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

there is the prosent of the prostrate been controlled by the prostrate been controlled by the prostrate when Frier a waters he finds only a note from her and a tochet. "Black" George, whose testoony of Peter has been growing steedily suddenly leaves the shon. Frudence, who loves George, comes to Peter stools and the two decide to induce has to return. George, however, is converted that Prudence and Peter are in love. When Peter returns from his value search with the process of the

BOOK IL. CHAPTER XV .- Continued.

ZES," said I. "And-your cousin-Sir Mauriceere the conditions the same in his case?"

'Oh!" said Charmian, just as softly as stry you?"

No." I answered. "Afe you quite-sure?"

"Certain!--you see, I never intend to breathing, Charmian suddenly raised her head and

sked at me. "Why not, Peter?" Because, should I ever marry-a rete contingency, and most improbableam sufficiently self-willed to prefer to sert my own choice in the matter; moreer, this lady is a celebrated toast, and would be most repugnant to me that wife's name should ever have been lied from mouth to mouth, and hic-

ighed out over slopping wine-The pen slipped from Charmian's fin-gers to the floor, and before I could pick has up she had forestalled me, so that when she raised her head she was flushed ith stooping.

"Have you ever seen this lady, Peter?" "Never, but I have heard of her-and the has not?" What have you heard?"

"That she galloped her horse up and town the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, for one thing." what more?"

"That she is proud, and passionate, and dden of temper-in a word, a virago!"
"Virago!" said Charmian, ffinging up

"Virago!" I nodded, "though she is is indsome, I understand-in a strapping ay and I have it on very excellent au-herity that she to a black-browed god-est a peach, and a veritable plum." Strapping' is a bateful word, Peter!" "But very descriptive."
"And—deesn't she interest you—a little,

Not in the least," said I. "And, pray, why not?"
"Because I care very little for either

"Or black-browed goddesses, Peter?" lot if she is big and strapping, and

"I suppose—to such a philosopher as res—a woman or a goddess, black-browed to but, can scarcely compare with, or hope to rival an old book, can she, sir?"

"Who that decode Charmion" Why, that depends, Charmian.

"On the book," said I. harmian rested her round elbows upon e table, and, setting her chin in her inds, stared squarely at me. "Pater," said she.

Yes. Charmian? "If ever you did meet this lady-I

That you would fall a very easy vic-You would be her slave in-a month-

"If she set herself to make you!" hat would be very immodest!" said

besides, no woman can make a man Do your books teach you that, Peter?" finding I did not answer, she and nodded her head at me.

would be head over ears in love

for you knew it!"
"I think not," said I, smiling.
"You are the kind of man who would nk sick with love, and never know

Any man in such a condition would be tiful ass!" said I. armian only laughed at me again,

went back to her scribbling.
Then, if this lady married you," said suddenly, "you would be a gentleman good position and standing?" les, I suppose so and probably mis-

rich, Peter?" sould have more than enough."

With just enough, and absurdly happy emient." I added, "which is far dealrable—at least I think so." o you mean to say that you would rexist here, and make horseshoes our life, than—live respected and

married to the Lady Sophia?"

initisty?" said I.

Then your countn, so far as you are exceed, is free to woo and win her rour uncle's fortune?"

Idd I wish him well of his bargain?"

Idded. "As for me, I shall probably lime to live here and make horse-wifeless and content."

Barriage so hateful to you?"

I he abstract—no; for in my mind a oxists a woman whom I think I allow—very greatly; but, in the so-you, breause there is no woman in the world that is like this woman mind."

she so flawlessis perfect—this he is one whom I would respect for

in I would worship for her broad, her gentleness and spotiess pur-

Peter."
love with all my strength, for m, sweet womanhood—in a word, he epitome of all that is true and

la to say as you understand the sir, and all your knowledge in and her virtues and fathings, learned from your books, there-keepersented by history and distributes and And, of course, this imaginary of yours is cherval, bloodiess, sanatural, and quite impossible?"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

my blpe and stared, but, before I could get my breath, she began again, with curling lip and lashes that drooped disdainfully.

The page during which I construed another page during which I construed

no woman worthy of Mr. Peter Vibart-she whom he would henor with marriage must be specially created for him! Ah! but some day a woman—a real, live woman—will come into his life, and the woman—will come into his life, and the touch of her hand, the glance of her eyes, the warmth of her breath, will diapet this poor, misty creature of his imagination, who will fade and fade, and vanish into nothingness. And when the real woman has shown him how utterly false and impossible this dream woman wasthen. Mr. Peter Vibart, I hope she will laugh at you—as I do, and turn her back upon you—as I do, and leave you—as I do—for the very superior, very pedantic pedant that you are—and scorn you—as I do, most of all because you are merely a—creature!" With the word, she flung up her head and stamped her foot at me, and turning swept out through the open and turning swept out through the open door into the moonlight.

"Creature." said 1, and so sat staring at the table, and the walls, and the floor, and the rafters in a blank amazement

But in a while, my amazement growing, I went and stood in the doorway, look-ing at Charmian, but saying nothing.

And as I watched, she began to sing softly to herself, and, putting up her hand, drew the comb from her hair so that it fell down, rippling about her neck and shoulders.

And, singing softly thus, she shook her hair about her, so that I saw it curied far below her walk; stooped her head, and, parting it upon her neck, drew it over either shoulder, whence it flowed far down over her boson in two glorious hair about her, so that I saw it curled waves, for the moon, peeping through the rift in the leaves above, sent down her beams to wake small fires in it, that came and went, and winked with her

"Charmian, you have glorious hair!" said I, speaking on the impulse-a thing I rarely do.

But Charmian only combed her tresses, and went on singing to herself. "Charmian," said I again, "what did you mean when you called me a-crea-

"You called me a 'pedant' once before; to be told that I am superior, also, is most disquieting. I fear my manner must be very unfortunate to afford you such an opinion of me." Charmian went on singing.

"Naturally I am much perturbed, and doubly anxious to know what you wish me to understand by the epithet 'crea-ture'?"

Charmian went on singing Wherefore, seeing she did not intend to answer me. I presently re-entered the cottage. Now it is ever my custom, when at all

troubled or put out in any way, to seek consolation in my books; hence, I now took up my Homer and, trimming the candles, ant down at the table. In a little while Charmian came in, atill humming the air of her song and not troubling even to glance in my di-

rection: Some days before, at her request, I had brought her linen and lace and ribands from Cranbrook, and these she now took out, together with needle and cotton, and, sitting down at the opposite side of the table, began to sew.

efore me; moreover, my eye was fascinated by the gleam of her flying needle,
and I began to debate within myself
what she was making. It (whatever it
might be) was ruffled and edged with
lace, and caught here and there with
little bows of blue riband, and from these, and divers other evidences. I had concluded it to be a garment of some sort, and was casting about in my mind account for these bows of riband when, glancing up suddenly, she caught my eye; whereupon, for no reason in the world. I felt suddenly guilty, to hide which I began to search through my pockets for my pipe.

"On the mantelshelf!" said she. What is?

"Your pipe!"
"Thank you!" said I, and reached it

down. "What are you reading?" she inquired:
"is it of Helen or Aspasia or Phryne?"
"Neither—if is the parting of Hector
and Andromache," I answered.

"Is it very interesting?" "Then why do your eyes wander so often from the page?"
"I know many of the lines by heart," said I. And, having lighted my pipe, I took up the book and once more began to read. Yet I was conscious, all the

time, of Charmian's flashing needle, also she had begun to hum again. And, after I had endeavored to read, and Charmian had hummed for perhaps five minutes, I lowered my book and, sighing, glanced at her.

"I am trying to read, Charmian." "And your humming confuses me." "It is very quiet outside, Peter."
"But I cannot read by moonlight, Char-

Then-don't read, Peter." Here she nibbled her thread with white teeth and held up what she had been sowing to view the effect of a how of riband, with her head very much on one side.

And I inwardly wondered that she should spend so much care upon such frippery—all senseless bows and laces. "To hum is a very disturbing habit!"

said I.
"To smoke an evil-amelling pipe is worse—much worse, Peter!"
"I beg your pardon!" said I, and laid the offending object back upon the man-

"Are you angry, Peter"
"Not in the least; I am only sorry that
my smoking annoyed you—had I known
before—"

"It didn't snnoy me in the least!"
"But from what you said I under-

"No. Peter, you did not understand;
you never understand, and I don't think
you ever will understand anything but
your Helens and Phrynes—and your Latin
and Greek philosophers, and that is what
makes you so very annoying, and so—so
quaintly original!"
"But you certainly found fault with "But you certainly found fault with

my pipe."
"Naturally!-didn't you find fault with nming? "Really," said I, "really, I fail to

"Of course you do!" sighed Charmian. Whereupon there fell a silence between us, during which she sewed industriously, and I went forth with brave Hector to face the mighty Achilles. But my eye had traversed barely 20 lines when:

"Peter?"
"Yes"
"The you remember my giving you a

you remember my giving you "Yea."

"Where is it?"
"Oh! I have it still—somewhere."
"Somewhere, sir?" she repeated, glancng at me with raised brows.
"Somewhere sare," said I, fixing my eyes "It had a riband attached, hadn't it?"

"A pink riband, if I remember yes, "No-it was blue?" said I, unguardedly.
"Are you sure. Peter?" And here,
gianoing up. I saw that she was watching me beneath her lashes.
"Yes." I answered; "that is-I think

said Charmian, and there was

ainfully.

"I quite understand that there can be probably 55 lines or so.

"Well?"
"Where did you say it was now-my locket?" locket?
"I didn't say it was anywhere."
"No, you said it was 'somewhere'—in a rather vague sort of way, Peter."
"Well, perhaps I did," said I, frowning

"Wear it!" I exclaimed, and, glancing furtively down at myself, was relieved to see that there were no signs of a betraying blue riband: "wear it!" said I again, "why should I wear it!" "Why, indeed Peter, unless it was because it was there to wear." Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of amoyana. ance, and, taking up a candle, began looking about the floor.

"What have you 1.st?"
"My needle! I think it must have fallen under the table, and needles are precious this wilderness; won't you please help me to find it?"

"With pleasure!" said I, getting down with pleasure!" said I, getting down in pon my hands and knees, and together we began to hunt for the lost needle.

Now, in our search, it chanced that we drew near together, and once her hand touched mine, and once her soft hair brushed my cheek, and there stole over me a perfume like the breath of violets, the fragrance that I always associated with her faint and event and stolets. with her, faint and sweet and alluring— so much so, that I drew back from fur-ther chance of contact, and kept my syes directed to the floor.

And, after I had sought valuely for some time, I raised my head and looked at Charmian, to find her regarding me

with a very strange expression.
"What is it?' I inquired. "Have you found the needle?" Charmian sat back on her heels and taughed softly.
"Oh, yes; I've found the needle, Peter,
that is-I never lost it."

"Why, then-what-what did you mean-?" For answer she raised her hand and pointed to my breast. Then, glancing hurriedly down I saw that the locket had slipped forward through the bosom of my shirt and hung in plain view. I made an instinctive movement to hide it but hearing her laugh looked at her in

"So this was why you asked me to stoop to find your needle?"
"Yes, Peter."
"Then you—knew?"

"Of course I knew."
"Hum!" said I. A distant clock
himed II, and Charmian began to fold away her work, seeing which I rose and took up my candle, "And-pray-" "Well?"

"And pray," said I, staring hard at the flame of my candle, "how did you hap-pen to-find out-?"
"Very simply-I saw the riband round your neck days ago. Good night, Peter! "Oh," said 1. "Good night!"

CHAPTER XVI. My lady sweet, srise!
My lady sweet, arise
With everything that pretty is,
My lady, sweet, arise;
Arise, arise."

I WAS morning and Charmian was singing. The pure, rich notes floated She was still humming, and this of it-self distracted my mind from the lines clatter of her pail at she went to fetch water from the brook. Wherefore I presently stepped out into the sunshine, my coat and neckcloth across my arm, to plunge my head and face into the brook and carry back the heavy bucket for her, as was my custom.

Being come to the brook I found the brimming bucket, sure enough, but no Charmian. I was looking about wonderingly, when she began to sing again, and guided by this, I espied her kneeling beside the stream.

The water ran deep and very still just here, overhung by ash and alder and wil-low, whose slender, curving branches formed a leafy bower wherein she half knelt, half sat, bending over to regard herself in the placid water. For a long moment she remained thus, studying her reflection intently in this crystal mirror and little by little her song died away. Then she put up her hands and began to rearrange her hair with swift, dexterous fingers, apostrophizing her watery image the while, in this wise:

"My dear, you are growing positively apple-cheeked-I vow you are! Your enemies might almost call you-strapping-

"And then your complexion, my dear, your adorable complexion!" she went on, with a rueful shake of her head, "you are as brown as a gipsy-not that you need go breaking your heart over itfor, between you and me, my dear, I think it rather improves you; the pity of it is that you have no one to apprecite you properly—to render to your charms the homage they deserve, no one—not a soul, my dear; your hermit, bless your can see, or think, of nothing that exists out of a book—which, between you and me and the bucket yonder, is perhaps just as well—and vet—heigho! To perhaps just as well—and yet—heigho! To be so lovely and so forlorn! Indeed, I could shed tears for you if it would not make your syelids swell and your classic nose turn red."

classic nose turn red."

Here she sighed again, and, taking a tendril of hair between her fingers, transformed it, very cleverly, into a small curl. "Yes, your tan certainly becomes you, my dear," she went on, nodding to her reflection; "not that he will ever notice—dear heart, no! Were you suddenly to turn as black as a Hottentot—before his very eyes—he would go on serenely smoking his pipe, and talk to you of Epictetus—heigho!" Signing thus, she broke off a spray of leaves and proceeded to twine heigho!" Sighing thus, she broke off a spray of leaves and proceeded to twine them in among the lustrous coils of her hair, bending over her reflection mean-while, and turning her head this way and that, to note the effect.

"Yes," said she at last, nodding at her image with a satisfied air, "that touch of green sets off your gipsy complexion admirably, my dear—I could positively kiss you—I vew I could, and I am hard to please. St. Anthony himself, meeting you alone in the desert, would, at least, have run away from you, and that would. have run away from you, and that would have been some tribute to your charms, but our philosopher will just glance at you with his slow, grave smile, and tell you, in his solemn, affable way—that it is a very fine morning—helgho!"

Here (somewhat late in the day, per-haps) perceiving that I was playing hape) perceiving that I was playing eavesdropper, I move cautiously away, and taking up the pail, returned to the cottage. I now filled the kettle and set it upon the fire, and proceeded to apread the cloth (a luxurious institution of Charmian's, on which she insisted) and to lay cut the breakfast things. In the midst of which, however, chancing to fall into a reverie I became oblivious of all things till roused by a step behind me, and, turning, beheld Charmian standing with the giory of the sun about her—like the Spirit of Summer herself.

And, as I gazed upon her, gient and

And, as I gazed upon her, silent and wondering, lot though her mouth was solemn yet there was laughter in her eyes as she spoke. "Well, sir-have you no greeting for

me?"
"It—is a—very fine morning?" said I
And now the merriment everflowed her
eyes, and she isughed, yet blushed a little, tow, and lowered her eyes from mine,
and said, still leughing;
"Oh, Peter—the tempot—do mind the tem-

CONTINUED TOMORROW.





Irish soldier (looking at aeroplane)-"Shure, they're welcome to it. The solid ground's good enough for me."-



"I don't think my hat suits my hair, George!"

Well, you should have thought of that before you gave so much money for it:"

"What, my hat?" "No, your hair, my dear!"

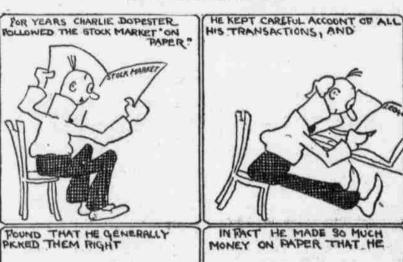


-London Opinion "TRUST!"

"I say, why did you name that dog of yours Gossip?" "Because he's such a backbiter."-

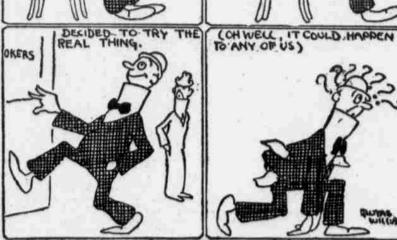
Baltimore American.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS









It's Always Like This

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL





"Zat is ze reazon I charge madame ze high price."



He—How does Miss Tabitha manage now that she has lost her teeth? She-Oh, she gets on all right. She has a very biting tongue, you know.



"What's the matter? Why are we slowing up?" "We're passing the milky way, and our propellers are clogged with but-



Dobson-You wouldn't marry Miss Rox for her money, would you, Upson? Upson Downs-How else can I get it?

GERMAN BREACHES OF THE HAGUE CONVENTION



REDUCING THE BRITISH ARMY BY ANTI-FATTING A TRIBUTARY OF THE MARNE.



aviator, making any more secons



Pretty Lucky