By GEORGE GIBBS of "The Splendid Cutcast," "The Yellow Dove." "The Secret

Copyright, 1981, by D. Aspieton & Co. THIS BEGINS THE STORY Russian

Peter Nicholaevitch. Russian Peter Nicholaevitch. Russian Grand Duke, exiled by revolution, Grand Duke, exiled by revolution, on this country as Peter mass to this country as Peter mass to this country as Peter mass to this country as Peter mass of Jonathan K. McGuire, side of Jonathan K. McGuire, whose he has charge of a gang of where he has charge of a gang of where he has charge the house. By the mass of the season and recognizes him as a fullow-worker on the ship that follow-worker on the ship that follow work on Jim Coast reaght him over, one Jim Coast reaght he worker they were all partification of Jone Cameron by McGuire's work the story with Kennedy the villaged a confession together, both spaed a confession together a confession toge

while in the darkness. AND HERE IT CONTINUES DETER stared at him for a moment,

"Who are you?" asked Peter at last, then, as he made no reply, "What you doing prowling around my

Malian? Are you? French? Span-Slovak?" Each time the man shook his head.
And then, with an inspiration, Peter bot at him a quick phrase in Russian. the man gave no sign of compre-

"Who put this man on?" asked ning to Wells. "I did." said the native sullenly. "Why?" said Peter, growing warm-"Didn't I tell you that in future ild hire all the men myself?"

"We're short-handed, since you fired the best axmon we got-You disobeyed orders— Orders—Hell!

"Orders—Hell!"
"All right. We'll see who's running his camp, you or me. Tomorrow soming Jesse Brown starts as foremanists. Understand?"
Shad's eyes shot fire, then smoldered and went out as he turned with a sneer-

"As for you." said Peter to the tranger, who stood uncertainly, "you to the office in the morning and get pur envelope." Then repeated the Then repeated the stence in Russian. "If you don't restand—find somebody who does."
That the stranger had understood reer's demeanor if not his language restricted. for in the morning he had Then repeated the

After that clearing of the air things Jesse Brown, though not aggressive, was steady and honest, and had a cer-tain weight with the Jessey was weight with the Jerseymen.

As to the others, there was doubt as to whether anything would have satishad them. For the present, at least, It was a question of getting on as well the was a question of getting on as well is possible with the means at hand. There was a limit to Peter's weekly pay be and other men were not to be had. Baildes, Peter had promised McGuire the sawmills busy. He knew that when the had come to Black Rock the work on the lumber contract had lack that before he had come to Black some, Beth the demure.

Rock they had been friends as well as demure she was never dull. The datant relatives, and Beth in her frequilibrity of their situation—of cultarity of their spice to the the Jerseynan was working against far away.

both McGuire's and Peter's interests.

However far Beth's thoughts may

steent enough to warrant Beth's friend-only for the hour—for the moment, ship, his jealousy had warped his judg-peter Nichols was a coward—or a ment. Peter was no longer sorry for shad Wells. He had brought all his which. roubles on himself. As to the stranger with the black

ter. Every circumstance—the recognition in New York, the skill with which the man had traced him to Black Rock, the craft with which he had watched Peter and his success in finally getting that he camp and catalant and statement of the piano. And when she questions are the piano. ch had been published frequently in Continental magnzines and newsded him there could not be the slightloubt and Peter's hope that the diagram into a chair with a sense of failure, when the lesson was ended. "I always thought that music just meant happine merged into a different civilization where he could work out the perpoblem of existence in his owner." Not to those who hear you sing.

Problem of existence in his owner, and Peter with a smile, as he problem of existence in his owner.

he stranger knew that Peter was forehead. Jersey there was no doubt that "No! Do you really think that, Mr. were others who knew it also, who employed him—those in interests he was working. Who? CONTINUED TMORROW

The same madmen who had done Nich-olas to death and had killed one by one the misguided Empress. Olga; Tania, the poor little Czarevitch and the rest

the poor little Czarevitch and the rest Did they consider him. Peter Nichols, lumberjack extraordinary, as a p-saible future claimant to the throne of Russia? Peter smiled grimly. They were "straining at a gnat while swallowing the came!."

And if they feared him, why didn't they strike? The stranger had already had ample opportunity to murder him if he had been so disposed, could still do it during Peter's daily rides back and forth from the cabin to the camp and to the upper reserve.

and forth from the cabin to the camp and to the upper reserve.

All of these thoughts percolated slowly, as a result of the sudden inspiration at the bunkhouse which had liberated a new train of ideas, beginning with the identification of the Russian characteristics of the new lumberman, which were more clearly defined under the beard and workman's shirt than under the rather modish gray slouch hat and American clothing in which Peter had seen him earlier. And Peter had merely let the man go. He had no proof of the fellow's purposes, and if he had even discovered exactly what those purposes were, there was no recourse for Peter but to ask for the protection of Washington, and this he had no desire to do.

If the man supported than the saidhly o desire to do.

If the man suspected from the quickly

The man suspected from the quickly spoken Russian sentence that Peter now guessed his mission, he had given no sign of it. But that meant nothing. The fellow was c'ever. He was doubtless awaiting instructions. And unless Peter took his case to the Department of Justice he could neither expect any protection. protection nor hope for any security other than his own alertness. At the cabin Beth was waiting for

him. These hours of music and Beth were now as much a part of Peter's day as his breakfast or his dinner. And the stranger shook his head from

The stranger shook his head from

The stranger shook his head from

The hour most convenient for him was the founderstan'." he muttered.

At this point Shad Wells, who had belowed with Jesse Brown, came in between them.

"That's right, Nichols," he growled.

"That's right, Nichols," he growled. That's right, Nichola, "To be understan'—he's a 'guinea.' "To we's all men were 'guineas' who who language.

Idn't speak his own language.

Idn't speak his own language.

Idn't speak his own language.

The diligence with which she applied his instructions, the ease with which she advanced from one step to another, showed her endowed with an intelligence even beyond his early expecta-tions. She was singing simple ballads now, English and French, and already evinced a sense of interpretation which showed the dormant artist. He tried at first, of course, to eliminate all striv-ing for effect, content to gain the purity of tone for which he was striving, but she soared beyond him sometimes. her soul defying limitations, liberated into an empyrean of song. If anything, she advanced too rapidly, and Peter's greatest task was to restrain her optimism and self-confidence by imposing the drudgery of fundamental principles. And when he found that she was practicing too long, he set her limits of half-hour periods beyond which she must not go. But she was young and strong and only once had he noted the slightest symptom of wear and tear on her vocal chords, when he had closed the piano and prohibited the home work

for forty-eight hours.

As to their personal relations, Peter had already noticed a difference in his own conduct toward Beth, and in hers toward him—a shade of restraint in Beth's conversation when not on the topic of music, which contrasted rather with the candor of their first strangely meetings. Peter couldn't help smiling at his memories, for now Beth seemed o be upon her good behavior, repaying im for her earlier contempt with a kind of awe at his attainments. ner sometimes in unguarded moments looking at him curiously, as though in wonder at a mystery which could not be explained. And to tell the truth, Peter wondered a little, too, at his complete absorption in the task he had set

himself. He tried to believe that it was only the music that impelled him, only the love of an accomplished musician in the work on the lumber contract had love of an accomplished musician in the discovery of a budding artist, but that only by the greatest perseverance could be make up the time already lost.

As he rede back to his cabin on the afternoon after his encounter with Shad wells and the stranger with the black one but Beth, no matter how promismustates he found himself quite the stranger with the black. mustache, he found himself quite sat-ing her voice, he must have been bored to extinction. No. He had to admit missal of them both. On Beth's account that it was Beth that interested him, be had hesitated to depose Shad. He had the primitive, Beth the mettle-lines that before he had come to Black some, Beth the demure. For if now they had been friends as well as demure she was never dull. The pethe hope that Shad would "come stound." Peter had given him every chance, even while he had known that the Jersey of their station of their stound. The station of their station of their stound of the stound of th

been over nearly three years and

she understands virtually all the

Inn/and Jacobi, the men Peter had have carried her in the contemplation of the personal pulchritude of her music master (somewhat enhanced by the exsent away, were radicals and agitatozs. Flynn had a police record that
did not bear close inspection, and Jacobi
was an anarcist out and out. Before
Peter had come to Black Rock they had
abused Sind's credulity and after the
shift at the cabin he had been their Abused Sind's credulity and after the ols difficult. It was the chis peasant willing tool in interrupting the completion of the content. For of course, other peasant girls had been taught by tion of the contract. For, of course, other pensant girls had been taught by Shad had hoped that if Peter couldn't Grand Dukes since the beginning of the autocratic system of which he had been dulre would put the blame on the new apprintendent and let him go. That was Shad's idea. If he had ever been the bear of the mough to warrant Barb's friend.

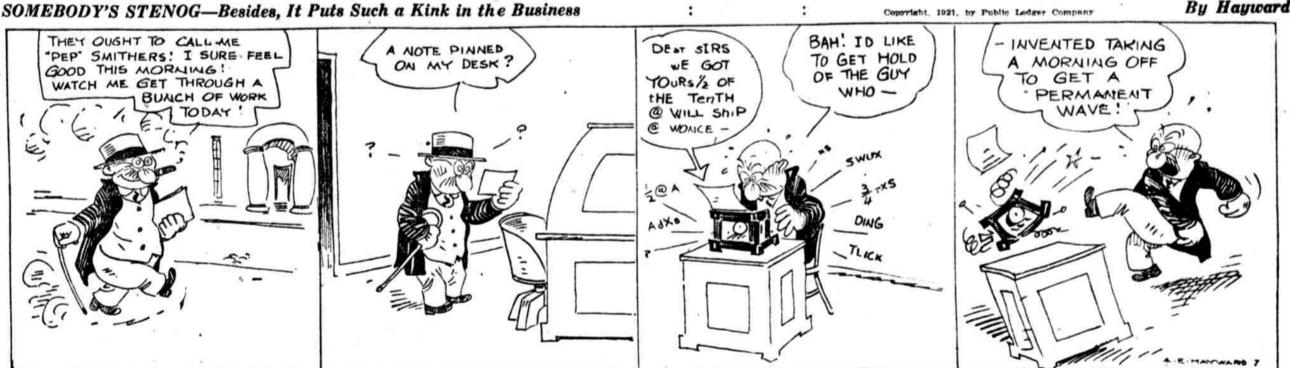
which. When Peter entered the cabin on the as to the stranger with the black evening after the appointment of Jesse mustache, that was a more serious mat- Brown as foreman at the lumber camp.

Reter and file success in finally getting into the camp and gaining Shad's condidence, made a certainty in Peter's tioned him again he evaded her and infinitely in the stranger had some object in remaining near Peter and keeping him under observation. And what other shad followed had begun with the look of recognition in the Pennsylvania Station in New York. And where could plicity, and he had made her learn the plicity, and he had made her learn the plicity, and he had made her learn the New York. And where could plicity, and he had made her learn the look of recognition have sprung words of the French-like a parrotunless he had identified Peter written them out phonetically, because written them out phonetically, because the French words were beautiful and leh? It seemed incredible, but the English, as written, abominable, could be no other average of the same it to him softly, as could be no other explanaThe man had seen him someperhaps in Russia, perhaps while he corrected her phrasing, sugdentified him by this portraits gesting subtle meanings in his accompaniment which she was not slow to bad been published frequently in

comprehend.
'A didn't know that music could she sighed as she sank mean so much,'

where he could work out the per-problem of existence in his own lighted and smoked a corncob pipe, a by his own efforts and in his own new vice he had discovered at the camp. Already the clouds were gone from his





By FONTAINE FOX THE POWERFUL KATRINKA The Young Lady Across the Way THE POWERFUL KATRINKA HAD A TOUGH TIME MAKING THE MAN The young lady across the way WHO PUT IN THE COAL COME BACK says the American people are used AND CLEAN UP THE AWFUL MESS HE to being cheated and the war has

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS FOOTPRINTS Bill starts to school follower by his dog SANDS OF TIME

By Sidney Smith



LEFT BESIDE THE BASEMENT WINDOW.

