THE BROAD HIGH

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

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Pater Vibart. an English seficiae, dependent upon his uncle, Sir George Vibart. Is isequeathed coily 10 guinean (570) by the sid main. Maurice ("Buck") Vibart, a noverhous priso finiter and rake, a cousin Feder, is left 20,000 pounds (\$100,000). The will also provides \$500,000 for the one who marries the Lady Sophia Sefton within a rest. Peter, assiste the protestations of Feder, is left 20,000 for the one with marries the Lady Sophia Sefton within a rest. Peter, assiste the protestations of Feder Austruther, decides to go down "The Hind Will whom he lived. Sir Richard Austruther, decides to go down "The Broad Highway" of Kent and live. He plans to work after the modey is gone. Heek I tells of his saving adventures until he reaches Similarhurst village, where he becomes a blackmith in the employ of "Black" George. Feler goes to live in a haunted" house in a hollow. The principal feature in the first book is that Peter is three times mistaken for his cousin Maurice. The only difference between the two is that Peter is clean slaven and Maurice has a beard.

Peter, at the beginning of Book II, is suddenly awakened by a main's voice calling "Charmian!" Rushing from his bedroom he finds a strange woman about to shoot at a man estering his home. It is his cusin Maurice, whom he bears Into insentability after a flerce struggle. A pos-villon helps Peter remove the prostrate form. "Black" George, whose leatousy of Peter "The Course of the course o Copyright, 1915, Little, Brown & Co.

room he finds a straing woman access respectively a first a man extering his home. It is his ceusin Maurice, whom he beats into insentability after a fierce struggle. A nostillon helps Peter remove the prostrate favm.

"Black" George, whose jealousy of Peter has brea growing steadily, suddenly leaves the shop. Prudence, who loves George, wines to Peter for advice, and the two decide to induce him to return. George, however, is convinced that Prudence and Peter are in love.

A few nights hater Peter meets a broom wender, who tells him that "Black" George has loved to fight "the ceve" who has stolen his sweetheart's love until one or the other to dead.

Con storoling while Peter is at work, the position who holped him remove Maurice" and of the triber is dead.

That night he Peter meets "Black" George, and after a terrific fight, lasting until holp men are nearly exhausted, the latter manages to land a tremendous blow on Peter's head. Peter falls as if dead. When he regains consciousness he is in Charmina's arms.

Peter, fearful that Maurice may return, gives Charmian an old platol with which to protect herself.

BOOK II. CHAPTER XXIII-(Continued).

YES, Peter." She was busily emand began to sing softly to herself again as she worked, that old song which worthy Mr. Pepys mentions having heard from the lips of mischievous-eyed Nell Gwynn:

"In Scarlet town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwellin". Made every youth cry Well-a-way! Her name was Barbara 'Allen." "Are you so happy, Charmian?"
"Oh, sir, indifferent well, I thank you.

"All in the merry month of May When green buds they were swellin' Young Jemmy Grove on his beath-hed lay, For love of Barbara Allen. "Are you so-miserable, Peter?"
"Why do you ask?"

"Because you sigh, and sigh, like— poor Jemmy Grove in the song," "He was a fool!" said I. "For sighing, Peter?" "For dying.

"I suppose no philosopher could ever be so-foolish, Peter?"
"No." said I; "certainly not!"
"It is well to be a philosopher, isn't it.

and coming back sat watching Charm-lan's busy fingers.

"Do you - ever see any - any - men lurking about the Hollow-when I am away?" Her needle stopped suddenly, and she did not look up as she answered:

Eve-a Eve!" said a voice in my "Eve tricked Adam, didn't she?-a

You are very restless, Peter!"

Yes," said I: "yes, I fear I am-you must parden me-"

indeed I had not thought of my

"Why not read?"

"Charmian," said I at last. "Yes, Peter?"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

the wild face below, "tomorrow I will go signed, and looked at me with her head the wild face below, "tomorrow I will a far hence."

Now while, I yet gezed at myself I heard a sudden gasp behind, and, turning, beheld Charmian.

"Peter! is it you?" she whispered, drawing back from me.

"Who else, Charmian? Did I startle you?"

"Yes-oh, Peter!"
"Are you afraid of me?"
"You are like one who has walked with death! I rose to my feet and stood looking down at her,

"Are you afraid of me, Charmian?"
"No, Peter."
"I am glad of that." said I, "because want to ask you-to marry me, Charmian."

CHAPTER XXV.

PETER "Yes"

"I wish you wouldn't." "Wouldn't what, Charmian?"

"Stir your tea round and round and round—it is really most—exasperating!"
"I beg your pardon!" said I humbly.
"And you eat nothing; and that is also "I am not hungry

"And I was so careful with the bacon-see it is fried-beautifully-yes, you are very exasperating, Peter:"
Here, finding I was absent-mindedly stirring my tea round and round again.

I gulped it down out of the way, where-upon Charmian took my cup and refilled it: having done which, she set her elbows upon the table, and, propping her chin in her hends, looked at me. "You climbed out through your window

last night, Peter?"

"It must have been a-dreadfully tight

"And why did you go by the window?"
"I did not wish to disturb you."
"That was very thoughtful of you—only. you see, I was up and dressed; the roat of the thunder woke me. It was a dreadful storm, Peter."

"The lightning was awful!" "Yes." "And you were out in it?"

"Yes." "Oh, you poor, poor Peter! How cold

you must have been!" "On the contrary," I began, "I-"
"And wet, Peter-miserably wet and clammy!"

"I did not notice it," I murmured.
"Being a philosopher, Peter, and too
much engrossed in your thoughts,""
"I was certainly thinking."

"Of yourself!"
"Yes-" "You are a great egoist, aren't you

"It is well to be a philosopher, isn't it.

Peter?"

"Hum?" said I, and once more set about lighting my pipe. Anon I rose and, crossing to the open door, looked concerns as to be oblivious to thunder and

to one side. "Were they all like you, Peter, I wonder-those old philosophers, grim and stern, and terribly repressed, with burning eyes, Peter, and with very long chins? Epictetus was, of course?"

"And you dislike Epictetus, Charmian?"
"I detest him! He was just the kind of person, Peter, who, being unable to sleep, would have wandered out into a terrible thunderstorm, in the middle of the night, and, being cold and wet and clammy, Peter would have drawn moral lessons, and made epigrams upon the thunder and lightning. Epictetus, I am quita sure, was a-person!"

"He was one of the wisest, gentlest and most lovable of all the Stoics" said I.
"Can a philosopher possibly be lovable.
Peter?" Here I very absent-mindedly
took up a fork, but, finding her eye upon
me, laid it down again.

"You are very nervous, Peter, and very pale and worn and haggard, and all be-cause you habitually-overthink yourself; and, indeed, there is something very far wrong with a man , who perseveringly stirs an empty cup-with a fork!" And, with a laugh, she took my cup and, hav-ing once more refilled it, set it before

"And yet, Peter-I don't think-no, I don't think I would have you very much changed, after all."

"You mean that you would rather I remained the pedantic, egotistical creature-'

"I mean, Peter, that, being a woman,

I naturally love novelty, and you are very novel-and very interesting."
"Thank you!" said I, frowning.
"And more contradictory than any

woman!" 'Hum!" said I. "You are so strong and simple—so wise and brave—and so very weak and foolish and timid!"

"Timid?" said I. "Timid!" nodded she.

"I am a vast fool!" I acknowledged.
"And I never knew a man anything like you before, Peter!"

"And you have known many, I under-"Very many," "Yes-you told me so once before, I believe."

"Twice, Peter; and each time you be-came very silent and gloomy! Now you, on the other hand," she continued, "have known very few women?"
"And my life has been calm and un-ruffled in consequence!"

"You had your books, Peter, and your horseshoes."
"My books and horseshoes, yes."
"And were content?"
"Quite content."

"Until, one day-a woman-came to you."
"Until, one day—I met a woman."

"And then—"
"And then—I asked her to marry me,
Charmian." Here there ensued a pause,
during which Charmian began to pleat
a fold in the tablecloth. "That was rather—unwise of you, wasn't it?" said she at last.

"How unwise?"
"Because—she might—have taken you at your word, Peter.' "Do you mean that-that you won't. Charmian?"

"Oh, dear, no! I have arrived at no de-cision yet—how could I? You must give me time to consider." Here she paused in her pleating to regard it critically, with her head on one side. "To be sure," said she, with a little nod, "to be sure, you need some one to—to look after you— that is very evident!"
"Yes."

"Yen. "To cook-and wash for you." "Yes."

'To mend your clothes for you."

"And you think me-sufficiently competent?

"Oh, Charmian, I-yes." "Thank you!" said she very solemnly, and, though the lashes had drooped, I felt the mockery of her eyes; wherefore I took a sudden great gulp of tea, and came near choking, while Charmian began to pleat another fold in the table-

'And so Mr. Vibart would stoop to wed so humble a person as Charmian Brown? Mr. Peter Vibart would, actually, marry a woman of whose past he knows noth-

'Yes," said L "That, again, would be rather-unwise, wouldn't it?"

"Why?" "Considering Mr. Vibart's very lofty

ideals in regard to women."
"What do you mean?"
"Didn't you once say that your wife's

name must be above suspicion--like Cae-sar's-or something of the kind?" "Did 17-yes, perhaps I did-well?" "Well, this woman--this Humble Person has no name at all, and no shred of repu-tation left her. She has compromised herself beyond all redemption in the eyes

of the world."
"But then," said I. "this world and I have always mutually despised each other.

"She ran away, this woman-eloped with the most notorious, the most accom-plished rake in London." "Well?"

"Oh!-is not that enough?"
"Enough for what, Charmian?" I saw her busy fingers falter and tremble, but her voice was steady when she an-

"Enough to make any-wise man think twice before asking this Humbie Person to-to marry him."
"I might think twenty times, and it

would be all one!"
"You—mean——?"
"That if Charmian Brown will stoop to marry a village blacksmith, Peter Vibart will find happiness again; a happiness that is not of the sunshine-nor the wind in the trees-Lord, what a foot I was!" Her fingers had stopped altogether now, but she neither spoke nor raised her

head.
"Charmian," said I, leaning nearer across the table, "speak."
"Oh, Peter!" said she, with a sudden break in her voice, and stooped her head lower. Yet in a little she looked up at me and her eyes were very sweet and shiptor.

me and her eyes were very sweet and shining.

Now, as our glances met thus, up from throat to brow there crept that hot, slow wave of color, and in her face and in her eyes I seemed to read joy, and fear, and shame, and radiant joy again. But now she bent her head once more and atrove to plait another fold, and could not, while I grew suddenly afraid of her and of myself and longed to hurl aside the table that divided us, and thrust my hand deep into my pockets, and, finding there my tobacco pipe, brought it out and feil to turning it aimlessly over and over. I would have spoken, only I knew that my voice would tremble, and so I sat, mum-chance, staring at my pipe with unsesing eyes and with my brain in a ferment. And presently came her voice, cool and sweet and sane:

"Your tobacco, Peter," and she held the box toward me across the table.

"Ah, thank you!" said I and began to fill my pipe, while she watched me with her chin propped in her hards.

"Peter!"

"Yes, Charmian?"

"I wonder why so grave a person as Peter Vibart should seek th marry so impossible a creature as—the Humble Person?"

"I' think." I answered. "I think, if there is any apecial reason, it is because of—your mouth."

"My mouth?"

"Or your eyes—or the way you have with your lashes."

Charmian laughed and forthwith drooped them at me, and laughed again and shook her bead.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCRAPPLE





WITH THE ENEMY



"Wilhelm Hindenburg Zeppelin Tirpitz Abdul Franz Joseph Schmidt.



Bill said she must have gifted hands To play such music sweet But then, of course, he didn't know She played it with her feet.



How to Get It

"Say, Tom, lend me \$5 until tomorrow, I've left my wallet at home."
"I'm sorry, old chap, but I haven't the cash to spare! However, I can tell you how to get it very easily."

"Here's a nickel; go home and get your wallet."

THE PADDED CELL



Edith-What made you so day Edythe-Well, you see I took my shoes to the cobbler's to have them heeled, and he soled them.



Tommy-Say, dad, who was Shyrock? Dad-What! Don't know who Shy-ock was? What do I send you to lock was? Sunday school for? Go and read your

HO.

MABEL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

HISSED THE 5.15

LHATE TO KEEP MABEL WAITING

BUT ITS WORTH WAITING FOR THE G.IO TO GET HER

THESE CANDIES







WELL YOU'RE A NICE ONE CONING HONE
ATTHIS TIME, WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT
AND COME ON THE OWL? AND BE DONE.
WITH IT, THE IDEA OF A MAN LINE TWO
WITH IT, THE IDEA OF A MAN LINE TWO
WATTING SUPPER

SMACK! YOU NEVER

Desperate Moments!

"How came you to be a second story man" "Tough luck boss, I was never able

to get in wid a good thing on de ground floer."

Hard Luck

"What are you here for, and why, my misguided friend?" queried one of those sympathetic prison parsons re-

"Well, you see, sir, I'm the victim of the unlucky number 13."
"Tell me all about it—that unlucky 13."

"Yes, sir; 12 jurors and one Judge.

-London Opinion

cently.



Quite Satisfied

all the baldness I want, thank you,

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





Patient (after X-ray examination)-Nurse, could be found out where they're goin' to run them movin' picters they tuk o' me insoldes?

Nice Prospect



T, at last "T', well, Peter, let us talk." "Or talk," said I: "I—I think I'll so to d. Pray," I went on hurriedly, for I has conscious that she had raised her sed and was looking at me in some oprise, 'pray excuse me—I'm very last.' So, while she yet stared at me, furned away and, inumbing a goodsht, went into my chamber and, closthe door, leaned against it, for my lind was sick with dread, and sorrow, ha a great anguish; for now I knew that harpian had lied to me—my Virgit book a bear moved from its usual place.

CHAPTER XXIV

MORROW," said I, elenching my fists, "tomorrow I will go away!" to how come to the Hollow I turned to the brook at that place where the pool in which I was wont to the many increases altitless; and, the down, I gased at royself in the still water, and I saw that the sad, indeed, set its mark upon madeous, it and I ngain, nodding to

"No. Peter!"
"Never?--are you-sure, Charmian?"
The peedle began to fly to and fro again, the needle began to by but still she did not look up. "No-of course not-how should I see by one? I scarcely go beyond the Hol-ow, and-I'm busy all day."
"A Eve-s Eve!" said a voice in my

"Do you ever see any-any men lurking about the hollow?"

"And what does it mean, Charmian?" Moving, my mind harassed with doubts
und a hideous, morbid dread. Why had
she avoided my eye? Her own were pure
and truthful, and could not lie! Why,
why had they avoided mine? If only she
had looked at me! "You have called me, on various oc-casions, a 'creature,' a 'pedant'-wery fre-quently a 'pedant,' and now, it seems I am an 'egoist,' and all because..." Presently I rose and began to pace up and down the room.

"Because you think too much, Peter; you never open your lips without having first thought out just what you are going to say; you never do anything without having laberiously mapped it all out books."
Then read me something aloud, Peter."
"I will read you the acrrow of Achilles for the loss of Briseis." said I. and, going into the corner, I raised my hand to at shelf of books and stood there with land upraised yet touching no book, for midden spissm seemed to have me in in clutches, and once again the trembling sized me, and the hammer had recommended its beat, brating upon my brain. And, in a while, I turned from my books and, crossing to the door, leaned lets with my back to her, lest she should see my face just then.

don't think i—will read—tonight!"

"But I never quote you Greek or Latin: that is surely something, and, as for thinking, would you have me a thoughtless fool or au impulsive ass?"

"Anything rather than a calculating, introspecitive philosopher, seeing only the mote in the sunbeam, and nothing of the glory." Here she gantly disongaged the teappoor from my fingers and laid it in har own saucer, having done which she

"But only in connection with yourself; "But only in connection with yourself; everything you have ever read or seen you apply to yourself, to make that self more worthy in Mr. Vibart's eyes. Is this worthy of Peter Vibart? Can Peter Vibart do this, that or the other, and still retain the respect of Peter Vibart? Then why, being in all things so very correct and precise, why is Peter Vibart every the covered as midnight. given to prowling abroad at midnight, quite oblivious to thunder, lightning, wet and clamminess? I answer: Because Peter Vibart is too much engrossed by— Peter Vibart. There! that sounds rather cryotic and very full of Peter Vibart; but that is as it should be," and she laughed.

"Good sir, the sibyl hath spoken! Find her meaning for yourself."

ing to say; you never do anything without having laboriously mapped it all out beforehand, that you may not outrage Peter Vibart's iranquillity by any impulsive act or speech. Oh! you are always thinking and thinking—and that is even worse than stirring, and stirring at your tea, as you are doing now." I took the spoon hastily from my cup, and laid it as far out of reach as possible. "If ever you should write the book you once spoke of, it would be just the very sort of book that I should—hate."

"Why, Charmian?"

"Because it would be a book of artifully turned phrasee; a book in which all the characters, especially women, would think and speak and act by rote and rule—as according to Mr. Peter Vibart; it would be a scholarly book, of elaborate finish and care of detail, with no irregularities of, style or anything else to break the monotonous harmony of the whole—indeed, sir, it would be a most unreadable book!"

"Do you think so, Charmian?" said I, one more taking up the teaspoon.

"Why, of course!" she answared, with raised brows: "It would probably be full of Greek and Latin quotations! And you would pollshed overy vestige of life and spontaneity out of it, as you do out of yourself, with your thinking and thinking."

"But I never quate you Greek or

upon the summer night, and sighed, lightning, and not know that he is mis erably clammy and wet?" "I thought of others besides myself."

shining.