By Hayward

author of "The Splendid Outcast," "The Yellow Dove," "The Secret

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY Peter Nicholuevitch, Russian Peter Nicholuevitch, Russian Grand Duke, exiled by revolution, Grand Duke, exiled by revolution, this country as Peter omes to this country as Peter omes to this country as Peter omes to this country as Peter Sichols, and goes to work on the Nichols, and goes to work on the McGuire is being blackmailed by one McGuire is being blackmailed by one McGuire says Kennedy did West. McGuire says the father of and Cameron, a girl with whom Beth Cameron, a girl with whom Beth, and Peter wins McGuire's seath, and Peter wins McGuire's seath, and Peter wins McGuire's addy visits Peter's cabin and repeats and visits Peter's cabin and repeats his story. "If you play me false his story. "If you play me false ways, melodrama for McGuire," he says, melodrama for McGuire, he says, me Nicholaevitch,

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

glass, but when the opportunity offered poured most of it into the slop-bowl just behind him.

"I'm goin' to tell you, Pete, about me and McGuire—about how we got that mine. It sin't a pretty story. I told you some of it, but not the real part—nobody but Mike McGuire and I know that—and he wouldn't tell it it was the last thing he said on earth." it was the last thing he said on earth.
"Oh." said Peter, "something "something

Kennedy laid his bony fingers along Peter's arm while his voice sank to an impressive whisper.

"Crooked as hell. Pete—crooked as hell. You wouldn't think Mike Mc-guire was a murderer—would you?"

"A murderer—!"

Kennedy nodded. "We took that mine—stole it from the poor guy who had staked out his claim. Mike killed had.""

"You don't mean—?"
"Yes, sir. Killed him—struck him in
the ribs with a knife when he wasn't
lookin'. What do you think of that?" be ribs with a lookin'. What do you think "McGuire—a murderer—""
"Sure. Nice sort of a boss you've "Sure. Nice sort of a boss you've to the sould swing for it if I sold my tongue."

right."

"Can you prove it?"

Kennedy rubbed his chin for a mo-

rou see—in a manner the woods had been miraculously rolled away and she knew again as she had known before that Peter Nichols were the interesting adventurer of the Bordulan, Jim Coast had been slowly thanging under Peter's eyes into a personality more formidable and sinister. And the drink seemed to be bringing into importance potentialities for evil at which Peter had only guessed. That he meant to fight to the last ditch for the money was clear, and if the worst the money was clear, and if the worst came would even confess, dringging McGuire down among the ruins of both their lives. In his drunken condition it would have been ridiculously easy for Peter to have overpowered him, but

"Oh. Is it? I thought I was to

Peter paused, but Kennedy was in

"Til have to think about it, Jim."
"Can't think when yer drunk, Pete,"
he muttered with an expiring grin.
"Tomorr'. 'Nother drink an' then
we'll go sleep. Don't mind my sleepin'
here, Pete. Nice plache shleep. Goo'
old shleep.

Peter paused in the act of pouring out another drink for him and then at s sound from Kennedy set the bottle down again. The man suddenly sprawled sideways in the chair, his head back, snoring heavily. Peter watched back, snoring heavily. Peter watched him for a moment, sure that he couldn't be shamming and then looked around the disordered room, Hawk's overcoat and hat lay on the bed. On tiptoe Peter got up and examined them carefully, watching the man in the chair intently the while. Hawk stirred but did not awaken. Peter searched the overcoat inch by inch. There was nothing in the pockets but a tin of tobacco and a Philadelphia newspaper. So Peter restored the articles and then hung the hat and coat on the nails behind the hat and coat on the nails behind the door. Hawk Kennedy did not move He was dead drunk.

The repulsive task of searching the

AND HERE IT CONTACT AND HE the truth—even if it gives away my the truth even to the bed. Hawk muttered away, cleared up the mess and then bedily picked his visitor up and carried him to the bed. Hawk muttered something in his sleep, but fell prone and immediately was snoring stertorously. Then Peter went through his pockets methodically, removing an automatic pistol from his trousers, and examining all his papers carefully by the light of the lamp—a hotel bill receipted, some letters in a woman's hand, a few newspaper clippings bearing on the copper market, a pocketbook containing bills of large denomination, some soiled business cards of representatives of commercial houses, a notebook containing addresses and small necounts, a pass book of a Philadelphia bank, the address of which Peter noted. And that was all. Exhausting every resource. that was all. Exhausting every resource Peter went over the lining of his coat and vest, inch by inch, even exam-ined his underwear and his shoes and

stockings. From the skin out, Hawk Kennedy had now no secrets from Peter. The incriminating confession Peter. The incriminating confession was not on Hawk Kennedy's clothing. At last Peter gave up the search and went out into the air, and lighted his corncob pipe, puzzled at his failure. Kennedy laid his bony fingers along And yet, was it a failure after all? Peter's arm while his voice sank to an Hawk had eluded every attempt to discuss his copy of the confession. He had it "handy," he had said. A safe deposit box at the Philadelphia bank of which Peter had made record would

be handy, but somehow Peter thought the chances were much against Kennedy's having put it there. Men of his type usually carry everything they possess about their persons. Peter remem-bered the ragged wallet of the Bermudian.
What if after all these years of

lardsnips the paper had been worn so that it was entirely illegible, or indeed that in Kennedy's many wanderings it had been lost? Either of these theories was plausible, but none prevoked a "This is serious—"This is serious—"This is serious—"This is serious—"You bet it is—If he don't come indoors, and, opening all the windows and doors to cleanse the air, sat in the big chair and bundling himself in a blanket, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVIII Face to Face

"I could but I don't want to. You blinked pensively at his glass. "Well, conspire to our undoing, and therefore on see—in a manner of speakin'—
that it is wise to take our joys a little sadly, that we may not full too far.

And Peter listened while his villainLut Beth, being wholesome of mind and And Peter listened while his villainous companion related the well-known
tale of the terrible compact between
the two men in which both of them
had agreed in writing to share the
guilt of the crime, carefully omitting
to state the compulsion as used upon
McGuire. Hawk Kennedy lied. If
Peter had ever needed any further proof
of the honesty of his omulover he read smile at her joyous countenance in the of the honesty of his employer he read it in the shifting eye and uncertain verblage of his guest, whose tongue now wagged loosely while he talked of the two papers, one of which was in Mc-two papers, one of which was in Mc-tw

or Peter to have overpowered him, but And praying gently that all might be the was not sure to what end that would well with them both, she fell asleep, not "You say there were two papers,"
add Peter. "Where are they?"
"McGuire's got his—here at Black
"How do you know that?" asked
Peter with interest.
"Where would he keep it?" sneered
Hawk. "In his business papers for
"recutors to look over?"
"And where's yours?" asked Peter.
He hoped for some motion of Kennedy's fingers to betray its where abouts, but the man only poured out another
hut the man only poured out another
"That'sh my business," he said with
"Oh. Is it? I thought I was to even to dream.

"Oh. Is it? I thought I was to have a hand in this."

Kennedy grinned.

"Yare. Your job is t' get th' other paper from McGuire's safe. And then well have fortune in—hic—nutshell."

"I see, I've got to turn burglar to join your little criminal society. Suppose I refuse?"

"Y won't. Why. Pete, it ought to be easiest job in world. A few dropsh in glass when you're talkin' business and he'd never know it happened. Then we beat it,' y'understand, 'n' write littersh—nice lettersh. One of 'em to that swell daughter of his. That would to the business, pronto."

"Yes, it might," admitted Peter "minatively.

"Sure it will—but we'll give him thance. Are y' on?" he asked.

Peter was silent for a moment. And then it is had drawn the letter from his pocket last night with some other papers when her the last communicathe world.

It was upon the plush-covered sofa

last night with some other papers when Peter paneed, but Kennedy was in the fact of such the fac the act of swallowing another glass of the half-formulated query. He gave a gasp of satisfaction and then the half-formulated query. He gave thrugged.

No use Person to the half-formulated query and then the person of the half-formulated query. He gave to him, but for the first time it seemed to him, but for the first time in the state of satisfaction and then wersations Peter had never volunteered any information as to the life that he and I had paper and I have paper and lived before he had come to Black had paper and I have paper loo. I ain't got money and spotlass rep'tation like Mike McGuire, but found want paper like that floatin' trope envelope with the feminine hand-tone, universh with my name signed. trope envelope with the feminine handbund, universh with my name signed
it, universh with my name signed
"I don't blame you," said Pete dryly.
Hawk Kennedy was talking thickly
and spilled the whisky in trying
pour out a new glassful.
Goo' whisky this—goo' ole whisky.

Goo' ole Peter. Say, you'll
other peek—I mean Peter pape—
Oh, here peek—I mean Peter pape—
Oh, here peek—I mean Peter pape—
CONTINUED TO CORROW



:

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Monthly Parade

GOLLY WHAT'S ALL THIS MOSS

DOING ROUND HERE TODAY ?

GRANDPA STEP ON A BUG

OH, I KNOW - IT'S DIRECTOR'S

MEETING TODAY! GEE COULDN'T

FINE WITH THOSE SHOES!

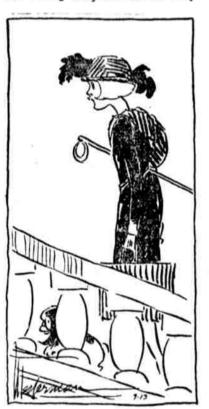
THEY ALL SIT DOWN AND FROWN -I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT - THE BOSS SOMEBODY SAYS "AHEM" AND SOMEBODY WAS SHAVED THIS MORNING AND HE ELSE SAYS "AHEM" - THEN THEY ALL HAD A CIGAR WITH SASH ON IT : COCK THEIR HEADS SIDEWISE LIKE EVERY MONTH IT'S THE SAME PARADE OF SCISSOR DODGERS! E

THIS - HEAVY THINKING - AND SOMEBODY SAYS "ADJOURA" AND THEY PARADE OUT AND -

EVERYTHING'S JUST THE SAME FOR ANOTHER MONTH! A GOOD WASTE OF TIME I'LL SAY!

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The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says every young man who expects to go into politics should take a course in public speaking and learn to feel at home on the nos-

WE'LL RUN MHO D'YUH SUPPOSE THIS BOTH STRAPS UNDER THE BOARD BELONGS AND STRAP EM AGAIN WHOEVER OWNS IT IS GOIN TO GET SOME WHEN THEY TRY TO LIFT OFF - WONDER

With Any Other Person's Telescope It Would Have Worked -:- By Fontaine Fox

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS COME OH, JACK! WE'RE GOHNA BUILD BIG BONFIRE! GIT A UT O WOOD!

MOVIE FAN—He Wanted to Know

PETEY—The Long and Short of It



IT WAS THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S

1 SAY- THE CIRLS ARE STILL WEARING THEIR STOCKINGS ROLLED DOWN - IT'S GETTING KINDER COOL FOR THAT SORT OF THING AINT IT?



