

## The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN (Continued)

"Captured by his honor, Master Horatio—carried off by the Captain under your own father's very own nose, sir—or as you might say, cut out under the enemy's guns, my lord!"

"With which explanation he unfastened the padlock, raised the upper leg-board and set the prisoner free."

"A H—but it's good to have the use of one's legs again!" exclaimed his lordship, stretching the members in question, "and that," said he, turning to Barnabas with his whimsical smile, "that is another value of the stocks—one never knows how pleasant and useful a pair of legs can be until one has sat with 'em stretched out helplessly at right angles for an hour or two."

Here, the Bo'sun having stowed back the key and resumed his hat, his lordship reached out and gripped his hand. "So it was Uncle John, was it, Jerry—how very like Uncle John—eh, Jerry?"

"Never was nobody born into this here vale o' sorrier like the Captain—no, nor never will be—nowhow!" said the Bo'sun with a solemn nod.

"God bless him, eh, Jerry?"

"Amen to that, my lord."

"You'll let him know I said 'God bless him, Jerry?'

"I will, my lord, ay, ay, God bless him it is. Master Hopatinn!"

Now as to my Roman—my father, Jerry tell him—er—

Be you all well on squaring away for London, then, sir?"

"As a rock, Jerry, as a rock!"

"Then 'tis good-by," you're wishing me?"

"Yes, 'goodby,' Jerry, remember 'God bless Uncle John,' and—er—

tell my father that—ah, what the deuce shall you tell him now?—it

should be something a little affecting—wholly dutiful, and above all gently dignified!"

"Ah yes—tell him that whether I

win or lose the race, whether I

break my unworthy neck or no, I

shall never forget that I am the Earl of Bamborough's son."

"And as for you, Jerry, why, I

shall always think of you as the jolly old sea dog who used to stoop down to let me get his whiskers,

they were a trifle blacker in those days. Gad! how I did pull 'em,

Jerry, even then I admired your whiskers, didn't I? I swear there

isn't such another pair in England.

Goodby, Jerry!"

INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN

SAYING which his lordship turned swiftly upon his heel and walked on a pace or two, while Barnabas paused to wring the old seaman's brown hand; then they went on down the hill together.

And the Bo'sun, sitting upon the empty stocks with his wooden pin sticking straight out before him, sighed as he watched them striding London-wards, the lord's son, tall, slender, elegant, a gentleman to his finger tips, and the commander's son, shaped like a young god, despite his homespun, and between them, as it were linking them together, went the joyous Spirit of Youth.

Now whether the Bo'sun saw of this, he shall say, but old eyes see many things. And thus, perhaps, the sugh that escaped the battered old man-o'-war's man's lips was only because of his own vanished youth—his gray head and wooden leg after all.

"Sir," said his lordship, after they had gone some way in silence, "you are thoughtful, not to say, devilish grave!"

"And you," retorted Barnabas, "have shked—three times."

"No, did I though?—why then, to be candid! I detest saying 'Godby!'—and I have been devoutly wishing for two pair of muffles, for sir, I have taken a prodigious liking to you—but—"

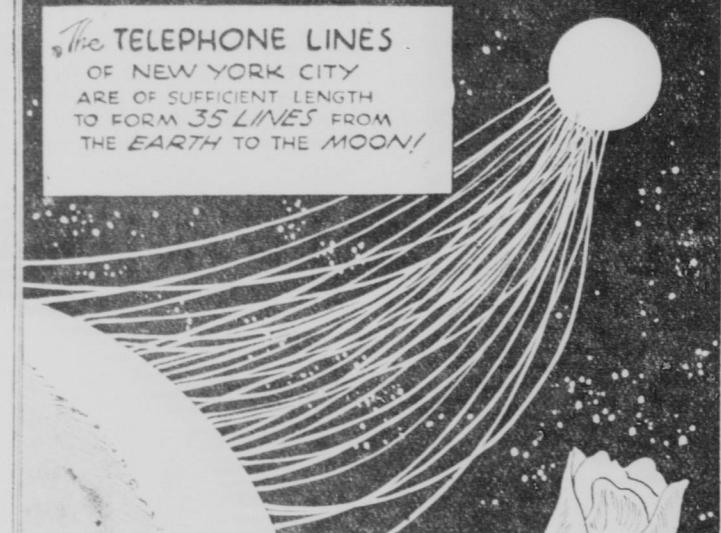
"But?" inquired Barnabas.

(To Be Continued.)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



FLOWERS act differently towards light. A daisy will not open when held near artificial light, but will open at its regular opening time, even though left in the dark. Some flowers are so sensitive they close up when a cloud passes across the sun.

NEXT—What strange type of shoe was worn in the fourteenth century?

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## TARZAN THE INVINCIBLE

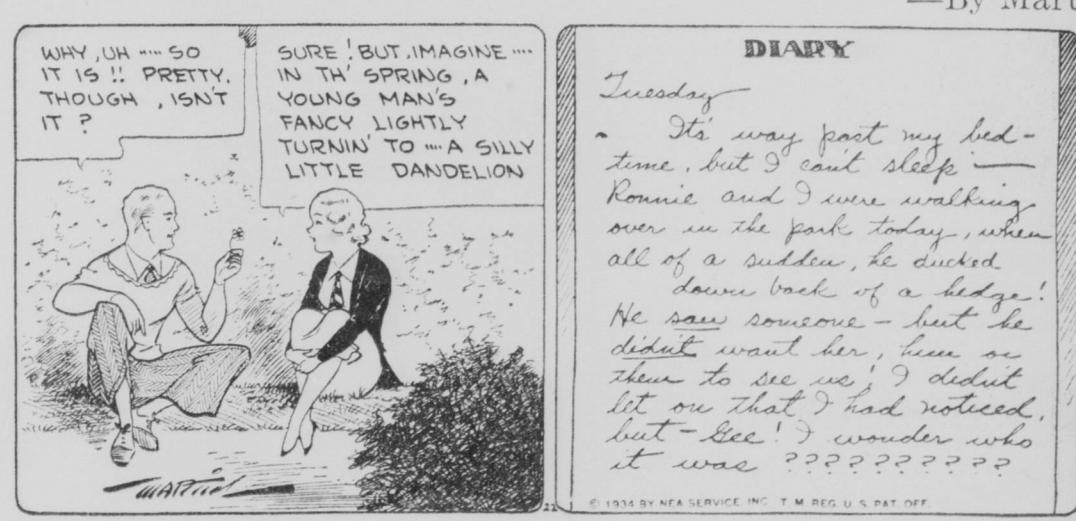


## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



When Zora saw Tarzan lying helpless on the ground, she ran quickly to him and knelt at his side. She had heard the shot, and now seeing the blood running from the wound upon his head, she thought that Ivitch had killed him intentionally.

She turned upon him like a tigress. "You beast!" she cried. "He was worth more than a dozen of you." The sound of the shot had brought men running from all parts of the camp; so that Tarzan and the girl were soon surrounded by a curious and excited throng.

Ivitch was stunned not only by the giant white man lying apparently dead, but also by the presence of Zora Drinov, whom the camp had given up as irretrievably lost. "I had no idea, Comrade Drinov," he explained, "that I was shooting a man."

"I see now what caused my mistake. I thought I saw a leopard moving in the trees, but it was the leopard skin that he wears," explained Ivitch. By this time Zveri had elbowed his way to the center of the group. "Zora!" he cried. "Where did you come from?"

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