

The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

INSTALLMENT ONE HUNDRED THIRTY

Barnabas, a party of man darts, former English champion, pretender, determines to become a gentleman after the manner of his father, Mr. Barty, who weighed 300 pounds. Against the wishes of his father and Natty Bell, also a former champion, he goes to London. He changes his surname to Beverley.

On the way to London he meets Lady Cleone, who is in love with him. He loves her, and finally succeeds in winning her promise to marry him. Her hand is not a good one, however, for Mr. and Sir Mortimer Carnaby, Chichester have strong influence over Barnabas. He quits the fashionable world and moves to a quiet little town.

Beverley seems to pay Gaunt in an effort to keep a promise to Lady Cleone to help her kinman Gaunt return the offer.

INSTALLMENT ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-NINE (Continued)

And thus did Barnabas, in his folly, forego great joy, and set aside the desire of his heart that he might tread that harder way, which yet can be trod only by the foot of a man.

A DISTANT clock was striking as Barnabas rode in at the rusted gates of Ashleydown and up beneath an avenue of somber trees beyond which rose the chimneys of a spacious house, clear and plain against the palpitating splendor of the stars. But the house, like its surroundings, wore a desolate, neglected look, moreover it was dark, not a light was to be seen anywhere from attic to cellar.

Yet, as Barnabas followed the sweep of the avenue, he suddenly espied a soft glow that streamed from an uncurtained window giving upon the terrace; therefore he drew rein, and dismounting, led his horse in among the trees and, having tethered him there, advanced toward the gloomy house, his gaze upon the lighted window, and treaded with an even growing caution.

Now, as he went, he took out one of the pistols, cocked it, and with it ready in his hand, came to the window and peered into the room.

It was a long, low chamber with a fireplace at one end, and here his frowning gaze bent upon the blazing logs, saw Mr. Chichester. Upon the small table at his elbow were decanter and glasses, with a hat and gloves and a long traveling cloak.

"Stop!" said Barnabas, and speaking, levelled his pistol.

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Chichester, falling back a step, "you mean to murder me do you?"

"I said 'kill'—though yours is the better word, perhaps. Here are two pistols, you will observe; one is for you and one for me. And we are about to sit down—here, at the table, and do our very utmost to murder each other. But first, I must trouble you to lock the door yonder and bring me the key. Lock it, I say!"

Very slowly, and with his eyes fixed in a wide stare upon the threatening muzzle of the weapon Barnabas held, Mr. Chichester crossed to the door, hesitated, turned the key, and drawing it from the lock, stood with it balanced in his hand a moment, and then tossed it toward Barnabas.

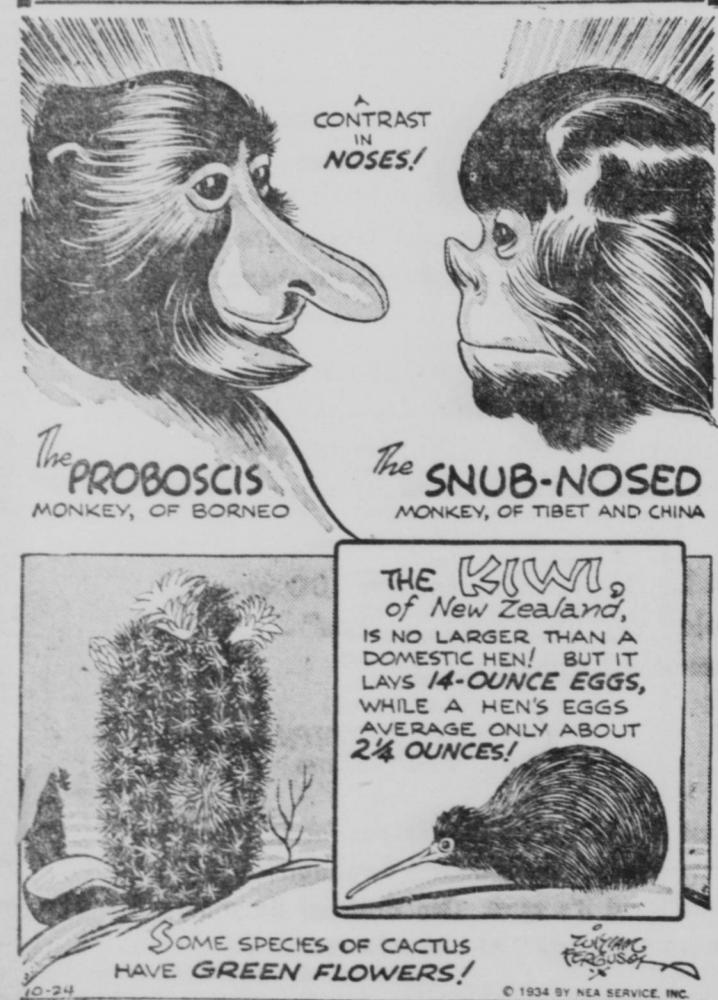
Now the key lay within a yard of Barnabas who, stepping forward, made as though to reach down for it; but in that instant he glanced up at Mr. Chichester under his brows, and in that instant also, Mr. Chichester took a swift, backward step toward the hearth; wherefore, because of this, and because of the look in Mr. Chichester's eyes, Barnabas smiled, and, so smiling, kicked the key into a far corner.

(To be continued.)



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



The KIWI of New Zealand, is no larger than a domestic hen, but it lays 14-ounce eggs, while a hen's eggs average only about 2 1/2 ounces!

Some species of cactus have green flowers!

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD



A noble was at the door telling them that Valthor's escort was ready to depart. "Farewell, Valthor," said Gemnon, "I have enjoyed entertaining you. Too bad we are hereditary enemies; for next time we meet we shall have to try and capture one another's head."

"It is unfortunate and foolish," replied Valthor, "but such is the custom of our cities." "Here's to it, then," said Gemnon, raising his hand as though he held a drinking horn. "May we never meet again!" and turning, he hastened to obey the Queen's summons.

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

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—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Hamlin



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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The KIWI lays the largest eggs, in proportion to its size, of all the birds in the world. Frequently it lays eggs five inches in length. The bird also is unusual in having its nostrils on the end of its beak.

NEXT—Are cold-blooded animals always cold to the touch?

Tarzan, himself, was sorry to bid good-bye to the likable young noble of Athne. By Nemon's command the ape-man's weapons had been returned to him, and he was engaged in inspecting them, looking to the points and feathers of his arrows, when Gemnon returned.

The Cathayan was quite evidently angry and not a little excited. This was one of the few times the ape-man had seen him upset. "I have had a bad half hour with the Queen," explained Gemnon. "I was lucky to get away with my life." "Why?" asked Tarzan, surprised.