THE VAGRANT DUKE

By GEORGE GIBBS

Author of "The Splendid Outcast," "The Yellow Dove," "The Secret Witness," Etc.

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Peter Nicholaevitch, Russian Grand Duke, cousin of the Czar, in a magnificent room in a magnificent home, is playing Chopin's "Revolutionary Etude," when one of his servants informs him that revolutionary have broken out in the village, and are killing and burning. Being old and privileged he advises his master to make his escape. The Grand Duke refuses and addresses the mob when it arrives.

his master to make his escape. The Grand Duke refuses and addresses the mob when it arrives.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE keen eyes of Boris saw farther through the forest than those of most men, but in a moment those of the Grand Duke Peter confirmed him. Figures were moving in the twilight, along the roads and bypaths.

To Peter Nicholaevitch they seemed like a great river which had flooded stripted them the flames from the wooden hinting lodge roared upward painting a hirid sky. He saw that the flood came rapidly, and above the roar of the flames came the sound of voices singing the Russian version of the "Marseillaise."

The Grand Duke stood at the terrace which had stood at the terrace with watching their approach. He knew thing for you expect this for master in my misfortunes. You can do nothing for me—nor I anything for you expect this. rapidly, and above the foot of the "Marseillaise."

The Grand Duke stood at the terrace wall watching their approach. He knew if they meant to attack the castle the gift could not hold long, but he had hope that he might still be able to prevall upon them to listen to him. In a moment they saw him and began running forward toward the courtyard gate. He recognized individuals now—Anton Lansky, Michael Kuprin, with his head itied in a dirty handkerchief—and Conrad Grabar. The defection of his old instructor in wood-lore disturbed him. Conrad had turned against him, what hope had he of prevailing against the others?

The singing died away and in its

"I am going on alone. I will not involve you further in my misfortunes. You can do nothing for me—nor I anything for you except this. Vasili knows. In the vault below the wine-cellar, hidden away, are some objects of value. They will not find them. When they go away you will return. The visit will repay you. Divide what is there into equal parts—silver, plate and gold. As for me—forget me. Farewell!"

They saw that he meant what he said. He offered these few faithful servitors his hand and they kissed his fingers—a last act of fealty and devotion and liminishing hoof-beats of Vera as the young master went out of their lives.

"May God preserve him," muttered valie.

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"May God preserve him," my misfortunes. You can do nothing for me—nor I anything for you except this. Vasili knows. In the vault below the wine-cellar. They will not find them. When they go away you will return. The visit will repay you. Divide what is there into any or except this. Vasili knows. In the vault below the wine-cellar. They will not find them. When they go away you will return. The visit will repay you. Divide what is there into you except this. Vasili knows. In the vault below the wine-cellar. They will not find them. When they go away you will return. The visit will repay you. Divide what is there into you except this. Vasili knows. In the vault below

The singing died away and in its place shouts and cries burst forth in bediam. "Open the gate!" "Let us Garshin.

The Grand Duke had heard that note in men's voices in the Carpathian passes, and he knew what it meant, but while his gaze sought out the fat figure of Michael Kositzin, who was the leader of the uprising, he held up his hand for states. There was a roar of voices.
"Peter Nicholaevitch wishes

"It is our turn to speak now."
"Nasha pora prishla" (our time has

"Let the little master speak."
"We know no little masters here!"
"No, nor old ones!"
(death to the

bourgeoisie).

But as the young Grand Duke began to speak the voices of the most rabid of the peasants were hushed for a moment by the others.

Ters he had happened to have about him), and then smiled grimly.

"We've got room for one more—and that's about all."

"I have no money—" began the

of the peasants were hushed for a moment by the others.

"My friends and my children," he began, "one word before you do something that you will forever regret. I am your friend. I am young—of the new generation. I have kept abreast of the new thought of the time and I believe in the new life that is for you and for us all. I have proved it to you by bringing the new life to Zukovo by peaceful means, oy friendliness and brotherhood while other parts of Russia nearby are in agony and darkness."

(Cries of "That is true.") "It was in my heart that I had brought the revolution to Zukovo, a revolution against

the speakers with his gaze. One of them was Michael Kuprin, whom when a child the Grand Duke had seen flogged in this very courtyard.

"There are sins of the past." he went murmur of the mob. "many sins against the low murmur of the mob. "many sins against you, but one sin does not wash out another. Murder, rapine, vengennee will never bring peace to Zukovo.

What you do today will be visited on you tomorrow. I pray that you will

you tomorrow. I pray that you will listen to me. I have fought for you and with you—with Gleb Saltykov and Anton Lensky, against the return of will. Oh! They're odd—all right, Go of things is some of things is gone. Do not stain the new with crime in Zukovo. I beseech you to disperse—return to your homes and I will come to you tomorrow, and if there are wrongs I will set them right. Tou have believed in me in the past. Believe in me now and all may yet be well in Zukovo. Go, my friends, before it is too late——".

The crowd wavered, murmuring. But just then a shot rang out and the cap of the Grand Duke twitched around the his head. A roar went up from near the gate.
"Nasha pora prishla! Break in the sate!" cried the voices and there were

those of women among them shouting "Tovaristchi! Forward!" Over the heads of those in the front ranks, Peter Nicholaevitch saw some men bringing from the forest the heavy trunk of a felled pine tree. They meant b break down the gate. He knew that as had failed, but still he stood upright

facing them. Another shot, the bullet this time grazing his left arm. The ting of it suggred him.
"Cowards!" he yelled, shaking his fast at them. "Cowards!"

A volley followed but no other bullets struck him. Behind him in the Castle doorway he heard the voice of Boris Rylov, calling to him hoarsely.

"Come. Master. For the love of God! There is yet time."

There was a crash of the heavy timbers at the gate.

There was a crash of the acceptance bers at the gate.

"Come, Master—"

With a shrug Peter Nicholaevitch turaed and walked across the terrace toward the castle. "Bolvany!" he muttered. "I've finished with them." door, pleading with him to hurry, and together they made their way through the deserted kitchens and over past the restable gardens to the control of the restable gardens to the control of the restable gardens to the control of the rest of us."

regetable gardens to the stables, where Leo Garshin awaited them, the saddles on several horses. Behind them they could now hear the triumphant cries as the courtyard gate crashed in.
"Hurry, Master!" cried Garshin

"Where are the others?" asked the grand Duke. Gone, Highness. They have fled." Boris Rylov was peering out past an lon door into the forest. There is no one there?" asked

"Not yet. They have forgotten."
"Come then. Highness."
But the Grand Duke saw that the sted Vasili was mounted first and then they rode out of the iron gate into a path which led directly into the forest. which led directly into the forest. was not until they were well clear revolver at the nearest of their pur-

One man fell and the others Until they found the other horses in stables pursuit was fruitless.

Peter Nicholaevitch rode at the head the little cavalcade, down the familiar tales of the forest, his head bowed. a prown on his brows. It was Vasili who first noticed the blood dripping from his finger ends. "Master," he gasped, "you are wounded."

"It is nothing," said the Grand But Vasili bound the arm up with a handkerchief while Leo Garshin and Boris Rylov watched the path down which they had come. They could hear the crackling of the flames of the Hunting Lodge to the southward and the

CHAPTER 1 Introducing Peter Nichols

THE British refugee ship Phrygia was about to sail for Constantinople, where her unfortunate passengers were to be transferred to other vessels sailing for Liverpool and New York. After some difficulties the refugee made his way aboard her and announced his identity to the captain. If he had ex-"Nasha pora prishla" (our time has me).
"Let the little master speak."
"We know no little masters here:"
"No, nor old ones!"
"Smiert Bourjouiam" (death to the presention).
"State of the received with the honor due to one of his rank and station, he was quickly undeceived, for Captain Blash ford, a man of rough manners, concealing a gentle heart, looked him over critically, examined his credentials (letters he had happened to here eleves to one of his rank and station, he was quickly undeceived, for Captain Blash ford, a man of rough manners, concealing a gentle heart, looked him over critically, examined his credentials (letters he had happened to he received with the honor due to one of his rank and station, he was quickly undeceived, for Captain Blash ford, a man of rough manners, concealing a gentle heart, looked him over critically, examined his credentials (letters he had happened to he received with the honor due to one of his rank and station, he was quickly undeceived, for Captain Blash ford, a man of rough manners, concealing a gentle heart, looked him over critically, examined his credentials (letters he had happened to he received with the honor due to one of his rank and station, he was quickly undeceived, for Captain Blash ford, a man of rough manners, concealing a gentle heart, looked him over critically. ters he had happened to have about

in my heart that I had brought the revolution to Zukovo, a revolution against the old order of things which can be no more, implanting in you the strong seeds of peace and brotherhood which would kill out the ugly weeds of violence and enmity."

Here a hoarse voice rang out: "Fire—only fire can clean." Then the reply of a woman. "Yes, Tovaristchi, it is the only way."

Peter Nicholaevitch tried to seek out the condition of the Russian refugee, and he broke into a grim laugh.
"An embarrassment of riches," remarked the Grand Duke.
"Riches," grunted the Captain, "in a manner of speakin, yes. Money is not so plentiful. But jools! Good God! There must be half a ton of diamonds, rubies and emeralds aboard. All they're got left, most of 'em, but complaints and narvousness. Give me a cargo of wheat and I'm your man." growled and I'm your man." growled aptain. "It stays put and doesn't the Captain. "It stays put and doesn't complain," and then turning to Peter—"Ye're not expectin' any r'yal suite

"No. A hammock for'rd will b "That's the way I like to 'ear a man talk. Good God! As man to man, I arsk you—with Counts throwin' ciga rette butts around an' princesses cryin all over my clean white decks an' all what's a self-respectin' skipper to do But I ave my orders to fetch the odd

below, sir, an' 'ave a look at 'em.' But Peter Nicholaevitch shook his head. He had been doing a deal of head.

serve my incognito."
"Incognito, is it? Oh, very well, suit yourself. And what will I be callin' Your Highness?"
"Peter Nichols," said the Grand Duke with a smile "it's as good as any

Duke with a smile, "it's as good as any "Right you are, Peter Nichols, Lay for'rd and tell the bos'n to show you up to my cabin." So Peter Nichols went forward,

avoiding the cargo aft, until within day's run of the Bosporus, when he found himself accested by no less a person than Prince Galitzin, who had strolled out to get the morning air. He tried to avoid the man, but Galitzin planted himself firmly in his path.

"You, too, Highness!" he said with an accent of grieved surprise. The Grand Duke regarded him in oment of silence.
"It must be evident to you, Prince

Galitzin, that I have some object in

remaining unknown."

"But, Your Highness, such a thing is unnecessary. Are we not all dedicated to the same misfortunes? Misery loves company."

"You mean that it makes you less miserable te discover that I share your fate?"

"Not processly that I there."

"Not precisely that. It is merely that

rest of us."
"No," said the Grand Duke shortly.
"There is no hope, none at all, for us
or for Russia."
"Where are you going?"

"To America."

"But, Your Highness, that is im-ssible. We shall all have asylum in England until conditions change. You should go there with us. It will lend influence to our mission."

"Why?" "I am leaving Russia for the present. She is outcast. For, not content with betraying, she has betrayed herself." "But what are you going to do?"
Peter Nicholaevitch smiled up at the
ky, and the fussy, fat, bejeweled sky, and the fussy, fat, bejeweled sycophant before him listened to him in

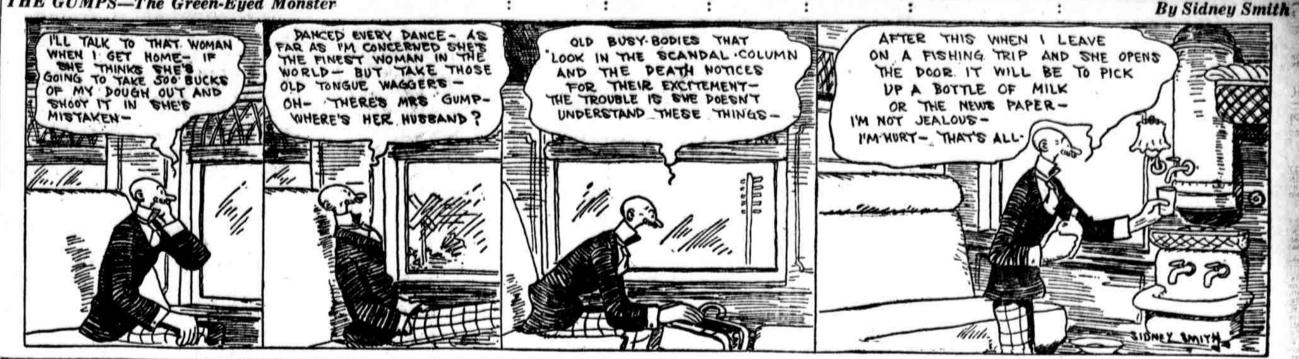
of the buildings that a shout at one side announced that their mode of taken band been discovered. Men came unning, firing pistols as they ran, Boris Rylov, bringing up the rear, pined in his borse and turning emptied a revolver at the nearest of their pure.

"Prince Galitzin," said the Grand Duke amusedly, "I am going to do that which may bring the blush of shame to your brow or the sneer of pity to your provided for every man with a pair of strong hands, and a willing spirit—I are going to work." 'Prince Galitzin," said the Grand strong hands, and a willing spirit-1 am going to work." The Prince stepped back a pace, his

watery eyes snapping in incompre-"But your higher destiny-your great heritage as a Prince of the royal blood of Holy Russia."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS—The Green-Eyed Monster



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-This Clerk's a Heavy Thinker

By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. MISS OFLAGE, DID YOU EVER FLOWER STANDS, SMOKING STANDS, THINGS THAT ARE MADE OF BABY CARRIAGES, SCREENS, YOU 'SURE SHINGLES, TELEGRAPH POLES, RAILROAD FLY-SWATTER HANDLES, BROOM STICKS, ROLLING PINS, CLOTHES PINS, POTATO MASHERS - JUST TRAINS, GRAND FATHERS CLOCKS. GOT LOTS IN WOOD? IT'S WONDERFUL! H BUCKETS , DESKS , MIXING BOWLS POSTS, DOORS, CHAIRS, TABLES WOODEN LEGS, DOOR KNOBS. YOUR HEAD THINK - ALL MADE OF WOOD! BOXES, HOUSES, BOATS - 1 PEN HOLDERS, PENCILS, SHOW-CASE FRAMES, COUNTERS, STAIRS, CELLAR STEPS TIDDLY WINKS, CHECKERS, EGG-BEATER HANDLES -CROQUET BALLS A-E-HAYWARD-9

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the hottest days, so far as one's feelings are concerned, are those when the humidity is above 100 and still it doesn't rain.

The Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains By Fontaine Fox SKIPPER THE LEFT PAT LOOKS LIKE ELLER'S BARN ONE OF THE IRON CLAD RULES IS THAT NO BABY CARRIAGES ARE ALLOWED ON THE CAR, BUT THE J. AGNEW SMITHS (WORKING TOGETHER VERY NEATLY) MANAGE TO

PICK UP THEIR BABY CARRIAGE JUST AFTER

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG FRANKIE! IF YOU AND HENRY DON'T STOP RIDING OH THAT TRUNCUE BED I'LL BE UP THERE WITH THE RAZOR STROP YOU'RE KNOCKING ALL THE PLASTER OFF THE SETTIN ROOM CEILING! SETTLE, NOW . OR. THE DREAMLAND EXPRESS

PETEY-Goo'by, Good Luck



STARTING UP.

- YOU SEE - YOUR TIME IS UP AND WE HAVE YOUR TROOMS ENGACED - HOWEVER WE CAN LET YOU HAVE ANOTHER SUITE FOR \$ 500 & A WEEK IF YOU ! AGREE TO STAY ANOTHERS TWO WEEKS -VERY WELL-VER-EE WELL



THE CLANCY KIDS—Timmie Has a Soft Heart

