THE VAGRANT DUKE

By GEORGE GIBBS

of "The Splendid Outcast," "The Yellow Dove," "The Secret Copyright, 1991, by D. Appleton & Co.

CHAPTET XXIII

A Visitor two minutes permitted by the r had come and gone. There had much to say with too little time it in. For Beth, admonished he patient must be kept quiet, and between joy at Peter's promised ry and pity for his pale face. only look at him and murmur ng phrases, while Peter merely led and held her hand. But that, it was enough, for Beth read in eres that what had happened had set an enduring seal upon the

set an enduring seal upon the set of both of them.

I the promise that she could see ain on the morrow, Beth went her room. She had wanted to to the village, but McGuire had d upon her staying where she ander the care of the doctor until they were pleased to call the to her system had yielded to med-reatment. Beth said nothing. She already herself and quite able to up her life just where she had but she agreed to stay in Me-itahouse. It seemed to make him chouse. It seemed to make him when she acquiesced in his Besides, it was nice to be on and to be next to the room

the convalescent was, the revelation as to Peter's idencould not be long delayed. Brierly brought the tale back from the ber camp, and the village was all with excitement. But Beth had no one but Mr. McGuire and Aunt and Peter had requested that no ould tell her but himself. And

"I thought you were never coming, "I came as soon as they'd let me, eter. Do you feel stronger?" "Every hour. Better when you're re. And you?"

"Oh, I'm all right."
He looked at her with his head on "Do you think you could stand hearsomething very terrible about me,

She glanced at him anxiously and hen a smile of perfect faith responded his. She knew that he was getting now, because this was a touch o "H-m. I guess so. I don't believe

can be so very terrible, Peter."
"It is—very terrible, Beth." But the pressure of his fingers was "I'm listenin'," she said.

Well, you know, you told me once you'd marry me no matter what I meant that, Peter. I mean

low. It's what you are Peter Nichols chuckled. It was his chuckle as Peter Nichols. lors—under false pretenses. My me isn't Peter Nichols. It's Peter "Then you are all Russian!" she

'No. Only half of me. But I used live in Russia—at a place called koro. The thing I wanted to tell you was that they fired me out because er didn't want me there."
"You! How dared they! I'd like give them a piece of my mind,'

"It wouldn't have done any good. I to do that. "And wouldn't they listen?" No. They burned my-my house tried to shoot me."

"Oh! How could they!" And then mtly, "Oh, Peter. You have had oubles, haven't you?"
"I don't mind. If I hadn't had them. wouldn't have come here and I "So after all, I ought to be glad they did fire you out," she said gently. "But aren't you curlous to know why her did?"

"I am, if you want to tell me, but men if it was bad, I don't care what bu did, Peter."

He took her fingers to his lips.

"It wasn't so very bad, after all, beth. It wasn't so much what I did what my—er—my family had done that made them angry."

"Well, you weren't responsible for that your kinfolks did."

Peter laughed softly.
"They seemed to think so. My-er my kinfolks were mixed up in politics Russia and one of my cousins had a Russia and one of my cousins and "You're the only woman in the will that's the truth." A cloud passed I've ever wanted—the only one—and you've promised me you'd marry me—you've promised Beth." oked away.
"But what did his job have to do with

but what did his job have to do with ou?" she asked.
"Well, you see, we were all mixed by with him, just by being related—at ast that's what the people thought.
Ind so when my cousin did a lot of hings the people thought he oughtn't seds and didn't do a lot of other things. hat they thought he ought to have gasped. And then for a while Peter same sort of man that he was."

"How unjust, Peter."

"How unjust, Peter."

He smiled at the ceiling. "I thought so. I told them what I hought I did what I could to straighten lings out and to help them, but they rose as souldn't listen. Instead they burned slowly a the door.

"How terrible for you!" And then, "Yes," he replied slowly, "Ir was, yery pretty house—in the midst of forest, with great pines all about it.

wish they hadn't burned that house, leth, because I loved it." "Poor dear. I'm se sorry."
"I thought you would be, because it as a big house, with pictures, books,

"All burned! Land's sakes alive."
"And a wonderful grand piano."
"Oh, Peter," and then with a flash
of joy. "But you're goin' to have another grand piano just like it soon."
"Am I? Who's going to give it to
me?"

"I am." said Beth quietly, "And anther house and pictures and books and

He read her expression eagerty.
"Mr. McGuire has told you?" She nodded. "You knew?"
"Yes." he replied. "He told me yes-

"Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered. then went on rapidly, "so you

**Popiness.

"I can hardly believe it's true," she Landing.

The death of Hawk had produced T McGuire had his lawyer here yesterday

Les. It's true. I think he's pretty happy to get all that off his conscience. How the arich girl, Beth." And then, with a slow smile, "That was one of the reasons why I wanted to talk with suited from the rhot. His word carried about who I was. You see, I have all this money, you might want to change your mind about marrying a large true who just wants to try to the trees how to great the constitution of the completion of his arrangements with Beth for eron, he drew again the breath of reasons.

They Had Been Raised

The result was that the girl adored him, but his feeling toward her was that of cool friendliness,

And Then They Married Arranged by the family and all that sort of thing. It was a good match from a worldly point of view. But Her Heart Ached

She loved him so and she was to him just a kid; and he had his own

"A Bachelor Husband" That is the title of Ruby M Ayres' story, which BEGINS ON SATURDAY

Evening Public Tedaer

"Peter! Don't make fun of me. Please. And you hurt me so!" she re-pronched him, "You know I'll never want to change my mind ever, ever-even if I had all the money in the

He laughed, drew her face down to his and whispered, "Beth, dear. I l'new you wouldn't want to-but I just wanted to hear you say it." "Well, I have said it. And I don't

should tell her out himself. And I don't want you ever to say such a thing again. As if I cared for anythin'— anythin but you." He kissed her on the lips and she straightened

"I wanted to hear you say that, too," he said with a laugh. And then, after a silence which they both improved by gazing at each other mutely, "But you don't seem very curi-ous about who I am." Beth pressed his fingers confidently

What he was to her mattered a great deal-and she realized that nothing else did. But she knew that something was required of her. And so, "Oh, yes. In-deed I am, Peter-awfully curious," she said politely.
"Well, you know, Beth, I'm not really so poor as I seem to be. I've got a lot of securities in a bank in Russia.

because nobody knew where they were and so they couldn't take them. "And they would have taken your noney, too?"
"Yes. When this cousin of mine-

his name was Nicholas-when Nicholas "They killed him! Who?"
"The Bolsheviki—they killed Nich-olas and his whole family—his wife, son and four daughters---'
"Peter!" Beth started up and stared at him in startled bewilderment, as she remembered the talks she had had with "Well, I'm not what you thought I remembered the talks she had nau with him about the Russian Revolution.

I've been acting under false him about the Russian Revolution.

"Nicholas——!" she grasped. "His had the wife—son—daughters. He had the same name as—as the Czar—!" And as her gaze met his again she seered to guess. * * * "Peter" she gasped. "What —what do you mean?"

"I mean that it was the Little Fa-ther—the Czar—who was my cousin, Beth." She stared at Peter in awe and a kind of fear of this new element in their

relations. "And—and you——? You're——?"
"I'm just Peter Nichols——," he said with a laugh.

"But over there-"
"I'm nothing. They chucked us all out, the Bolsheviki-every last one of us that had a handle to his name."

"A handle——?"
"Yes. I used to be Grand Duke Peter Nicholaevitch of Zukovo and "G-Grand Duke Peter!" she whis-

ered in a daze. And then, "Oh-how how could you?" she gasped. Peter laughed.
"I couldn't help it, Beth. I was born

that—way. But you will forgive me, won't you?"
"Forgive——? Oh—it—it makes ach a difference to find-you're not you -but somebody else-

You don't think any the less of me, do you. Beth?"
"I-I don't know what to think. I'm

-you're so---"Grand-and I'm-Peter caught her hands and made her

you've promised, Beth." Her fingers moved gently in his and her gaze, wide-eyed, sought his. "And it won't make any differ-

ence ?" No. Beth. Why should you think that?" "I-I was afraid-it might."

bles, nodding from time to time.
Later the nurse entered, her glance on her wrist-watch. "Time's up." she said. And Beth rose as one in a dream and moved slowly around the foot of the bed to

Jonathan K. McGuire had been as ther a pause, "Was it a pretty house, much astonished as Beth at the revelation of Peter's identity, and the service that Peter had rendered him made him tery pratty house in the service that Peter had rendered him made him tery pratty house in the service that Peter had rendered him made him that Peter had rendered him made him more than anxious to show his appreciation by doing everything he could for the wounded man's comfort and happiness. He visited the bedside daily and told Peter of his conversation with Beth, and of the plans that he was making for her future—which now, it seemed, was Peter's future also. Peter told him something of his own history and how he had met Jim Coast on the Bermudian. Then McGuire related the story of the suppression of the outstory of the suppression of the out-break at the lumber camp by the Sheriff and men from Mays Landing, and the arrest of Flynn and Jacobi on charges of assault and incendiarism. Some of the men were to be deported as dan-gerous "Reds." Brierly had been temporarily put in charge at the mills and lesse Brown, now much chastened, was helping McGuire to restore order. Shad Wells was technically under aresst for the Coroner had "viewed" of the Russian committeeman before it had been removed by his friends and buried, and taken the testimony. But then went on rapidly, 'so you buried, and taken bail and arranged bee, Peter, maybe I can be some good McGnire had given bail and arranged for a hearing both as to the shooting of the pressed her fingers, enjoying her and the death of Hawk Kennedy, when the shooting of the pressed her fingers, enjoying her and the death of Hawk Kennedy, when Peter was well enough to go to Mays

***** SEE HER HOW -THERE SHE IS - I DON'T KHOW HOW SEE HER AND GOOD IT SEEMS LITTLE CHESTER-TO GET BACK-GRANDPA MADE M MHISTLE PIECE OF MILLOW-

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Mary Doodle Batting for the "Duchess" SHE HAD TO GO TO WHERES A FUNERAL OR SUMPTHIN' - I'M MISS OFLAGE GOIN TO SLIP ON THE HARNESS AN HOLD DOWN THE UOB 'TIL SHE COMES BACK !

WHAT IN THUNDER NOW, MISS DOODLE GET THAT LETTER RIGHT-KEEPS YOU AN GOOD SPELLING - CLEAN HOUR ON ONE AND MEAT -LETTER ? KEEP YER SHIRT ON . I USED TO WORK IN A LAUNDRY

By Hayward Convright, 1821, by Public Ledger Company HOLY HOOCH! I'GOT TO DOT THE "I'S" CAREFUL DON'T I? DUMBELL A-E-MAYWARD-19

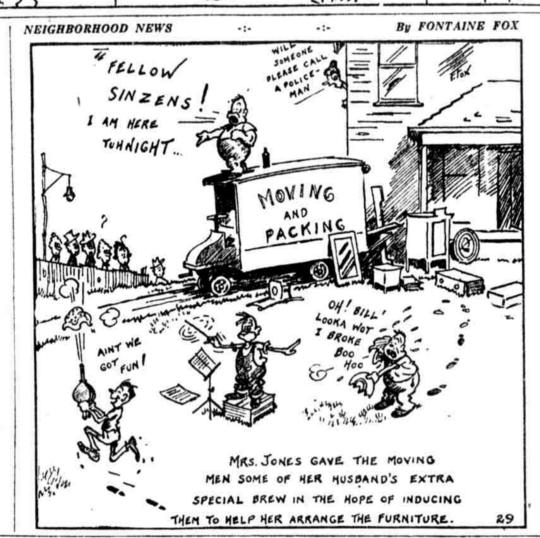
By Sidney Smith

The Young Lady Across the Way

THE GUMPS—Reunited



The young lady across the way says she supposes girls will always wear skirts as a general thing, but binoculars are certainly fine for



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS PERCT GOT MEAKING INT SOCIETY

-but somebody else.—
'No. I am—me. I'm not anybody else. But I had to tell you—some time.

PETEY—Not What He Expected







