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THE GREEN HUSSAR
By HENRY VON RHAN

(Continued)

His face came closer, her eyes holding his. Involuntarily her head went back. She raised one hand in trembling protest as she felt his warm breath close to her.

The King started suddenly on seeing the door opened by Lustig, who entered, his arms full of wood.

Forgive me, your Majesty, murmured the Innkeeper, passing to the fireplace.

Why didn't you knock? asked the King sternly.

I did, sire, answered Lustig, busy with the fire. I knocked several times, quite loudly.

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After dinner they sat before the fire, the King chatting pleasantly. Anne's sallies were brief and nervous. The food was cleared away, and Lustig bowed himself out. A momentary sense of relief seemed to come over the King and Anne.

The King filled a liqueur glass with brandy and handed it to Anne. She took it. Crossing to the couch, he sat down beside her, looking into the fire.

I should be afraid to let myself become attached to you, she whispered.

He stifled her protests with kisses.

You know he said a moment later. I suppose every beautiful woman looks her best at night, because you look infinitely more lovely now than you did early this morning.

This morning? Anne asked, puzzled.

Yes, this morning, my darling. Searching rapidly through his pockets, he brought out a folded piece of newspaper and handed it to Anne.

I look, said Anne, gazing censoriously at her likeness, as if my face needed lifting.

You look, said the King, taking the picture from her, exactly what you are—the most beautiful woman in the world.

His arm went around her again. He kissed her throat.

Dearest, he murmured, today my world fell crashing at my feet, but I found you and count the world well lost. So it has always been with lovers. In your eyes I see the hope of another life. Don't—please don't take it from me!

Joachim von Hohenlohe kept his eyes upon the road. Captain von der Lanz scowled dead ahead. In the back of the car the Duke of Brandenburg dozed comfortably, while from time to time as he stirred in his sleep Jonas tucked the lap rug gently about him.

If we stop at every barn asking questions, growled the Hussar, we shall never get anywhere.

If we don't stop at every house, amended Hohenlohe, we shall certainly miss the King.

Well, grumbled von der Lanz, can't you speed this snail's pace?

Hohenlohe slowed the car down still more as the curve in the road brought them perilously close to a sharp declivity.

The car wound higher into the hills. Dawn was breaking. Hohenlohe switched off the headlights. A little red showed in the sky.

Suddenly, clear, sharp and penetrating, came the staccato crack of shots. In an instant von der Lanz stiffened and bent forward eagerly as if tugging at invisible bonds. Hohenlohe's foot pressed the accelerator; his face remained unmoved. Jonas reached over and gently shook the Duke, who testily opened his eyes and sat up with a prodigious grunt.

I thought I had better awaken your Grace, murmured Jonas, apologetically. Shots are being fired. There may be danger ahead.

What of it? grumbled the Duke, yawning expansively. There always is.

At the top of the incline was a level grade. The car gathered speed, rolling to a stop under two great oaks before a little mountain tavern in front of which stood a high-powered car. A man sat at the wheel; his left arm was encircled with the Communist badge.

In a flash von der Lanz leaped from his seat, tugging at the automatic pistol in his coat pocket. The driver whirled in his seat, revolver in hand, and aimed point blank at the Captain. A shot rang out. Blood ran down his face.

Get him, boomed the Duke's voice.

Count Hohenlohe leaped from the wheel and sped after the Hussar to the tavern's door.

In an instant Jonas flung himself upon the Duke, dragging him to the floor of the motor.

Forgive me, he said, pressing the Duke's great bulk firmly down, but your Grace will remain here!

With amazing speed he leaped from the car, dashing after Hohenlohe and the Captain.

Von der Lanz, pistol in hand, flung his bulk against the oaken door. It burst open and he almost stepped upon the body of a little red-faced man in an old-fashioned nightcap, whose blood discolored the floor. Bursting into the next room, he was confronted by a huge, hairy fellow with the neck of a broken bottle in his hand.

Where is the King? roared von der Lanz.

Who are you to know? growled the big man.

Von der Lanz—the King's aide. Speak, or I fire!

Tim's scowling face relaxed.

He's upstairs, came the answer quickly, and so are a couple of Bolsheviks, waiting to give him the works.

Von der Lanz brushed him aside and bounded up the stairs, pistol in hand. The stairs were clear, the passage empty. The house seemed ominously hushed as Hohenlohe joined him. Pushing the Count aside, von der Lanz rapped upon a door before him.

Is that you, Ulrich? came a quiet voice.

Color flooded the Hussar's face, and Hohenlohe breathed a sigh of thank.

Yes, your Majesty, roared the Captain.

The Captain flung the door of the upstairs living room open and entered, followed by Hohenlohe. Just over the threshold stretched the body of a man whose skull had been crushed and, by the mantle, stripped to the waist, stood the King, with a poker in his hand.

Good morning, gentleman, he said pleasantly. I am so glad you came to remove this distressing object, he pointed at the corpse.

Two shots rang out, followed by a hideous scream. Then the huddle of something striking the ground. Von der Lanz leaped to the window.

Got 'em! boomed the Duke's voice. Got 'em both! They came out of that window under the eaves.

A moment later the old Duke came wheezing up the stairs and into the room.

The King extended his hand. Good morning, your Grace, he said gravely. I think you are high gun this morning.

Laughter wrinkles creased under the Duke's steely blue eyes.

Why not? he boomed. Why not? Nowadays boys like Ulrich need telescopic sights to hit a barn door. Obviously you don't, your Grace, murmured the King. I heartily

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* OWNERS REPORT...

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