

The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Barnabas, son of John Barry, former English champion prizefighter, determines to become a gentleman after receiving a fortune of 100,000 pounds, \$1,600,000. Against the wishes of his father and Natty, his former pugilist, he leaves for London.

On the way to London he meets Lady Glenshire, whom he falls in love with, and finally succeeds in winning her promise to marry him. Her hand is sought also by Clive, a young man, and Sir Mortimer Carnaby, Clive's uncle, who is a powerful man in the city. Sir Mortimer and Clive also are to take part.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
INSTALLMENT NINETY-NINE (Continued)

"Oh well, I suppose you see—oh, I'll be shot if I know!"
"You don't love her, do you, Dick?"

"Clemency? Of course not—that is—suppose I do—what then?"
"Why then she'd make a very handsome viscountess, Dick."
"Beverley," said the viscount, staring wide-eyed, "are you mad?"
"No," Barnabas retorted, "but I take you to be an honorable man, my lord."

The viscount sprang to his feet, clenched his fists, then took two or three turns across the room.
"Sir," said he, in his iciest tones, "you presume too much on my friendship."

"My lord," said Barnabas, "with your good leave I'll ring for my servant." Which he did, forthwith.
"Sir," said the viscount, pale and stern, and with folded arms, "your remark was, I consider, a direct reflection upon my honor."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, struggling with his breeches, "your honor is surely your friend's, also?"
"Sir," said the viscount, with arms still folded, and sitting very upright on the bed, "were I to—call you out for that remark I should be only within my rights."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, struggling with his shirt, "were you to call from now till doomsday—I shouldn't come."

"Then, sir," said the viscount, cold and sneering, "a whip, perhaps—or a cane might—"

But at this juncture, with a discreet knock, Peterby entered, and having bowed to the scowling viscount, proceeded to invest Barnabas with polished boots, waistcoat and scarf, and to tie his voluminous cravat, all with that deftness, that swift and silent dexterity which helped to make him the marvel he was.

"Sir," said he, when Barnabas stood equipped from head to foot, "Captain Slingsby's groom called to say that his master and the Marquis of Jerningham are expecting you and Viscount Devenham to breakfast at 'The Chequer'—a little higher up the street, sir. Breakfast is ordered for 8."

"Thank you, Peterby," said Barnabas, and, bowing to the viscount, followed him from the room and downstairs, out into the dewy freshness of the morning. Through all the bustling throng went our two young gentlemen, each remarkably stiff and upright as to back, and each excessively polite, yet walking, for the most part, in a dignified silence, until, having left the crowd behind, Barnabas paused suddenly in the shade of a deserted caravan, and turned to his companion.

"Dick!" said he, smiling, and with hand outstretched.
"Sir?" said the viscount, frowning and with eyes averted.
"My lord," said Barnabas, bowing profoundly, "I have offended your lordship—I am sorry, but—"

(To Be Continued)

FRESH WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT FLAVOR
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

The MOON
WANDERS SLIGHTLY FROM ITS PATH, AT TIMES/ ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT STRAY MORE THAN ABOUT 20 MILES FROM ITS PREDICTED POSITION, IT IS THIS VARIATION WHICH CAUSES SLIGHT ERRORS IN TIME SCHEDULES OF ECLIPSES.

WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY
TAKES ITS NAME FROM A WALL, BUILT IN 1653 AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THE ENGLISH, IT STOOD ON THE PRESENT SITE OF WALL STREET.

ALTHOUGH the moon is the closest to us of all the solar satellites, it has caused the astronomers more trouble than all the rest in the problem of predicting its true position. So far, no one has been able to discover the reason for the slight irregularities in the moon's motion.

NEXT—Is all sugar sweet?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

—DIDJA EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING, KID?— A GUY'S OWN BROTHER SWINDLIN' HIM!—HA—WAIT TILL I GET THAT CROOK IN COURT—WHEN TH' HEAT GOES ON HIM, HE'LL SIMMER DOWN TO A GRAVY SPOT!— OH, I KNOW HIM, THAT MUG IS SO SHARP, HE COULD DO SHOP-LIFTING IN TH' PIANO DEPARTMENT!— YES SIR, A TRICKY COVE!— SAY JAKE—YOU AIN'T GOT NO MORE LEG TO STAND ON THAN AN EMPTY SOCK!—I WAS HERE TH' NIGHT YOU PLAYED TH' SOB ON TH' G STRING FOR A \$50 LOAN—NONE OF US HAD THAT STYLE JACK— THEN YOU SOLD YOUR GOLD MINE TO TH' MAJOR FOR IT!

JAKE IS PLENTY PERSISTENT

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKIN' DOWNSTAIRS— HE'S BEEN IN MY ROOM, AND HE'LL STAY RIGHT HERE TILL HE SHOWS ME WHAT HE'S GOT IN HIS POCKETS! I'M COMFORTABLE.

I WAS SNEAKIN' DOWN CUZ, WHEN I GIT ALMOST DOWN, SOMEBODY ALLUS HOLLERS, 'OH, ARE YOU UPSTAIRS? WELL, BRING DOWN MY BLACK PUMPS, FROM UNDER MY BED, ER MY RING OFF TH' BATHROOM WASH BOWL, ER MY DOODADS, OUTA TH' THIRD DRAWER ON TH' LEFT SIDE OF TH' RIGHT-HAND DRAWERS'—I'M FINE, HERE—VERY, VERY COMFORTABLE.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser

YOU MEAN YOU DYNAMITED THE HILL AND LET THE RIVER TURN DOWN THIS CANYON?

I RECKON I DID, SON!!

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THE CHARGE WAS GOIN' TO BLOW THE WHOLE DAGNAB HILL CLEAN THROUGH.

BUT, NOW YOUR MINE IS COMPLETELY SUBMERGED! DIDN'T YOU REALIZE THAT WOULD HAPPEN?

IT WOULDN'T HAVE, IF THINGS HAD WORKED OUT AS WE PLANNED.

AND THAT HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS AGO? WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED TO OPERATE THE MINE?

WITH LAFE A' STANDIN' DOWN THERE A' LOOKIN' AT ME?

SON, THE WHOLE THING WAS HAUNTED ME FOR YEARS... IT'S BEEN ON MY MIND CONSTANTLY... MY CONSCIENCE HASN'T GIVEN ME A MOMENT'S REST.

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane

WAN HUNNER DOLLAR.

AND, HAVING NEVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING MORE FEROCIOUS THAN A TIGER RUG, POOR OLD HORATIO IS TERRIFIED.

HELP! HELP! POLICE!

GRIZZLY BEARS! HELP!

THE OLD FOOL! ANOTHER PORCUPINE, I BETCHA.

THIS TIME WE'LL LET 'IM YELL.

ALLEY OOP

—By Hamlin

SO THEY'RE GONNA BOUNCE ALLEY'S SKULL IN TH' ROYAL FLAT! MEBBE I'LL HAVE SUMPIN' T'SAY ABOUT THAT!

AWRIGHT, YOU MUGS, TIE 'IM UP! WE'RE GONNA START WORKIN' 'IM OVER!

WHY, YOU— YOU—!!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin

RONNIE!! GEE, IT'S SWEET TSEE YUH

BOOTS

I'VE WORRIED SO ABOUT YUH! Y'WOULD, AT LEAST, HAVE WRITTEN TO ME

WELL, YOU SEE I, OH—

I KNOW! WILLIE DROPPED IN AN SAID HE'D SEEN YUH! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT HOW Y'WERE SENT OUT OF TOWN, ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE, 'TWORK ON A PICTURE—'N'HOW HARD YOU'VE BEEN WORKIN'—

WHY, YES— YES, OF COURSE

GREAT CHAP, WILLIE

HE SURE IS— TH' BIG FIBBER

TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Before the Queen addressed him, Tarzan noted the magnificence of the room's interior. Columns of solid gold supported the ceiling; the walls were tiled with ivory; the mosaic floor covered with animals' skins among which was one attracting the ape-man's instant attention.

It was the tanned skin and head of a man. At one end of the room a great lion was chained between two of the golden columns. From the instant the ape-man entered, the white-tufted lion eyed him wickedly; and as Erol left, the beast sprang to his feet with a terrific roar.

He leaped at the ape-man, but the chains stopped him; and he dropped down, growling. Beltha does not like you," said Nemone, who had remained unmoved when the beast sprang. She noticed, too, that Tarzan had not started when the lion sprang; and she was pleased.

"He but reflects the attitude of all Cathas," replied Tarzan. "That is not true," contradicted Nemone. "I like you." Nemone's voice was low and caressing. "You defied me before my people at the stadium today, but I did not have you destroyed. Why did I do that?"

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