

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

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

BOOK II BY JEFFERY FARNOL

CHAPTER XXXVII—(Continued).

"Hush!" she whispered, clasping my hand, "let us go to meet him."

"Away to the right, we could hear the leaves rustling, as though a strong wind passed through them; a light flicker went out, flickered again, and a voice called faintly:

"Hullo!"

"Come," said Charman, clasping my hand, "let us go to meet him."

"No, Charman, no—I must see this man first. You must leave here, tonight—no, you can catch the London Mail at the crossroads. Go to Blackhead—to Sir Richard Anstruther—he is my friend—tell him everything."

She was down at my feet, and had pressed my hand to her bosom.

"I can't!" she cried, "I can't go—and leave you here alone. I have loved you so—from the very first, and it seems that each day my love has grown until it is part of me. Oh, Peter!—don't send me away from you—it will kill me, I think."

"Better than the shame of a prison!" I exclaimed, and, while I spoke, I lifted her in my arms. "Oh—I am proud to have won such a love as yours—let me try to be worthy of it, good-by, my beloved!" and so I kissed her, and would have turned away, but her arms clung about me, and she would not let me go.

"Oh, Peter!" she sobbed, "if you must if you will go, call me—your wife—just once, Peter."

The hovering light was much nearer now, and the rustle of leaves louder, as I stooped above her cold hands, and kissed her trembling fingers.

"Some day," said I, "some day, if there is a just God in heaven, we shall meet again; perhaps soon, perhaps late. Until then, let us dream of that glorious, golden same day, but now—farewell, oh, sweet wife!"

With a broken cry, she drew my head down upon her breast, and clasped it there, while her tears mingled with my kisses, and so, crying my name, she turned, and was lost among the leaves.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE pallid moon shone down pitilessly upon the dead, white face that stared up at me through its grime and blood, with the same half-tolerant, half-amused contempt of me that it had worn in life; the drawn lips seemed to mock me, and the clenched fists to defy me still; so that I shivered, and turned to watch the coming light that danced like a will-o'-the-wisp among the shadows. Pre-



"Lord," he whispered, "Lord love me," and stood, staring, with dropped jaw.

It stopped, and a voice hailed once more:

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" I called back; "this way—this way." In a little while I saw the figure of a man whom I at once recognized as the one-time Postillon, bearing the lantern of a chaise, and, as he approached, it struck me that this meeting was very much like our first, save for him who lay in the shadow, staring up at me with unwinning eyes.

"So ho!" exclaimed the Postillon as he came up, raising his lantern so that he might view me the better; "it's you again, is it?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Well, I don't like it," he grumbled, "a meeting of each other again like this, in this 'ere ghastly place—no, I don't like it too much like last time to be nat'ral, and, as you know, I can't abide ornamental, if I was to ax you where my master was, like as not you'd tell me 'e was—"

"Here!" said I, and, moving aside, pointed to the shadow.

The Postillon stepped nearer, lowering his lantern, then staggered blindly backward.

"Lord!" he whispered, "Lord love me!" he stood, staring, with dropped jaw.

"Where is your chaise?"

"Up yonder—yonder—in the lane," he stammered, his eyes still fixed.

"Then help me to carry him there?"

"No, no—I durstn't touch it—I can't—no—not me!"

"I think you will," said I, and took the pistol from my pocket.

"Ain't one enough for tonight?" he muttered; "but it away—I'll come—I'll do it—put it away." So I dropped the pistol back into my pocket while the Postillon, shivering violently, stooped with me above the inanimate figure, and, with our limp burden between us, we staggered and stumbled up the path, and clung the lane to where stood a light traveling chaise.

"It ain't likely to come to this time, I'm thinkin'," said the Postillon, mopping the sweat from his brow and grinning with pallid lips, after we had got hidden into the vehicle; "no, 'e ain't likely to wake up no more, but yet 'e's 'ad 'is 'ead 'at 'is side o' Jordan."

"No," I answered, bestirring to unwind my neckcloth.

"Nor it ain't no good to go a-banagin'—'e's a thinkin' of 'im up—like you did last time."

"No," said I, "no." And sleeping in the chaise, I muffled that discolored face

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 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 Burroughs, the novelist who is responsible for him?

Probably the thing that makes Tarzan kin to us all is the fact that in his powerful breast a heart pulsated with a passion stirred by ferocity and tenderness. If you would go again with Tarzan into the jungle, begin this story.

Tarzan crept into public notice through the pages of the Evening 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 "Tarzan of the Apes," and "The Return of Tarzan."

In my neckcloth; having done which, I closed the door.

"What now?" inquired the Postillon.

"Now you can drive us to Cranbrook."

"What—be you a-comin' too?"

"Yes," I nodded; "yes, I am coming too."

"Lord love me!" he exclaimed, and a moment later I heard him chirruping to his horses; the whip cracked and the chaise lurched forward.

Whether he had some wild notion that I might attempt to descend and make my escape before we reached our destination, I cannot say, but he drove at a furious pace, taking corners at reckless speed, so that the chaise lurched and swayed most violently, and more than once I was compelled to hold that awful figure down upon the seat before me, lest it should slide to the floor. On we sped, past hedge and tree, by field and lonely wood. And ever in my ears was the whirr of the wheels, the drumming of hoofs and the crack of the whip; and ever the fitting moonbeams danced across that muffled face until it seemed that the features writhed and gaped at me beneath the folds of the neckerchief.

And so at last came lights and houses, and the sound of excited voices, as we pulled up before the Posting House at Cranbrook. Looking from the window, I saw a ring of faces with eyes that gleamed in the light of the lanterns, and every eye was fixed on me, and

for double their number—let's make a bolt for it—ecod! I want to hit somebody. Never doubt me, Peter—your friend—an' they'd go over like skittles—like skittles, Peter—"

The crowd, which had swelled momentarily, surged, opened, and a man on horseback pushed his way toward me, a man in some disorder of dress, as though he had clung himself in a hurry.

Rough hands were now laid upon me; I saw George's flat raised threateningly, but caught it in my grasp.

"Good-by," said I, "good-by, George, and don't look so downcast, man." But we were forced apart, and I was pushed and pulled and hustled away, through a crowd of faces whose eyes damned me wherever I looked, along pappled passages ways, and into a long, dim room, where sat the gentleman I had seen on the horse, busily trying his cravat, to whom I delivered up the pistol, and answered divers questions as well as I might, and by whom, after much jottin' of notes and memoranda, I was delivered over to four burly fellows, who, with deep gravity, and a grip much tighter than was necessary, once more led me out into the moonlit street, where were people who pressed forward to stare into my face, and people who leaned out of windows to stare down upon my head and many more who followed at my heels.

And thus in much haste I ascended a flight of worn stone steps into the churchyard and so—by a way of tombs and graves—came at last to the great square church-tower into which I was inconspicuously thrust, and there very securely locked up.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT WAS toward evening of the next day that the door of my prison was opened, and two men entered. The first was a tall, cadaverous-looking individual of a melancholy cast of feature, who, despite the season, was wrapped in a long frieze coat reaching almost to his heels, from the pocket of which projected a short staff, or truncheon. He came forward with his hands in his pockets, and his bony chin on his breast, looking at me under the brim of a somewhat weather-beaten hat—that is to say, he looked at my feet and my hands and my throat and my chin, but never seemed to get any higher.

His companion, on the contrary, bustled forward, and, tapping me familiarly on the shoulder, looked me over with a bright, sparkling eye.

"Peter!" he murmured; then he laughed suddenly and clasped his hand down upon my shoulder. "Look 'ee you

SCRAPPLE



"Do you think it possible to love two girls at the same time?" "Not if they know it."



A Different Matter



Proof Without Doubt



She—Why do you need a license when you want to be married? He—Because love is intoxicating, I suppose.



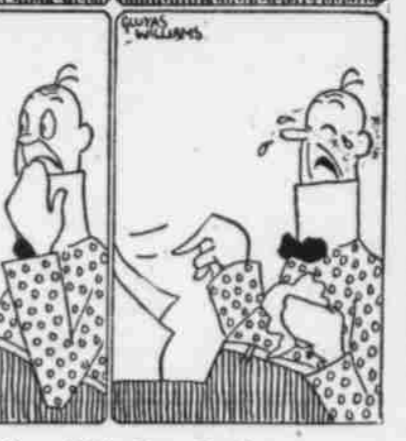
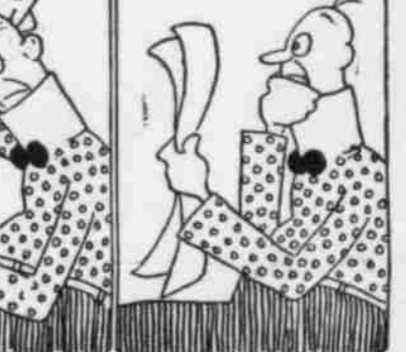
—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL



SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



A Comic Artist Looking at One of His Own Comics



One Exception



Cholly—I don't approve of these military camps. Bertie—I never could learn to drill, either.



Papa—If you want to learn anything well, you must begin at the bottom. Son—How about swimming, Pa?



"You are getting very bald, sir." "Well, if I cared to become personal, I could mention quite a few defects about you."



No Wonder



Lady—Good gracious! What would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes? Billy—She'd have a fit, 'cause they're her cigarettes.



Making It Right



"Do you know that ugly gentleman opposite?" "That is my brother, madam." "Oh! I beg your pardon; I had not noticed the resemblance."