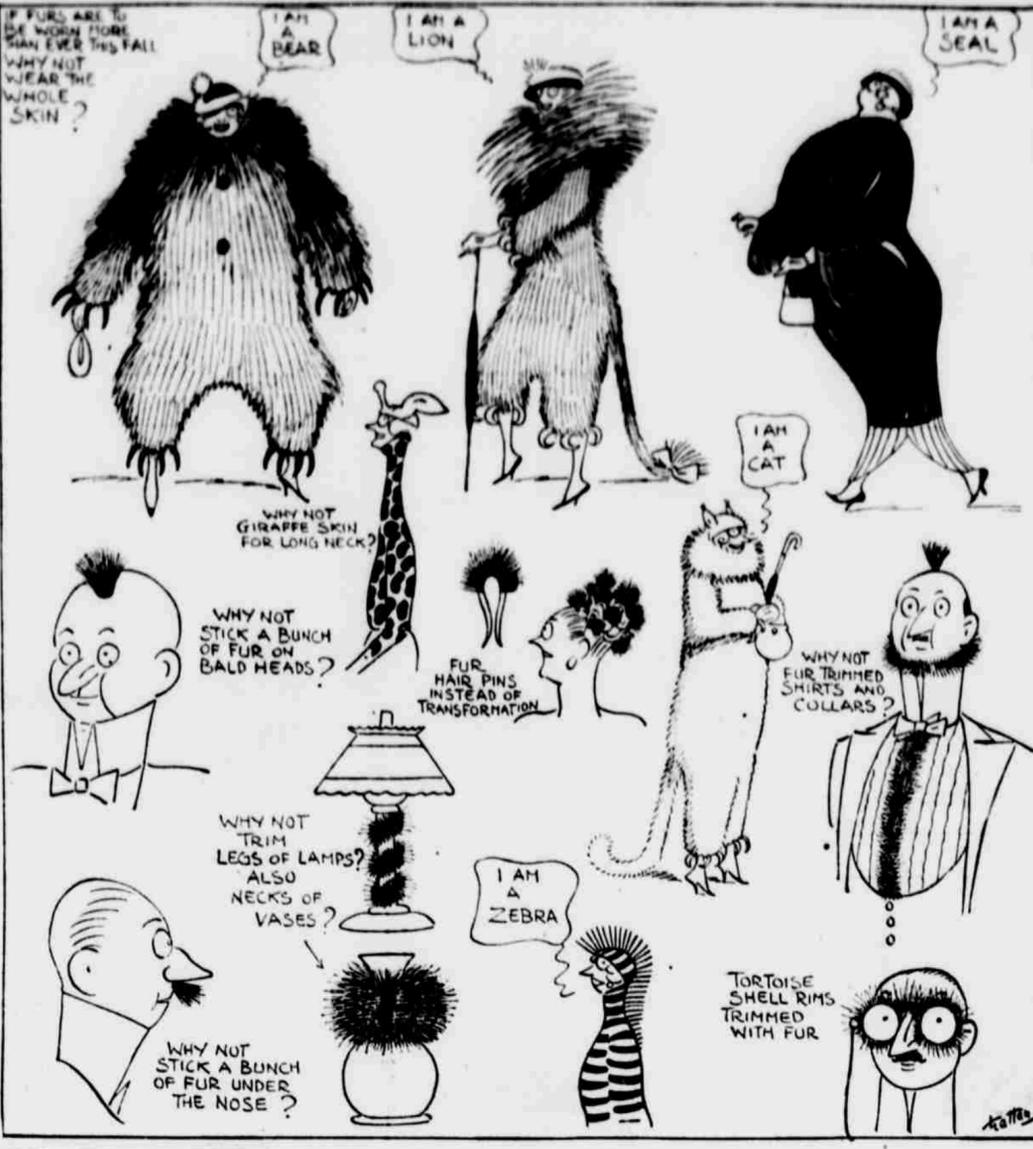


THE SPLENDID SPUR

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

A romance of England in 1642, with a hero whom adventure marked for a series of thrilling experiences in love and war.

Why Not?



By Maurice Ketten

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

A story of the rugged West—the hero a man from the East whose force of circumstance invested with a new personality bigger, stronger, more virile than the old.

BEGINS IN NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.) The sound of my step on the threshold Joan turned with a short cry—a cry the like of which I have never heard, so full was it of shock-joy. In a second her arms were out, and she hung on my neck, sobbing and laughing together. "Was that—was that—Joan, dear—dear Jack to come to me—hold tighter, tighter—for my heart is stung!"

CHAPTER XIX

The day-spring came at last, and in the sick light of it I went down to the cottage for spade and pick-axe. And then Delia, seeing me return with the sad tools on my shoulder, spoke for the first time: "First, if there be a well near, fetch me two buckets of water and leave us for an hour."

In the passage she whispered: "Hilary, Jack!" I answered, "and listen: Master Tingcomb is no more in that coffin than I." "Then where is he?" "As I said this, a light broke over the scene. 'By the Lord,' I cried, 'tis the very same!'" "Twas discomposing, but the truth, in fact, I had just solved a puzzle. This holy-speaking minister was no other than the groom I had seen at Holmton Fair holding Master Tingcomb's horses."

house, shutting the door after them. "Now for it!" said I in Matt's ear. Gliding forward, I peeped out at the postern gate, but drew back like a shot. I had almost run my head into a great black bear's that stood there with the door open, backed against the gate, the heavy plumes nodding above it in the night wind. "Who held the horses? I had not time to see, but whispering to Matt to give me a leg up, I clambered inside. 'Quick!' I pulled him after and crept forward. I wondered the man did not head us, but by good luck the horses were resting, and by his maudlin talk to them I knew he was three parts drunk—on the funeral wine, doubtless."

CHAPTER XX

W had some ado to find the gate, but no sooner were through and upon the high road, than I leaped the horses up the hill at a gallop. On the summit a glance showed us all—the wild crimson sky—the sea running with lines of fire—and against it the inky headland whereon the House of Gleys had like a beacon. We saw all this, and then were plunging down hill, with the blaze full ahead of us. At the bottom we caught up a group of men running. 'Twas a boat load come from the ship to help. As our horses swept past them, one or two came to a terrified halt; but presently were running hard again after us.

So I fetched Molly's saddle, and spoke to her, and set it across her back; and the sweet thing was quiet in a moment, trotting her head to rub my sleeve gently with her muzzle, and followed me out like a lamb. The bay gave more trouble; but I soothing him in the same manner and putting his neck into the saddle, he came to the gate when a shout was raised— "Hilary! Where's Hilary Pottery? Has any one seen the skipper?" "Now, that you don't say he was never alarmed!" "Black Sampson was in his room—where's Black Sampson?" "Here I be!" cried a voice. "To be sure, I saw the skipper before any o'ye."