THE BROAD HIGHWA

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

CHAPTER XXXIX-(Continued). SELP me, Jeremy!" said he, address-ing his saturnine friend, "s'elp me, if Ing his saturnine friend, "s'elp me, if I ever see a pore misfort nate cove more to my mind an' fancy—sice an' tall an' craight-legged—twelve stone if a pound—a Byr-foot drop now—or say five foot six, an' to 'Il go off as sweet as a bird; ah! we'll never feel it, my covey—not a twinge; a leetle tightish round the wind-puse, p'r'aps—but, Lord, it's soon over. You're lookin' a bit pale round the gills, yeans cove, but, Lord; that only nat'ral, yeans cove? Here he produced from the depths of a capacious pocket something that gilt-tred beneath his agile fingers. "And 'ow might be your general 'caith, young cove?" he went on affably, "boobish, I have fair an' bobbish?" As he spoke, with a sudden, dexterous motion, he had snapped something upon my wrists, so guckly that, at the contact of the cold size! I started, and as I did so, something ingled faintly.

jingled faintly. ere!" he exclaimed, clapping me or oe shoulder again, but at the same time the shoulder again, but at the same time sting a sharp glance at my shackled wrising a sharp glance at my shackled wrising. There—now we're all 'appy an ounfortable! I see as you're a cove as takes things nice an' quiet, an'—so long a you do—I'm your friend—Poh's my name, an' bobbish is my natur'. Lord!—the way I've seen misfort'nate coves at a on at sight o' them 'bracelets' is something out-rageous! But you—why, ou're a different kidney—you're my kind, you are—what do you say, Jeremy!"

Don't like 'is eye!" growled that inpen't mind Jeremy," winked the

it's just 'is per-werseness. Lord!

ether; "It's just is per-werseness. Lord! is the per-wersest cedger you ever see! Why, 'e finds fault wi' the Pope o' Rome, jest because 'e's in the abit o' lettin' cores kiss 'is toe—I've 'card Jeremy work isself up over the Pope an' a pint o' peries, till you'd 'ave thought—" "Ain't we never a goin' to start?" in-quired Jeremy, staring out of the win-dow, with his back to us.

"And where," said I, "where might you taking me?" since you ax, my covey, we 'm s-takin' you where you'll be took good care on, where you'll feed well, and 'ave stice done on you-trust us for that, reagn, to be sure, I'm sorry to take yes from such proper quarters as these ste-nice and airy-eh, Jeremy?"

"Ahi-an' wi' a fine view o' the slaves!" growled Jeremy, leading the

In the street stood a chaise and four, errounded by a pushing, losting throng of men, women and children, who, catch-ing sight of me between the Bow Street mners, forgot to push and jostle, and ared at me with every eye and tooth possessed, until I was hidden in the

"Right away!" growled Jeremy, shutung the ocor with a bang. " roared a voice, and a great, when the head was thrust in at the head, will a hand reached down and

"A pipe an' 'baccy, Peter-from me; a mak o' rum-Simon's best, from Simon; this as he passed in each article through the window. "And' I were to say, Peter, we are all wi' you—ever an' ever, an' I were likewise to tell 'ee as 'ow Prue'll bay for 'ee oftener than before, an'—ecod!" he broke off, the tears running down his face, "there were a lot more, at I've forgot it all, only, Peter, me an' men be goin' to geta lawyer chap for e. an'-oh, man. Peter, say the word, I'll have 'ee out o' this in a twinklin' But, even as I shook my head, the post-

"Good-by, George!" I cried, "good-by, fear fellow!" and the last I saw of him was as he stood rubbing his tears away with one fist and shaking the other after he chaise.

whip cracked, and the horses

CHAPTER XL.

BOTTLE o' rum!" said the man A Bob, and taking it up, very abliracted of eye, he removed the cork, miffed at it, tasted it, took a gulp, and ilt over to his companion, looked at it, sniffed at and tasted "And what d'ye make o' that, Jer-

"Tasted better afore now!" and immediately took another

Soh, in a ruminating tone, "an' I always was partial to chicken!" and, forth-with, opening the dainty parcel, he helphimself, and his companion also.
What d'ye make o' them, Jeremy?" inquired, munching, "Tve eat wuss!" rumbled Jeremy, also

"Young cove, they does you credit,"
If the man Bob, nodding to me with
real urbanity, "great credit—there ain't

muy misfort'nates as can per-jooce such sag-widges as them, though, to be sure, they eats uncommon quick—'old 'ard there. Jeremy—' But, indeed, the sand-siches were already only a memory, berefore his brow grew black, and he there at the still munching Jeremy, who ated at the still munching Jeremy, who at his looks with his usual impen-"A pipe and 'bacca!" mused the man

sciousness of manner, he took the filled it, lighted it, and puffed with

air of dreamy content.

Jeremy is a good-ish sort," he began,
it a complacent flourish of the pipe, d-ish sort, but cross-grained-Lord! cove, 'is cross-grainedness is lonly by 'is per-werseness, and why?-cause e' don't smoke (go why!—cause e' don't smoke (go y wi' the rum, Jeremy!) there's nothin' a pipe o' 'bacca to soothe such things ay—(I got shy eye on ye, Jeremy!)— there's nothin' like a pipe o' 'bacca. ok at me—I were the per-wersest in-that ever was, till I took to smokin', I today whatever I start out. today, whatever I am, I ain't permisfort'nate cove, as is now no more— wept over me at partin'—"
They generally always do!" growled

uncorking the rum bottle with testh.

No. Jerry, no," returned the other, wing out a cloud of smoke; "mistalts ain't all the same—(arter you that bottle!)—you 'ave Cryers and athers, and Pray-ers, and Silent Ones, it is ellent coves is the dangerousest—for you wi' the bottle, Jeremy!)—now my covey, he went on, tapping my a sently with his pipe-stem, "you sacily talkative, in fact—not wishno offense, I might say as you was lined to be one o' the Silent Ones. Not olds that again' you—far from it,

ed to be one o' the Silent Ones. Not clud that again' you—far from it, you reminds me of a young cove as a misfort'n to get 'inself took for y, and who—arter me a-talkin' and tin' to 'im in my pleasant way—and managed to commit sookide—My very none—which were 'ardly or even respectable, considerin'—you wi' the bottle, Jeremy!)"
my growled, held up the bottle to diing light of evening, measured its lightly toward his comrade's ready but it never got there, for, at that it, the chalse lurched violently—was a cry, a spilutering of gissa, sh, and I was lying, half stunned, ditch, listening to the chorus of and cries that rose from the cloud it where the frightened horses rear-plunged.

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 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 pulsed 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 Lave followed him in his adventures through the jungle. The story, which begins tomorrow 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."

headed boy.

out my hands.

"To-to file 'em off?"
'Yes."

"Why, that-that depends-" "Then do it—as soon as you can." Upon this, the man turned his back to me

and strode away, cursing to aimself.

Now, presently, as I went, I heard the

"How long would it take you to file off these shackles?" I inquired, holding

began rummaging among his tools.

with his head very near that of the shock-headed boy, until, having found a file

suitable to the purpose, he set to work upon my handcuffs. But he progressed so

slowly, for one reason and another, that I began to grow impatient; moreover, noticing that the shock-headed boy had

disappeared, I bade him desist.
"A cold chisel and hammer will be

"A cold chisel and hammer will be quickest," said I; "come, cut me off this chain—here, close up to the rivets." And, when he had done this, I took his file, and thrusting it beneath my coat, set off, running my hardest, leaving him to stare

after me, with his eyes and mouth wider

The sun was down when I reached the woods, and here, in the kind shadows, I

stayed awhile to rest, and rid myself of

my handcuffs; but when I felt for the file to do so-it was gone.

CHAPTER XLL

TUSTLY to narrate all that befell me

during my flight and journey to Lon-

don would fill many pages, and, therefore, as this book of mine is already of a

magnitude far beyond my first expecta-

tions, I shall hurry on to the end of my

Acting upon the advice of the saturning

Jeremy, I lay hidden by day and traveled by night, avoiding the highway. But in

so doing I became so often involved in the maze of cross-roads, bylands, cow-

paths and cart-tracks that twice the dawn found me as completely lost as though

had been set down in the midst of the

Sahara. I thus wasted much time and wandered many miles out of my way;

wherefore, to put an end to these futile ramblings I set my face westward, hop-

ing to strike the high road somewhere between Tonbridge and Sevenoaks; de-termined rather to run the extra chance

of capture than follow haphazard these tortuous and interminable byways.

It was, then, upon the third night since

my escape that, faint and spent with hunger, I saw before me the welcome sight of a finger-post, and, hurrying for-

eager to learn my whereabo

came full upon a man who sat beneath the finger-post, with a hunch of bread

and meat upon his knee, which he was eating by means of a clasp-knife.

Now, I had tasted nothing save two

apples all day, and but little the day be-fore—thus, at sight of this appetizing

food, my hunger grew, and increased to the point of desire before which pru-dence vanished and caution flew away.

Therefore, I approached the man, with my eyes upon his bread and meat.

But, as I drew nearer, my attention was

attracted by something white that was nailed up against the finger-post, and I

stopped dead, with my eyes riveted by a word printed in great black capitals, and stood oblivious alike of the man who

had stopped eating to stare at me and the bread and meat that he had set

down upon the grass; for what I saw was

MURDER

£500——REWARD Whereas, PETER SMITH, black-smith, late of SISSINGHURST, in the

county of Kent, suspected of the crime of WILFUL MURDER, did, upon the

Tenth of August last, make his es-cape from his gaolers, upon the Ton-bridge road, somewhere between SIS-

SINGHURST and PEMBRY; the above REWARD, namely, FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS, will be paid to such person or persons who shall give such INFORMATION as shall

lead to the ARREST, and APPRE-HENSION of the aforesaid PETER SMITH. In the furtherance of which,

is hereunto added a just and close description of the same-VIZ.—He is six foot tall, and a stable ROGUE. His hair, black, his eyes dark and

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

pistol, and a bullet sang over my head; which, he nodded, turned upon his heel, and then I knew they were after me, for I could hear the patter of their feet upon Now, presently, as I went, I heard the merry ring and clink of hammer and anvil, and, guided by the sound, came to a tumbledown smithy where was a man busily at work, with a shock-headed boy at the bellows. At sight of me the smith set down his hammer and stared open-mouthed, as did also the shock-headed boy. the hard road.

Now, as I ran, my brain cleared, but Now, as I ran, my brain cleared, but this only served me to appreciate the dif-ficulty of eluding men so seasoned and hardy as my pursuers; moreover, the handcuffs galled my wrists, and the short connecting chain hampered my move-ments considerably, and I saw that, upon this straight level, I must soon be run down, or shot from behind.

Glancing back, I beheld them some hundred yards or so away, elbows in, heads up, running with that long, free stride that speaks of endurance. I increased the pace, the ground flew beneath me, but when I glanced again, though the man Beb had dropped back, the saturning Jersmy ray on reserve but renine Jeremy ran on, no nearer, but no farther than before.

Now, as I went, I presently espied that for which I had looked—a gate set in the midst of the hedge, but it was closed, and never did a gate, before or since, appear quite so high and insurmountable; but, with the desperation of despair, I turned, ran at it and sprang, swinging my arms above my head as I did so. My foot grazed the top bar-down I came, slipped, stumbled, regained my balance, and ran on over the springy turf. I heard a crash behind me, an oath, a second pistol barked, and immediately it seemed that a hot iron seared my forearm, and glancing down, I saw the skin cut and bleeding, but, finding it no worse, breath-ed a sigh of thankfulness and ran on.

By that leap I had probably gained some twenty yards; I would nurse my strength, therefore. If I could once gain the woods! How far off were they?— half a mile, a mile?—well, I could run that easily, thanks to my hardy life.

Stay! what was that sound behind me-the fall of flying feet, or the throbbing of my own heart? I turned my head; the man Jeremy was within 12 yards of me-lean and spare, his head thrust forward, he ran with the long, easy stride of a greyhound.

So it was to be a question of endurance? Well, I had caught my second wind by now. I set my teeth and, clenching my lengthened my stride.

And now, indeed, the real struggle be-gan. My pursuer had long ago aban-doned his coat, but his boots were heavier and clumsier than those I wore; but then, again, my confining shackles seemed to contract my chest; and the handcuffs galled my wrists cruelly.
On I went, scattering flocks of scamper

ing sheep, past meditating cows, who started up, puffing out snorts of perfume; scrambling through hedges, over gate and stile and ditch, with eyes upon the distant woods full of the purple gloom of evening, and, in my ears, the muffled thud! thud! thud! thud! of the pursuit, sometimes seeming much nearer and sometimes farther off, but always the same rhythmic, remorseless thud! thud!

On, and ever on, climbing steep uplands, plunging down precipitous slopes, past brawling brooks and silent pools all red and gold with sunset, past oak and ash and thorn—on and on, with ever those thudding footfalls close behind. And, as we ran, it seemed to me that our feet beat out a kind of cadence-his heavy

shoes and my lighter ones.

Thud: thud:-pad! pad!-thud! thud!pad! pad! until they would suddenly become confused and mingle with each

One moment it seemed that I almost loved the fellow and the next that I bitterly hated him. Whether I had gained or not, I could not tell; to look back

was to lose ground.

The woods were close now, so close that I fancied I heard the voice of their myriad leaves calling to me—encouraging me. But my breath was panting thick and short, my stride was less sure, my wrists were raw and bleeding, and the ceaseless jingle of my chain maddened

me.

Thud!—thud!—the pulse at my temples throbbed in time with it, my breath panted to it. And surely it was nearer, more distinct—yes, he had gained on me in the last half-mile—but how much? I cast a look over my shoulder; it was but a glance, yet I saw that he had lessened the distance between us by half. His face shone with sweat—his mouth was a line—his nostrils broad and expanded—his eyes staring and shot with blood, but he ran staring and shot with blood, but he ran on with the same long easy stride that was slowly but surely wearing me down.
We were descending a long, grassy slope, and I stumbled, more than once,

and rolled in my course, but on came those remorseless footfalls—thud!—thud!—thud!—thud!—strong and sure as ever. He was nearing me fast—he was close upon me—closer—within reach of me. I could hear his whistling breaths, and then, all at once, I was down on hands and knees; he tried to avoid me-failed, and, shooting high over me, thudded down

yon the grass.

For a moment he lay still, then, with a groan, he rolled over and, propping himself on his arm, thrust a hand into his bosom; but I hurled myself upon him, and, after a brief struggle, twisted the platot from his grasp, whereupon he

"Hurt?" I panted. "Arm broke, I think," he growled, and forthwith burst out into a torrent of

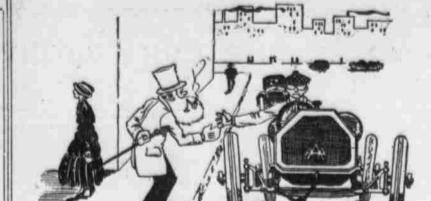
"Does it—hurt—so much:" I panted.
"An! but it—sin't that," he panted back;
"it's me—a-lettin' of you—work off a
noldy—old trick on me—like that
hero—"

"It was my only chance," said I, sitting down beside him to regain my wind.
"To think," he growled, "o' me bein' took in by a.—"
"But you are a great runner!" said I.
"A great fool, you mean, to be took in by a.—"

"If you will lend me your neckerchief, I think I can make your anto mere comfortable," said I. He ceased cursing to staye at me, slowly and awkwardly unwound the article is question, and passed it to me. Thereupon, having located the fracture, I contrived a rough splint with a piece of weed lying near; which done, he thanked me, in a burst of profanity, and rose.

and rose.

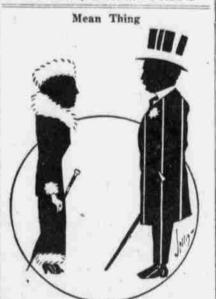
"I've see worse coves nor you!" said
he, "and one good turn desarvin' another
—He snug all day, and travel by night,
and heep to the byroads—this uln't no
common case, there'll be a thousand
pound on your ead afore the week 's
out-so look spris soy soys!" saying



Rube-By Hem, but this is sure a friendly town,



"I understand you have a new car. Do you drive it yourself?"
"No. Nobody drives it, we coax it."



She-Do you remember that you once proposed to me and that I refused Yes, that is one of my life's most beautiful memories.



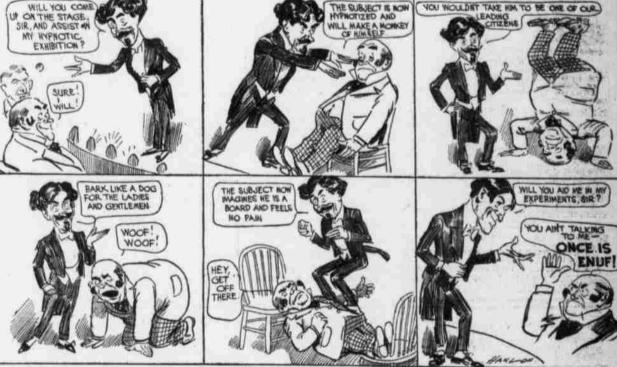
SCRAPPLE

"Is there any outdoor sport she is fond for?"

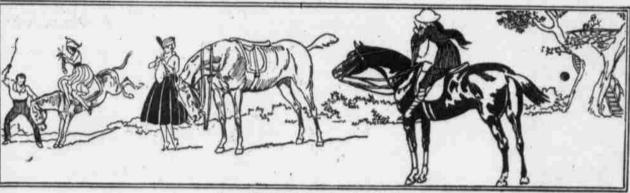
"I should say so. She's dead in love with a football player."



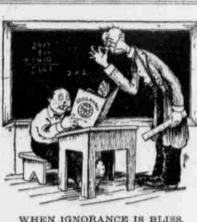
THE PADDED CELL



SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SOCKS



Even While Riding in the Park



WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS.



"Why is she like a graphophone record, because she talks too much?" "No, because sne's double-raced."



Circumstances Alter Cases

Mother-I wish you would go to the store for me. Son-My leg aches awful. Mother-That's too bad. you to go to the candy store. Son-Oh, that ain't far. I can walk there easy. Mother-That's fine, then, You go there, and next door is the grocer's. Get me a bar of soap.

Exceptions "Like does not always produce like."
"How do you mean?"
"I mean it is quite possible to sow



He-Women tell everything She-With one exception. He-What's that?





Sorry He Spoke

He-Who is that strange-looking She-Oh, that's Professor Smith, the

