M THE BROAD HI

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

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Pater Vibert, an English scholar, dependent upon his micle, Siy George Vibert, a bequeathed only 10 guineas (\$15) by the cid nian, Maurice ("Ruck") Vibert, a moverious price father and rake, a cousin of Feter, is left 20,000 pounds (\$200,000), The will also provilles \$000,000 for the one who marries the Lady Sophia Setton within a year. Feter, against the protestations of his old friend with whom he lived. Sir Pilohard Amstruber, decides to go down 'The Mirosof Highway' of Kent and live. He plans to work after the monny is gone. Hook I tells of his exciting adventures until he reaches Blashinghurst village, where not heaveness a blacksmith in the employ of 'Hisch' George, Peter goes to live in a "haunted" house in a hollow. The principal feature in the first book is that Peter is three times mistaken for his cousin Maurice has a beard. At the end of this book 'Elack' George, convinced that Protects that Peter is clear shaven and Maurice has a beard. At the end of this book 'Slack' George, convinced that Protects the innicepar's daughter, loves Peter, runs away in a leadous rag. Peter, however, merely considers har as a child. Peter, at the beginning of Book II is mudenly awakened by a man's voice calling 'Charmiani' Rushing from his bedroom, Maurice, whom he beats into lawning the first annihility after a flerce strugge. A position helps Peter reaches home, dazed, Char-Whom Peter reaches home, dazed, Char-

were initiately after a fierce struggle. A postillon helps Peter remove the prostrate
form.

When Peter reaches home, dazed, Chargean, thinking he is his cousin, darts at
him with a knife, but she realizes her mistille in time. The next morning Peter
gwales to find his guest gone. She left her
beket behind as a mementu. When Peter
reaches the village he learns that "Slack"
George is seized with another fit of victoustees.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

CHAPTER V-(Continued).

"Got turble drunk, 'e did, over to Cranbrock-throwed Mr. Scrope, the Bendle, over the churchyard wall knecked down Jeremy Tullinger, the Watchman, an' then — went to sleep. While 'e were asleep they managed, cauwhile 'e were asleep they managed, cautious-like, to tie 'is legs an' arms, an'
locked 'im up, mighty secure, in the vestry, 'Ows'ever when 'e woke up 'e broke
the door open, an' walked out, an' nobody tried to stop 'im-not a soul, Peter."
"And when was all this?"
"Why, that's the very p'int," chuckled
the Ancient, "that's the wonnerful part
of it, Peter. It all 'appened on Sat'day
night, day afore yesterday as ever wasthe very same day as I says to Simon,
"mark my words, 'e won't last the month

ark my words, 'e won't last the month

"And where is he now?" "Nobody knows, but theer's them as

woods." Hereupon, breakfast done, I "See, and took my, hat. "Wheer away, Feter?" "To the forge, there is much work to be done, Ancient."

"But Jarge bean't theer to 'elp ye."
"Yet the work remains, Ancient."

"Why then, if you'm goin', I'll go wi' re, Peter." So we presently set out to-

All about us, as we walked, were mute evidences of the fury of last night's storm: trees had been uprooted, and

great branches torn from others as if by the hands of angry giants; and the

empty gap showed where, erstwhile, had stood a tall and stately tree.

CHAPTER VI. AM at the forge, watching the deep

ening glow of the coals as I ply the ows; and, listening to their hoarse, unmusical drone, it seems like a dilar voice (or the voice of a familiar),

Bett a somewhat wheezy one, speaking D me in stertorous gasps, something in the wise: Charmian Brown-desires to thank-Mr. Smith-but because thanks-are so

Remember me!" said I aloud, and, let-ling go the shaft of the beliews the bet-ter to think this over, it naturally fol-lowed that the beliews grew suddenly the better to the suddenly the suddenly the better the suddenly the

ds must she remember him-

k was a raging torrent. Down here, to the hollow, the destruction had been less but in the woods, above, the glants had worked their will, and many an

By JEFFERY FARNOL George's doing; he and I are very good the summer morning, but left her weep-friends—why should we quarrel?"

friends why should we quarrel?"
"Then—then it weren't Jarge?"
"No—I have not seen him since Satur-

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, pressing her hand to her bosom as if to stay its beaving. "But you must go," she went on breathlessly. "Oh, Mr. Peter! I've boen so fearful for 'ce, and—and—you might mest each other any time, so—so you must go away."

must go away."
"Prudence," said I, "Prudence, what do
you mean?"

For answer, she held out the crumpled paper, and, scrawled in great, straggling characters, I read these words:

"Prudence-I'm going away, I shall kill him else, but I shall come back. Tell him not to cross my path, or God help him, and you, and me. GEORGE." "What does it all mean, Prudence?" said

I, like a fool.

Now, as I spoke, glancing at her I saw her cheeks, that had seemed hitherto more pale than usual, graw suddenly acar-let, and, meeting my eyes, she hid her face in her two hands. Then, seeing her distress, in that same instant I found the answer to my question, and so stood. turning poor George's letter over and over, more like a fool than ever.

"You must go away-you must go way!" she repeated.

"Hum!" said I.
"You must go soon; he means it, I I've seen death in his face," she said, shuddering; "go today—the longer you stay here the worse for all of us—go

"Prudence!" said I.
"Yes, Mr. Peter!" from behind her

"Charmian," said I, again, "you have come then." Hereupon, breakfast done, I | not hopeless yet. I think I can see

dence. "Ye Mr. Peter!"

'You always loved Black George, didn't

"Yes, Mr. Peter."

"And you love him still, don't you?" A moment's silence, then:

"Yes, Mr. Peter."

"Excellent!" said I. Her head was raised a triffe, and one tearful eye looked at me over her fingers. "I had always hoped you did." I continued, "for his sake, and for yours, and in my way, a very blundering way as it seems now, I have tried to bring you two together." Prudence only sobbed. "But things are

means of straightening out this tangle.

"Oh, if we only could!" sobbed Pru-

"Just a little, perhaps," said I, and

what you told me a moment ago." "You mean, that I-"

"Ye see, I were very cruel to him,

CHAPTER VIL

would seem as hard a matter as to find the needle in the proverbial "bale of

Yet why should I be lonely; I, who had gloried in my solitude hitherto? Whence then had come this change?

While I stood thus, seeking an answer to this self-imposed question and finding none, I heard someone approach, whis-tling, and look about beheld a fellow with an axe upon his shoulder, who strode along at a good pace, keeping time to his whistle. He gave me a cheery greeting as he came up, but without "You seem in a hurry," said I.

"Ah!" grinned the man, over his shoulder, "cause why?—cause I be goin'
ome."

"Home!" said I.
"To supper," he nodded, and forthwith began to whistle again, while I stood listening till the clear notes had died

Home! truly a sweet word, a comfortable word, the memory of which has been as oil and wine to many a sick and

CHAPTER VIII.

THE moon was rising as, hungry and

And as I stood to gaze upon the wonder of the heavens, and the serene beauty of the earth, the clock in Cranbrook Church chimed nine.

And, presently, I descended into the shadows, and, walking on beside the brook, sat down upon a great boulder; and, straightway, my weariness and hunger was forestern and I fell advantage. ger were forgotten, and I fell a-dream-

Now as I sat thus, chin in hand, I heard a little sound behind me, the rus-tling of leaves, and, turning my head, beheld one who stood half in shadow, half in moonlight, looking down at me beneath a shy languor of drooping lids, with eyes hidden by their lashes—a woman tall and fair, and strong as Dian's self.

as if waiting for me to speak, and very slient I sat, staring up at her as she had

come then?" With the words I rose "You have come, then?" I repeated.
But now she sighed a little, and, turning her head away, laughed very sweet

and low—and sighed again.
"Were you expecting me?"
"I—I think I was—this is—I—I don't know!" I stammered.

while she dabbed at her pretty eyes with her snowy apron, I took pen and ink from the shelf where I kept them, which, to-

gether with George's letter, I set upon the anvil. "Now," said I, in answer to her questioning look, "write down just here below where George signed his name

for something to say.
"When I went away this morning," she
began at last, looking down at the twig,
"I didn't think I should ever come back

"You mean, that I.--"
"That you love him, yes."
"Oh, Mr. Peter!"
"Prudence," said I, "it is the only way, so far as 1 can see, of saving George from himself; and no sweet, pure maid need be ashamed to tell her love, especially to such a man as this, who worships the very ground that little shoe of yours has once pressed."

She glanced up at me, under her wet lashes, as I said this, and a soft light beamed in her eyes, and a smile hovered upon her red lips. wardly.

beamed in her eyes, and a smile hovered upon her red lips.
"Do he-really, Mr. Peter?"
"Indeed he does, Prudence, though I think you must know that without my telling you." So she stooped above the anvil, blushing a little, and signing a lit-tle, and crying little, and, with fingers

tic, and crying little, and, with fingers that trembled somewhat, to be sure, wrote these four words:

George, I love you."

"What now. Mr. Peter?" she inquired, seeing me begin to unbuckle my leather apron. "Sevenpence?" she corrected.
"Sevenpence?" said I, in some sur-

"Now," I answered, "I am going to look

for Black George."
"No!-no!" she cried, laying her hands
upon my arm, "no-no! if 'ee do meet
him, he-he'il kill 'ee!"
"I don't think he will," said I shaking my head.
"Oh, don't go!-don't go!" she pleaded,

shaking my arm in her eagerness; "he be so strong and wild and quick-he'll give 'ee no chance to speak-'t will be murder!" "Prudence." said I, "my mind is set on

it. I am going-for your sake, for his sake, and my own," saying which, I loosed her hands gently and took down my coat from its peg.
"Dear God!" ahe exclaimed, staring down at the floor with wide eyes, "If he

down at the floor with wide eyes, "If he were to kill 'ee-!"
"Well," said I, "my search would be ended and I should be a deal wiser in all things than I am today."
"And he-would be hanged!" said Prudence, shuddering.
"Probably-poor fellow!" said I. At this she glanced quickly up, and once again the crimson dyed her checks.
"Ob, Mr. Peter, forgive me! I-I were only thinkin' of Jarge, and—"
"And quite right too. Prudence," I

"Oh, Mr. Peter, forgive me! I-I were only thinkin' of Jarga, and—"
"And quite right too. Prudence." I nodded; "he is indeed worth any good woman's thoughts; let it be your duty to think of him. and for him, henceforth."
"Wait!" said she, "wait!" And turning, she fied through the doorway and across the road, swift and svaceful as any bird, and presently was back again, with something hidden in her apron.
"He he a strong man, and terrible in his wrath," said she, "and I—love him, but—take this wf you, and if it—must bo—use it, because I do love him." Now, as she said this, she drew from her apron that same brass-bound pistol that had served me so well against the "ghost" and thrust it into my hand. "Take it, Mr. Feter—take it, but—oh!"—here a great sob choken her volce—"don't—don't use it—if—if you can bein it, for my sake."
"Why, Prue!" said I, touching her howed head vary tenderly, "how can you think I would so up asainst any friend with death in my hand—Heaven "forbid!" So I laid saids the weapen and, elapping me my hat, greede out thin the giory of

TO FIND a man in Cambourne Woods, even so big a man as Black George. the needle in the proverbial "bale of hay." The sun crept westward, the day declined into evening; yet, hungry though I was, I persevered in my search, not so much in the hope of finding him (in the which I knew I must be guiled altogether by chance), as from a disinclination to return, just yet, to the cottage. "It would be miserable there at this hour," I told myself, "miserable and lonely."

Yet why should I he lonely: I, who had

away.

"Home!" said I, for the second time, and there came upon me a feeling of desolation such as I had never known even in my neglected boyhood's days.

weary traveler upon this Broad Highway of life; a little word, and yet one which may come betwitt a man and temptation, covering him like a shield. "Roof and covering him like a shield. "Reof and walls, be they cottage or mansion, do not make home," thought I: "rather is it the atmosphere of mutual love, the intimacies of thought, the joys and sorrows endured together, and the never-failing sympathy—that boad invisible, yet stronger than death."

And, because I had hitherto known nothing of this, I was possessed of a great envy for this axe-fellow as I walked on through a wood.

weary, I came to that steep descent I have mentioned more than once, which leads down into the Hollow, and her pale radiance was already upon the world-a aleeping world wherein I seemed alone.

Very still she stood, and half wistful.

silent I sat, staring up at her as she had been the embodiment of my dreams con-jured up by the magic of the night, while, from the mysteries of the woods stole the soft, sweet song of a nightingale. "Charmian?" said I at last, speaking almost in a whisper. Surely this was the sweet goddess herself, and I the wondering shepherd on Mount Ida's soli-tude.

'Charmian

"Then you were not-very surprised to

"And you are not-very sorry to see

"And-are you not very-glad to see

"Yes."
Here there fell a silence between us, yet a silence that was full of leafy stirrings, soft night noises and the murmur of the brook. Presently Charmian reached out a hand, broke off a twig of willow and began to turn it round and round in her white fingers, while I sought vainly for something to say.

again."
"No, I-I supposed not," said I awk-

wardly.
"But, you see, I had no money."
"No money?"
"Not a penny. It was not until I had walked a long, long way, and was very tired, and terribly hungry, that I found I hadn't enough to buy even a crust of bread."

bread." "And there was three pounds, fifteen shillings and six-pence in Donald's old shoe," said L

prise.
"Three pounds, fifteen shillings and sevenpence. I counted it."
"Oh!" said I.
She nodded. "And in the other I found

a small, very curiously shaped place of wood." "Ah-yes, I've been looking for that all the week. You see, when I made my

table, by some miscalculation, one seg-persisted in coming out shorter than the others, which necessitated its being shorted up by a book until I made that block."

"Mr. Peter Vibart's Virgil book!" she

mored up by a book and that holock!"

"Mr. Peter Vibart's Virgli book!" she said, nodding to the twig.

"Y-e-s!" said I, somewhat disconcerted.
"It was a pity to use a book," she went on, still very intent upon the twig.
"even if that book does belong to a man with such a name as Peter Vibart."

Now presently, seeing I was slient, she stole a glance at me and looking, laughed.

"But," she continued more seriously, 'this has nothing to do with you, of course, nor me, for that matter, and I was trying to tell you how hungry—how hatefully hungry I was, and I couldn't best, could I, and so—and so I—I—"

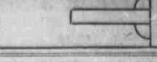
"You came back," said I.
"I came back."
"Being hungry."
"Famishing!"
"Three pounds, fifteen shillings, and—sevenpence is not a great sum," said I, 'but perhaps it will enable you to reach your family."

"Your friends, than."
"I have no friends; I am alone in the world."
"Oh!" said I, and turned to stare into the brook, for I could think only that she was alone and solitary, even as I, which seemed like an invisible bond between us, drawing us each nearer the other, whereat I felt ridioulously pleased that this should be so.

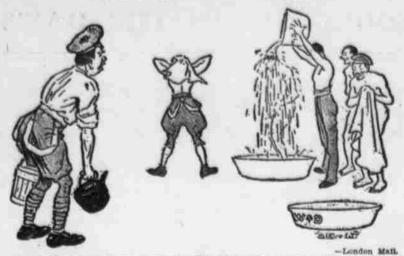
"No," said Charmian, still intent upon the twig. "I have neither friends nor family nor meety, and so—being hungry—I came leack here, and size up all the bacon."



SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL



DOMESTIC LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

Cook-Now, you chaps, hurry up with that water, we're waiting to make

History in the Making



Count Reventlow having proved that British supremacy is at an end, his Imperial Master poses for new design for German colnage.



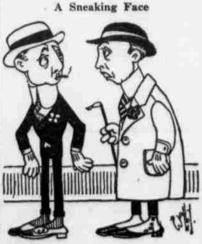
Heiress-Ah, Albert, I am wretched! Father has been speculating and has lost everything! Albert-Then, dearest, far be it from

me to rob him of you, also,

!rish Stew



"Are you the mate?" "Nope; I'm the guy what biles the



Purcy-I am sorry, my dear chap, that you didn't succeed. You must have read a refusal in her face? Haruld-I did. She "nit" her brows! Get a Bedspread



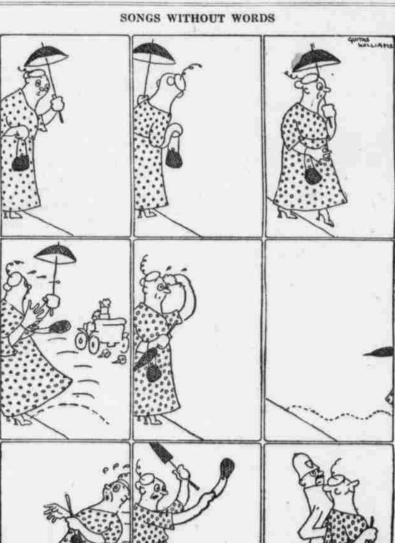
Editor-There's been a robbery at 52 Park place. I want you to me down

Cub Reporter-Er, w'what will I cover it with?

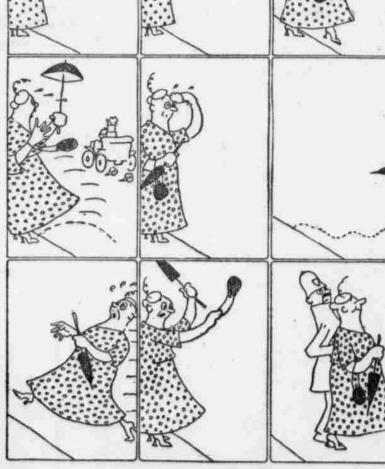




Mistress-And remember this, if ! have occasion to reprimand you, I don't want you to answer me back. Mary Ann-No. indade, mum: I sin't that kind. If I've got anything to say, I'll speak it to yer face, mum.



A Woman Crosses the Street



Playing Safe





Kind Gentleman—My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beau-tiful afternoon than by standing to front of the house idling away your

The Instructor tof the Sporting Vol-

unteers)—Squad—number!
The Squad—One, Two, Three, Four,
Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten-Knave, Queen, King, Ace.

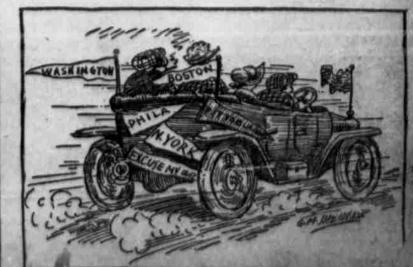
The Modern Maid

Robert-My darling, when will you

Gladys-Never; but I don't mind

be mine?

Eoy-I ain't idlin' away any time. There's a guy inside the house with my sister and he's payin' me a quar-ter an hour to watch for me father.



THE FLAGSHIP OF THE LAND NAVY

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

"Psha!" I exclaimed.

"Yet oftener as a smith—"
"Rum!" said I.

and most of all—as a man."
"Is a man!" said I, and, turn "As a man!" said I. and, turning my caupon the bellows, I sat down upon a said I. and, turning my caupon the bellows, I sat down upon a said and, taking my chin in my said, stared away to where the red of old Amos' casthouse peeped rough the swaying green of leaves.

As a man?" said I to myself again, as ofell a-dresming of this Charmian.

It, in my mind, I saw her, not as she are the same of the suppeared, tall and flerce and a first appeared, tall and flerce and a first appeared, tall and flerce and the but as she had been when she coped to bind up the hurt in my browith her deep eyes brimful of tenders, and her mouth sweet and compas-

nutiful eyes she had, though whether were blue or brown or black, I not for the life of me remember; I knew I could never forget the look had held when she gave that final to the bandage. And here I found I was turning a little locket round

id in my fingers, a little, of heart-shaped locket with moription: The myne heart would keepe for long the a sentil man and strong.

was sitting thus, plunged in a reverie, a shadow fell across the floor, and ling up I beheld. Prudence, and ightway, allpping the locket back into become of my shire. I rose to my feet, awaits shamefaced to be caught thus

face was troubled, and her eyes is from recent tears, while in her she held a crumpled paper.

Poter—" she began, and than d, staring at me.

II. Frudance?"

bu've seen him!"