THE BROAD HIGHWAY

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

Cepyright, 1918, Little, Brown & Co.

Peter Vybart, an English scholar, desendent upon his uncle, Sir George Vibart, a
bequessined only 10 guineau (610) by the
sig man. Manrice ("bruck") Vibart, a resig man. Manrice ("bruck") Vibart, a resignal of the property of the color
("Feter, is last 20,009 pounds (\$100,000).
The will also provides \$500,000 for the onebo marries the Lady Sophia Belton within
a your. Peter, against the protestations of
a your. Peter against the protestations of
the old Friend with whom he lived, Sir
Richard Anstruther, decides to go down
"The Broad Highway" of Kent and live.
He plans to work after the metary is gone.
Book I fells of his exciting adventures
will be reaches Hissinghurst viliage, where
the heromen a blackmith in the supploy of
"Mack" George, Peter gons to live in a
"sunface" in the first book is that Peter
is three times mistaken for his cousts
after times mistaken for his cousts
faurire has a beard.

Peter, at the beginning of Book II, is
suddenly awakened by a man's voice callling "Charmian!" Rushlag from his bedroom, he finds a strange woman about to
sheet at a man entering his home. It is his
consin Maurice, whom he heats Into linenablisty after a flerce strugile. A ponentillon helps Peter remove the prostrate
form.

"Hisck" George, whose jealousy of Peter

enablity after a process the pro-tillon helps Peter remova the pro-tillon helps Peter remova the pro-tillack. George, whose jealousy of Peter has been growing steadily, auddenly leaves the shop. Prudence, who loves George, comes to Pets. For advice, and the two dedde to Induce him to return. George, the provinced that Prudence and

BOOK II. CHAPTER XXI-(Continued).

"DRUDENCE" said I again. "She'm a 'andsome lass, an' so pretty as a preter-you said so yourself, what's more, she're a sensible lass, an"il make ye as fine a wife as ever was

"If only she loved me, Ancient." "To be sure, Peter."

"But, you see, she doesn't." "Eh-what? What, Peter" *Prudence doesn't love me!" "Doesn't---"

"Not by any means." "Peter-ye're jokin'." "No. Ancient." "But I-I be all took aback-mazed I

on it-are ye sure?" "Certain."

"'Ow d' ye know?" "She told me so." "But-why-why shouldn't she love

"Why should she?" "But I-I'd set my 'eart on it, Peter," "It is very unfortunate?" said I, and began blowing up the fire.

"Peter." "Yes, Ancient?" "Do 'ee love she?" "No. Ancient." The old man rose, and.

hobbling forward, tapped me upon the breast with the handle of his stick. "Then who was you a-talkin' of a while back-'bout 'er eyes, an' 'er 'air, an' 'er dress, an' bein' afraid o' them?"

"To be exact, I don't know, Ancient." "Oh, Peter!" exclaimed the old man, shaking his head, "I wonders at ye; arter me a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin', on' a-pian-ain' an' a-piannin' all these months—arter me a sendin' Black Jarge about 'is busi-

"Ancient, what do you mean?" "Why, didn't I out an 'tell un as you s sweet on Pruc—" Did you tell him that " I cried.

Ay, to be sure I did; an' what's more, I mays to un often an' often, when you wasn't by: 'Jarge,' I'd say, 'Prue's a other out, they be all'us a-talkin' to each other an' a-lookin' at each other, morn-in', noon an' night!' I says; 'like as not we'll 'ave 'em marryin' cach other afore very long," an' Jarge 'ud just wrinkle up 'is brows, an' walk away, an' never say a word. But now-it be turble 'ard to be disapp'inted like this, Peter-arter I'd man-such a very ancient man. Oh. Peter: you be full o' disapp'intments, an Oh. all manner o' contrariness; sometimes a'most wishes as I'd never took the

trouble to find ye at all!" And with this Parthian shot, the old man sighed, and turned his back upon me and tottered out of the forge.

CHAPTER XXII. HAVING finished my bars, with four strong brackets to hold them, I put away my tools and donned hat and coat. It was yet early, and there was, besides. much work waiting to be done, but I felt unwontedly tired and out of sorts, wherefore, with my bars and brackets be-seath my arm. I set out for the Hollow. And presently, lifting my eyes to the sky, already deepening to evening, and remembering how I had looked round me

tie I faced Black George, I breathed a sigh of thankfulness that I was yet alive with atrength to walk within a world so beautiful. Now, as I stood thus, I heard a voice halling me, and, giancing about, espied one, some distance up the road, who sat beneath the hedge whom, upon approach-

ing, I recognized as Gabbing Dick, the

Pedler.

He nodded and grinned as I came up, but in both there was a vague unpleasantness, as also in the manner in which he eyed me slowly up and down.

"You've stood a-lookin' up into the sky for a good ten minutes!" said he.

"And what if I have?"

"Neither," said the Pedler "nothin' at

And what if I have? "Nothin" at all though if the moon ad been up, a come might ha thought as you was

cove snight ha' thought as you was dreamin' of some Eve or other; love-sick folk always stares at the moon-icastways, so they tell me. Any one as stares at the moon when 'e might be soin' summ'at better is a fool, as great a fool as any man as stares at Eve. a fool as any man as stares at a Evefool as any man as stares at a Eve. for a Eve never brought any man nothin but trouble and sorrer, and never will, no ok. Don't frown, young cove, nor shake your 'ead, for it's true; wot's suzed more sorer an blood than them Even's Blood!—ah! rivers of it! Oceans of good blood's been rplit all along o'women, from the Eve as tricked old Adam to the Eve as tricks the like o'ma, or any—yourself." Here he regarded me with so evil a leer that I turned my with so svil a leer that I turned my

"Don't go, young cove; I ain't done
ret, and I got summ'at to tell ye."
"Then tell it!" said I, stopping again,
struck by the fellow's manner, "and tell
it quickly."

"I'm a-comin' to it as fast as I can, in't I? Very well then! You're a fine. Designation young cove and may 'ave litte 'ands (which I don't see myself. at no matter) and may likewise be bock-full o' taking ways (which, though noticin' I wen't so (or to deny) but Bot noticin', I won't go for to deny)—but Evo's a live, and always will be—you'll

blos a live, and always will be you maind as I warned you again' 'em last lime I see ye?-very well then!"
"Well?" said I impatiently.
"Well," nedded the Pedier, and his eyes winded malovolently. "I says it again—serne you again. You're a nice, division young cove, and quiet (though I con't like the cuch o' your sye), and, and, I den't hear you no ill-will-

By JEFFERY FARNOL

on a cold, dark night-"It was neither a cold nor a dark night!" said L.

"Well, it might ha' been, might n't it?-very well, then! Still, I don't," said the Pedler, spitting dejectedly into the ditch, "I don't bear you no 'ard feelin's for it, no ow-me always makin' it a pint to forgive them as weefully oppresses me, likewise them as despitefully uses me—it might ha' been cold, and dark, wi' ice and snow, and I might ha' froze to death-but we won't say no more about

"You've said pretty well, I think," said I; "supposing you tell me what you have to tell me-otherwise-good night!" "Very well then!" said the Pedler, "let's talk o' summ'at else; still livin' in the 'Oller, I suppose."

"Ah, well! I come through there to said be, grinning, and again his eyes grew malevolent. 'Indeed?'

"Ab!-indeed! I come through this 'ere very arternoon, and uncommon pretty everythin was lookin, wi the grass so green, and the trees so—so—"Shady."

"Shady's the word!" nodded the Pedler. clancing up at me through his narrowed eyelids, and chuckling. "A paradise you might call it—ah! a paradise or a—garden of Eden. wi' Eve and the serpent and all." and he broke out into a cackling laugh. And, in the look and the laugh. indeed about his whole figure, there was something so repellent, so evil, that I was minded to kick and trample him down into the ditch, yet the leering triumph in 'Yes?" sout 1.

the cottage—and very pretty that looked too, and nice and next inside." "Yes?" said I.

"And, bein' so near, I 'appened to glance in at the winder, and there, sure enough, sec-'er-as you might say. Eve in the cardin. And a fine figure of a Eve she gardin. e, and 'andsome wi' it-'t ain't often as you see a maid the likes o' 'er, so proud and 'nughty like."

"Well, just as I 'appened to look in at the winder, she 'appened to be standin' wi' an open book in 'er 'and-a old, leather book wi' a broken cover."
"Yea?" said 1.

"And she was a laughin'-and a pretty, soft, Eve's laugh it were, too."
"Yes?" said I.
"And—'e were a-lookin' at the book—

But I-I be all took aback—mazed I over 'er shoulder!" The irons slipped from my grasp, and fell with harsh "Ketches ye, does it?" said the Pedler.

I did not speak, but, meeting my eye, he scrambled hastily to his feet, and,

ne scrambled hastily to his feet, and, catching up his pack, retreated some little way down the road.

"Ketches ye, does it, my cove?" he repeated: "turn me away from your door on a cold, dark night, would ye (not as I bears you any ill-will for it, bein' of a forsivin' natur')? But I says to you, I says look out; a flue, redesent bears. says-look out!-a fine 'andsome lass she be, wi' 'er soft eyes and red lips, and long, white arms-the eyes and lips and arms of a Eve; and Eve tricked Adam, didn't she?-and you ain't a better man nor Adam, are ye?-very well then!" say-which, he spat once more into the ditch.

and, shouldering his pack, strode away.
And after some while, I took up my iron
bars, and trudged on towards the cottage. As I went, I repeated to myself, over and over again, the word "Liar." Yet my step was very slow and heavy, and my feet dragged in the dust; and somewhere in my head a small hammer had begun to beat, soft and slow and regular, but beating, beating upon my brain.

Now the upper cover of my Virgil book was broken

CHAPTER XXIII MAN was standing in the shadow of A MAN was standing in the shadow of a tree, looking down into the Hollow-I could not see him very distinctly be-

cause, though evening had scarcely fallen, the shadows, where he stood, were very lovely maio, an' Peter's a fine young dense, but he was gazing down into the Hollow in the attitude of one who waits For what?-for whom?

A sudden fit of shivering shook me from head to foot, and, while I yet shivered, I grew burning hot; the blood throbbed at my temples, the small hammer was drumming much faster now, and the cool night air seemed to be stifling me.

Very cautiously I began creeping nearer the passive figure, while the hammer beat so loud that it seemed he must hear it where he stood; a shortish, broad-should ered figure clad in a blue coat. He held his hat in his hand, and he leaned carelessly against the tree, and his easy as-

strance of air maddened me the more. As he stood thus, looking always down into the Hollow, his neck gleamed at me above the collar of his coat, wherefore I stooped and, laying my irons in the grass, crept on, once more, and, as I

went, I kept my eyes upon his neck. A stick snapped sharp and loud be-neath my tread, the lounging back stif-fened and grew rigid, the face showed for an instant over the shoulder, and, with a spring, he had vanished into the

such a dense tangle of boughs and underbrush, yet I ran forward, nevertheless; but, though I sought eagerly upon all sides, he had made good his escape. So, after awhile, I retraced my steps to where I had left my irons and brackets. and taking them up, turned aside to that precipitous path which, as I have already said, leads down into the Hol-

Now, as I went, listening to the throb of the hammer in my head, whom should I meet but Charmian coming gally through the green and singing as she came. At sight of me she stopped, and the song died upon her lip.

why-why. Peter-you look pale-dreadfully pale-"
"Thank you, I am very well!" said I.
"You have not been-fighting again?"
"Why should I have been fighting,
Charmian?" "Your eyes are wild-and flerce, Peter."

"Were you coming to-to-meet me, Charmian?" 'Yes, Peter." Now, watching beneath

"Yes, Peter." Now, watching beneath my brows, it almost seemed that her color had changed, and that her eyes of set purpose avoided mine. Could it be that she was equivocating?
"But I—am much before my usual time, tonight. Charmian."
"Then there will be no waiting for supper, and I am ravonous. Peter!"
And as she led the way along the path she began to sing again.
Being come to the cottage, I set down my bars and brackets with a clans.
"These," said I, in answer to her look, "are the bars I promised to make for the door."

"Do you always keep your promises.

Peter?"
"I hope so."
"Then," said she, coming to look at the great bars with a fork in her hand, for she was in the middle of dishing up, "then, if you promise me always to come home by the road and never through the coppice—you will do so, won't you?"
"Why should I?" I inquired, turning sharply to look at her.
"Hecause the coppice is so dark and lonely, and if—I say, if I should take it lute my head to come and meet you sometimes, there would be no chance of my missing you." And so she looked at me and smiled, and, guing back to her cooking, fell unce more a-singing, the

though you did turn me from your door , while I sat and watched her beneath my brows.

Surely, surely no woman whose heart was full of deceit could sing so blithely and happily, or look at one with such

And yet the supper was a very gheat of a meal, for when I remembered the man who had watched and waited, the very food grew nauscous and seemed to choke me. "She's a Eve-a Eve!" rang a voice in my ear; "Eve tricked Adam, didn't she, and you ain't a better man nor Adam; she's a Eve-a Ever

"Peter, you eat nothing."

aweet candor in her eyes?

"Yes, indeed" said I, staring unsecingly down at my plate, and striving to close my ears against the flendish voice.

"And you are very pale!"

"And you are very pale!"
I shrugged my shoulders.
"Peter-look at me."
I looked up obediently.
"Yes, you are frightfully pale—are you ill again—is it your head; Peter-what is it?" and, with a sudden, half-shy gesture, she stretched her hand to me across the table. And as I looked from the mute pity of her eyes to the mute pity of that would-be comforting hand, I had a great impulse to clasp it close in mine. that would-be comforting hand, I had a great impulse to class it close in mine, to speak, and tell her all my base and unworthy suspicious, and, once more, to entreat her pardon and forgiveness. The words were upon my lips, but I checked them, madman that I was, and shook my head. shook my head.

"It is nothing." I answered, "unless it be that I have not yet recovered from

be that I have not yet recovered from Black George's fist; it is nothing!"

And so the meal drew to an end, and, though feeling my thoughts base, I sat with my head on my hand and my eyes upon the cloth, yet I knew she watched me, and more than once I heard her sigh. A muc who sets on impulse may sigh. A man who acts on impulse may sometimes be laughed at for his mistakes, but he will frequently attain to higher things and be much better loved by his fellows than the colder, more calculating logician who rarely makes a blunder; and Simon Peter was a man of impulse. impulse.

Suppor being over and done, Charmian must needs take my coat, despite my profests, and fall to work upon its threadbare shabbiness, mending a great rent in the sleeve. And, watching her through the stroke of my pipe, noting the high mold of her features, the proud poise of her head, the slender elegance of her hands. I was struck sharply by her contrast to the rough, bare walls that were my home and the toil-worn, unlovely garment beneath her fingers. As I looked she seemed to be suddenly removed from me-far above and beyond my reach. "That is the fourth time, Peter."

"What, Charmian"
"That is the fourth time you have sighed since you lighted your pipe and it is out, and you never noticed it!"
"Yes," said I, and laid the pipe upon the table and sighed again before I could ston myself. Charmian raised her head

stop myself. Charmian raised her head and looked at me with a laugh in her eyes. "Oh, most philosophical, dreamy black-

amith! where be your thoughts?"
"I was thinking how old and worn and

"I was thinking now old and disreputable my cont looked." "Indeed, sir," said Charmian, holding it up and regarding it with a little frown, "forsooth it is ancient and hath seen better days. "Like its wearer!" said I, and sighed

"Hark to this ancient man!" she ighed, "this hoary-headed blacksmith ours, who sighs, and forever sighs; laughed. of ours, who sighs, and forever sighs; if it could possibly be that he had met any one sufficiently worthy—I should think that he had fallen—philosophically think to the hour street of the course of th -in love; how think you, Sir Knight of

the Rueful Countenance?"
"I remember," said I. "that, among other things, you once called me 'Superior Mr. Smith.' " Charmian laughed and nodded her head at me.
"You had been describing to me some

quite impossible idealistic creature, alone worthy of your regard, sir." "Do you still think me 'superior,' Char-

Do you still dream bloodlessly-perfect ideals.

"No." I answered; "no, I think I have one with dreaming." "And I have done with this, thy coat, behold! it is finished." and, rising, she folded it over the back of my chair. Now, as she stood thus behind me, her hand fell and for a moment rested lightly on my shoulder.

'Yes, Charmian."

"I wish, yes, I do wish that you were ther much younger or very much older." "Why?" Because you wouldn't be quite so-so ryptic-such a very abstruse problem ometimes I think I understand you bet ter than you do yourself, and sometimes I am utterly lost; now, if you were younger I could read you easily for myself, and, if you were older, you would read yourself for me."

"I was never very young!" said I.
"No you were always too repressed."

"No. you were always too repressed, Peter."

Peter."
"Yes, perhaps I was."
"Repression is good up to a certain
point, but beyond that it is dangerous."
said she, with a portentous shake of the
head. "Heigho! was it a week or a year

ago that you avowed yourself happy and couldn't tell why?"
"I was the greater fool!" said I.
"For not knowing why, Peter""
"For thinking myself happy!"
"Peter, what is happiness"

"An idea." said I, "possessed generally fools!"
"And what is misery?" "Misery is also an idea."
"Possessed only by the wise, Peter; surely he is wiser who chooses hap-

"Neither happiness nor misery comes

But-if one seeks happiness, Peter?" "One will assuredly find misery!" said

I, and, sighing, rose, and taking my hammer from its place above my bookahelf, set to work upon my bracelets, driving them deep into the heavy frame-work of the door. All at once I stopped, with my hammer poised, and, for no reason in the world, looked back at Charmian, over my shoulder; looked to find her watching me with eyes that were (if it could well be) puzzled, wist-ful, shy, and glad at once and the same time; eyes that veiled themselves swiftly before my look, yet that shot one last glance, between their lashes, in which were only joy and laughter. "Yes?" said I. answering the look. But she only stooped her head and went on

ewing; yet the color was bright in her And, having driven in the four brace-

lets, or staples, and closed the door, I took up the bars and showed her how they were to lie crosswise across the door, resting in the brackets. "We shall be safe now, Peter," said he; "those bars would resist—an ele-

phant.

phant."
"I think they would," I nodded: "but there is yet something more." Going to my shelf of books I took thence the silver-mounted pistol she had brought with her, and balanced it in my hand. "Tomorrow I will take this to Cranbrook, and buy bullets to fit it."

"Why, there are bullets there—in one of the old shoes, Peter."
"They are too large; this is an unusually small calibre, and yet it would be deadly enough at close range. I will load it for you. Charmian, and give it into your keeping, in case you should toto your keeping, in case you should sver grow afraid again, when I am not by: this is a lonely place—for a woman at all times." EVILL

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCRAPPLE



-Punch. Mother-Come along, Tony; come downstairs; it's time for dinner Teny (who has closely studied the troops drilling in the park, likewise the words of command given to the men)-Why the blazes don't you say "alt"?



Husband-But you must agree that mer Wife-Oh, yes; you married me, and I

Teacher-What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Billy-The home of the swallow is in

Most Successful

Bixxy-What's the matter, old man, you look worried? Fizzy-I have some cause to. I en-

gaged a man to trace my pedigree.

Bizzy-Well, hasn't be succeeded?

Fizzy-Succeeded? I should say be

money.

Now, I'm paying him hush

Billy-I can, teacher.

Teacher-Well, where?



"My boy, I like your wavy hair." "Well, there's no waves on your head,



Seashore Jokelet

pop. It's all beach."

LA-LE AY-EEEE -AH LAY- EEEE. 用相 STONE SHE WAS TOLD TO POLISH THE PIANO. A E HAYWARD

Pretty Bum

でからいいか

whole length of the block

Doris-Is Dick a finished musician?

night- the neighbors chased him the

A Bird in the Hand

tolet-He came near being one last

THE PADDED CELL

THE LIQUES ARE BREAKING

IN A "GREEN" MAID AND-

Evidently

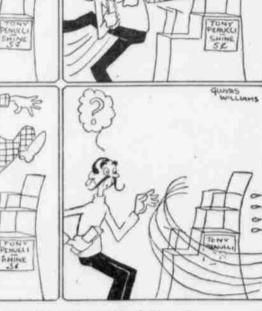
"Did you say these peas were from your own garden?" asked the summer boarder. "Yes, siree," replied the farmer. "Picked 'em myself early this morn-

you pick them?" inquired the boarder, removing a piece of solder from be-tween his teeth.—Exchange.









It's Dangerous to Get Your Shoes Shined These Days

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Very Good

Angry Diner-Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig! Waiter-Ah'm doin' mah best, sah!



"You're a friend of mine. You'll haw

send flowers to my funeral."

Why, yes; I suppose so.

Salesman-Let me show you our latest machine! We have a motorcar now that can climb any hill on earth, Customer-That's nothing. The last one you sold me tried to climb a tree

