THE PADDED CELL

BOOK II. ADAM!" I cried. "Oh Adam! may God help me!" And,

w may God help me.

It hand, I turned and ran until
and the cottage; but it was empty,
as was gone.

It of hante I sought her along
the smong the bushes and trees,
along the road. And, as I sought,
fell and in the shadows was black

fell and in the shadows was black sit.

serched the Hollow from end to end, or upon her name, but no sound adone, save the hoot of an owl and sereff, dismal cry of a cornerake.

Ith some faint hope that she might sourced to the cettage I hastened but, finding it dark and desolate, but, finding it dark and desolate, as way to my despair.

It was not she was right—as usual, and called me an agolst—I was an adiable she had wifully destroyed all hopes she had wifully destroyed all hopes a septiment of the world world. Was a void—its emptiness and left me—was gone: The world world, was a void—its emptiness before my eyes, whose soft, low was ever in my ears?

It had thought so much to please I had thought so much to please I who had set my thoughts to guard begin. Leat by word or look I might ber! And this was the end of it:

Inter death of the please of the because it was very dark, I had because it was very dark, I

st, because it was very dark. I set, because it was very dark. I and lighted a candle, and came and baide her bed. Very white and i toked, yet I was glad to see Its these rumpled where I had laid her sed to see the depression in the pilitather head had made. And, while ad there up to me stole a perfume faint, like the breath of violets in seat evening time, wherefore I sank upon my knees beside the bed.

spen my knees beside the bed.
sow the full knowledge of my madnished upon me in an overwhelmodd but with misery was a great
statu joy, for now I knew her
of all respect and honor and worter her intellect, for her proud viral for her spotless purity. And for her intellect, for her proud virand for her spotless purity. And
with joy came remorse, and with
se-an abiding sorrow.
gradually my arms crept about
lifes where her head had so often
the siterefore I kissed it, and laid my
upon it and sighed, and so fell into

CHAPTER XXXI.

E chill of dawn was in the air when awoke, and it was some few mobefore, with a rush. I remembered I was kneeling there beside Chara bed. Shivering, I rose and walked sel down to reduce the stiffness in a fire was out and I had no mind to

it for I was in no mood to break fast though the necessary things ready, as her orderly hands had them, and the plates and cups and the little ers twinkled at me from the little scard I had made to hold them; a soard whose construction she had lacked with a critical eye. And I I reads remember how she had inall no being permitted to drive in a sails with her own hand—I could my finger on those very nalls; how had tapped at those nalls for fear of set them; how beautiful she had at her coarse apron, and with her res rolled up over her round, white mes rolled up over her round, white min how womanly and sweet; yet I had my to think—had dared to call her—a alina: Oh, that my tongue had seed ere ever I had coupled one so and noble with a creature so base

awn; as I closed the door behind me w slam struck me sharply, and to mind how she had called it a sad ill-fitting door. And, indeed, so

Sin dejected step and hanging head I e I was up, I might as well work, there was much to be done), and, as sent, I heard a distant clock chime

when I reached the village the sun of beginning to rise, and thus, lifting the eyes, I beheld one standing before the Bull," a very tall man, much bigof greater than most; a wild figure to dawn, with matted hair and beard. ad in tattered clothes; yet hair and seized his arm.
sisamed a red gold where the light "No. Peter, no disam, and there was but one man But he suffered es so tall and so mighty as this.

more I hurried toward him, all un
red, for his eyes were raised to a n latticed casement of the inn.

I being come up, I reached out and this man upon the arm. " said I, and held out my hand med swiftly, but, seeing me, started Ex pace, staring,

tige!" said I again. "Oh, George!"

George only backed still farther, my his hand once or twice across his

above a whaper, "but you'm beer, dead—I killed 'ee." I answered, "you didn't kill me, i didned. I wish you had—you came i hear it, but you didn't quite man—And, George—I'm very desolate in tyou shake hands with a very desimal—If you can, believing that I always been your friend, and a true wal one, then, give me your hand; if you think me atill the despicable of you once did, then let us go into you once did, then let us go into my younger, and if you can manage was me on the head for good and is lime-why, so much the better.

and do you say?"

and a word Black George turned

the way to a narrow lane a little

a beyond "The Bull," and from

a into a meadow. Being come

I took off my coat and neuker
but this time I cast no took upon

about me, though indeed it was

sough. But Slack George stood

uned from me, with his flats

and his broad shoulders heav-

anid he, in his slow, heavy ever clanch ye fists to me-don't abids it. But oh, man, Peter! abids it. But oh, man. Peter! Vicinap ands wi' a chap as I've o kill-I can't do it. Peter-but distributed in the can't do it. Peter-but distributed in the can't describe the can't describe the can't describe the can't have an 'eavy. These bean't experience of the can't are distributed in the can't are dis

By JEFFERY FARNOL

his tanned skin there crept a painful, burning crimson. "Peter" said he.
"Yes, George?"

"I got somm'at more to tell 'ee-summ'at as I never meant to tell to a soul; when you was down-lyin' at my Yes, George?"

"Yes. George?"
"I-I kicked 'ce-once!"
"Did you, George?"
"Ay-I-I were mad-mad wi' rage an'
blood lust, an'-oh, man, Peter!-I kicked
'ee. Theer," said he, straightening his
shoulders, "leastways I can look 'ce in
the eye now that be off my mind. An'
now, if so be you 'm wishful to tak' ye
whack at me-why, let it be a good un,
Peter."

"No. I shall never raise my hand to "No. I shall never raise my hand to you again. George."
"'I is likely you be thinkin' me a poor sort o' man, arter what—what I just told 'ee—a coward?"
"I think you more of a man than ever,"

"Why, then, Peter-if ye do think that, here's my hand-if ye'll tak' it, an' I-bid

why, then, Peter—If ye do think that, here's my hand—if ye'll tak' it, an' I—bid ye—good-hy!"

"I'll take your hand—and gladly. George, but not to wish you good-hy—it shall be, rather, to bid you welcome home again."

"No," he cried. "No—I couldn't—I couldn't abide to see you an'—Prue—married. Peter—no, I couldn't abide it."

"And you never will. George. Prue loves a stronger, a better man than I. And she has wept over him, George, and prayed over him, such tears and prayers as surely might win the blackest soul to Heaven, and has said that she would marry that man—ah! even if he came back with fetter-marks upon him—even then she would marry him—if he would only ask her."

"Oh, Peter!" cried George, seizing my

"Oh, Peter:" cried George, seizing my shoulders in a mighty grip and looking into my eyes with tears in his own, "ch, man, Peter—you as kocked me down an' as I love for it—be this true?"

"It is God's truth!" said I, "and look!
-there is a sign to prove I am no liar and I pointed toward "The Bull."

George turned, and I felt his fingers tighten suddenly, for there, at the open

clutching my throbbing temples between my palms—fearful of myself and dread-ing the oncoming horror of madness.

ing the oncoming horror of madness. It was at this time, too, that I began to be haunted by the thing above the door—the rusty staple upon which a man had choked out his wretched life sixty and six years ago; a wanderer, a lonely man, perhaps acquainted with misery or haunted by remorse, one who had suffered much and long—even as I—but who had eventually escaped it all—even as I might do. Thus I would sit, chin in hand, starling up at this staple until the light falled and sometimes, in the dead of night, I would steal softly there to touch it with my finger. my finger.

Looking back on all this, it seems that I came very near losing my reason, for I had then by no means recovered from Black George's fist, and indeed even now I am at times not wholly free from its effect.

My sleep too, was often broken and troubled with wild dreams, so that bed became a place of horror, and, rising, I would sit before the empty hearth, a candle guttering at my elbow, and think of Charmian until I would fancy I heard the rustle of her garments behind me. and runtle of her garments behind me. and start up, trembling and breathless; at such times the tap of a blown leaf against the lattice would fill me with a fever of hope and expectation, Often and often her soft laugh stole to me in the gurgle of the brook, and she would call to me in the deep night silences in a voice very sweet and faint, and far away. Then I would pluyer out into the dark and life would plunge out into the dark and lift my hands to the stars that winked upon my agony, and journey on through a desolate world, to return with the dawn, weary and despondent.

weary and despondent.

It was after one of these wild night expeditions that I sat beneath a tree, watching the sunrise. And yet I think I must have dozed, for I was startled by a voice close above me, and, glancing up, I recognized the little Preacher. As our eyes met he immediately took the pipe from his lips, and made as though to

cram it into his pocket. "Though, indeed, it is empty!" he ex-plained, as though I had spoken. "Ole habits cling to one, young sir, and my



and drooping head.

"Do you know where she is going.
George? I can tell you—she is going to your smithy—to pray for you—do you hear, to pray for you? Come!" and I hear, to pray for you? Come!" and I hear, to pray for you? Come!" and I hear, to pray for you? "You are ill, young sir!"

"No. Peter, no-I durstn't-I couldn't."
But he suffered me to lead him forward,
nevertheless. Once he stopped and glanced round, but the village was asleep about

us. And so presently came to the open doorway of the forge. And behold! Prue was kneeling before the anvil with her face hidden in her arms, and her slender body swaying alightly. But all at once, as if she feit him near her, she raised her head and saw him, and sprang to her feet with a glad cry. And, as she stood, George went to her, and knelt at her feet, and raising the hem of her gown, stooped and

"Oh. my sweet maid" said he. "Oh. my sweet Prue:—I bean't worthy—I bean't—" But she caught the great shaggy head to her bosom and stifled it there. And in her face was a radiance—a hap-piness beyond words, and the man's strong arms clung close about her. So I turned, and left them in paradise

CHAPTER XXXII

together.

TT 18 a wise and, to some extent, a true I saying, that hard work is an antidote to sorrow, a panacea for all trouble; but when the labor is over and done, when the tools are set by, and the weary worker goes forth into the quiet eveninghow then? For we cannot always work,

how then? For we cannot always work, and, sooner or later, comes the still hour when memory rushes in upon us again, and sorrow and remorse sit, dark and gloomy, on either hand.

A week dragged by, a season of alternate hope and black despair, a restless fever of nights and days, for with each dawn came hope, that lived awhile beside me, only to fly away with the sun and leave me despair.

I hungered for the sound of Charmian's voice, for the quick, light fall of her foot.

voice, for the quick, light fail of her foot, for the least touch of her hand. I became more and more possessed of a morbid fancy that she might be existing nearby—could I but find her; that she had passed along the road only a little while nearby—could I but find her; that she had passed along the road only a little while before me, or, at this very moment, might be approaching, might be within sight, were I but quick enough.

Often at such times I would fling down my hammer or longs, to German attentions.

often at such times I would fling down my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of the flexe of the flexe of my harmor or tones, to George's surport of the flexe of the flexes, flexely bidding George do the same, faneying I heard her voice the same, faneying I heard her voice

doorway of the inn, with the early glory of the morning all about her, stood Prue.

As we watched, she began to cross the road toward the smithy, with laggard step it with me still, and sometimes, when at and dropping head.

"you are ill, young sir!" "No, no," said I, springing to my feet; "look at this arm, is it the arm of a sick man? No, no-I am well enough, but what of him we found in the ditch, you and I-the miserable creature who lay bubbling in the grass?"

"He has been very near death, sir-in-deed his days are numbered. I think, yet he is better, for the time being, and last night declared his intention of leaving the shelter of my humble roof and set-ting forth upon his mission."

"His mission, str?" "He speaks of himself as one chosen by God to work His will, and asks but to live until this mission, whatever it is, be accomplished. A strange being: add the little Freacher, puffing at his empty pipe again as we walked on side by side, "a dark, incomprehensible man, and a very, very wretched one-poor soul!"

soul?"
"Wretched?" said I, "is not that our human lot? 'Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward,' and Job was accounted wise in his generation."
"That was a cry from the depths of despond; but Joh stood, at last, upon the heights, and felt once more God's blessed sun, and rejoiced—even as he should. But, as regards this atranger, he is one who would seem to have suffered some great wrong, the continued thought of which has unhinged his mind; his heart seems broken—dead. I have, sitting beside his delirious couch, heard him babble a terrible indictment against him babble a terrible indictment against some man; I have also heard him pray, and his prayers have been all for ven-

and his prayers have been all for vengeance."
"Poor fellow!" said I, "it were better we had left him to die in his ditch, for if death does not bring oblivion, it may bring a change of scene."
"Sir." said the preacher, laying his hand upon my arm. "such bitterness in one so young is unnatural; you are in some trouble, I would that I might aid you, be your friend-know you better—"
"Oh, sir! that is easily done. I am a blacksmith, hard-working, soher and useful to my fellows; they call me Peter Smith. A certain time since I was a useless dreamer; spending more money in a week than I now earn in a year, and getting very little for it. I was studious, egotistical and pedantic, wasting my time egotistical and pedantic, wasting my time upon impossible translations that nobody wanted—and they knew me as—Peter Vi-

wanted—and they knew me as—Peter Vibart!" exclaimed the preacher, starting and looking up at me.

"Vibart!" I nodded.

"Related in any way to—Sir Maurice Vibart!"

"His cousin, sir." My companion appeared lost in thought, for he was puffing at his empty pipe again.

"No." returned the preacher; "no, sir, bu! I have hoard mention of him, and lately, though just when, or where, I cannot for the life of me recall."

"Why, the name is familiar to a great many people," said I; "you see, he is rather a famous character, in his way."

"And you are now a blacksmith."

"You are a most strange young man?" said the preacher, shaking his head.

"Many people have told me the same, sir," said I, and vaulted over the stile. Yet, iurning back when I had gone some way. I oaw him leaning where I had left him, and with his pipe still in his mouth.

(CONTINUED MONDAT) (CONTINUED MONDAY)



# SCRAPPLE





-Tit-Bits. Commy-What's the matter old chap? You don't look particularly cheerfu Charlie-Why, yesterday there were a thousand kids who said they were orphans and asked me for my autograph. I signed one for each, and I'm blest if every one of 'em didn't use it as a free pass into the picture palace last





Customer-When I bought the motorcycle, didn't you say you'd supply me with any new parts if I broke any? Dealer-I did. What do you want? Customer-A pair of new ankles, a ib, three feet of sticking plaster, a box of assorted finger nalls, four molars and a funny-bone

Criminal!



"'Ere, 'Liza, look aht! You missed

Off the Key



Ike-We have certainly got some ble, even the choir's benches.

Mike-Is that all? In our church the choir all sit on pine benches.

Ike-Why so? Mike-So that they can get the

## Really Cultured



Claire-Is she refined?



Clarice-Rather; she won't even allow her cook to serve course dinners.

STAL CLTI

SISTERS

SHOES

MEW

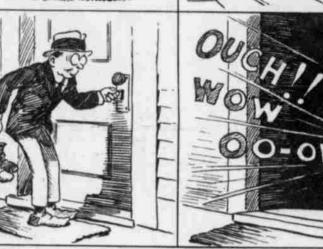
THE HORRORS

OF WAR -





LEHATWARD





The Light Fantastic

Encouraging



"Of course, my dear, marry young Souters if you like, and I will make you a wedding present of a nice, large mirror."

"Why a mirror, dad?" "So that you may watch yourself starving to death, my dear!"

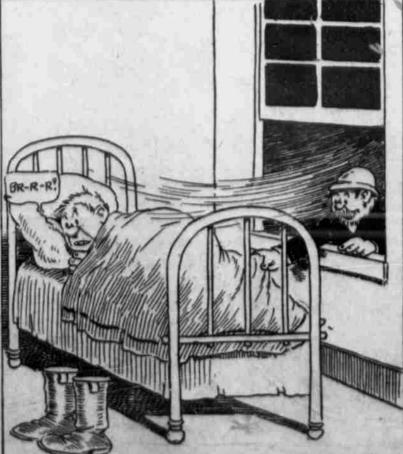
Your Years-We've dot a new baby at our house.

Binks-And who are you my little Four Years-I'm the old one,

"I wish you would introduce a little change in your style of dancing." "How do you mean?"

"You might occassionally step on my left foot instead of the right one."





-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME