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

copyright, 1915, Little, Brown & Co, best Vibert, an English scholar, designed upon his uncle, Sir George Vibert, an English scholar, designed upon his uncle, Sir George Vibert, and the second of the control of the c

helps Peter remove the prostrate smile, leaves during the night, and before awakes he finds only a note he and a belief. 'Hark' George, estoness of Peter has been growing his meddenly teaves the shop. Practice and the two decide to induce the prostrate of the control of the c th Peter does not realize it, he in the encounding to Charmian's The two are preparing for break-

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVI-Continued. EAPOT?" I repeated, and then I saw that I still held it in my hand. Pray, sir-what might you be going to with the teapot in one hand, and t fork in the other?"

d was going to make the tea, I reber," said L. Is that why you were standing there

ing at the kettle while it boiled

I-forgot all about the kettle," said L mian took the teapot from me. i set about brewing the tea, singing trily the while. Anon she began to the bacon, giving each individual slice is the mount of care and attention; is the reyes chancing to meet mine, the eng died upon her lip, her lashes flickered and fell, while up from throat to ow there crept a slow, hot wave of sinson. And in that moment I turned ray and strode down to the brook.

Now it happened that I came to that

me spot where she had leaned, and,

nging myself down, I fell to studying reflection in the water, even as she

Heretofore, though I had paid scant ted to my appearance, I had been con-ent (in a certain impersonal ant (in a certain impersonal sort of say), had dressed in the fashion, and take advantage of such adornments as sare in favor, as much from ashit as you any set design; but now take ey hands, I began to study

reprintedly, feature by feature, as I had sever dreamed of doing before.

Mirrored in the clear waters I beheld a face lean and brown, and with lank, sek hair; eyes, dark and of a strange dliance, looked at me from beneath a sep prominence of brow; I saw a somehigh-bridged nose with thin, ryous nostrile, a long, cleft chin, and disdainful mouth.

Truly, a seturnine face, cold and dark ad unlovely, and thus-even as I gazedmouth grew still more disdainful, the heavy brow lowered blacker and ore forbidding. And yet, in that same drove to lend some order to the wild-

said I, and plunged my head ereath the water, and held it there so er that I came up puffing and blowing; supen I caught up the towel and ently, looking down into the water ain, I saw that my hair was wilder an ever—all rubbed into long eff-locks. mightway I lifted my hands, and would

said I to myself, turning let be. I am as I am, and shall eforth in very truth a village smith-and content so to be-abso-

sight of me Charmian burst out ted it, angored me nevertheless Why, Peter!" she exclaimed, "you look A very low fellow!" said I, "say

blacksmith who has been at his "If you only had rings in your ears, scarf round your head, you would image of a Spanish brigand-or man Mina whose exploits The is full of-a Spanish general, I

A guerrilla leader," said I, taking my at the table," and a singularly stooded villatu-indeed, I think it ble that we much resemble one er; is it any wonder that I am is it any ment and regarded askance by the

Why, Peter!" said Charmian, regardwith grave eyes, "what do you

can that the country folk herego out of their way to avoid me my path-not that, I suppose, ng my pather heard of Mina, but because of

y think me possessed of the 'Evil of some such folly-may I cut you of bread?" Peter!

by divers honest-hearted a, I am credited with having cast spell upon certain unfortunate the having fought hand to hand the hosts of the nethermost pit, and having sold my soul to the devillI trouble you to pass the butter?'

h Peter, how foolish of them?'

at how excusable! considering their rance and superstition," said L.

i, I am well aware, is not a face as me the heart of man, wuman, of they (especially women and obli-

Uncy (especially women and chilthat divine attribute which, for

By JEFFERY FARNOL

desert air."

And philosophical blacksmiths, Peter."

"More so if they be poor blacksmiths."

"I said 'philosophical,' Peter."

"You probably find your situation horribly lonely here." I went on after a pause.

"Yes; it's nice and lonely, Peter."

"And, undoubtedly, this cottage is very poor and mean, and—er—humble?" Charmian smiled and shook her head.

"But then, Charmian Brown is a very humble person, sir."

"And you haven't even the luxury of a mirror to dress your hair by."

"And you haven't even the luxury of a nirror to dress your hair by!"
"Is it so very clumsily dressed, sir?"
"No. no," said I hastly, "indeed I was binking..." thinking-" "Well, Peter?"

"That it was very-beautiful!"
"Why, you told me that last flightome, what do you think of it this morn-With those leaves in it-it is-even more

Charmian laughed, and, rising, swept me a stately curtesy,
"After all, sir, we find there be excep-tions to every rule!"

"You mean?"
"Even blacksmitha!"

Tou mean?

"Even blacksmiths!"

And in a while, having finished my breakfast, I rose, and, taking my hat, hade Charmian "Good morning," and so came to the door. But on the threshold I turned and looked back at her. She had risen, and stood leaning with one hand on the table; now in the other she held the breadknife, and her eyes were upon mine. And lo! wonder of wonders! once again but this time sudden and swift-up from the round. full column of her throng, up over cheek and brow there rushed that vivid tide of color; her eyes grew auddenly deep and soft, and then were hidden 'neath her lashes—and, in that same moment, the knife slipped from her grasp, and falling, point downwards, stood quivering in the floor between us—an usly thing that gleamed evily.

Was this an omen—a sign youchsafed of

Was this an omen—a sign vouchsafed of that which dark and terrible, was, even then, marching to meet us upon this Broad Highway. O Blind, and more than blind;

Almost before it had ceased to quiver I Almost before it had ceased to quiver I stooped, and, plucking it from the floor, gave it into her hand. Now, as I did so, her fingers touched mine, and, moved by a sudden mad impulse, I stooped and pressed my lips upon them-kissed them quick and fierce, and so turned, and hurried upon my way. Yet, as I went, I found that the knife had cut my chin, and that I was bleed-

O Blind, and more than blind! Surely this was a warning, an omen to heed-to shiver over, despite the warm sun! But, seeing the blood, I laughed, and strode villagewards, blithe of heart and light of foot.

O Blind, and more than blind!

"So 'elp me, Bob, if this ain't a piece o' luck!", he exclaimed, and, with the words, he removed his hat and fell to combing his short, thick hair with the handle of his whip.

"I'm glad you think so," said I,
"You can drownd me if it ain't!" said

"And, pray, how is the gentleman who happened to fall and hurt himself, if you remember—in the storm?" " 'Appened to fall an' 'urt 'isself?" re-

"What might you be pleased to mean?" means as a gent 'appenin' to fall in think, while 1-not bein born to itbut 'e don't give 'isself two black eyes,
a bloody nose, a split lip an' three broken
ribs all at once—it ain't nat'ral, w'ich if
you says contrairy, I remarks—'Walker'
Lord!" continued the Postilion, seeing 1
born to it—an' this brings me round to
thing speak, "Lord! itsmust 'a' been a 'er!" the dark may p'r'aps cut 'is 'end opendid not speak, "Lord! it must 'a' been a pretty warm go while it lasted—you put 'm to sleep sound enough; it took me over a hour to Tonbridge, an' 'e never moved till 'e'd been put to bed at 'The Chequers' an' a doctor sent for. Ah! an' a nice time I 'ad of it, what wi' chambermaids a-runnin' up an' down stairs to see the 'poor gentleman,' an' everybody a-starin' at me, an' a-shakin' their 'eads, an' all a-axin' questions, one atop o' other, till the doctor come, ''Ow this appen, me man? says 'e. 'A haccident?' says I. 'A haccident?' says I. 'A haccident?' says the doctor, wi' a look in 'is eye as I didn't just like. 'Ah!' says I, 'fell on 'is 'ead out o' the chaise, says I, 'ten on is end-out o' the chaise, says I, 'struck a stone or summ'at,' says I. 'Did 'e fail of 'is own accord?' says the doctor. 'Ah, for sure!' says I. 'Humph!' says the doctor, 'what wi' 'is eyes, an' 'is nose, an' 'is lips, looks to me as if some one 'ad 'elped 'im.' 'Then you must be a dam' fool!' says a voice, an' there's my gentleman-Number One, you know, a-sittla' up in bed an' doin' 'is 'ardest to frown. 'Sir?' says the doctor. 'Sir! to you,' says my gentleman, 'this honest fellow tells the truth. I did fall out o' the accuraed chalse—an' be damned to you!' says 'e. 'Don't excite yourself,' says the doctor;

'in your present condition it would be dangerous.' "Then be so good as to go to the devil!' says my gentleman. 'I will' says the doctor, an' off 'e goes. 'Hi, there, you,' says my gentleman, callin' to me as soon as we were alone, 'this acme as soon as we were alone, 'this accursed business 'as played the devil with me, an' I need a servant. 'Ow much do you want to stay wi' me?' 'Twenty-five shillin' a week, 'says I, doin' myself proud while I 'ad the chance. 'I'll rive ye thirty,' says 'e; 'wot's ye name?' 'Jacob Trimble, sir, 'says I. 'An' a most accursed name it is.' "Ill call you Parks. accursed name it is!'-I'll call you Parks, says 'e, 'an' when I ring let no one answer but yourself. You can go, Parks—an, Parks—set me another doctor.'
Well," pursued the Postilion, scatting nimself near by, 'we'd been there a coupte o' weeks, an' though 'e was better an' 'ls face near well again, 'e still kept to 'ls room, when, one "y, a smart phaeton an' blood 'osses drives up, an' them out steps a fine gentleman-one c pale, sleepy sort. I was a-standin' in the yard, brushin' my master's coat-a bottle-green wi' silver buttons, each

hands into the phaeton wi the shepy

allowed to 'waste their sweetness on the dearst air.'

"And philosophical,' Peter."

"I said 'philosophical,' Peter."

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"I said 'philosophical,' Peter."

"I said 'philosophical,' Peter."

"And so you are a groom now?"

"And so you are a blacksmith, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, if it don't beat everything as "What do you mean?"

"I mean my droppin' in on you. like this 'ere, just as if you wasn't the one man in all England as I was 'opeful to drop in on."

"And you find me very busy!" said I.
"Lord love me!" said the Postilion,
combing his hair so hard that it wrinkled
hish brow.

hish brow.

"I comes um from Tenbridge this 'ere very afternoon, an', 'avin' drunk a pint over at 'The Bull' yonder, an' axed questions as none o' they chawbacons could give a answer to, i 'ears the chink o' your 'ammer, an' comin' over 'ere, chance like, I finds-you: I'll be sormed if it ain't a'most onnat'rai!"

"And why?"

"Cos you was the very identical chan

"Cos you was the very i-dentical chap as I come up from Tonoridge to find." "Were you sent to find me?" "Easy a bit-you're a blacksmith, a'n't

"I teld you so before."
"Wot's more, you looks a blacksmith in that there leather apron, an' wi your face all smutty. To be sure, you're powerful like 'im-Number One as was-my master as now is-

"Did he send you to find me?"
"Some folks might take you for a gentleman meetin' you off and like, but I knows different."

"As how?"
"Well, I never 'eard of a gentleman turnin' 'Isself into a blacksmith, afore, for one thing—"
"Still, one might," I ventured.
"No," answered the postilion, with a "No," answered the postilion, with a decisive shake of the head, "it's ag'in'

decinive shake of the head, it's again heatur'; when a gentleman gots down in the world, an' 'as to do summ'at for a livin', 'e generally shoots 'isself-ah' an' I've knowed 'em do it too'. An' then I've

I've knowed 'em do li too'! An' then I've noticed as you don't swear, nor yet curse—not even a damn."

'Seldom,' said I; 'but what of that?"

'I've seed a deal o' the quality in my time, one way or another—many's the fine gentieman as I've driux, or groomed for, an' never a one on 'em as didn't curse me—sh!" said the postilion, sighing and shaking his head, "'ow they did curse me!—specially one—a young lord—oncommon fond o' me 'e were too, in 'is way, to the day 'is 'oss fell an' rolled on 'm. 'Jacob,' says 'e, short like, for 'e were a-goin' fast. 'Jacob'! says 'e, 'damn your infernally ugly mug!' says 'e, 'you bet me as that cursed brute would do for me.' 'I did, my lord,' says I, an' I remember as the tears was a-runnin' down member as the tears was a-runnin' down all our faces as we carried 'im along on the five-barred gate, that bein' 'andiest. CHAPTER XVII.

"Well, devil take your soul, you was right, Jacob, an' be damned to you!'

"Well, devil take your soul, you was right, Jacob, an' be damned to you!'

"So 'elp me, Bob, if this ain't a piece o' luck!", he exclaimed, and, with the words, he removed his hat an elong.

"So 'elp me, Bob, if this ain't a piece o' luck!", he exclaimed, and, with the words, he removed his hat and foll to paim o' your 'and, an' to strip a lord, palm o' your 'and, an' to strip a lord, or a carl, or a gentleman as naked as the palm o' your 'and, an' was to place us side by side-where'd be the differ ence? We're both men, both flesh and blood, ain't we??—then wher'd be the difference? 'Oo's to tell which is the lord an' which is the postilion?"
"Who, indeed?" said I, setting down
my hammer. "Jack is often as good as

his master—and a great deal better."
"Why, nobody!" nedded the postilion,
"not a soul—till we opened our mouths: "'Appened to fall an' 'urt 'isself?' repeated the Postfilon, winking knowingly, "''urt 'isself,' says you—'Walker!' says I, 'Walker!' with which he laid his forefinger against the side of his nose of the laid his forefinger against the side of his nose in the not like it (which would be not like it (which would be not like it). Would fall a-swearin' only be nat'ral), would fall a-swearin' 'eavens 'ard, damning everybody an' cursin' everything; an' never stop to

"Her?" "Ah-'er? Number Two-'er as quar reled wi' Number One all the way from London-'er as run away from Number e-wot about er?" Here he fell to mbing his hair again with his whip ndle, while his quick, bright eyes dodged from my face to the glowing forge and back again, and his clean-shaven lips pursed themselves in a soundless whistle.

And, as I watched him, it seemed to me that this was the question that had been in his mind all along. Seeing she did manage to run away from him-Number One-she is probably ery well," I answered.
"Ab-to be sure! very well, you say?

ah, to be sure!" said the Postilion, ap parently lost in contemplation of the belows; "and -where might she be, now?" "That I am unable to tell you," said I, and began to blow up the fire while the Postilion watched me, sucking the handle of his whip reflectivly,

You work oncommon 'ard-drownd me you don't!"
"Pretty hard!" I nodded.

"An' gets well paid for it, p'r'aps" "Not so well as I could wish," said I. "Not so well as e could wish," nodded the Postilion, apparently addressing the sledge-hammer, for his gaze was fixed upon it. "Of course not—the 'arder a man works the wuss 'e gets paid—'ow much did you say you got a week?"
"I named no sum," I replied.

'Well-'ow much might you be gettin

'Ten shillings." "Gets ten shillin' a week!" he nodded to the sladge-hammer, "that ain't much for a chap like 'im-kick me if it is!"

"Yet I make it do very well!" The Position became again absorbed in ontemplation of the bellows; indeed be studied them so intentity, viewing them with his head now on one side, now on the other, that I fell to watching him, under my brows, and so, presently, caught him furtively watching me. Here-upon he drew his whip from his mouth

and spoke. posing-" said he, and stopped, "Well?" I inquired, and, leaning upon my hammer, I looked him square in the

"Supposing-wot are you a-staring at my feller?"
"You have said 'supposing' twice-"Well," said he, fixing his eye upon

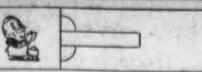
the bellows again, "supposing you to make a guinea over an' above your wages this week?"
"I should be very much surprised," You would?"

"I certainly should."
"Then why not surprise yourself?" "You must speak more plainly," said I.
"Well then," said the Postilion, still
with his gase abstracted, "supposia" i
was to place a sulnes down on that there
anvil o' yours—would that 'elp you to
remember where Number Two—ar—might

"It wouldn't?"

"A guinea's a lot o' moneyt"
"It is," I nodded.
"An' you say it wouldn't?"
"It would not!" said I.
"Then say oh! say two pun' ten an'
'ave done with it." "No!" said I, shaking my head.
"What not a ye say 'no' to two pun'

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCRAPPLE





-Passing Show Workman-Wot's the matter wiv the old gent, mate?
Forter-'Is missus 'as gone orf in the wrong train and left 'Im behind.
Workman-Oh! (As an after(hought) Lucky blighter!



'Pa, what is a diplomat?' "A diplomat, my son, is a man who remembers a lady's birthday, but for-

Our Own Little Battle

Uncle Sam-Guess I've had enough

of the old record. I'll put this one on

for a white.



"Behold the fair damsel coming down the street. She is a miss with a mission." "What is her mission?"

ONCE IS ENUF!

MY RARE PERSIAN RUG

HAVENT

TIT FOR TAT

"Seeking a man with a mansion."

THE PADDED CELL



We Think So, Too

"Charles, you're spending too much money this year. Too many dances, too many clothes, too many taxis, too many-"

"Well, father, I'll tell you how I look at it. It seems to me that every family ought to be able to support one gentleman."-Cornell Widow.

ANGORA'



Jim-This paper says that a man by Bill-That's funny, I t



quets and paid for ten herself.

Hard to See



Weary-De lady over there says I alloonist. Seedy-Huh! Wat't de idea?



We cannot abolish fate, but we can in

OFFICES BOY WANTED

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



ing the debate-if ate Kalser knew about your face 'e'd give