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

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Tr WAS with a feeling of great relief

that I watched the fellow out of sight;

nevertheless his very presence seemed

to have left a blight upon all things, for he, viewing matters with the material

eye of Common-sense, had, thereby, con-

woman and a man. Straightaway our Pedler, being Common-sense, miajudges us—as, indeed, would every other com-

mon-sense individual the world over; for

mon-sense individual the world over; for Arcadia, being of itself abstract and immaterial, is opposed to, and incapable of being understood by concrete commonsense, and siways will be—and there's the rub! And yet," said I, "thanks to the Wanderer of the Roads, who built this contage.

the Wanderer of the Roads, who built this cottage and hanged himself here, and thanks to a Highland Scot who performed wonderfully on the bagpines, there is little chance of any commonsense vagrant venturing near Arcadia again—at least until the woman is gone,

in the open doorway watching me.
"And so you are the—the cove—with the
white hands and the taking ways, are

you, Peter?"
"Why-you were actually-listening

"That," said I, "that was very-undig-nified!"

"But very-feminine, Peter!" Hereupon I threw the belt from me one way, and the broom the other, and sitting down

upon the bench began to fill my pipe-rather awkwardly, being consolous of Charmian's mocking acrutiny. "Peor-poor Black George!" she sighed.

"What do you mean by that?" said I

quickly.
"Really I can almost understand his

being angry with you."
"Why?"
"You walked with her, and talked with

"Why, of course I was."

helps Poter remove the prostrate emissi leaves during the night, and Peter awakes he finds only a note her and a locket. "Black" George, is about of Peter has been growing its suidenty leaves the shop. Prusules and the two decide to induce to return. George, however, is considered and the two decide to induce to return. George, however, is considered and the two decides to induce the return. George, he waver, is considered to find the proper of the property of the constant of the peter returns from his vain search less suits later peter meets a broome who tells him that "Black" George who tells him that "Black" George who tells him that "Black" George has his sweetheart's love until one or ther is the cover who has a his sweetheart's love until one or ther is dead.

BOOKS II. CHAPTER XIII-Continued. CAUSE I happen to be that cove," BI answered.

or the man is gone, or—"

Here, going to rub my chin (being somewhat at a loss). I found that I had been standing all this while, the broom in one hand and the belt in the other, and now, hearing a laugh behind me I turned and saw Charmian was leaning off" said the Pedier, eyeing me more routy; "you are, are ye?" "Yet you ain't got w'ite 'anda." They were white once," said I.

"An' I don't see as your ways is softyet-takin'!" None the less, I am that cove!" on" repeated the Pedler, and, having

ed this intelligence over in his mind. thoughtfully into the shadow again. won't be wantin' ever a broom, I

Very well then!" he nodded, and, lift-his brooms, made toward the cottage

Where are you going?" To sleep in this 'ere empty 'ut."
"But it isn't empty!"

much the better," nodded the Ped-"good night!" and, with the words, isid his hand upon the door, but as did so it opened, and Charmian ap-

an you gots your 'ead knocked off—ah!—
an' gets it knocked off—soon!" Having
sald which, he spat up into the air toward
me and trudged off.
"There is nothing to forgive, nothing.

and—good night, Charmian." Here she turned, and, coming to me, gave me her hand.

"Charmian Brown will always think of "Blacksmith" anid I.

"Blacksmith" said I.

"As a blacksmith" she repeated, looking at me with a gleam in her eyes.

"but oftener as a..."

"Pedant!" said I.

"As a pedant!" she repeated obediently,
"but most of all as a..."

"Well?" said I.

"As a...man," she ended, speaking with bent head. And here again I was possessed of a sudden gladness that was out of all reason, as I immediately told myself.

"Your hand is very small," said I, finding nothing better to say, "smaller even taminated them—even the air seemed loss pure and sweet than it had been herotofore, so that, glancing over my shoulder, I was glad to see that Charmian had re-entered the cottage. "Here," said I to myself, "here is Common-sense in the shape of a haif-witted peddling fellow, blundering into Arcadia, in the shape of a haunted cottage, a woman and a man. Straightaway our

Ing nothing better to say, "smaller even than I thought."
"Is it?" and she smiled and glanced up at me beneath her lashes, for her head was still bent.

"And wonderfully amouth and soft;"
"Is it?" said she again, but this time
she did not look up at me. Now another
man might have stooped and kissed those slender, shapely fingers—but, as for me, I loosed them, rather suddenly. and, once more bidding her good night,

re-entered my own chamber, and closed the door. But tonight, lying upon my bed, I could not sleep, and fell to watching the luminous patch of sky framed in my open casement, I thought of Charmian, of her beauty, of her strange whims and fancies, her swift-changing moods and her contrariness, comparing her, in turn. to all those fair women I had ever read of or dreamed over in my books. Little by little, however, my thoughts drifted to Gabbing Dick and Black George, and with my mind's eye, I could see him as he was (perhaps at this very moment). fierce-eyed and grim of mouth, sitting beneath some hedgerow, while, knife in hand, he trimmed and trimmed his two bludgeons, one of which was to batter the life out of me. From such disquect-ing reflections I would turn my mind to sweet-eyed Prudence, to the Ancient, the forge, and the thousand and one duties of the morrow. I bethought me, once more, of the storm, of the coming of Charmian, of the fierce struggle in the dark, of the Postilion, and of Charmian again. And yet, in despite of me, my thoughts would revert to George, and I

would see myself even as the Peddler pictured me, out in some secluded corner of the woods, lying stiffly upon my back with glassy eyes staring up sightlessly through the whispering leaves above, while my blood soaked and soaked into the green, and with a blackbird singing gloriously upon my motionless breast.

CHAPTER XV. CHARMIAN sighed, bit the end of her pen, and sighed again. She was deep in her housekeeping accounts, adding and subtracting and, between whiles, regarding the result with a rueful frown. Her sleeves were rolled up over her round, white arms, and I inwardly wondered if the much vaunted Phryne's were ever more perfect in their modeling, or

of a fairer texture. Had I possessed the genius of a Praxiteles I might have given to the world a masterpiece of beauty to replace his vanished Venus of Cuidus; but, as it happened, I was only a humble blacksmith, and she a fair woman who sighed, and nibbled her pen, and sighed "What is it, Charmian?"

"Compound addition, Peter, and I hate figures-I defest, loathe and abominate them-especially when they won't bal-

"Then never mind them," said I. "Never mind them, indeed-the idea, How can I help minding them when livng costs so much and we so poor?"
"Are we?" said I.

"Why, of course we are."

Yes-to be sure-I suppose we are, mid I dreamily.

"We have spent four shillings for meat this week, Peter!" said Charmian, glancing up suddenly. "Good!" zaid I.

"Nonsense, sir-four shillings is most extravagant!" "Oh!-is it, Charmian?"

"Why, of course it is."
"Oh!" said I; "yes-perhaps it is." 'Perhaps!' said she, curling her lip at me, ''perhaps, indeed!'' Having said which, Charmian became absorbed in her

counts again, and I in Charmian.
"And brend, Peter" (this in a voice of times without success, I thrust the tinder-box back into my pocket and fixed my gase upon the moon. Category Charmian immediately frowned at me. "Oh, Peter!" said she, with a sigh of resignation, "you possess absolutely no idea of proportion. Here we pay four

shillings for meat and only eightpence for bread; had we spent less on luxurles and more on necessaries we should have had money in hand instead of-let me see!" and she began adding up the various items before her with soft, quick little pats of her fingers on the table. Presently, having found the total, she leaned back in her chair and, summoring my attention with a tap of her per announced:

"We have spent nine shillings and ten-pence, Peter!"
"Good, indeed!" said I.

"Leaving exactly—twopence over."
"A penny for you and a penny for me."
"I fear I am a very bad housekeeper,

"On the contrary." "You earn ten shillings a week."
"Well?" 'And here is exactly-twopence left-oh,

"You are forgetting the tea and the beef, and-and the other luxuries," said I, struck by the droop of her mouth.
"But you work so very, very hard and earn so little—and that little——"

"I work that I may live, Charmian, and I am alive."
"And dreadfully poor!"

"And dreadully poor."

"And ridiculously happy."

"I wonder why?" said she, beginning to draw designs on the page before her.

"Indeed, though I have asked myself that question frequently of late, I have as yet found no answer, unless it be my busy, care-free life, with the warm sun about me and the voice of the wind in the trees."

"Yes, perhaps that is it."

"Yes, perhaps that is it."

"And yet I don't know." I went on thoughtfully, "for now I come to think of it, my life has always been busy and care-free, and I have always loved the sun and the sound of wind in trees-yet. like Horace, have asked 'What is Happiness' and looked for it in vain; and now, here-in this out-of-the-world spot, working as a village smith, it has come working as a village smith, it has come to me all unbidden and unsought—which is very strange!"
"Yes, Peter," said Charmian, still busy

"Yes, Peter,
with her pen.
"Upon consideration I think my thanks
"Upon consideration I think my thanks
are due to my uncle for dying and leavare due to my uncle for dying and leav-

are due to my uncle for dying and leaving me penniless."

"Do you mean that he disinherited
you?"

"In a way, rea! he left me his whole
fortune, provided that I married a certain lady within the year."

"A certain lady?"

"The Lady Sophia Sefton, of Cambourne." said I.
Chernica's nead at any service in the

curren. Said I.
Charmian's pen stopped in the vehy
middle of a letter, and she bant down to
cannine what she had been writing.
"Oh." she said very softly. "the Lady
Sophia Softon of Cambourne?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



## SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL



WITH THE ENEMY

Execution of a Polish clock for failing to keep German time.



"I admire Smith's courage. started in life by borrowing \$50." Well, I admire the courage of the fellow who loaned him the 50,"

CLARENCE DEAR, MISS PRIM A

AH, NOW TO MEET MY

FATE



"Are you sattsfied with your hus-I am. When I want anything now I have only to look at him, and he understands me at once."



DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

PRAY USHER HER IN MISS PRIM

HEART FLOTTERINGS.

TO SEE YUH

HR. BATCH



Pa's Opinion "Pa, what is a cannibal?" "A savage who eats human beings,

"Would a cannibal eat mamma if he could?"

"He might, son, but she would be sure to disagree with him."-Birmingham Age-Herald.



"I am sorry, Susan. I'm afraid you cannot go out again tomorrow."
- "I was going to take tea with me Maud (in the secret of the maid's Her aunt has just been made a ser-



pages, staring with round eyes. Goles!" he exclaimed. "So you are ned then?" Now, when he said this, I felt suddenly

all over, even to the very tips of my sad, for the life of me, I could not looked at Charmian. Why-why-" I began, but her smooth,

So-he is not married," said she, "far

marriage ain't love; no, nor love marriage-I'm a married cove myo I know what I'm a-sayin'; if folk an' shake their 'eads over ye-, let 'em, only don't-don't go a-spilin' as by gettin' 'churched.' You're a man, but you're a fine un-a dasher, Goles; nice an' straight-backed, an' 66, an' plump-if I was this 'ere cove, 6.1 know what---"

said I, hastily, "here-sell me

fer drew a broom from his bun-

and passed it to me. shillin' and sixpence!" said he sum I duly paid over. "Don't." pocketing the money, and to Charmian, a-churchin'

to Charmian, "don't go spilin' by lettin' this young cove go ato married as didn't repent it time or other, an' wot's more, when age comes in at the door, Love flies to the chimbley—an' there y' are! If you loves this young cove, w'y, good. If this 'exabed. If this 'ere young cove loves
which sin't to be wondered at—so
the better, but don't—don't go ayou each other, an'—as for the chil-

Il take a belt-give me a belt!" more hastily than before.

sit yea."
s fine steel buckle made in--" saillin' an' sixpence!" said the

I saw you last time, you offered a same belt for a shilling," I nodded the Pedler, "hut belts to -crown's the price-take it or

atting late," said I, alipping the sate his hand, "and I'll wish you in a 'urry about, ain't you?"

to be sure!" nodded the fellow.

from me to Charmian with an

"early to bed an"—"

set off!" said I. angrily.

"as ye soin' to turn me away—
lime o' night!"

so so far to Sissinghurst!" said I.

Level! I wouldn't disturb ye—an'

bu roome, ain't there?"

t are plenty of comfortable beds

at at 'the Bull."

anne low tone.

"Those are merely the words of a half-mad peddier," said I.

"And your blood will go soaking, and soaking words of warning warning and inspired his brooms of the mad to look out upon the beauty of the hight once more, while I watched her, shin is hand.

"I man;" he shouted. "I "open to something against my will—

"Those are merely the words of a half-mad peddier," said I gain go soaking, and soaking into the grass'!"

"Our Peddier has a vivid imagination?" and turned to look out upon the beauty of the hight once mure, while I watched her, shin is hand.

"I was angry with you tenight. Peter," and she at length "because required has a bounded." Topen

Very well, then," he shouted, "I 'opes as you gets your 'ead knocked off." The Pedler fell back three or her, Peter-like Caesar, 'you came, you

saw. you conquered !!" Here I dragged my tinder-box from my pocket so awkwardly as to bring the lining with it.

"And-even smiled at her, Peter-and you so rarely smile!" Having struck flint and steel several times without success, I thrust the tinder-

"Is she so very pretty, Peter?"
I stared up at the moon without anawering. "I wonder if you bother her with your

Epictetus and-and dry-as-dust quota-I bit my lips and stared up at the

"Or perhaps she likes your musty books and philosophy?" But presently, finding that I would not speak, Charmian began to sing, very sweet and low, as if to herself, yet, when I chanced to giance toward her, I found her mocking eyes still watching me. Now the words of her song were these:

"O my huve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my huve's like the meiodic
That's seeetly played in tune."
And so, at last, unable to bear it any
longer, I rose and, taking my candle, went

into my room and closed the door. But I had been there scarcely five minutes when Charmian knocked.

"Oh, Peter! I wish to speak to you-case." Obediently I opened the door. "What is it, Charmian?"

"You dropped this from your pocket when you took out your tinder box so ciumsily!" said she, holding toward me a crumpled paper. And looking down at

a crumpled paper. And looking down at it, I naw that it was Black George's letter to Prudence.

Now, as I took it from her, I noticed that her hand trembled, while in her eyes I read fear and trouble! and seeing this, I was, for a moment, unwontedly glad, and then wondered at myself.

"You—did not read it—of course?" said I, well knowing that she had.

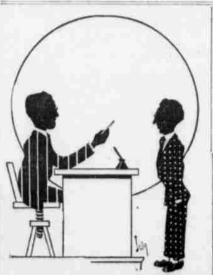
"Yes, Peter—it lay open, and—"
"Then," said I, speaking my thought aloud, "you know that she loves George."
"He means you harm," said she, speak-

"He means you harm," said she, speak-ing with her head averted, "and, if he killed you—"
"I should be spared a deal of sorrow.

"I should be spared a deal of sorrow, and—and mortification, and—other people would be no longer bothered by Epictetus and dry-as-dust quotations." She turned suddenly, and, crossing to the open doorway, stood leaning there. "But, indeed," I went on hurriedly. "there is no chance of such a thing happening—not the remotest. Black George's bark is a thousand times worse than his bite; this letter means nothing, and —er—nothing at all." I ended, somewhat lamely, for she had turned and was looking at the over her shoulder.

"If he has to 'wait and wait, and follow."

"If he has to 'walt and wait, and follow you and follow you?" said she, in the same low tone.



Professor-Did I not tell you to be fully prepared with your history lesson today, and here you are unable to repeat a word of it.

Student-I didn't think it was necessary. I have always heard that history repeats itself.



-Sydney Bulletin Eisle-If you salute this officer I'll never speak to you again. His sister is the most detestable girl I know.

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





The Showman-We are getting a bit tired of these shows, sir. If the Government is not strong enough to prevent strikes, we begin to wonder if it is strong enough to defeat the enemy.



