THE BROAD HIGHW

CHAPTER XXXVI-(Continued). AND, because of my eyes, she would have fed from me, but I caught her

have fied from me, but I caught her is my arms, and there amid the leaves, despite the jesious habble of the brook, for the second time in my life, her lips will mine. And, gazing yet into her eyes, I told her how, in this shady bower. I had once watched her weaving leaves into her hair and heard her talk to her reflection and so had stolen away, for

and once watched her weaving leaves and once hair and heard her talk to her reflection—and so—had stolen away, for fear of her beauty.

"Fear, Peter":

"We were so far out of the world and—lenged to kias you."

"And didn't, Peter."

"And didn't, Charmian, because we were to the very far from the world, and because you were so very much alone, and—"

"And because, Peter, because you are a sentle man and strong, as the old locket are and do you remember," she went to hurriedly, laying her cool, restraining fingers on my eager lips, "how I found you wearing that locket, and how you timbered and stammered over it and reflected to read your Homer?"

"And how you sang, to prevent me?"

"And how you called me a 'creature'?"

"And how you deserved it, sir—and yew more helpless and ill at ease than two, and how—just to flatter my vanity—yee told me I had 'glorious hair'?"

"And ao you have," said I, klesing a seri at her temple; "when you unbind it, my Charmian, it will cover you—like a mantle."

Now when I said this, for some reason has ranced up at me, sudden and shy,

Now when I said this, for some reason the glanced up at me, sudden and shy, and blushed and slipped from my arms, and fied up the path like a nymph.

So we presently entered the cottage, flushed and panting, and laughing for sheer happiness. And now she rolled up her sleeves, and set about preparing ther happiness. And set about preparing her sleeves, and set about preparing herakfast, laughing my assistance to sorn, but growing mightily indignant when I would kiss her, yet blushing and yielding, nevertheless, And while she bustled to and fro (keeping well out of bustled for army arm), she began to sing in and set about preparing reach of my arm), she began to sing in her soft voice to herself:

"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."

"Oh, Charmian! how wonderful you

All in the merry month of May, When green buds they were swellin'-"Surely no woman ever had such beau tiful arms! so round and soft and white. Charmian." She turned upon me with a fork held up admontshingly, but, meeting my look, her eyes wavered, and up from throat to brow rushed a wave of burning

"Oh, Peter!-you make me-almostshe whispered, and hid straid of you." her face against my shoulder.

"Are you content to have married such a very poor man—to be the wife of a

"Why. Peter-in all the world there sever was such another blacksmith as nine, and—and—there!—the kettle is boil-ing over—"

"And the bacon-the bacon will burn-

let me go, and—oh, Peter!"
So, in due time, we sat down to our solitary wedding breakfast; and there were no eyes to speculate upon the bride's beauty, to note her changing color, or the giory of her eyes; and no healths were proposed or toasts drunk, nor any speeches spoken—except, perhaps, by my good friend—the brook outside, who, of course, understood the situation, and babhied tolerantly of us to the listening trees, in this solitude we were surely closer together and belonged more fully to each

other, for all her looks and thoughts were mine, as mine were hers. And, as we ate, sometimes talking and sometimes laughing (though rarely; one seldom laughs in the wilderness), our hands would stray to meet each other across the table, and eye would answer eys, while, in the silence, the brook would lift its voice to chuckle throaty chuckles and outlandish witticisms, such as could only be expected from an old reprobate so very much of life. At such times Charmian's cheeks would flush and her

lather droop—as though, indeed, she were versed in the language of brooks. So the golden hours slipped by, the

upon ua.
"This is a very rough place for you," said I, and eighed. We were sitting on the bench before the door, and Charmian had laid her folded hands upon my shoulder, and her this upon her hans. And now she echoed my sigh, but answered without stirring:

It is the dearest place in all the "And very lonely!" I pursued. "I shall be busy all day long, Peter, and you always reach home as evening falls, and then—then—oh! I sha'n't be lonely."

"But I am such a gloomy fellow at the best of times, and very clumsy, Charmian, and semething of a failure."
"And—my husband."
"Peter!—Peter!—oh, Peter!" I started, and rose to my feet.
"Peter!—oh, Peter!" called the voice

again, seemingly from the road, and now I thought it sounded familiar. Charmian stole her arms about my neck.
"I think it is Simon," said I uneasily;

what can have brought him? And he will never venture down into the Hollow on account of the ghoat; I must go and see what he wants."

"Tes. Peter," she murmured, but the tasp of her arms tightened.

"What is it?" said I, looking into her troubled eyes. "Charmian, you are trembling!-what is it?"

"I don't know-but oh, Peter! I feel as if a shadow-a black and awful shadow were creeping upon us-hiding us from sach other. I am very foolish, am I not?"

-and this our wedding day!"

"Potat Paster!

"Come with me, Charmian; let us go

No, I must wait-it is woman's destiny

to wait—but I am brave again; go—se what is wanted."

I found Simon, sure enough, in the lane, said in his cart, and his face looked spater and grimmer even than usual.

Oh. Peter!" said be, gripping my hand. come at last-Gaffer be goin'."

olng, Simon?" ym', Peter. Fell downstairs 's marn-Dynn', Peter. Fell downstairs 's marning. Doctor says 'e can't last the day stainkin' fast, 'e be, an' 'e be axin' 'r 'e. Peter.' 'Wheer be Peter?' says toyer an' over again; 'wheer be the last as I found of a sunshiny arterson, down in th' 'aunted 'Oller?' You work 's marnin', Peter, so I be been to fetch 'ee-you'll come back 'be to bid 'good-by' to the old man?' Its, I'll come, Simon," I answered: wait bere for me."

Charmian was waiting for me in the citiage, and, as she looked up at me, I to the trouble was back in her eyes actin.

ancient man—I be goin' on—across the river to wait for you—my blessin' on ye. It be a dark, dark road, but I've got t' owd stapil, an' there—be a light beyond— the river."

for must—go—leave me?" she inquired.
For a little while."

The I—I feit it," she said, with a ful little amile.

The Ancient is dying," suid I. Now.

I spoke, my eyes encountered the above the door, wherefore, mountabon a chair, I seised and shook it.

In the rusty iron anapped off in the rusty iron anapped off in the rusty iron anapped off in the rusty iron anapped it.

The rusty iron anapp

NIGHT. with a rising moon, and over N all things a sreat quietude, a deep, deep allence. Air, close and heavy, without a breath to wake the alumbering trees; an oppressive stiliness, in which amail sounds magnified themselves, and seemed disproportionately loud.

And presently, as I went upon my way, I furgot the old man sleeping so peacefully with the rusty staple clanped to his chrunken breast, and thought only of the proud woman who had given her life into my keeping, and who, henceforth, westld walk with ms, hand in hand, upon this road Highway, were rough places. miled.

Mianl" said I, and sprang to her

Oh, my level-what is it?"

as though the shadow hung over

er and more threatening. Peter;

ar happiness were at an end; it

hear Mancley's threat—to come

the proof of shad. I am

By JEFFERY FARNOL

afraid!" she whispered, clinging to me, "I am afraid!" But, all at once, she was calm again, and full of self-reproaches, calling herself "weak," and "foolish," and "hysterical"—"though, indeed, I was never hysterical before!"—and telling me that I must go—that it was my duty to go to the "gentle, dying old man"—urging me to the door, almost eagerly, till, being out of the cottage, she must needs fall a-trembling once more, and wind her arms about my neck, with a great all-pervading calm. her arms about my neck, with a great sob.

"But oh!-you will come back soon-very soon, Peter? And we know that nothing can ever come between us again -never again-my husband." And, with that bleased word, she drew me down to her lips, and, turning, fied into the cottage.

I went on slowly up the path to meet Simon, and, as I went, my heart was heavy, and my mind full of a strange foreboding. But I never thought of the omen of the knife that had once fallen and cultured in the floor between 18 and quivered in the floor between us.

"'T were 'is snuff-box as done it!" said Simon, staring very hard at his horse's ears, as we jogged along the road. "'E were a goin' upstairs for it, an' slipped,

" 'Simon,' says he, as I lifted of 'im in my arms, 'Simon,' says 'e, quiet like, 'I be done for at last, lad-this poor old feyther o' yourn'll never go a-climbin' up these stars no more,' says 'e-'never-nomore.

After this Simon fell slient, and I likewise, until we reached the village. Before "The Bull" was a group who talked with hushed voices and grave faces; even Old Amos grinned no more.

The old man lay in his great four-post bed, propped up with pillows, and with Prue beside him, to smooth his aliver hair with tender fingers, and Black George. towering in the shade of the bed-curtains. like a grieving giant.

"Ere I be, Peter," said the old man, beckoning me feebly with his hand, "'ere I be—at the partin' o' the ways, an' wi' summ'at gone wrong wi' my innards! When a man gets so old as I be, 'is innards be like glass, Peter, like glass—an' apt to fly all to pleess it's more a silvent. apt to fly all to pieces if 'e goes a-slippin' an' a-slidin' downstairs, like me."
"Are you in pain?" I asked, clasping his

shriveled hand. "Jest a twinge, now an' then, Peter-but-Lord! that bean't nothin' to a man the likes o' me-Peter-"

"You always were so hale and hearty," nodded, giving him the usual opening he had waited for.

so strong as a bull, that I were! "Ay, so strong as a bull, that I were!
like a lion in my youth—Black Jarge were
nought to me—a cart-'orse I were."
"Yes," said I, "yes," and stooped my
head lower over the feeble old hand.
"Bu., arter all, Peter, bulls pass away,
an' lions, an' cart-'orses lose their teeth.
an' gets wore out, for 'all flesh is grass'—
het iron' loop han's it Peter, guest it

but iron's iron, bean't it, Peter-rusts it do, but 't is iron all the same, an' lasts a man out-even such a 'earty chap as I

"Sometimes," said I, without looking up.
"An' I be very old an' tired, Peter; my out her hands toward me, yet she kept

eart be all wore out wi' beatin' an' beatin'

all these years—'t is a wonder as it didn't stop afore now-but a-s-stapil, Peter,

don't 'ave no 'eart to go a-beatin' an' a-wearin' of itself away?"

"No, Ancient."
"So 'ere be I, a-standin' in the Valley

o' the Shadow, an' waitin for God's Angel to take my 'and for to show me the way. T is a darksome road, Peter, but I bean't

'T is a darksome road, Peter, but I bean't afeared, an' there be a light beyond Jordan-water. No, I aren't afeared to meet the God as made me, for 'the Lord is merciful—and very kind,' an' I don't s'pose as 'E'il be very 'ard on a old, old man as did 'is best, an' wi' a 'cart all the state of the state

tired an' wore away wi' beatin'-I be ready, Peter-only-"

"Oh, Peter!-it be that theer old stap!!as'il go on rustin' away an' rustin' away arter the old man as watched it so is laid

"No," said I, without looking up, but slipping my hand into my pocket; "no, Ancient..."

"I mean that, although it had no heart, the staple was tired and worn out—just as you are, and so I brought it to you," and I slipped the rusty bit of iron into the

id man's trembling palm.
"O Lord—!" he began in a fervent voice.

"O dear Lord!-I got it, Lord-th' owd stapil-I be ready to come to Thee, an' ryful-fyful! an' for this mercy, an' bene-

fit received—blessed be Thy name. Amen!"
He lay very quiet for a while, with the broken staple clasped to his breast, and his eyes closed.

"Peter," said he suddenly, "you won't

"peter," said he suddenly, you won't 'ave no one to bring you noos no more-why, Peter! be 'ee cryin'—for me? 'T is true 't were me as found ye, but I didn't think as you'd go to cry tears for me—I he goin' to tak' 't owd stapil wi' me. Peter, all along the road—an', Peter—"

"Be you quite sure as you aren't a

"Nor a earl?"
"No, Ancient."
"No, Ancient."
"No, Ancient."
"Ah, well!—you be a man, Peter, n

'tis summ'at to ha' found a man - that

And now he feebly beckoned us all

"Children," said he, "I be a cld an

So, the Ancient sighed, and crossed the dark River into the Land of Light

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Yes, Ancient?"

"Quite sure."

nearer.

"Peter-Oh, Peter!-do 'ee mean

Ansient?"

begin this story.

roughs, the novelist who is responsible for him?

THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE FAMOUS "APE-MAN"

Why is "Tarzan of the Apes" the most popular figure in the fiction

of today? Why should a character who is half man, half brute so ingross the reading public? Why should the primitive impulses of this creature

awaken such an inexhaustible interest, and project into popular favor this highly imaginative personality as he is understood by Edgar Rice Bur-

in his powerful breast a heart pulsed with a passion stirred by ferocity

and tenderness. If you would go again with Tarzan into the jungle,

Ledger where thousands of readers have followed him in his adventures

through the jungle. The story which begins Saturday, in these columns,

is a fitting sequel to this Ape-man's former extraordinary exploits in

"Tarsan of the Apes," and "The Return of Tarsan" which preceded.

Probably the thing that makes Tarzan kin to us all is the fact that

Tarsan crept into public notice through the pages of the Evening

all-pervading calm.

And presently, reaching the leafy path that led steeply down into the Hollow, I paused a moment to look about me and to listen again; but the deep silence was all unbroken, save for the slumberous aong of the brook, that stole up to me from the shadows, and I wondered idly what that sudden sound might have been. So I began to descend this leafy path, and went on to meet that which lay waiting for me in the shadows.

It was dark here among the trees, for the moon was low as yet, but every now and then she sent a kindly ray through some opening amid the leaves, so that as I descended the path I seemed to be wading through small, limpid pools of radiance.

But all at once I stopped—staring at something which lay at the edge of one of these pools—a white claw—a hand whose fingers, talon-like, had sunk deep and embedded themselves in the turf. And beyond this gleaming hand was an arm, and beyond that again something that bulked across my path, darker than the shadows. the shadows.

Running forward, I stood looking down at that which lay at my feet—so very still; and stooped suddenly, and turned it over that I might see the face; and, seeins it, started back in shuddering horror. For, in those features—hideous with blood, stained and blackened with powders. der-I recognized my cousin. Sir Maurice Vibart. Then, remembering the stick that had snapped, I wondered no more. but a sudden deadly faintness came upon me so that I leaned weakly against a tres near by.

rustling of leaves-a shuddering breath, and, though I did not raise my head, I knew that Charmian was there. "Oh, Peter!" she whispered, "oh, Peter!" and that was all; but, moved by something in her tone, I glanced up. Her eyes were wide and staring-not at me, but at that which lay between us-her face was pallid; even her lips had lost their color, and she clasped one hand upon her bosom—the other was hidden in the folds of her gown—hidden as I remembered to have seen it once before, but now it atruck me with a hourible but now it struck me with a horrible significance. Wherefore I reached out and caught that hidden hand and drew the weapon from her nerveless fingers, holding it where the light could play upon it. She started, shivered violently and covered her eyes, while I, looking down at the pistol in my hand, saw that it had lately been discharged.

"He has kept his word!" she whispered; "he has kept his word!" Charmian-he has kept his

"Oh, Peter!" she moaned, and stretched

her face turned from that which lay

across the path between us, and her hands were shaking pitifully. "Peter?"

it any more—and opened the lattice—and fired—in the air—I swear it was in the air. And I stood there—at the open

air. And I stood there—at the open casement—sick with fear and trying to pray for you—because I knew he had come back—to kill you, Peter, and, while I prayed. I heard another shot—not close, out faint—like the snapping of a twig. Peter—and I ran out—and—oh, Peter!—that is all—but you believe—oh!—you believe, don't you, Peter?"

While she spoke I had slipped the pistol into my pocket, and now I held out

tol into my pocket, and now I held out my hands to her and drew her near, and gazed into the troubled depths of her

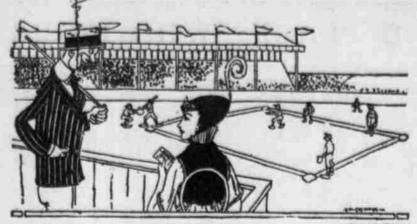
"Charmian!" said I. "Charmian-I love you! and God forbid that I should ever

doubt you any more."
So, with a sigh, she sank in my em

so, with a sigh, she sank in my embrace, her arms crept about my neck and our lips met and clung together. But even then—while I looked upon her beauty, while the contact of her lips thrilled through me—even then, in my mind, I saw the murderous pistol in her hand—as I had seen it months ago. Indeed, it almost seemed that she divined my thought, for she drew swiftly back and looked at me with haggard eyes. "Peter?" she whispered, "what is it—

"Peter?" she whispered.

SCRAPPLE



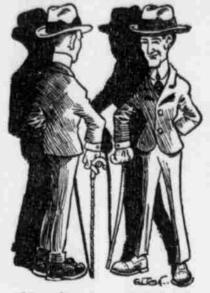
She (after the three-bagger)-But why does the man that threw the ball look so angry?"

He—Because the batter got a hit.

She—But he threw the ball right to him."

He—Of course, but the pitcher doesn't want the batter to hit it.

She (triumphantiy)—Then why does he throw the ball so close to the bat?



ber of the firm now." "Oh, I don't know. The office boy still calls him by his first name."



"Nothing." "Then what are yo selling him for?" "Nothing."
"I'll take him."



THE PADDED CELL

Object: Undoubtedly Matrimony The woman of the house reached the conclusion that the attachment of the policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to

"Do you think he means business, Bridget?" she asked. "I think he does, mum," said Bridget. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

ONCE IS ENUF! CALEB . I WANT YOU LEAD THE WAY CALEB THE IS M EVER NO MORE ONCE IS



Jones-Hello, Smith! I hear you have a youngster at your house. Smith (who lives a mile away)-Great Scott! Can you hear him as far



Herman-A queer thing happ the Casino last night; a fellow said he wished he was dead, and his partner told him to move to Darby? Adolf-Well, what's funny about that?"

Herman-Nobody laughed."

Such Is Life she cried with a sudden break in her voice; but I went on wiping the soot from the pistol barrel with the end of my neckerchief. Then, all at once, she was beside me, clasping my arm, and she was pleading with me, her words coming in a flood. "No, Peter, no-oh, God!-you do not think it-you can't-you mustn't. I was alone-waiting for you, and the hours passed-and you didn't come-and I was nervous and frightened and full of awful fancies. I thought I heard some onefancies. I thought I heard some one—
creeping round the cottage. Once I
thought some one peered in at the lattice, and once I though some one tried
the door. And so—because I was frightened, Peter—I took that—that, and held
it in my hand, Peter. And while I sat
there—it seemed more than ever—that
somebody was breathing softly—outside
the door. And so, Peter, I couldn't bear
it any more—and opened the lattice—and

She-Gee, Jimmie, I wisht you'd buy me some taffy! That is just like a He-Gosh! woman! Here I've given yuh horses 'n carriages, 'n now doggoned if yuh don't want bon-bons!



"Mister, me wife an' children are freezin' an' I ain't got nothin' to make a fire with." "Too bad. Here's a match."

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

what is it?" "Oh. Charmion]" said I, over and over again. "I love you." love you." And I kissed her appealing eyes, and stayed her questioning lips with my kisses. "I love you more than my life—more than honor—more than my soul; and, because I so love you—tonight you must leave me—" "Leave you? ah, no. Peter—no—no, I am your wife—and I must stay with you—to suffer and share your troubles and dangers—it is my right—my privilege, Let us go away together, now—anywhere—anywhere, only let us be together—my husband." "Don't!" I cried. "don't! De you think husband." "Don't!" I cried. "don't! Do you think it is so easy to remain here without you—to lose you so soon—so very soon? If I only loved you a little less! Ah! don't you see—before the week is out, my description will be all over England; we should be caught, and you would have to exand heads me in a court of justice, and face the shame of it—" "Dear love!—it would be my pride—my pride, Feter, to face them all—to chasp this dear hand in mine—" "Naver!" I cried, clenching my fists: "never! You must leave me; no one must know Charmian Brown ever existed—sou must go!"

THE LITTLE MAN MAKES GOOD

I SHALL HAVE A ROPE OR-TO DROP THE ANVILS

Two Secrets

Shy of Funds