THE BROAD HIGHWA

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

Vibart, an English scholar, deupon his uncle, Sir George Vibart,
sathed only 10 guineas (\$75) by the
Maurice ('Bunk') Vibart, a neprise fighter and rake, a countit is left 20.000 pounds (\$100.000),
is seprovides \$500.000 for the one
rries the Lady Sophia Befton within
Pater, against the protestations of

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XI (Continued). To-BUT it is so dreadfully still." Now in one place the lane, narng suddenly, led between high banks ned with bushes, so that it was very

rk there. As we entered this gloom mian suddenly drew closer to my s and slipped her hand beneath my and the touch of her fingers was "Your hand is very cold!" said I. But

only laughed, yet I felt her shiver she pressed herself close against me. and now it was she who talked and I walked in silence, or answered at m, for I was conscious only of the on of her fingers and the soft pressure hip and shoulder.

so we passed through this place of wa walking neither fast nor slow, ever her cold fingers clasped my ers, and her shoulder pressed my arm alle she talked, and laughed, but of that, I know not, until we had left the ark place behind. Then she sighed beply and turned, and drew her arm from mine, almost sharply, and stood sking back, with her two hands pressed pen her bosom.

What is it?" "Look!" she whispered, pointing, "there here it is darkest-look!" Now, folwing the direction of her finger, I saw mostling that skulked amid the shadows nething that slunk away, and vanishas I watched.

"A man!" I exclaimed, and would have sed in pursuit, but Charmian's hands upon my arm, strong and comyou mad?" she cried angrily,

you give him the opportunity I inted? He was walting there toshoot you, I think!" And, after we had gone on some little

sy. I spoke. "Was that why you—came to meet me?"

"And-kept so close beside me."

"Ah, yes, to be sure!" said I, and walkin silence; and now I noticed that kept as far from me as the patch id allow. "Are you thinking me very-unmaidenly

No." I answered; "no."

You see, I had no other way. Had I rou that there was a man hidden in hedge you would have gone to look, then-something drawlers. something dreadful would have

aw came you to know he was there?" after I had prepared supper I that steep path which leads to that lies there, to watch for you, as I sat there, I saw a man come ng down the road."

very big man?"

[88. very tall he seemed, and, as I shed he crept in behind the hedge. is I was wondering at this, I heard r step on the road, and you were hd yet I seldom whistle."

was you-I knew your step."
Me you, Charmian?"
Me wish you would not interrupt.

And then I saw you coming, and the assaw you too, for he crouched addenly; I could only see him dimiy in shadow of the hedge, but he looked resons, and it seemed to me that if teached his hiding-place before I comething terrible would happen, and

came to meet me."

walked close beside me, so that

I thought-" I began, and Peter!" Here she turned, a swift glance beneath her

that it was because—you were— rather glad to see me." Char-cid not speak; indeed she was so dient that I would have given much as seen her face just then, but the was very dim, as I have said, more-cia had turned her shoulder toward that I am grateful to you." I went very grateful, and—it was very of you!"

you!" she answered in a sail voice, and I more than it that she was laughing at me. I therefore continued. "that any real danger."

in that, in all probability, the new was Black George, a very and of mine, who, though he saline he has a grudge against to much of a man to lie in wait

why should he hide in the

the committed the mistake of the town Beadle over the rd wall, and is, consequently, in er the present."
If an ill-sounding name."
I the manifest, gentlest, truest thisat fellow that ever wore the pran."

on,"

ow perseveringly she kept the
dith of the path between us, I
tell back and walked behind
for head was bent, and thus I
ust remark the little curis and
hair upon her nack, whose
seemed to be to make the
store white by contrast.
said she suddenly, speaking
shoulder, "of what are you

my supper," I answered

By JEFFERY FARNOL

shadow in the hedge may not have been Black George, after all."

CHAPTER XII.
"It does," said I, "but then I notice that the block is misplaced again." "Then why use a block?"

"A book is so clumsy-" I began. "Or a book? Why not cut down the long legs to match the short one?" "That is really an excellent idea." "Then why didn't you before?"

"Then why didn't you before?"

"Because, to be frank with you, it never occurred to me."

"I suppose you are better as a black-amith than a carpenter, aren't you, Peter?" And, seeing I could find no answer worthy of retort, she laughed, and, sitting down, watched me while I took my saw, forthwith, and ahortened the three long legs as she had suggested. Having done which, to our common sattafaction, seeing the moon was rising, we went and sat down on the bench beside the cottage door.

"And—are you a very good black—

"And—are you a very good black-smith?" she pursued, turning to regard ma chin in hand.

'I can swing a hammer or shoe a horse with any smith in Kent—except Black George, and he is the best in all the South Country." "And is that a very great achievement,

'It is not a despicable one." "Are you quite satisfied to be able to shoe horses well, sir?"
"It is far better to be a good black-

smith than a bad poet or an incompetent Prime Minister."
"Meaning that you would rather succeed in the little thing that fall in the

great?"
"With your permission, I will smoke," naid I. "Surely," she went on, nodding her

permission, "surely it is nobler to be a great failure rather than a mean suc-Success is very sweet, Charmian, even in the smallest thing; for instance," said I, pointing to the cottage door that stood open beside her, "when I built that door. and saw it swing on its hinges, I was as proud of it as though it had been-"

"A really good door," interpolated Charmian, "instead of a bad one!"
"A bad one, Charmian?"
"It is a very clumsy door, and has neither bolt nor lock."
"There are no thieves hereabouts, and, even if there work has not do

to set foot in the Hollow after dark."

"And then, unless one close it with great care, it sticks—very tight!"

"That, obvisting the necessity of a latch, is rather to be recommended," said

"Besides, it is a very ill-fitting door, Peter."

"I have seen worse,"
"And will be very draughty in cold

"A blanket hung across will remedy that." "Still it can hardly be called a very good door, can it, Peter?" Here I lighted my pipe without answering. "I suppose you make horseshoes much better than you make doors?" I puffed at my pipe in silence. "You are not angry because I found fault with your door.

found fault with your door, are you, "Angry?" said I; "not in the least." "I am sorry for that."
"Why sorry?"

MAre you never angry, Peter?"
"Seldom, I hope."
"I should like to see you so-just once. Finding nothing to say in answer to this, I smoked my negro-head pipe and stared at the moon, which was looking down at

through a maze of tree trunks and 'Referring to horeshoes," said Charmian at last, "are you content to be a blacksmith all your days?" "Yes, I think I am."

"Ambition is like rain, breaking itself upon what it falls on-at least, Bacon

says, and-"
"Oh, bother Bacon! Were you never ambitious. Peter?"

"I was a great dreamer."
"A dreamer!" she exclaimed with fine "A dramer: she exclaimed with mescorn: "are dreamers ever ambillous?"
"Indeed, they are the most truly ambitious," I retorted: "their dreams are so vast, so infinite, so far beyond all puny human strength and capacity that they, perforce, must remain dreamers always.

Epictetus himself—"
"I wish," sighed Charmian, "I do

What do you wish?" "That you were not-"
"That I was not?"
"Such a-pedant!"
"Pedant!" said I, somewhat discon-

certed.

"And you have a way of echoing my words that is very irritating."

"I beg your pardon," said I, feeling much like a chidden schoolboy; "and I am sorry you should think me a pedant."
"And you are so dreadfully precise and

am sorry you should think me a pount.
"And you are so dreadfully precise and serious," she continued.
"Am I, Charmian?"
"And so very solemn and austere, and so ponderous, and egotistical, and calmyes, you are hatefully calm and placid, aren't you. Peter?" aren't you, Peter?"
And, after I had smoked thoughtfully

And, after I had smoked thoughtfully awhile, I sighed.

"Yes, I fear I may seem so."

"Oh, I forgive you!"

"Thank you."

"Though you needn't be so annoyingly humble about it." sald she, and frowned, and, even while she frowned, laughed and shook her head. "And pray, why do you laugh?"
"Because—oh, Peter, you are such a-

'So you told me once before," said I. biting my pipe-stem viciously.
"Did I, Peter?"
"You also called me a-lamb, I remem-

ber-at least, you suggested it."
"Did I, Peter?" and she began to laugh again, but stopped all at once and rose

to her feet.
"Peter!" said she, with a startled note
in her voice, "don't you hear some-"Yes," said I.

"Some one is coming!"
"Yes."
"And—they are coming this way!"

"Yes."

"Oh—how can you sit there so quietly?
Do you think—" she began, and stopped staring into the shadows with wide eyes.
"I think," said I, knocking the ashes from my pipe, and laying it on the bench beside me, "that, all things considered, you were wiser to go into the cottage for a while."

"No.ch I couldn't to the life."

for a while."
"No-ch, I couldn't do that!"
"You would be safer, perhaps."
"I am not a coward. I shall remain here, of course."
"But I had rather you went inside."
"And I much prefer staying where I am."

Then I must ask you to go inside,

"Then I have Charmian."
"No, indeed, my mind is made up."
"Then I insist, Charmian."
"Mr. Vibart!" she exclaimed, throwing up her head. "you forget yourself. I think. I permit no one to order my going and coming, and I obey no mas's com-

"And mine also!" said I, rising.
"Why, what what are you going to
"" she cried, retreating as I advanced

"You would not dare!"
"If you refuse to walk, how else can
you set there?" said I.
Anger, amagement, indignation, all

"I am going to carry you into the cot-

these I saw in her eyes as she faced me, but anger most of all.

"Oh—you would not dare!" she said again, and with a stamp of her foot.

"Indeed, yes," I nedded. And now her glance wavered beneath mine, her head drooped, and, with a strangs little sound that was neither a laugh nor a sob, and yet something of each, she turned upon her heel, ran into the cottage and slammed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XIII. THE cottage, as I have said, was en-I tirely hidden from the chance observer by reason of the foliage; ash, alder, and brambles fluorished luxuriantly, growing very thick and high, with here and there a great tree; but, upon one side, there was a little grassy glade, or clearing rather, some ten yards square, and it was towards this that my eyes were directed as I reseated myself upon the settle besides the door and waited the coming of the unknown.

Though the shadows were too deep for my does to see the settle fellow.

my eyes to serve me, yet I could follow the newcomer's approach quite easily by the newcomer's approach quite easily by
the sound he made; indeed, I was particularly struck by the prodigious rustling
of leaves. Whoever it was must be big
and bulky, I thought, and clad, probably,
in a long, trailing garment.

All at once I knew I was observed, for
the sounds ceased, and I heard nothing
save the distant bark of a dog and the
riprile of the brook near by.

ripple of the brook near by.

I remained there for, maybe, a full minutes, very still, only my flats clenched themselves as I sat listening and waiting—and that minute was an hour.

"You won't be wantin' ever a broom, The relief was so sudden and intense that I had much ado to keep from laugh-

ing outright.

ing outright.

"You won't be wantin' ever a broom, now?" Inquired the voice again.

"No." I answered, "nor yet a fine leather best with a steel buckle made in Brummagem as ever was."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Peddler, and forthwith Gubbling Dick stepped out of the shadows, brooms on shoulder and bulging pack upon his back, at sight of which the leafy turnuit of his approach. which the leafy tumuit of his approach was immediately accounted for. "So it's you, is it?" he repeated, setting down his brooms and spitting lugubriously at the nearest patch of shadow.

"Yes," I answered, "but what brings you here?"
"I be goin' to sleep 'ere, my chap."
"Oh!—you don't mind the ghost, then?"
"Oh, Lord, no! There be only two things as I can't abide—trees as ain't trees is one of em, an' women's t' other.
"Women?"

"Come, didn't I once tell you I wer

"You did." "Very well then! Trees as ain't trees is bad enough, Lord knows!--but women's worse--ah;" said the Peddler, shaking his head, "a sight worse! Ye see, trees ain't got tongues-leastways not as I eve

heered tell on, an' a tree never told a lie or ate a apple, did it?" "What do you mean by 'ate an apple'?"
"I means as a tree can't tell a lie, or eat a apple, but a woman can tell a lie -which she does-frequent, an' as for ap-

"But-" I began. "Eve ate a apple, didn't she?" "The Scriptures say so," I modded, "An' told a lie arterwards, didn't she?"

"So we are given to understand."
"Very well then!" said the Peddler,
"there y sre!" and he turned to spit into the shadow again. "Wot's more," he con tinued, "I were a woman as done me out o' my birthright. "Why, 't were Eve as got us druv out :

the Gardin o' Eden, weren't it? If it 'adn't been for Eve I might ha' been livin' on milk an' 'oney, ah' an' playin' wi butterflies, 'stead o' bein' married, an' peddlin' these 'ere brooms. "Don't talk to me o' women, my chap I can't abide 'em-bah if theer 's any trouble afoot you may take your Bible

oath as theer 's a woman about some'eres—theer allus is!" Do you think so?" "I knows so; ain't I a-'earin' an' a-seein' ach all day, an' every day—theer 's

Black Jarge, for one."
"What about him?"
"What about 'im?" repeated the Pedler;
"w'y, ain't 'is life been ruined, broke, wore
away by one o' them Eves?—very well
then!"
"What do you men, how has his life."

"What do you mean—how has his life been ruined?"
"Oh! the usual way of it; Jarge loves a gell—gell loves Jarge—sugar ain't sweeter—very well then! Along comes another cove—a strange cove—a cove wi'

another cove—a strange cove—a cove wince white 'ands an' soft, takin' ways—'e talks wi' 'er—walks wi' 'er—smiles at 'er—an' pore Jarge ain't nowhecres—pore Jarge's cake is dough—ah! an' doughy dough at that!" "How do you come to know all this?"

"'Ow should I come to know it but from
the man 'isself? 'Dick,' says 'e" (baptismal name Richard, but Dick for short), mai name Etichard, but Dick for short).
"Dick,' says 'e, 'd'ye see this 'ere stick,'
an' 'e shows me a good, stout cudgel cut
out o' th' 'edge, an' very neatly trimmed
it were too. 'Ah! I sees it, Jarge,' said
I. 'An' d'ye see this un?' says 'e, 'oldin'

up another as like the first as one pea to its fellow. 'Ah! I sees that un, too, Jarge, says I. 'Well,' says Jarge, 'one's Jarge, says I. Well, says Jarge, 'one's for 'im an' one's for me—'e can take 'is chice,' 'e says, 'an' when wa do meet, it's a-goin' to be one or t' other of us,' 'e says, an' wot's more—'e looked it! 'If I 'ave to walt, an' walt, an' foller 'im, an' foller 'im,' says Jarge, 'I'll catch 'im alone, one of these five rights, an' it'll he ments. one o' these fine nights, an' it'll be man "And when did he tell you all this?"

"'S marnin' as ever was."
"Where did you see him?"

"Oh, no!" said the Pedler, shaking his head, "not by no manner o' means. I'm married, but I ain't that kind of a cove!"

"What do you mean?"
"The runners in arter 'im-lookin' for 'im 'igh an' low, an'-though married, I ain't one to give a man away. I ain't a friendly cove myself, never was, an' never shall be-never 'ad a friend all my

never shall be—never 'ad a friend all my days, an' don't want one—but I like Black Jarge—I pities, an' I despises 'im."

"Why do you despise him?"

"Because 'e carries on so, all about a Eve—w'y, theer ain't a woman breathin as is worth a man's troublin' 'is 'ead over no, nor never will be—yet 'ore 's Black Jarge ready—ah! an' more than willin' to get 'isself 'ung, an' all for a wench—a Eve—"

"Get himself hanged?" I repeated. "Get himself hanged?" I repeated.

"Get himself hanged?" I repeated.
"Ah—'ung! w'y, ain't 'e a-waitin' an' a-waitin' to get at this cove—this cove wi' the nice white 'ands an' the takin' ways. ain't 'e a-watchin' an' a-watchin' to meet 'em some lonely night—and when 'e do meet 'im——' The Padler sighed.
"Well?"
"W'y, there'll be blood shed—blood!—quarts on it—buckets on it! Black Jarge 'll better this 'ere cove's 'ead soft, so sure as I were baptized Richard—'e 'll lift this cove up in 'is great, strong arms, an' this cove up in 'is great, strong arms, an' 'e 'll throw this cove down, an' 'e 'll gore 'a 'll throw this cove down, an' 'e 'll gore 'im, an' stamp 'im down under 'is feet, an' this cove's blood 'll go soskin' an' a-soskin' into the grass, some'eres beneath some 'edge, or in some quiet corner o' the woods—and the birds 'll perch on this cove's breast, ann' flutter thair wings in the cove's face, 'cause they 'll know as this cove can never do nobody no 'urt no more; sh' there 'll be blood—gallons of it!"

"I hope not!" said I.

"Ye do, do ye?"

"Most fervantiy!"

"An' 'cause why?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCRAPPLE



-Sketch His Faithful Hound-I wish to sood-ness he'd give up whistling 'Fall in and follow me"!



-London Opinion THE SPECTATOR.



THE ANTI-ZEPP FIRE-ESCAPE

Jones (practicing "easy" descents)-Oh, why did I leave that book of directions at the top"





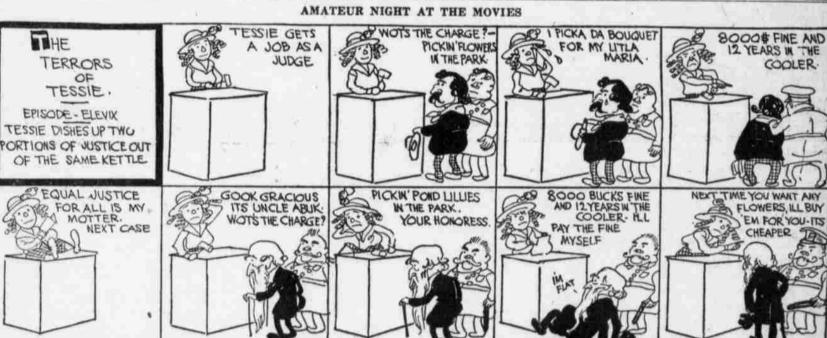
SPEECH

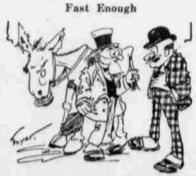
Hubby-Mercy! is that so? I had hoped, at least, that your mind was your own.



"Do you know the nature oath, madame?"

"Well, I ought to sir. We've just moved and my husband has been laying the carpets!"





Purchaser-You said this mule was fast. It does nothing but kick! Truthful Dealer-I was referring to his hind legs.

Good Night!

sods and water in them bottles with the squirts. I've done the floor in no time, and there's three bottles left out of the dozen yet."

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



MORE LEG PULLING



Von Tirpitz-Good news, sire. We have sunk another great liner!"

Kalser (aside)-Not so loud. Ive just promised my friend Wilson I wouldn't do it again!"



"Mrs. Massey has had the earache ever since moving into the new flata." "Yes, I guess the keyholes are too



"How is your second husband get ting along, Mrs. Jinkuter Von, he's all right, but he's awailly fusey bout his entin'. Why, he wants a clean negate twice a week, and another plate for his pint"