## THE BROAD HIGHW

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

CHAPTER XXXIII

s I approached the smithy, late though A the hour was (and George made by a rule to have the fire going by 6 every ming), no sound of hammer reached and, coming into the place, I found a empty. Then I remembered that tomy George was to drive over to Tonsoire, with Prudence and the Ancient. is invest in certain household necessiwe for in a month's time they were to

as married. Hereupon I must needs contrast querge's happy fuuture with my dreary and fall bitterly to curaing myself; ged, sitting on the Ancient's stool in me terner, I covered my face, and my

thoughts were very black. New presently, as I sat thus, I became enscious of a very delicate perfume in the air, and also that some one had enthe air, and also that some one had entred quietly. My breath caught in my mount, but I did not at once look up, taries to dispel the hope that tingled while me. So I remained with my face all overed until something touched me, and I saw that it was the gold-mounted landle of a whip, wherefore I raised my send suddenly and glanced up.

Then I beheld a radiant vision in polned I benefit a ramant vision in pol-ed riding boots and speckless mole-ns, in handsome flowered waistcoat i perfect-fitting coat, with snowy is at throat and wrists; a tall, galin the period of a graceful, easy bearing, who stood, a picture of cool, gentiemanly assisted, a picture of cool, gentiemanly assisted, the stood of a picture of cool, gentiemanly assisted, the stood of the picture of cool, gentiemanly assisted, as with the same of the picture of the pictur beneath.

Now, glancing up at his brow, I saw here a small, newly healed scar. "Is it possible?" said he, speaking in "Is it possible?" said he, speaking in that softly modulated voice I remembered to have heard once before. "Can it be possible that I address my worthy cousin? That shirt! that utterly impossible coat and belcher! And yet—the issues is remarkable! Have I the to address Peter Vibart-late of

"The same, sir," I answered, rising. Then, most worthy cousin, I salute you," and he removed his hat, bowing such an ironic grace. "Believe me, I have frequently desired to see that parayou," and he remove. "Believe me, I with an ironic grace. "Believe me, I not frequently desired to see that parameter of all the virtues whose dutiful respect our revered uncle rewarded with the proverbial shilling. Egad!" he went the proverbial shilling. Egad!" he went the proverbial shilling. Egad!" he went the proverbial shilling. m, examining me through his glass with any other than that same virtuous that the control of the control nd the grime and sootiness of things in nearl. Poof! he exclaimed, pressing is perfumed handkerchief to his nostills, "faugh! how damnably sulphur-and-brimstony you do keep yourself, -oh, gad!"

You would certainly find it much er outside," up the fire. said I, beginning to

"But then, Cousin Peter, outside one and I detest being stared at by the un-elected, who, naturally, lack appreciatim. On the whole, I prefer the smoke, mough it chokes one most infernally. Where may one venture to ait here?" I indered him the stool, but he shook his lead, and, crossing to the anvil, flicked R dantily with his handkerchief and at down, dangling his leg.

"Pon my soul!" said he, eyeing me anguidly through his glass again, "'pon ay soull you are damnably like me, you

"Damnably!" I nodded. He glanced at me sharply and laughed. "My man, a creature of the name of Farks," said he, swinging his spurred bot to and fro, "led me to suppose that should meet a person here—a blackmith fellow-

"Your man Parks informed you ly," I nodded, "what can I do for

"The devil!" exclaimed Sir Maurice, staking his head, "but no—you are, as I guher, somewhat eccentric, but even you would never take such a desperate step become a blacksmith fellow?" I

"Precisely!"
"Alms, Sir Maurice, I blush to say that ather than become an unprincipled ad-

waturer living on my wits, or a meanspirited hanger-on fawning upon acguintances for a livelihood, or doing
sarthing rather than soil my hands with
homest toil, I became a blacksmith felby some four or five months ago."
"Really it is most distressing to obeve to what depths virtue may drag mani-you are a very monster of robity and rectitude!" exclaimed Sir faurice; "Indeed I am astonished! You saliested not only shocking bad judgment, but a most deplorable lack of leight (virtue is damnably selfish as a lib-really, it is quite disconcerting to

nodded Sir Maurice. "Oh the oil! to think of my worthy cousin reand saw-

Not a saw." I put in.
"We will say chisel then—a Vibart with mass and chisel—deuce take me! Most mass and you will pardon my say.

sammer and chisel—deuce take me! Most fatrasing! and, you will pardon my saying so, you do not seem to thrive on tamers and chisels; no one could say so looked blooming or even flourishing lie the young bay tree (which is, I any, an Eastern expression)."

Sir," said I, "may I remind you that lave a work to do?"

A deuced interesting place though, is, he amiled, staring round impersionally through his glass; so—er—dev—grimy and smutty and gritty—quite immer of horsenhoes, too. D'ye know, was, I never before remarked what a imber of holes there are in a horseshoe sher of holes there are in a horsesh of live and learn!" Here he paus Here he paused hale a pinch of snuff, very daintily, a jeweled box. "It is a strange at he pursued, as he dusted his finon his handkerchief, "a very strange fig that, being cousins, we have never till now especially as I have heard very much about you."

Fray," said I, "pray, how should you about one so very insignificant as

at one so very insignificant as I have heard of good Cousin Peter was an imp of a boy!" he smiled. Peter was my chart whereby to brough the shoals of boylah missiate the shoals of boylah missiate the shoals of boylah missiate the haven of our Uncle a good graces. Oh, I have heard such of you, cousin, from dear, self-meaning relatives and friends 'em! They rang your praises in morning, noon and night. And imply that I might come to surial hard the property of have heard of good Cousin Peter

that Maurice might go hang for a grace-less dog and be damned to him!"

"You have my deepest sympathy and apologies!" said I.

"Still, I have sometimes been curious

"On the contrary-" I began, but his laugh stopped me.

"Ah, to be sure!" he nodded, "our ways have lain widely separate hitherto—you, a scholar, treading the difficult path of learning; I—oh, egad! a terrible fellow! have lain widely separate hitherto—you, a scholar, treading the difficult path of learning; I—oh, egad! a terrible fellow!

a mauvals sujet! a sad, and dog! But after all, cousin, when one comes to look at you today, you might stand for a terrible example of Virtue run riot—a distressing spectacle of dutiful respect and good precedent cut off with a shilling. Really, it is horrifying to observe to what depths Virtue may plunge an otherwise well-balanced individual. Little dreamed those dear, kind, well-meaning.

being there, paused, and looked back over his shoulder.

"I go to find Charmain," said he, "and I shall find her—sconer or later, and, when I do, should you take it upon yourself to—come between us again, or presume to interfere again, I shall—kill you, worthy cousin, without the least compunction. If you think this sufficient warning—act upon it. If not—" He shrugged his shoulders, significantly, "Farewell, good and worthy Cousin Peter, farewell," or, shall we say say—"au rewhat depths Virtue may plunge an other-wise well-balanced individual. Little dreamed those dear, kind, well-meaning relatives and friends—damn 'em! that while the wilful Maurice lived on, continually getting into hot water and out again, up to his eyes in debt, and pretty

"And yet, we have met before," said I, "and the circumstances were then even more dramatic, perhaps we met in a "Vet I'm well enough!" rempeat, sir."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, dwelling on the word, and speaking very slowly, "a tempest, cousin?"

"There was much wind and rain, and it was very dark."

quiver of his thin nostrils, or the gleam of the eyes beneath their languid lids. He rose slowly and paced the door; when he came back again, he was laughing softly, but still he could not hide the quiver of his nostrils, or the gleam of the eyes beneath their languid lids.

"So—it was—you?" he murmured, with doin' it—" a pause between the words. "Oh, was ever anything so damnably contrary! To think that I should hunt her into your very arms! To think that of all men in the world it should be you to play the equire of dames!" And he laughed again, but, as he did so, the stout riding-whip snapped in his hands like a straw. He glanced down at the broken pieces, and —it be all my doin'—I know it. I know shaking his head, "but I was not—quite face.
strong enough, last time we met, though, "Never think of it, George," I said.

whip into a corner. "Yes, I think so-you see, I mistook you for merely an interfering country bumpkin-"

"Yes," I nodded, "while I, on the other hand, took you for a fine gentleman nobly intent on the ruin of an unfortunate, friendless girl, whose poverty would seem to make her an easy victim—"

"In which it appears you were as much mistaken as I, Cousin Peter." Here he glanced at me with a sudden keenness. "Indeed?"

"Why, surely," said he, "surely you must know-" He paused to flick a speck of soot from his knee, and then continued: "Did she tell you nothing of-

"Very little beside her name." 'Yes, she told me her name.'

"Well, cousin?"
"Well sir?" We has both risen, and now fronted each other across the anvil, Sir Maurice debonair and smiling, while

"Come," said I at last, "let us under-stand each other once for all. You tell me that you have always locked upon me as your rival for our uncle's good graces-I never was. You have deceived courself into believing that because I was his ward that alone augmented my chances of becoming the heir; it never did. He saw me as seldom as possible, and, if he ever troubled his head about either of us, it would seem that he fa-vored you. I tell you I never was your rival in the past, and never shall be in

the future.' "Meaning, cousin?"

"Meaning, sir, in regard to either the legacy or the Lady Sophia Sefton. I was never fond enough of money to lady, nor do I propose to, thus, so far as I am concerned, you are free to win her and the fortune as soon as you will: , as you see, prefer horseshoes."
"And what," said Sir Maurice, flicking

speck of soot from his cuff, and immediately looking at me again, "what of "I don't know," I answered, "nor should I be likely to tell you, if I did; wherever she may be she is safe, I trust, and be-

yond your reach—"
"No," he broke in. "she will never be beyond my reach until she is dead-or I am-perhaps not even then, and I shall find her again, sooner or later, depend upon it—yes, you may depend upon that!"
"Cousin Maurice," said I, reaching out my hand to him, "wherever she may be, she is alone and unprotected—pursue her no farther. Go back to London, marry your Lady Sefton, inherit your fortune, but leave Charmion Brown in peace." "And pray," said he, frowning sud-enly, "whence this solicitude on her bedenly, "whence this solicitude on her be-half? What is she to you-that Char-

mian Brown?" I answered hurriedly, "Nothing," I answered hurriedly, "nothing at all, God knows-nor ever can be-" Sir Maurice leaned suddenly forward, and, catching me by the shoulder.

peered into my face.
"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "the fei-low-actually loves her!" "Well?" said I, meeting his look, "why not? Yes, I love her." A fury of rage seemed auddenly to possess him, the languid, smiling gentleman became a devil with vicious eyes and evil, snarling mouth, whose fingers sank into my flesh

been, and no man living shall come be-tween us—no, by God!"
"That," said I, "that remains to be

"Though, indeed, I think she is safe

to meet worthy Cousin Peter, and it is rather surprising that I have never done "But then, Cousin Peter, life is a very uncertain thing at best," he returned to the coupling that I have never done. glancing at me beneath his drooping

"Yes," I nodded, "It is sometimes a blessing to remember that." Sir Maurice strolled to the door and, being there, paused, and looked back over

farewell!-or, shall we say say-'au re-

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DETER," said George, one evening, well esteemed, the virtuous pattern Peter would descend to a hammer and saw-I should say, chisel-in a very grimy place where he is, it seems, the presiding genius. Indeed, this first meeting of ours, under these circum-tances, is somewhat dramatic, as it should be."

Patter, said George, one evening, turning to me with the troubled look I had seen so often on his face of late. "what be wrong wi' you, my chap? You be growing paler every day. Oh, Peter! you be like a man as is dyin' by inchestif 't is any o' my doin'—"

"Nonsense, George!" I broke in, with "Yet I've seen your 'ands fall a-trem-bling sometimes, Peter-all at once. An' you missed your stroke yesterday-come square down on th' anvil-you can't ha' forgot?"

"I remember," I muttered; "I remember.

"Dark, cousin?"

"But I saw your face very plainly as you lay on your back, sir, by the aid of a postilion's lanthorn, and was greatly struck by our mutual resemblance." Sir Maurice raised his giass and looked at me, and, as he looked, smiled, but he could not hide the sudden, passionate quiver of his thin nostrils, or the gleam of the area beyond the looked that the sudden passionate of the s "No, no, George-it wasn't you-of course not. If I am a little strange it is

probably due to lack of sleep, nothing more." "Ye see, Peter, I tried so and to kill

glanced down at the broken pieces, and from them to me. "You see, I am rather it," and, sinking upon the Ancient's stool in the corner, Black George covered his

strong enough, last time we met, though, to be sure, as you say, it was very dark. Had I known it was worthy Cousin Peter's throat I grasped, I think I might have aqueezed it just—a little—tighter."

"Sir," said I, shaking my head, "I really don't think you could have done it."

"Yes," he sighed, tossing his broken whip into a corner. "Yes, I think so—whip into a corner. "Yes, I

ing to the forge, began raking out the fire with great dust and clatter, as the old man hobbled up, saluting us cheerily

old man hobbled up, saluting us cheerily as he came.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, pausing in the doorway to lean upon his stick and glance from one to the other of us with his quick, bright eyes. "Lord! theer bean't two other such fine, upstandin' likely-lookin' chaps in all the South Country as you have been been to be such as the country as you have been to be such as the such as as you two chaps he—no, nor such smiths!
It du warm my old 'eart to look at 'ee.
Puts me in mind o' what I were myself—ages an' ages ago. I weren't quite so tall as Jarge, p'r'aps, but about—say 'alf-a-inch, but then. I were wider—wider. ah. a sight wider in the shoulder, an' so strong as—four bulls! an' wi' eyes big an' share an' big an' sharp an' pigrein'-like Peters, only Peter's bean't quite so sharp, no. nor yet so piercin'—an' that minds me as I've got noos for 'ee, Peter."

"What news?" said I, turning.

"S'prisin' noos it he—ah! an' 'stonishin' tu. But first of all, Peter, I want to ax

'ee a question.'

"What is it, Ancient?"
"Why, it be this. Peter," said the old man, hobbing nearer, and peering up into my face, "ever since the time as I went an found ye. I've thought as theer was summ'at strange about 'ee, what wi' your soft voice an' gentle ways; an' it came on me all at once—about three o' the clock 's arternoon, as you might be a dook-in disguise, Peter. Come now, be ye a dook or bean't ye—yes or no, Peter?" and he fixed me with his eye. "No, Ancient." I answered, smiling: "I'm no duke."

"Ah well!—a earl, then?"
"Nor an earl."

"A barrynet, p'r'apa?"
"Not even a baronet."
"Ah" said the old man, eyeing me doubtfully, "I've often thought as you might be one or t'other of 'em-specially since 'bout three o' the clock 's arter-

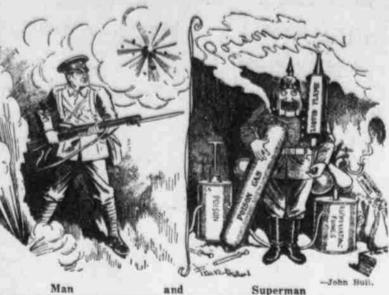
"Why so?" "Why, that's the p'int-that's the very noos as I've got to tell 'ee." chuckled the Ancient, as he seated himself in the corner. "You must know, then." he began, with an impressive rap on the lid of his snuffbox, "'bout three o'clock 's arternoon I were sittin' on the stile by Simon's five-acre field when along the road comes a lady, 'an'some an' proud-looking, an' as fine as fine could be, a-ridin' of a 'orse, an' wi' a servant ridin' another 'orac be'ind 'er. As she comes up she gives me a look out o' 'er eyes, soft they was, an' dark, an' up I gets to touch my 'at. All at once she smiles at me, an' 'er smile at once she smiles at me, an er similar were as sweet an gentle as 'er eyes; an' she pulls up 'er 'orse. 'W'y, you must be the Ancient!' says she. 'W'y, so Peter calls me, my leddy,' says I. 'An' be the Ancient! says she. 'W', so Peter calls me, my leddy.' says I. 'An' 'ow is Peter?' she says, quick-like; 'ow is Peter?' she says she. 'Pins an' 'earty, says I; 'eats well an' sleeps sound.' says I; 'is arms is strong an' 'ls legs is strong, an' e' aren't afeard o' nobody-like a young lion be Peter,' say I. Now, while I'm a-sayin' this, she looks at me, soft an' thoughtful-like, an' takes out a little book an' begins to write in it, a-wrinklin' 'er pretty black brows over it an' a-shakin' 'er 'ead to 'erself. An' presently she tears out what she's been a-writin' an' gives it to me. 'Will you give this to Peter for me?' says she. 'That I will, my leddy!' says I. 'Thank' 'ee!' says she, smilin' again, an 'oldin' guid, smilling gentleman became a devil
with vicious eyes and evil, snarling
mouth, whose fingers sank into my flesh
as he swung me back and forth in a
powerful grip.
"You love her?—you?—you?" he panted
"Yes." I answered, flinging him off so
that he staggered; "yes—yes! I—who
fought for her once, and am willing—
most willing, to do so again, now or at
any other time, for, though I hold no
hope of winoing, her—ever—yet I can
serve her still, and protect her from the
pollution of your presence," and I
clenched my fists.

He stool poised as though about to
spring at me, and I saw his knuckles
gleam whiter than the laces above
them, but, all at once, he laughed lightly, easily as ever.
"A perfect, gentle knight!" he murmured, "sans peur et sans reprochethough somewhat grimy and in a leather
apron. Chivariay kneeling and hammers
and horseshoes, worshipping Her with a
reverence distant and lowly! How like
you, worthy cousin, how very like you,
and how affecting! But—" and hare his
opatrile quivered again—"but I tell you
and how affecting! But—" and hare his
opatrile quivered again—"but I tell you
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opatrile quivered again—"but I tell you
and how affecting! Rue and always has

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)







Ideal No Longer

gether and makes us better than we are by nature? Marion (8 years old)-Corsets, ma'am. 'What's the matter, dear?" "I've lost my ideal."
"I lost mine in a slightly different

'How was that?" "He married me."



"Say, Tirpitz, you wait till I've got my 40 dreadnoughts."



"Say, there's something the matter with that horse you sold me yester-day. He coughs all the time. What you advise me to do?" "Sell him, mister. Sell him as quick as I did.'

"Yes, sir, I've had a tough life! Even at college I took the stiffest course in the curriculum." "And what was that?"

Teacher-What is it that binds us to-



-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME





THE HOMEFOLKS









Very Good! Very Good!





Father doesn't want on in He-Why, of thet's the mag, he ought But you are so spend thatty, door