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

BOOK . II. CHAPTER XXXIV-(Continued). MAIN I stared before me with unseeing eyes, but my hands no longer

sled, nor did I fear any more; the ner had received his sentence, and nee was at an end. some was at an end.

And all at once, I laughed, and tore

naper across, and laughed and paper across, and laughed and paper across, and laughed and purpod, till George and the Ancient came is stars at me.

Ton't 'ee!" cried the old man; "don't pon't 'ee!" be like a corp' laughin';

pon't eel cried the old mar; "don't peter-you be like a corp' laughin'; at cel." But the laugh still shook me the lore and tore at the paper, and let the pieces drop and flutter from

ny fingers.

"There'" said I, "there goes a fool's

dram! See how it scatters—a little here,

little there; but, so long as this world

as these pieces shall never come to
gether again." So saying, I set off along
the road, looking neither to right nor

lit. But, when I had gone some dis
lance. I found that George walked beside

lance. I found that years silent as he walked. and he was very stlent as he walked, I saw the trouble was back in his said I, stopping, "why do

don't follow 'ee, Peter," he answered; be only wishful to walk wi' you a

I'm in no mood for company, George. Well, I bean't company, Peter-your at looking at me.
"Yes," said I; "yes, my good and trusty

Peter," he cried suddenly, laying his had upon my shoulder, "don't go back that theer ghashly 'Olier tonight..." It is the only place in the world for light, George." And so we went

her heart would have him be; the dross becomes pure gold, and she believes and believes until—one day her heart breaks—"

breaks—"
"Charmian—what—what do you mean?"
"Oh, are you still so blind? Must I
tell you?" she cried, lifting her head
proudly. "Why did I live beside you
here in the wilderness? Why did I work
for you—contrive for you—and seek to
make this desolation a home for you?
Often my heart cried out its secret to
you—but you never heard; often it trembled in my voice, looked at you from my
eyes—but you never guessed— Oh, blind!
blind! And you drove me from you with
shameful words—but—oh!—I came back to
you. And now—I know you for but common clay, after all, and—even yet—"
She stopped suddenly and once more hid
her face from me in her hands.
"And—even yet, Charmian?" I whis-

"And-even yet, Charmian?" I whis-

pered.

Very still she stood, with her face bowed upon her hands, but she could not hide
from me the swift rise and fall of her

bosom.

"Speak-oh, Charmian, speak!"

"I am so weak-so weak!" she whispered; "I hate myself."

"Charmian!" I cried "-oh, Charmian!" and seized her hands, and, despite her resistance, drew her into my arms, and, clasping her close, forced her to look at me. "And even yet?-what morewhat more-tell me." But, lying back across my arm, she held me off with both hands. both hands.

"Don't!" she cried; "don't-you shame me-let me go." "God knows, I am all unworthy, Charmian, and so low in my abasement that to touch you is presumption, but-oh.

submitting to your whims and fancies-but, through it all, I knew, and in your woman's heart—you knew, that you must yield at last—that the chase must end some day; well-let it be tonight-my chalse is waiting-"

"When I ran away from you, in the storm, Sir Maurice, I told you, once and for all, that I hated you. Have you forgotten?—hated you!—always and ever! and tried to—kill you—"

"Oh, Charmian! I have known such hate transfigured into love, before nowsuch love as is only worth the winning. And you are mine—you always were from the first moment that our eyes met. Come, my chaise is waiting; in a few hours we can be in London, or Dover-

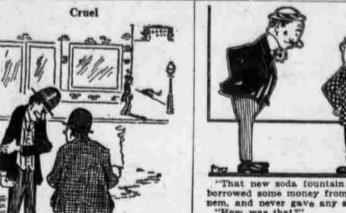
"No-never!"
"Never is a long time, Charmian-but I am at your service—what is your will?"
"I shall remain—here."
"Here? In the wilderness?"
"With my—husband."

"Your-husband?"

"I am going to marry your cousin-

The pipe slipped from my fingers and shivered to pieces on the floor, and in that same fraction of time Sir Maurice had turned and leaped toward me; but as he came I struck him twice, with left and right, and he staggered backward to the waii. He stood for a moment, with his head stooped upon his hands. When he looked up his face was dead white, and with a smear of blood upon it that seemed to accentuate its pallor; but his voice came smooth and unruffled as ever.

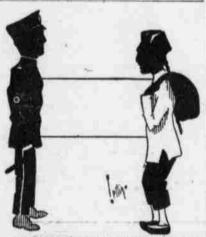
"The Mind Feminine is given to change," said he softly; "and—I shall return—yes, I shall come back. Smile,



Black-There's old man Smith, wouldn't harm a thing in the world. Blue-Oh, I don't know. I saw him stifling a yawn the other day.

She Did She-Do you believe in church lotteries? He-Well, I was married in church.

-Clarksburg Telegram.



John-You tellee me where railroad Cop-What's matter, John? Lost? John-No. Me here. Depot lost.

Plenty of Them "There's something in this "Yep," said the cynic, "there's the poorhouse."—Detroit Free Press.

In the England of Insectdom



Bettle - Lizzie, Here's a Zeppelin!

"How old is Spike Anderson, the famous movie star?"

His Place of Worship Coming out of a drug store one evening, an East End youth collided with

place of worship?"

THE PADDED CELL



GEORGE WASHINGTON UP-TO-DATE



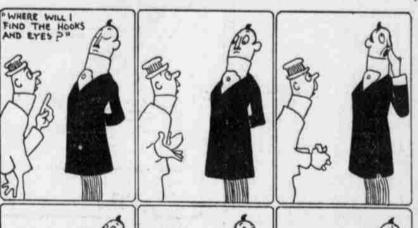
borrowed some money from old Skin-nem, and never gave any security."

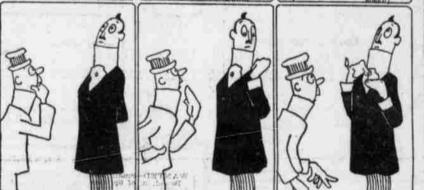
"Skinnem said he had an honest

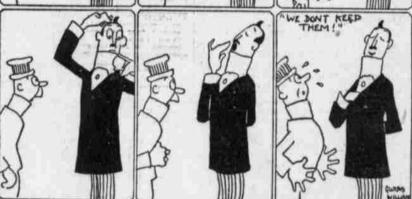


SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

SCRAPPLE







Getting Information From a Floorwalker



"Fils reel age is said to be 30, but really I do not know.

The good old doc, recognizing in the youth the coming literary light of Cinnaminson, laid his hand on his choulder and cooed: "Young man, do you ever attend a

one of the aged local divines.

"Why, sure, doc," was the reply, "I'm on my way to see her now."



"I once proposed to a girl in servatory."
"With what result?" "A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost."

Cause for Worry "I see a man has just been arrested for a crime committed in 1870." "That kind of news makes me ner-

'Why 807" "When I was a young man I played the cornet."-Louisville Courier-Jour-



you to bring me those beautiful wers! How sweet and fresh they flowersi are! I do believe there is a little on them yet! Nocoyne-Well, yes, there is: but I'll pay it tomorrow.

THE LAST WORD



The Parcet-An' wot's more, you're no contiement

Because I am going away."

Goin' away, Peter—but wheer?"

God knows!" I answered, rever it be, I shall carry with me the ry of your kind, true heart—and I think, will remember me. It is a d thing, George, to know that, howfar we go, a friend's kind thoughts urney on with us, untiring to the end." Oh, Peter, man! don't go for to leave

and spoke no more until we had

me to the parting of the ways.

and heavy, and I saw George shiver

"Good-by!" said I, clasping his hand;

Why do 'ee say goodby?"

To part is our human lot, George, and well now as later—good-by!"
No. no!" he cried, throwing his arm out me, "not down theer—it be so still y an' lonely down theer in the dark—a. Come back wi' me—just for tonight."
I broke from his detaining hand, and mad on down into the shadows. And, t sading where I had left him, looming beed sunk upon his breast.

d and from that place of shadows my gaze to the luminous heaven. were a myriad eyes that seemed to me with a new meaning tonight; closing the door, barred it behind

I turned to peer up at that which ed above the door—the rusty staple a which a man had chocked his life taxty and six years ago. And I began, slowly, to loosen the beloher necker-fabout my throat. "Peter!" and was beating upon the door.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HE came in swiftly, closing the door bihind her, found and lighted a can-, and, setting it upon the table between but back the hood of her cloak, and sed at me, while I stood mute before abashed by the accusation of her

ard" she said, and, with the word. led the neckerchief from my grasp, casting it upon the floor, set her fon it "Coward!" said she again. s," I muttered; "yes, I was lost— Freut darkness, and full of a horrer roung night and days, and so—I would fun away from it all—like a red—"

The bateful—hateful?" she cried and wed her face as from some horror. haded, you cannot despise me more all do myseif," said i, "now, or ever; a failure in all things, except, perthe making of horseshoes—and this has no place for failure—and as horseshoes.

"she whispered. "Oh, fool that hed an wise! Oh, coward that so brave and strong! Oh, man as an dipriously young and un-that it should end here—that it come to this." And, though she fare hidden, I know that she was

and shall to the end, have you stooped in your infinite mercy to lift me from these depths-is it a new life you offer me-was it for this you came tonight?" "Let me go-oh, Peter!-let me go."

"Why-why did you come?" "Loose me!"

"Why did you come?"

"To meet-Sir Maurice Vibart." "To meet-Sir Maurice Vibart?" I repeated dully-"Sir Maurice?" And in that moment she broke from me, and stood with her head thrown back, her eyes very bright, as though defying me. But remained where I was, my arms hang-

"He was to meet me here at 9 o'clock." "Oh, Charmian," I whispered, "are all women so cruel as you, I wonder?" And, turning my back upon her, I leaned above the mantel, staring down at the long-dead ashes on the hearth.

But, standing there. I heard a footstep outside, and swung round with clenched fists, yet Charmian was quicker, and, as the door opened and Sir Maurice entered, she was between us.

He stood upon the threshold, dazsled a little by the light, but smiling, graceful, debonair and point-device as ever. Indeed, his very presence seemed to make deed, his very presence seemed to make the mean room the meaner by contrast, and, as he bent to kiss her hand, I became acutely conscious of my own rough person, my worn and shabby clothes, and of my hands, coarsened and grimed by labor; wherefore my frown grew the blacker and I clenched my fists the tighter.

"I lost my way, Charmian," he began "hut, though late, I am none the less welcome, I trust? Ah?—you frown, Cousin Peter? Quite a ghoulish spot this, at night—you probably find it most congenial, good cousin Timon of Athens—indeed, cousin, you are very like Timon of Athens—" And he laughed so that I, and the course of of Athens—" And he laughed so that I, finding my pipe upon the mantelshelf, began to turn it aimlessly round and round in my twitching fingers.

"You have already met, then?" inquired Charmian, glancing from one to the other

"We had that mutual pleasure nearly a week ago," nodded Sir Maurice, "when we agreed to-disagree, as we always have done, and shall do-with the result that we find each other agreeably disagreeable."

"I had hoped that you might be

"My dear Charmian—I wonder at you!"
he signed. "so unreasonable. Would you have us contravene the established order of things? It was preordained that Cousin Peter should scowl at me (precisely as he is doing), and that I should alrug my shoulders, thus, at Cousin Peter—a little hate with, say, a dash of contempt, give a sest to that dish of conglomerate vapidity which we call Life, and make it alross palatable.

and make it aircost palatable.

"But I am not here on Cousin Peter's account." he went on, drawing a step nearer to her, "at this moment I heartly wish him—among his hammers and chiesle.—I have come for you. Charming, because I love you I have sought you patiently until I found you—and I will never forego you so long as life ingitative you know all this."

You I know all thin." "I have been very patient, Charmia

I struck him twice, with left and right, and he staggered backward to the wall. sain, side by side, through the eve- | woman whom I have loved from the first, | madam! Triumph, cousin! But I shall come between you yet-I tell you, I'll come between you-living or-dead!" And so he turned, and was gone-into

But as for me, I sat down, and, leaning my chin in my hand, stared down at the broken fragments of my pipe.

"You are safe now." said I, without looking up. "he is gone—but, oh, Charmian! was there no other way—?" She sat down beside me on her knees, had taken my hand, rough and grimy as it was, and pressed it to her lips, and so had drawn it about her neck, holding it there, and with her face hidden in my

"Oh-strong man that is so weak!" she whispered. "Oh-grave philosopher that is so foolish! Oh-lonely boy that is so helpless! Oh, Peter Vibart-my Peter!" "Charmian," said I, trembling, "what does it mean?"

"It means, Peter-" "Yes?" "That-the-Humble Person-" "Yes?" "Will-marry you-whenever you will-

Year. "If you will-only-ask her."

Now, as the little Preacher closed his book, the sun rose up, filling the world about us with his glory. And, looking into the eyes of my wife, it seemed that a veil was lifted, for a moment, there, and I read that which her

lips might never tell; and there also were

joy and shame and a deep happiness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"See," said the little Preacher, smiling pon us, "it is day and a very giorious ine; already a thousand little choristers of God's great cathedral have begun to chant your marriage hymn. Go forth together, Man and Wife, upon this great wide road that we call Life; go forth together, made strong in Faith, and brave with Hope and the memory of Him who walked these ways before you; who loyed and sorrowed and suffered and endured all things-even as we must. Go forth together, and may His blessing abide with you and the 'peace that pass-

eth understanding." " And so we turned together, side by side, and left him standing amid his roses.

and left him standing amid his roses.

Bilently we went together, homewards, through the dewy morning, with a soft, green carpet underfoot, and leafy arches overhead, where trees bent to whisper benedictions and shock down jewels from their dewy leaves upon us as we passed; by merry brooks that laughed and chattered, and gurgled of love and happiness, while over all rose the awelling chorus of the birds. Surely never had they piped so giadly in this glad world before.

And being come, at length to the the Molecular together the tree Molecular together the standard together the series of the series siped so gladly in this glad world before.

And being come, at length, to the Hollow, Charmian must needs pause beside
the pool among the willows, to view herself in the pellucid water. And in this
milrer our eyes met, and lo; of a sudden, her laskes drooped and she turned
her head aside.

"Don't Peter!" she whispered; "don't

"Flow may I help it when you are CONTINUED TOMORROW.

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME