THE BROAD HI

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

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XVII-(Continued). now came the sound of wheels and and the voice of Simon, calling, re I took my hat and followed Ancient to the door, but there Pru-

time you met wi' Jarge-he tried you. Oh, I know, and now-you

out to— onsense, Prue!" said I. But, as I e she stooped and would have kissed and but I raised her and kissed her the cheek, instead. "For good luck, "-raid I, and so turned and left

he porch sat Job, with Old Amos e rest, still in solemn conclave over and ale, who watched with gloomy as I swung myself up beside the the cart.

"A fule's journey!" remarked Old Amos custiously, with a wave of his pipe; fides journey!" he Ancient cast an observing eye up the cloudless sky, and also nodded

er be some fules in this world. n, as mixes up rabbits wi' pa'tridges. sonest men-like Jarge-wi' thieves. http waggabones-like Job-but we'll 'em, Peter, we'll show 'em-dang Drive on, Simon, my bye!"

em, Peter, which is partial that the partial shot, feathered the one strong word the Ancient for such occasions, we drove away the silenced group, who stared by after us until we were lost to But the last thing I saw was the in Prue's sweet eyes as she watched em the open lattice.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TER," said the Ancient, after we as you aren't been an' gone an' rose Prue's 'opes only to dash 'em down

can but do my best, Ancient."

Get Un," said Simon, "'t. weren't
is as rose er 'opes, 't were you; Peter
is said nowt about bringin' Jarge commanded the Ancient, "hold

ue, lad: I savs again, if Peter's at rose Prue's 'opes only to dash it will be a bad day for Prue, you my words; Prue's a lass as don't Why, true, Gaffer, true, God bless

e one as 'ud pine-slow an' quiet, ha a flower in the woods, or a leaf in

she bean't a-goin' to do no in', please the Lord!"
Not if me an' Peter an' you can 'elp

simon, my bye-but we'm but poor ma arter all, as the Bible says; an' fater as been an' rose 'er 'opes o' is' Jarge, an' don't free Jarge-if is thould 'ave to go a convict. 'ave to go a convic' to Auarlay, or-or t' other place, why then bell fade, fade as ever was, an' be is the churchyard afore 'er poor old mitter bear."

Lord, Old Un!" exclaimed Simon, "wno talkin' o' fadin's an' churchyards? said the Ancient, shaking his covingly, 'ye be a good bye ah! dootiful lad ye be, I don't deny; s Lord aren't give you no imagina-which, arter all, you should be thankful for; a imagination 's a some thing—aren't it. Peter?" a," said I, "a danmable thing!"

said I. "a daminable thing!"

s juncture there appeared a man
art, ahead of us, who flourished
p and roared a greeting, a coarseloud-voiced fellow, whose beefy
s adorned with a pair of enorfry whiskers that seemed forever
to hide his ears, which last, heyiarse and red, stood boildly out
angles to his head, refusing to
ambushed and scorning all con-

to that the Old Un-be you alive u'yet?" of be thanked, John!" at be all this I 'ear about that

at be all this I 'ear about that ack Jarge-'e never were much i wat be all this?" mostly, you may tak' your cath!"
the Ancient.

've been took for poschin',
locked up at the 'All—"

"em goin' to fetch un—we be
see Squire—"

you, Old Un? You see Squire-

-an' Peter an' Simon, 'ere-

Baronet, an' Justice o' the surf Ecod! that's a good un-lit sin't! An' what might you to do when ye see 'im-which'

ack Jarge, o' course. an must be crased in your fare killin' four keepers. He sawn keepers, too shootin' em an three more a dyin'—" said the Ancient, shaking his bi's the worst o' bein' cursed ite yourn—"

is all right!" returned John, n: I never seed a pair bet-

e, they may be." growled a furtive pull to the nearest

By JEFFERY FARNCL

"E were very sweet on Prue then, weren't 'e, Simon?"
"Ah!" nodded Simon again; "'e were allus anging round The Bull'-till I warned 'im off-"

warned 'im off..."

"An'-'e laughed at 'ee, Simon."

"Ah! 'e did that; an' I were going to 'ave a go at 'im myself; an' the chances are 'e 'd 'ave beat me, seein' I 'adn't been inside of a ring for ten year, when..."

"Up comes Jarge," chuckled the Ancient. "What's all this? say Jarge. 'I be goin' to teach John 'ere to keep away from my Prue, says Simon. 'No, no, 'says Jarge, 'John's young, an' you bean't the man you was ten years agolet me, 'says Jarge. 'You' says John, 'you get back to your bellers—you be purty big, but I've beat the 'eads off better men nor you!" 'Why, then, 'ave a try at mine,' says Jarge; an' wi' the word, bang! comes John's fist again' is jaw, an' they was at it. Oh, Peter! that

word, bang! comes John's fist again' is Jaw, an' they was at it. Oh, Peter! that were a fight! I've seed a few in my time, but nothin' like that 'ere."

"And when 't were all over." added Simon, "Jarge went back to 'is 'ammer an' beliers, an' we picked John up, and I druv 'im 'ome in this 'ere very cart, an' my poddy." an' nobody's cared to stand up to Jarge

"You have both seen Black George fight, then?" I inquired. "Many's the time, Peter."

"And have you ever-seen him knocked "No," returned the Ancient, shaking his head, "I've seed 'im all blood from 'ead to foot, an' once a gert, big sailor-man knocked 'im sideways, arter which Jarge got fu'rus-like, an' put 'im to sleep-'
"No, Peter!" added Simon, "I don't think as there be a man in all England as could knock Black Jarge off 'is pins in a fair, stand-up fight."

"Hum!" said I.
"Ye see—'e be that 'ard, Peter!" nodded
the Ancient. "Why, look!" he cried—
look 'ee theer!"

Now, looking where he pointed, I saw a man dart across the road some distance away; he was hidden almost im-mediately, for there were many trees thereabouts, but there was no mistaking that length of limb and breadth of

""T were Black Jarge 'isself:" ex-claimed Simon, whipping up his horses; but when we reached the place George was gone, and though we called and sought for some time, we saw him no So, in a while, we turned and jogged

back toward Sissinghurst.
"What be you a-shakin' your 'ead over, Old Un?" inquired Simon, after we had ridden some distance.

"I were wonderin' what that old fule Amos 'll say when we drive back wi'out Jarge."

Being come to the parting of the ways, I descended from the cart, for my head was strangely heavy, and I felt much out of sorts, and, though the day was still young. I had no mind for work. Therefore I bade adieu to Simon and the Ancient, and turned aside toward the Hollow, leaving them stories of the stranger. Hollow, leaving them staring after me

CHAPTER XXIX.

T T WAS with some little trepidation that I descended into the Hollow, and walked along beside the brook, for soon I should meet Charmian, and the memory had gone a little way. "Peter, I do of our parting and the thought of this meeting had been in my mind all day long.

She would not be expecting me yet, for was much before my usual time, wherefore I walked on slowly beside the brook, deliberately on what I should say to her, until I came to that large stone where I had sat dreaming the night when she had stood in the moonlight and first bidden and slowly drew her closer. And now she stood in the moonlight and first bidden me in to supper. And now, sinking upon this stone. I set my elbows upon my knees and my chin in my hands, and this stone. fixing my eyes upon the ever-moving waters of the brook, fell into a profound meditation.

From this I was suddenly aroused by the clink of iron and the snort of

horse. Wondering, I lifted my eyes, but the bushes were very dense, and I could see nothing. But, in a little, borne upon the gentle wind, came the sound of a voice, low and soft and very sweet—whose rich tones there was no mistaking—followed, almost immediately, by another—deeper, gruffer—the voice of a man.

With a bound I was upon my feet, and had, somehow, crossed the brook, but, even so, I was too late; there was the crack of a whip, followed by the muffled thud of a horse's hoofs, which died quickly away and was lost in the stir of leaves.

I ground my teeth and cursed that fate which seemed determined that I should not meet this man face to face—this man whose back I had seen but once—a broad-shouldered back clad in a blue coat.

shouldered back clad in a blue coat.

I stood where I was, dumb and rigid, staring straight before me, and once again a tremor passed over me, that came and went, growing stronger and stronger, and, once again, in my head was the thud, thud of the hammer. She was approaching by that leafy path that wound its way along beside the brook, and there can ipon me a physical nauses, and ever he thud of the hammer grew more maning.

Now, as she ended the se, she came out into the open and saw as, and, seeing me, looked deliberately over my head and went on singing, while I—stood shivering.

ering.

And suddenly the trees and bushes swung giddily round—the grass swayed beneath my feet—and Charmian was beside me with her arm about my shoulders; but I pushed her from me and leaned against a tree nearby, and hearkened to the hammer in my brain.

"Why—Peter!" said she. "Oh—Peter!" 'Please, Charmian." said I, speaking between the hammer strokes. "do not—touch me again—it is—too soon after—" "What do you mean—Peter! What do you mean."

"He has—been with you—again—"

"What do you mean—Peter? What do you mean?"

"He has—been with you—again—"

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"I know of—his visits—if he was—the same is—last time—in a—blue coat—no. don't don't touch me."

But she had sprung upon me and caught me by the arms and shook me in a grip so strong that, giddy as I was. I recied and staggered like a drunken man. And still her voice hissed: "What do you mean?" And her voice and hands and eyes were strangely compelling.

"I mean." I answered, in a low, even voice, like one in a trance, "that you are a Messailina. a Julia, a Joan of Naples, beautiful as they and as wanton."

Now at the word she cried out and struck me twice across the face, blows that burnt and stung.

"Peast!" she cried. "Liar! Oh, that I had the strength to grind you into the earth beneath my foot. Oh! you poor, blind, self-delucing foo!" and she laughed, and her laughter stung me most of all. "As I look at you," she went on, the laugh still curling her lip, "you stand there—what you are—a beaten bound. This is my last look, and I shall always remember you as I see you now—scarletchesied, shame-faced—a beaten hound." And, speaking, she shook her hand at me and turned upon her heel; but with that word, and in that insiant, the old, old demon leapt up within me, and, as he leapt. I chapped my arms around her, and caught her up and crushed her close and high against my breast.

"Go?" said I. "Go—no—he, not yet!"

And now, as her eyes met mine, I feit

Black Jarge thrashed John, weren't it, simon?"

"Ahr" nodded Simon, "John were in The Ring' then. Peter, an' a pretty tough chap'e were, too, though a bit too fond o' swingin' wi' is 'right' to please me."

"E were very sweet on Prue then, weren't 'e, Simon?"

"Ahr" nodded Simon again; "'e were allus 'anging round The Bull'—till I warned 'im off."

And presently she lay still. I felt her

And presently she lay still. I felt her body relax and grow suddenly pliable and soft, her head fell back across my arm and, as she lay, I saw the tears of her helplessness coze out beneath her droop-ing lashes; but still I smiled.

So, with her long hair trailing over me. I bore her to the cottage. Closing the door behind me with my foot, I crossed the room and set her down upon the hed

She lay very still, but her bosom heaved tumultuously, and the tears still crept from beneath her lashes; but in a while she opened her eyes and looked at me, and shivered, and crouched farther from me among the pillows.

"Why did you lie to me Charmian? why did you lie to me?" She did not answer, only she watched me as one might watch ome relentless, oncoming peril.

some relentless, oncoming peril.

"I asked you once if you ever saw men hereabouts—when I was away, do you remember? You told me, 'no,' and while you spoke I knew you lied, for I had seen him standing among the leaves, waiting and watching for you. I once asked you if you were ever lonely when I was away, and you answered 'no'—you were too busy—'seldom went beyond the Hollow'—do you remember? And yet you had brought him here—here, into the cottage—he had looked at my Virgil—over tage-he had looked at my Virgil-over your shoulder-do you remember?"

"You played the spy!" she whispered with trembling lips, yet with eyes still flerce and scornful.

"You know I did not; had I seen him I should have killed him, because—I loved you. I had set up an altar to you in my heart, where my soul might worshippoor fool that I was! I loved you with every breath I drew. I think I must have shown you something of this from time to time, for you are very clever, and you may have laughed over it together-you and he. And lately I have seen my al-tar foully descrated, shattered, and ut-terly destroyed, and with it your sweet womanhood dragged in the mire, and yet —I loved you still. Can you imagine, I wonder, the agony of it, the haunting hor-rors of imagination, the bitter days, the sleepless nights? To see you so beauti-ful, so glorious, and know you so base! Indeed, I think it came near driving me mad. It has sent me out into the night: I have held out my arms for the light-ning to blast me; I have wished myself a thousand deaths. If Black George had but struck a little harder — or a little lighter: I am not the man I was before he thrashed me; my head grows confused and clouded at times—would to God I and clouded at times—would to God I were dead: But now—you would go! Having killed my heart, broken my life, driven away all peace of mind—you would leave me! No, Charmian, I swear by God you shall not go—yet awhile. I have bought you very dear—bought you with my bitter agony, and by all the blasting torments I have suffered."

Now, as I ended, she sprang from the bed and faced me, but, meeting my look, she shrank a little, and drew her long hair about her like a mantle, then sought with trembling hands to hold me off. "Peter-be sane. Oh, Peter be merciful and let me go-give me time-let me explain.

"My books," said I, "have taught me that the more beautiful a woman's face the more guileful is her heart; and your face is wonderfully beautiful, and, as for your heart—you lied to me before."

"I-oh, Peter!-I am not the poor creature you think me."

"Were you the proudest lady in the land—you have deceived me and mocked me and lied to me!" So saying, I reached more against me. face was bitter scorp and an anger that cast out fear.

"I hate you—despise you!" she whis-pered. "I hate you more than any man was ever hated!" Inch by inch I drew her to me, until she stood close, within the circle of my

"And I think I love you more than any woman was ever loved!" said I; "for the clorious beauty of your strong, sweet body, for the temptation of your eyes, for the red lure of your lips!" And so I stooped and kissed her full upon the mouth. She lay soft and warm in my embrace, all unresisting, only she shivered beneath my kiss, and a great sob

rent her bosom.

"And I also think," said I, "that because of the perfidy of your heart. I hate you as much as you do me—as much as ever woman, dead or living, was hated by man-and shall-forever"

And, while I spoke, I loosed her and turned and strode swiftly out and away

from the cottage. CHAPTER XXX.

HURRIED on, looking neither to right nor left, seeing only the face of Charmian, now fearful and appealing, now blazing with scorn. And coming to the brook, I sat down and thought upon her marvelous beauty, of the firm roundness of the arms that my fingers had so lately pressed. Anon I started up again, and plunged, knee-deep, through the brook, and strode on and on, bursting my way through bramble and briar, beedless of their petty stings, till at last I was clear of them, being now among trees. And here, where the shadow was deepest. I came upon a lurking figure-a figure I recognized-a figure there was no mistaking, and which I should have known in a thousand.

A shortish, broad-shouldered man, clad in a blue coat, who stood with his back toward me, looking down into the Hollow, in the attitude of one who walts-and for what? for whom?

He was cut off from me by a solitary bush, a bramble, that seemed to have strayed from its kind and lost itself, and, running upon my toes, I cleared this bush at a bound, and, before the fellow had realised my presnce, I had pinned him by the collar.

"Damn you!—show your face!" I cried.
and swung him round so flercely that he
staggered and his hat fell off.

staggored and his hat feil off.

Then, as I saw, I clasped my head between my hands and fell back—staring.

A grissied man with an honest face, a middle-aged man whose homely features were lighted by a pair of kindty blueyes, just now round with astonishment.

"Lord]—Mr. Peter!" he exclaimed.

"Adam!" I groaned. "Oh, God forgive me, it's Adam!"

"Lord!—Mr. Peter!" he exclaimed, sure give me a turn, sir! But what's the matter wi you, sir? Come, Mr. Peter, never stars so wild like—come, sir; what le if."

"Tell me-quick!" said I, catching his hand in mine. "you have been here many many times before of late?"

"Why-yes, Mr. Peter, but—"

"Quick!" said I; "on one occasion she took you into the cottage yonder and showed you a book-you looked at it over har shoulder?'

"Yes, eir-but—"

"What sort of book was it?"

"A eld hook, sir, w! the cover broke, and w! your name writ down inside of it; 't was that way as she found out who you was—"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



Oversight



He (tenderly)-Don't you think it's mistake for a man to travel through life alone? She-Certainly! Why not get your mother to chaperone you.

Unbelievable



"I don't think Judson is a typical New Yorker."

'Why not?" "He says he doesn't take any stock in Wall street.



Boarder-This soup reminds me of being shipwrecked on a desert island. Boarding Mistress-V/hat do you mean by that?

Boarder-Water, water everywhere, and not a bite to eat

You're looking well. "You betcha! I'm looking for some-one to lend me a hundred." "Very sorry, friend, but you don't



age o' the guy at bat."



THE PADDED CELL

WHY NOT?



City Chap-How bright and clean everything looks out here. Farmer-Yes; we had a couple of detectives accouring the country last

Mother-My dear Percy, now that you've left college, you must really begin looking for some sort of employment.

Percy-But don't you think, mother,
it would be more dignified to wait until the offers begin to come in?"

Two Wishes

Husband-Say, Maggie, I wish you

ould make cake like my mother.
Wife—Yes, and I wish you could

make the amount of salary like my

A.S

Watchful Waiting

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



The Reason

"Do you think Chapp will ever learn 'No! You see he had it christened in his wife's name!"



Earnest, but Prosy Street-Corner Orator-I want land-reform; I want housing-reform; I want educationalreform: I want— Bored Voice—Cloroform

FISHERMAN'S FIRST AID



Old Salt-Ere, if you sin't feelin' grand 'ave a fill o' my