the there was mist before my eyes; yet

for there was mist before my eyes; yet I was conscious that the girl had leapt up on my entrance, and now stood fronting me across the table.

"You!" said she, in a low, repressed

Now, as she spoke, I saw the glitter of ited in her hand. "Keep back!" she said, in the same sub-"keep back-I warn you!"

med tone, "keep back-I warn you!"
But I only leaned there against the door,
seen as she had done, indeed, I doubt
I I could have moved just then, had I
Ired. And, as I stood thus, hanging
my head, and not answering her, she
stamped her foot suddenly, and laughed a short, flerce laugh.

"Bo-he has hurt you?" she cried; "you
are all blood-it is running down your
face-the Country Bumpkin has hurt
you! Oh, I am glad! glad! glad!" and
she laughed again. "I might have run
sway," she went on mockingly, "but
pu see-I was prepared for you," and
she held up the knife, "prepared for
you-and now-you are pale, and hurt,
saf faint-yes, you are faint-the Country and faint—yes, you are faint—the Country Simpkin has done his work well. I shall not need this, after all—see!" And she mg the knife upon the table.
"Yes-it is better-there," said I, "and

think-madam-is-mistaken."
"Mistaken?" she cried, with a sudden stch in her voice, "what-what do you

"That I-am-the Bumpkin!" said I New, as I spoke, a black mist enveloped things, my knees loosened suddenly, d. stumbling forward, I sank into a I am-very—tired!" I sighed, and so, it seemed, I fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

THE was on her knees beside me, bathing my battered face, talking all the ile in a soft voice that I thought wonfully sweet to hear.

"Poor boy!" she was saying, over and wer again, "poor boy!" And, after she ad said it perhaps a dozen times, I sened my eyes and looked at her.
"Madam, I am 25!" said I. Hereupon,
songe in hand, she drew back and looked

A wonderful face—low-browed, deep-ed, full-lipped. The eyes were dark d swiftly changeful, and there was a bitle witchery in the slanting shadow their lashes. "Twenty-five!" she repeated, "can it

"Why not, madam?"

o very young?"
I began, greatly taken aback. ed, I-that is-But here she laughed and then she shed, and, sighing, shook her head. 'Poor boy!" said she, "poor boy!" And, den I would have retorted, she stopped

"Your mouth is cut," said she, after "and there is a great gash in

"But the water feels delicious!" said I. "And your throat is all scratched and But your hands are very gentle and

I don't hurt you, then?" On the contrary, the—the pain is very ling, thank you."
"Yet you fainted a little while ago."

Then it was very foolish of me."

Poor—" she hesitated, and looking
at her through the trickling water, 1

that she was emiling.
— fellow!" said she. And her lips
to very sweet and her eyes were soft d tender—for an Amazon.

and when she had washed the blood my face she went to fetch clean r from where I kept it in a bucket

at my elbow upon the table lay inite, a heavy, clumsy contrivance and bought to use in my carpentry, and

so the light gleamed evilly upon its

eng blade.

"Put it down!" she commanded; "put it sway—it is a hateful thing!"

"For a woman's hand," I added, "so ideously unfeminine!"

"Bome men are so hatefully—hideously—insemiline!" she retorted, her lip curling "I expected—him—and you are terrey like him."

"As to that," said I, "I may have the me culored eyes and hair and be someling of the same build..."
"Yes," she nodded, "It was your build and the color of your eyes and hair that said the color of your eyes and bair that

t after all," said I, "the similarity skin deep and goes no farther."
"she answered, kneeling beside me "no, you are-only "si" And as ald this her eyes were hidden by

than before. "Why do

water is all dripping from your chin!-stoop lower over t

yet," said I, as well as I could count of the trickling water, for as bathing my face again, "and must be years younger than I." then, some women always feel man a man—more especially if he

or you." said I, "thank you; with sception of a scratch or so, I am sell!" But, as I moved, I causht thanh clumsily against the table-and winced with the sudder pain of

if is it-your hand?"

has see?" Obediently I stretched band to her.

By JEFFERY FARNOL

"Yon," said I, and taking firm hold of it with my left hand, I gave it a sudden pull which started the sweat upon my temples, but sent it back into joint.

"Well?" said I, as she hesitated. "- man!" said she, and touched the swollen hand very tenderly with her fin-

gers. "You do not fear me any longer?" "In spite of my eyes and hair?"

"In spite of your eyes and hair—you see, a woman knows instinctively whom she must fear and whom not to fear."

"And you are one I do not fear, and, I think, never should." "Hum!" said I, rubbing my chin, "I am only 26!" "Twenty-five is-25!" said she demurely. "And yet I am very like-him-you said

so yourself! "Him" she exclaimed, starting. "I had forgotten all about him. Where is he—what has become of him?" and she glanced apprehensively toward the door. "Half way to Tonbridge—or should be

by now."
"Tonbridge!" said she, in a tone of amazement, and turned to look at me

"Tonbridge!" I repeated. "But he is not the man to-run away." said she doubtfully---"even from you."
"No, indeed!" said I, shaking my head,
"he certainly did not run away, but circumstances—and a stone, were too much -oven for him."

"A stone?" "Upon which he-happened to fall, and strike his head-very fortunately for me." "Was he-much hurt?"
"Stunned only," I answered.

She was still kneeling beside my chair, but now she sat back, and turned to stare into the fire. And, as she sat, I noticed how full and round and white her arms were, for her sleeves were rolled high, and that the hend, which yet held the sponge, was likewise very white, neither big nor little, a trifle wide perhaps, but with long, slender fingers. Presently, with a sudden gesture, she raised her head and looked at me againa long, searching look.

"Who are you?" she asked suddenly. "My name," said, "is Peter." she nodded, with her eyes still "Yes."

on mide. "Peter-Smith," I went on "and by that same token, I am a blacksmith-very

imbly at your service"
"Peter-Smith!" she repeated, as though trying the sound of it, hesitating at the surname exactly as I had done. "Peter -Smith!-and mine is Charmian, Charmlan-Brown." And here again was a pause between the two names. "Yours is a very beautiful name," said

I, "especially the Charmian"
"And yours, she retorted, "is a beautifully—ugly one!"
"Yos?"

"Especially the-Peter!"
"Indeed, I quite agree with you," said I rising. "And now, if I may trouble you for the towel-thank you!" Forthwith I began to dry my face as well as I might on account of my injured thumb, while she watched me with a certain alusive marginant nearling from her elusive merriment peeping from her eyes, and quivering at me round her lips, an expression half mocking, half amused, that I had seen there more than once already. Wherefore, to hide from her consciousness of this, I fell to towelling myself vigorously that, forgetting the cut on my brow, I set it bleeding faster than ever.

"Oh, you are very clumsy!" she cried. springing up, and snatching the towel from me, she began to stanch the blood with it. "If you will sit down, I will bind it up for you." "Really, it is quite unnecessary." I de-

murred. "Quite!" she said; "is there anything will serve as a bandage?"

"There is the towel!" I suggested. "Not to be thought of!" "Then you might team a strip off the

sheet," said I, nodding towards the bed of her dress, and having folded it with in that delicious state between sleeping she tled it about my temples.

"There-that is more comfortable, isn't she inquired, and with the words bestowed a final little pat bandage, a touch so light-so ineffably gentle-that it might almost have been the hand of that long-dead mother whom I had never known. "That is better, isn't she demanded.

"Thank you-yes, very comfortable!" said I. But as the word left me my glance by accident encountered the pistol near by, and at sight of it a sudden anger ame upon me, for I remembered that but for my sudden intervention this girl was a murderess; wherefore, I would fain have destroyed the vile thing, and reached for it impulsively, but she was before me and, snatching up the weapon, hid it behind her as she had done once

"Give it to me," said I, frowning, "it is an accursed thing!" "Yet it has been my friend tonight,"

"Give it to me!" I repeated. She throw up her head, and regarded me with a dis tainful air, for my tone had been imperative.

"Come," said I, and held out my hand, So, for a while, we looked into each other's eyes, then, all at once, she dropped the weapon on the table before me and turned her back to me. "I think-" she began, speaking with

her back still turned to me. "Well?" said I.
"—that you have"Yes?" said I

"—very unpleasant—eyes!"
"I am very sorry for that," said I,
dropping the weapon out of sight behind
my row of books, having done which I

drew both chairs nearer the fire, and in-vited her to sit down. "Thank you, I prefer to stand," said the loftily.

she loftily.

"As you will," I answered, but even while I spoke she seemed to change her mind, for she sank into the nearest chair, and, chin in hand, stared into the fire, "And so," said she, as I sat down opposite her," and so your name is Peter Smith, and you are a blacksmith?"

"Yes, a blacksmith."

"And make horseshoes?"

"Naturally, yes."

'Naturally, yes. "And do you live here?"

"Quite alone!" "And how long have you lived here

"Not so long that I am tired of it."
"And is this cottage yours?"
"You—that is, it stands on the Sefton estates, I believe, but nobody hereabouts would seem anxious to dispute my right of occupying the place."
"Why not?"
"Because it is proceed."

"Because it is generally supposed to aunted."
"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"It was built by some wanderer of the reads." I explained, "a stranger to these parts, who lived alone here and eventually died alone here."

"Died here?"

"Hanged himself on the staple above the door, yonder."

"Oh!" said she again, and cast a fessful glance towards the deep-riven, rusty staple.

"The country folk believe his spirit still hausts the place." I went on, "and seldom or never venture foot within the Hollow."

"And are you not afraid of this ghost?"

"No," said L
"It must be very lonely here."
"Delightfully so." 'Are you so fond of solltuder

"Yes, for solitude is thought, and to think is to live."
"And what did you do with the pla-

tol?" "I dropped it out of sight behind my books yonder."
"I wonder why I gave it to you."
"Because, if you remember, I asked you

for it."
"But I usually dislike doing what I am asked, and your manner was scarce ly courteous."
"You also objected to my eyes, I think?

"Yes," she nodded.
"Hum!" said I.

The dark night, outside, as filled with malignant demons now, who tore at the rattling casements, who roared and bellowed down the chimney, or screamed furiously round the chimney; or screamed furiously round the cottage; but here, in the warm firelight, I heeded them not at all, watching, rather, this woman, where she sat, leaned forward, gazing deep into the glow. And where the light touched her hair it woke atrange fires, red and bronze. And it was very rebellious hair, with little tendrils that gleamed here and there are not be true. gleamed, here and there, against her tem-ples, and small, defiant curls that seemed to strive to hide behind her ear, or, hold and wanton, to kiss her snowy neck-out of sheer bravado.

As to her dress, I. little by little, he came aware of two facts (for whereas her gown was of a rough, coarse mate-rial such as domestic servants wear, the stockinged foot that peeped at me be-neath its hem (her shoes were drying on the hearth) was clad in a silk so fine that it could catch, through it, the gleam of the white flesh beneath. From this apparent inconsistency I deduced that she was of educated tastes, but poorprobably a governess, or, more likely still, taking her hands into consideration. with their long, prehensile finzers, a teacher of music, and was going on to explain to myself her present situation as the outcome of Beauty, Poverty and the Devil, when she sighed, glanced toward the door, shivered slightly, and reaching her slices from the hearth prepared to slip them on.

"They are still very wet!" said I, de

precatingly.
"Yes," she answered. "Listen to the wind!" said I.

"It is terribly high." "And it rains very hard!" said I.
"Yes." and she shivered again.

"It will be bad traveling for any on onight," said 1. Charmian stared into the fire.

"Indeed, it would be madness for the strongest to stir abroad on such a night." Charmian stared into the fire.

"What with the wind and the rain the roads would be utterly impassable, not to mention the risks of falling trees or shattered boughs." Charmian shivered again. 'And the inns are all shut long ago;

to stir out, therefore, would be the purest Charmian stared into the fire. "One the other hand, here are a warn room, a good fire and a very excellent

She neither spoke nor moved, only her eyes were raised suddenly and swiftly to

"Also," I continued, returning her look, "here, most convenient to your hand, is a fine sharp knife, in case you are afraid of the ghost or any other midnight vis-itant—and so-good night, madam!" Say-ing which, I took up one of the candles and crossed to the door of that room which had once been Donald's, but here I paused to glance back at her. "Furthermore," said I, snuffing my candle with great nicety, "madam need have no further qualms regarding the color of my hair and eyes—none whatever."

Whereupon I bowed somewhat stiffly

on account of my bruises, and, going into my chamber, closed the door behind me.

THE sun was pouring in at my lattice I when I awoke next morning to a "Ridiculous!" said she, and proceeded general soreness of body that at first o draw a handkerchief from the bosom puzzled me to account for. But as I lay and waking, I became aware of a faint sweet perfume; and, turning my head, espied a handkerchief upon the pillow beside me. And immediately I came to my elbow with my eyes directed to the door, for now indeed I remembered all, and beyond that door, sleeping or waking,

lay a woman.

In the early morning things are apt to lose something of the glamour that was theirs over night; thus I remained prop-ped upon my elbow, gazing appre-hensively at the door, and with my ears on the stretch, hearkening for any move ment from the room beyond that should tell me she was up. But I heard only-the early chorus of the birds and the gurgle of the brook, swollen with last night's rain. In a while I rose and began to dress somewhat awkwardly, on account of my thumb, yet with rather more than of my thumb, yet with rather more than my usual care, stopping occasionally to hear if she was yet astir. Being at last fully dressed, I sat down to wait until I should hear her footstep. But I listened vainly, for minute after minute elapsed until, rising at length, I knocked softly. And having knocked thrice, each time louder than before, without effect, I lifted the latch and onested the down.

the latch and opened the door.

My first glance showed me that the bed had never even been slept in, and that save for myself the place was empty. And yet the breakfast-table had been neatly set, though with but one cup and maucor.

Now, beside this cup and saucer was one of my few books, and picking it up, I saw that it was my Virgil. Upon the Sy-leaf, at which it was open. I had, years ago, scrawled my name thus;

PETER VIBART

But lo! close under this written in a fine Italian hand, were the following words:

To Peter Smith. Ess. (the "Smith" underlined. Blacksmith. Charmian Brown ("Brown" likewise unferlined) desires to thank Mr. Smith, yet because thanks are so poor and small, and his services on great, necks must she remember him as a gentleman, yet oftener as a blacksmith, and mest of all, as a men, Charmian brown legs him to accept this little trinket in memory of her; it is all she has to offer him. He may also keep her handker-ther.

Upon the table

Upon the table, on the very spot where the book had lain, was a gold heart-shaped locket, very quaint and old-fashioned, upon one side of which was engraved the following posys

engraved the following posys

Hee who myne heart would keepe for leng
shall be a gentil man fold strong.

Attached to the locket was a narrow
blue ribband, wherefore, passing this
riband over my head, I hung the locket
about my neck. And having read through
the message once more, I closed the
Virgit, and replacing it on the shelf, set
about brewing a cup of tea, and so
presently sat down again.

"I had scarcely done so, however, when
there came a timid kneck at the door,
whereat I arose expectantly and immediately sat down again.

"Come in!" said I. The latch was
slowly raised the door swung open, and
the Ancient appeared.

"Peter, I have noos for ye," he said.
"News?"

"Koos as ever was—noos as 'll surprise

"Noos as ever was-noos as 'll surprise e. Peter." Well?" I inquired.

Well, Peter, Black Jarge be 'took' again."
"What?" I exclaimed.
"Oh! I knowed 't would come—I knowed 'e couldn't last much longer. I says to Simon, day afore yesterday it were. "Simon.' I says, 'mark my words, 'e'll pever last the month out—pa."
"How did it happen, Ancient"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL

WHAT IS IT WE PUT ON

ALL SUMMER AND







Aggressive Spinster-Sir, why aren't you in khaki? The Victim-Madam, why haven't you a war baby?

Great Horror! "Tremendous number of casualties, I see by the paper."



Teacher-What is the capital of

Johnnie-I forget. Teacher-It is the same as one of the greatest men on earth. Now what Johnnie-Home-run Baker.



Ponsby-I wish you joy, my dear sir. You will always look back on this day as the happlest in your life.

Lawson-Thank you; but I am to be married tomorrow. Ponsby-I quite understand that,



Daughter-There! I told him to keep his mouth shut.



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?







FINE SHOW, SUPPOSE WE GO AND GET A BITE

TO EAT, EH, BILL?

A Hard Science



Osteopathy (Webster's definition)-A scientific manipulation of the bones.

He—Have you made up your mind to stay in? She—No; I've made up my face to go out.—Cornell Widow.

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





-The Sketch

Laughing-gazzing the British before an advance in close formation.



