THIS BEGINS THE STORY Peter Nicholaevitch, Russian Grand Duke, exiled by revolution, comes to this country on a British ship, and is the way over, meets Jim Coast, a fellow steward, who invites him to so we with him at some shady scheme, the nature of which Peter does not learn. Peter declines and goes to work on the estate of Jonathan K. NeGuire. He has charge of a group of men whose duty it is to keep all strangers from the house. The man NeGuire fears breaks the guard, inves a warning to McGuire and arranges for a meeting. McGuire gets Peter to meet the stranger. They meet. "I'm taking no chances this trip," says the stranger. "Who the devil are yout."

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE bearded visage was thrust closer to Peter's as though in uncertainty. but accustomed as both men now were darkness, heither could make out the face of the other.
"I'm McGuire's superintendent. He sent me here to meet you—to bring you

"Ah—he comes across. Good. Where 'In my pocket," said Peter coolly, but he told me to tell you first not to forget the blood on the knife, Hawk

The man recoiled a step. "The blood on the knife," he mut-tered. And then, "McGuire asked you to say that?"

"Anything else?" "No. That's all."

Another silence and then the demand a rough tone: "Well, give me the money!" Impolite beggar! What was there out this shadow that suggested to ter the thought that this whole in-

man belonged to another life that Peter had lived? Peter shrugged off the illusion, fumbled in his pocket and produced the envelope containing the idls. "You'd better count it," said Peter, as the envelope changed hands.
"It's not 'phoney'—?"

Hawk's voice suspiciously. "Phoney?"
"Fake money I got it in New York myself

resterday."
"Oh" There was a silence in which the shade stood uncertainly fingering the package, peering into the bushes around him and listening in-

tently. And then, abruptly:
"I want to see the color of it. Switch
on your light." Peter obeyed. "You'd better," he

In the glow of lamp Hawk Kennedy bent forward, his face hidden by his cap brim, fingering the bills, and Peter aw for the first time that his left hand held an automatic which covered Peter now, as it had covered him from the first moment of the interview.

In the glow of lamp Hawk Kennedy moment they were crashing through the undergrowth, Jesse and Andy in the lead.

"What's the shootin'?" queried Jesse Brown breathlessly.

"A man in the woods. I'm looking for him." said Peter. "He got away."

"Five hundreds-ch," growled Ken-"They're real enough, all right, -: wo-three-four-A rear from the darkness and a bul-

let crashed into the tree behind them. Another shot! Peter's startled finger relaxed on the button of the torch and they were in darkness. A flash from the trees to the right, the bullet missing Peter by inches.

"A trick! By—!" said Hawks voice in a fury, "but I'll get you for this."

Peter was too quick for him. with the man, whose shot went wild. They struggled for a moment, each fighting for the possession of the weap-on, McGuire's money ground under feet, but Peter was the younger and the stronger and when he twisted Hawk's wrist the man suddenly relaxed and fell, Peter on his chest.

The reason for this collapse was ap parent when Peter's hand touched the moisture on Kennedy's shoulder. "Damn you!" Hawk was muttering,

as he struggled vainly. Events had followed so rapidly that Peter hadn't had time to think of anything but his own danger. He had acted with the instinct of seif-preservation, which was almost quicker than his thought, but as he knew now what had happened he realized that he, too, had been tricked by McGuire and that the murderous volley directed at Hawk Kennedy had come perilously near doing for himself. With the calm which followed the issue of his struggle Kennedy came a dull rage at McGuire for placing him in such danger, which only showed his employer's desperate resolve and his indifference to Peter's fate. For Hawk Kennedy had been within his rights in supposing Peter to be concerned in the trick and only the miracle of the expiring torch which had the intruder had saved Peter from the fate intended for Hawk. Peter understood now the meaning of Mc-Guire's explicit instructions and the meaning of the changing of the guards. The old man had hoped to kill his enemy with one—shot and save himself the recome of his terror. What had be-

that he was, leaving Peter to his fate. "Damn you!" Hawk muttered again. What did you want to come meddling The man couldn't be dangerously burt if he possessed the power of in-vective, and so, having possessed himself of Hawk's automatic, Peter got off his chest and fumbled around for the electric torch.

among the bushes or any sign of him.

He had slipped away like the poltroon

"It won't do you any good to lie there cursing me. Get up, if you're able to."

"Got me in the shoulder," muttered

"And he might have gotten me," said Peter, "which would have been worse." mean-you didn't-know." grouned Hawk, getting up into a sit-ting posture.
"No. I didn't." replied Peter.

He had found the torch now and was mashing it around on the ground while he picked up the scattered money.
"I'll fix him for this," groaned the

Peter glanced at him. "His men will be down here in oment. You'd better be getting up."

and heard him ask haltingly. "What are you going to do-with that money?"

"My orders were to give it to you.

"There you are," said Peter as he heard the handage. "but you'll have

Don't you want it?"

but saw Hawk Kennedy's eyes will do the trick. And McGuire pays wide as he stared at l'eter. the bill." open wide as he stared at Peter.

"Who—?" gasped the man. And
then, "You here! 'Cre nom! It's Pete,
cautiously.

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ecovered bills loose in his hand. Jim loast thrust out an arm for them.

Coast thrust out an arm for them.

"The money," he demanded. "The money, Pete."

Without a word Peter handed it to him. It was none of his. Coast counted the bills, the blood dripping from his fingers and soiling them, but he wiped them off with a dirty handkerchief and put them away into his pocket. Blood money, Peter thought, and rightly named.

"And now mon received the all the control of the second control of t

"And now, mon gars, if it's all the same to you, I'd like you to take me to some place where we can tie up this hole in my shoulder."

hole in my shoulder.

This was like Coast's impudence. He had regained his composure again and, in spite of the pain he was suffering, had become his proper self, the same Jim Coast who had bunked with Peter on the Bermudian, full of smirking assertiveness and smister suggestion. Peter was too full of astonishment to make any comment, for it was difficult to Peter was too full of astonishment to make any comment, for it was difficult to reconcile the thought of Jim Coast with Hawk Kennedy, and yet there he was, the terror of Black Rock House re-venled.

venled, "Well, Pete," he growled, "goin' to be starin' at me all night?" "You'd better be off," said Peter

oriefly. "They'll be here in a minute. You've got your money."
Let 'em come. They'll have to take

me to McGuire—"
"Or the lock-up at Egg Harbor—"
"All right. I'll go. But when I open
my mouth to speak McGuire will wish
that hell would open for him." And
then. "See here. Pete, do you know
anything of what's between me and
McGuire?"
"No—except that he fears you."
"Very well. If you're workin' for
him you'll steer these guys away from
me. I mean it. Now think quick."

Peter did. Apery as he were at Mo

Peter did. Angry as he was at Mc-

Guire, he knew that Jim Coast meant what he said and that he would make trouble. Also Peter's curiosity knew no subsidence. 'You go to my cabin. It's hidden in

he woods down this path at the "That's where you live, is it?"
"Yes. You'll find water there and a
towel on the washstand. I'll be there
to help you when I sheer these men off." Const walked a few steps and then

turned quickly. "No funny business, Pete." "No. You can clear out if you like. I don't care. I only mought if you were badly hurt—"

"Oh, all right. Thanks. Peter watched the dim silhouette nerge into the shadows and disappear. Then flashed his light here and there that the men who must be approaching now might be guided to him. In a moment they were crashing through the undergrowth, Jesse and Andy in the

for him." said Peter. "He got away. "Well, don't it beat hell-"

"But it may be a plan to get you men away from the house," said Peter as the thought came to him. "Did you "McGuire?" No. What--?"

"All right. You'd better hurry back. See if he's all right. I'll get along—" "Not if you go flashin' that thing. I could a got ye with my rifle as easy

"Well, never mind. Get back to the house. I'll poke around here for a while. Hurry!" Peter was too quick for him. In white. Hurry:
the darkness he jumped aside, striking In some bewilderment they obeyed kennedy with his torch, and then closed him and Peter turned his footsteps toward the cabin.

CHAPTER XI Ancient History

Peter wasn't at all certain that he had done the right thing. One event had followed nnother with such startling rapidity that there hadn't been time to deliberate. Jim Coast was wounded, now badly Peter didn't know, but the obvious duty was to give him first aid and sanctuary until Peter could get a little clearer light on Coast's possibilities for evil. None of this was Peter's business. He had done what McGuire had asked him to do and had nearly gotten killed for his pains. Two fights ilready and he had come to Black Rock o find peace!

In his anger at McGuire's trick h was now indifferent as to what would happen to the old man. There was no doubt that Jim Coast held all the cards and, unless he died, would continue to hold them. It was evident that McGuire, having failed in accomplishing the company of the plishing the murder, had placed himself in a worse position than before, for Coast was not one to relax or to for-give, and if he had gotten his \$5000 so easily as this, he would be disposed to make McGuire pay more heavily now. Peter knew nothing of the merits of the controversy, but it seemed obvious that the two principals in the affair were both tarred with the same stick—Arcades ambo. He was beginning to believe that Coast was the more agreeable villain of the two. At least had made no bones about the fact of his villainy.

Peter found Coast stripped to the waist sitting in a chair by the table, bathing his wounded shoulder. But the hemorrhage had stopped and Peter saw that the bullet had merely grazed the deltoid, leaving a clean wound, which could be successfully treated by first-aid devices. So he found his guest a drink of whisky, which put a new heart into him, then tore up a clean linen shirt, strips from which he soaked in iodine and bandaged over the arm and shoulder.

Meanwhile Coast was talking. "Well, mon vieux, it's a little world, ain't it? To think I'd find you, my old bunkle, Pete, the waiter, out here in the wilds, passin' the buck for Mike McGuire! Looks like the hand o' Fate, doesn't it? Superintendent, eh? Some Twenty thousand acres-if he's in inch. An' me thinkin' all the got an inch. while you'd be slingin' dishes in a New York chop house!"

"I studied forestry in Germany once."

said Peter with a smile, as he wound the bandage.

'Right y'are! Mebbe you told me. I don't know. Mebbe there's a lot o' things you didn't tell me. Mebbe there's a lot of things I didn't tell you. But I ought to 'n' known a globe trotter like ought to 'a' known a globe trotter like "I'm not afraid. They can't do maything to me. They'd better leave me that (sanguine) steward on the Bermudian? Oily, fat little beef-cater with the gold teeth? Tried to make us 'diev' But I'll squeal if they bother me."
Peter was aware that the man was watching him as he picked up the bills and heard him ask haltingly. "What I'm done with waitin' now, Pete. So are your going to do with the same the square of the square o

"There you are," said Peter as he finished the bandage, "but you'll have Peter turned and for the first time to get this wound dressed somewhere asked the lamp full in the injured man's tomorrow."

acc. Even then Peter didn't recognize "Right you are. A hospital in Philly

Jim Coast got up and moved his arm

Peter started back in astonishment.
"Jim Const!" he said.
Hawk Kennedy chuckled and scrambed to his feet, halfway between a laugh and a groan.
"Well, I'm damned!"

Peter was still stories. The Pete, cautiously.
"Mighty nice of you, Pete. That's fine. I'll make him pay through the nose for this." And then turning his head and eyeing Peter narrowly, "You say McGuire told you nothin'!"
"Nothing. It's none of my affair,"

CONTINUED TOMORROW

By Sidney Smith THE GUMPS-The Old Lion in His Den Again GOT STOOP- SHOULDERED CARRYING WELL OLD CONSOLATION COME ON OUT HERE ROMED -EVERY MOHTH I FAY TO MYSELF MY BILLS AROUND - I'M GOING YOU HOPPED ALONG JUST I'LL BE OUT OF HTHOM TX3H TO PUT A STOP TO THIS IF I I WANT TO TALK TO YOU-I'M SO MAD I COULD DEBT AND IN COMES A FLOCK OF THE RIGHT TIME -HAVE TO GO DOWN AND SEE A BILLS LIKE NEWSPAPERS COMING OFF THINGS LOOK PRETTY BAD EAT THE HOUSE JUDGE AND SHOW HIM WHAT I AROUND HERE - THERE'S MORE THE PRESS - HALF A DOZEN MAIL EARN AND LET HIM TELL THIS YOU LIVE IN-GOING OUT THAN COMING IN-CARRIERS ASKED TO BE TRANSFERRED WOMAN HOW MUCH OF IT SHE THAT CANT GO ON FOREVER-CAN HAVE- SHE'S GETTING FROM THIS BEAT-125% OF IT NOW-GOING TO WAKE UP AND FIND HE'S GOT A BAD INVESTMENT IN ME -SIDNEY SMIT

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Sea Is Rough Tonight, Mates

SHORT, LARGE MOSE, LOOSE EYES, WALKS PROUD LIKE HE THOUGHT HE WAS A IT TAKES A BETTER MAN THAN SAM SMITHERS TO FOOL ME ! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT HE 7 OUGHT TO BET TEN YEARS! ADPE HAINT SEEN HIM DICK DARE, THE SLEUTH IS SURE HE'LL LOCATE THE MISSING MISTER SMITHERS, IF HE HAS TO SCOUR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES.

SIX FOOTER, TALKS TO HIM SELF -CAM HAS STARTED OUT TO WARM HER MISSING BOSS, SHE'S DETERMINED TO FIND WITH WIDE DROP STITCH AND BUSIER BROWN

JOHN JOHE OCEMI CIT -THOUGH IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH THE STORY,
WE MUST TELL YOU THAT
JOHN JONES RECEIVED HIS ORDER MEANWHILE - MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS ARE SEEN AT NIGHT FAR OUT OF PIPE OK. AT SEA - AND -

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ON THE FAMILY COURT By FONTAINE FOX WILLIE WINS THE SET POINT ON A TECHNICALITY FOR ALTHOUGH DAD PUT THE BALL THROUGH AN OPENING HE TOUCHED THE NETWIN SUCH A MANNER THAT THERE WAS NO USE DENYING IT.



By Hayward

AH - HERE

IT IS AT

LAST.

MOVIE FAN-A Little Powder

content with entering

says the Republicans of New York

are leaving no stone unturned to defeat Mayor Hylan and she sees

only one candidate against him.

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Beeze Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company OH-NO-YOU SEE I'VE YES- SOON SHALL I CLIMB STOP NOW- MISS FILLUM-TRA-LA-LA - DE-DA-DA-DA-DECIDED TO BECOME A THE LADDER OF FAME - O-OH YOU'LL SPILL THAT SMELLY DA - DE - DO - DE - DUM -MOVIE ACTRESS - YES I SHALL SOON SHALL I BE LIKE BETTY STUFF ALL OVER! @ ARA! E & 2 SPEND MY VACATION AMONG COMPSON- ELSIE FERGUSON-THE STUDIOS AND LEARNA LOT-WHY SO HAPPY NAZIMOVA- PEARL WHITE-THAT'S NOT SO BAD IS IT? MISS FILLUM - DID WHOA! - WAIT THE ALARM-CLOCK A MINUTE-1 GET BROKE? YOU LOOK LIKE HER NOW-PEARL WHITE!

