

The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Determined to become a gentleman, Barnabas Barty, after receiving an inheritance of £100,000, sets out for London. His father, John Barty, former English champion ship prize fighter, opposes the son, who, trained by his parents and Barnabas, also a former champion, beats his father in a fight.

Arriving in London, young Barty changes his surname to Beverley. He meets the captain, the Hon. Lord Viceroy, Horatio Belash, Sir Mortimer Clavens, and Lady Cleone Meredith. He falls in love with Lady Cleone and meets Sir Mortimer in the duel as a result of a challenge to the girl. Beverley employs Peter, a former pugilist, as a valet, and buys a home in London.

An encounter with Peter, a rogue, who has influence over Lord Barnabas, results in a duel. Lady Cleone, who is the cousin of John Barty, a money lender.

Beverley promises Lady Cleone he will aid her brother.

The woman, also in love with Lady Cleone, protests, pointing out that Barnabas's escapades have caused him to be ostracized by London society. Nevertheless, Beverley forces a conference with Lord Barty, who refuses his offer to pay Barnabas's debt.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

INSTALLMENT SEVENTY-ONE
(Continued)

It was well past noon when he beheld a certain lonely church where many a green mound and mossy headstone marked the resting-place of those who sleep awhile before an inn, he dismounted, and, having seen four legs well bestowed, and given various directions to a certain sleepy-voiced ostler, he entered the inn, and calling for dinner, ate it with huge relish. Now, when he had done, came the landlord to smoke a pipe with him—red-faced man, vast of paunch and garrulous of tongue.

"Fine don't there be up at 't' great house, sir," he began.

"You mean Amersley House?"
"Ay, sir. All the quality is there—my son's a groom there an' 'e told me, so 'e did. There ain't nobody as ain't either a Markus or a Earl or a Vicount, and as for Barry-nets, they're as thick as flies, they're an' all to meet a little, old woman as don't come up to my shoulder! But then—she's a Duchess, an' that makes all the difference!"

"Yes, of course," said Barnabas.

"A little old woman w' curls, as don't come no-wise near so 'igh as my shoulder! Dray up to that, they're very dear as you see there, in 't' great coach an' four, she did—orders the steps to be lowered—comes tapping into this 'ere very room with 'er little cane, she do—sits down in that 'ere very chair as you're a-sittin' in, she do, fannin' 'erself with a little fan—an' calls for—now, what d'ye suppose, sir?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"She calls, sir—though you won't believe me, it aren't to be expected—no, not on my after-dinner—she be—ing a Duchess, ye see."

Well, what did she call for?" inquired Barnabas, rising.

"SIR," she called for—on my solemn oath its true—though I don't ax ye to believe me, mind—she sat in that 'ere identical chair—an' mark me, 'er a duchess—she sat in that 'ere, a-fannin' 'erself with 'er little fan, an' calls for a 'arf of 'er little fan—Western-brew."

She says, an' 'er a duchess! In a tankard! But I know as you won't believe me—nor I don't ax any man to—no, not if I went down on my bended madder-bones—"

"But I do believe you," said Barnabas.

"What—you do?" cried the landlord, almost reproachfully.

"Certainly a duchess is, sometimes, almost human."

"But you—actually—believe me?"

"Yes."

"Well—you surprise me, sir! Ale! A duchess! In a tankard! No, it aren't nat'l. Never would I ha' believed as any one would ha' believed such a—"

But here Barnabas laughed, and taking up his hat, sallied out into the sunshine.

He went by field paths that led him past woods in whose green twilight thrushes and blackbirds piped, by sunny meadows where larks mounted heavenward in an ecstasy

of song, and so, eventually he found himself in road where stood a weather-beaten finger-post, with its two arms wide-spread and pointing:

"TO LONDON. TO HAWKHURST"

Here Barnabas paused a while, and bared his head as one who stands on hallowed ground. And looking upon the weather-worn finger-post, he smiled very tenderly, as one might who meets an old friend. Then he went on again until he came to a pair of tall iron gates, hospitable gates that stood open as though inviting him to enter. Therefore he went on, and thus presently espied a low, rambling house of many gables, about which were trim lawns and stately trees.

Now as he stood looking at this house, he heard a voice near by, a deep, rolling bass upraised in song.

Following the direction of this voice, Barnabas came to a lawn screened from the house by hedges of clipped yew. At the further end of this lawn was a small building which had been made to look as much as possible like the after-cabin of a ship.

Now, before this building, his blue coat laid by, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his glazed hat on the back of his head, was the bo'sun, polishing away at a small, brass cannon that was mounted on a platform, and singing lustily as he worked. So loudly did he sing, and so engrossed was he, that he did not look up until he felt Barnabas touch him. Then he started, turned, stared, hesitated and, finally, broke into a smile.

"Ah, it's you, sir—the young gentleman as bore away for London alongside Master Horatio, his lordship!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, extending his hand, "how are you, bo'sun?"

"Hearty, sir, hearty, I thank ye!"

Saying which he touched his forehead, rubbed his hand upon his trousers, looked at it, rubbed it again, and finally gave it to Barnabas, though with an air of apology.

"Been making things a bit ship-shape, sir, 'count of this here day being a occasion—but I'm hearty, sir, hearty, I thank ye."

"And the captain," said Barnabas with some hesitation. "How is the captain?"

"The cap'n, sir," answered the bo'sun, "the cap'n is likewise hearty."

"And Lady Cleone—is she well, is she happy?"

"Why, sir, she's as 'appy as can be expected—under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"Love, sir."

"Love," exclaimed Barnabas, "why, bo'sun—what do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, as she's fell in love at last—"

"How do you know—who with—where is she—?"

"Well, sir, I know on account o' 'er lowness o' sperrits—noticed it for a week or more."

"But—in love—with whom? Can I see her? Where is she? Are you sure?"

"Well, sir—I are n't quite sure, seeing as there are so many on 'em in 'er wake, but I think—and I 'ope, as it's 'is Lordship, Master Horatio."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, his frowning brow relaxing.

"If it ain't 'em—why then it's mutiny,—that's what it is, sir!"

INSTALLMENT SEVENTY-TWO

"M—Ye see, sir," the bo'sun went on to explain, "orders is orders, and if she don't love Master Horatio—well, she ought to."

"Why?"

"Because they was made for each other. Because they was promised to each other years ago. It were all arranged an' settled 'twixt Master Horatio's father, the earl, and Lady Cleone's guardian, the cap'n."

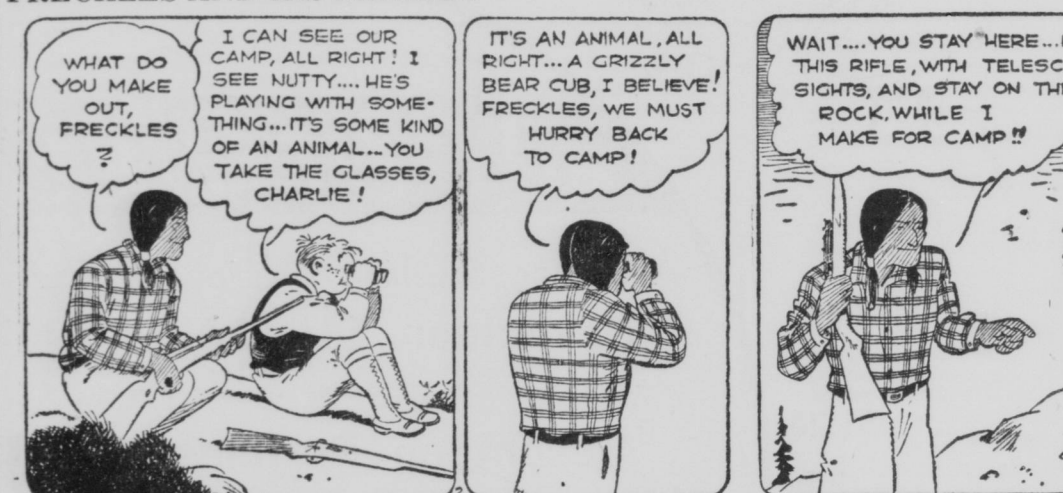
(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



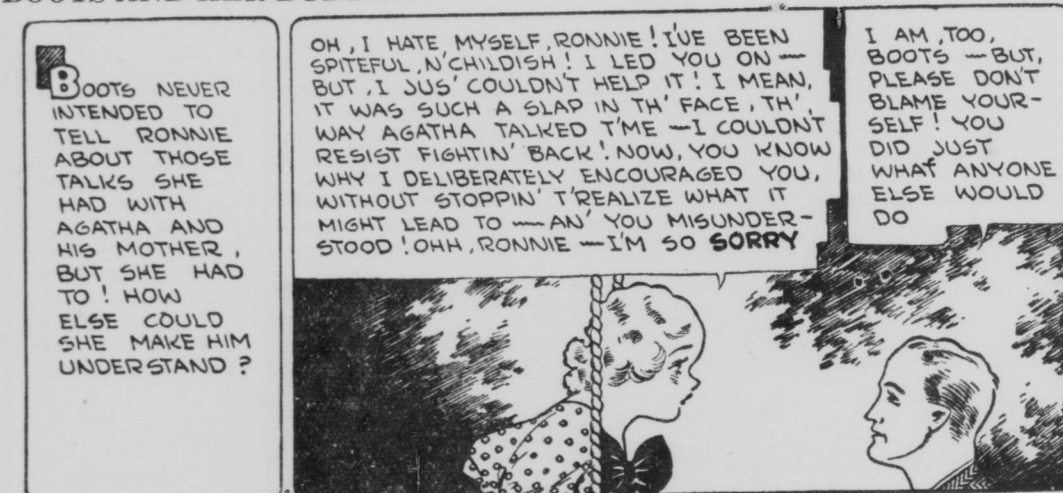
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD



OUT OUR WAY



EXTRAVAGANCE



By Crane



By Hamlin



By Martin



By Edgar Rice Burroughs



ENJOY



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AN object that absorbs all colors, and reflects none, appears to us as black. Black is therefore not a color at all, but an absence of color. Those substances which we call white absorb light only slightly, and appear to be the color of the light, that illuminates them.

NEXT—How many persons have been killed in wars since 1800?

Keep COOL While You Shop—Downstairs at Ayres