

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DICK ANTHONY OF ARRAN

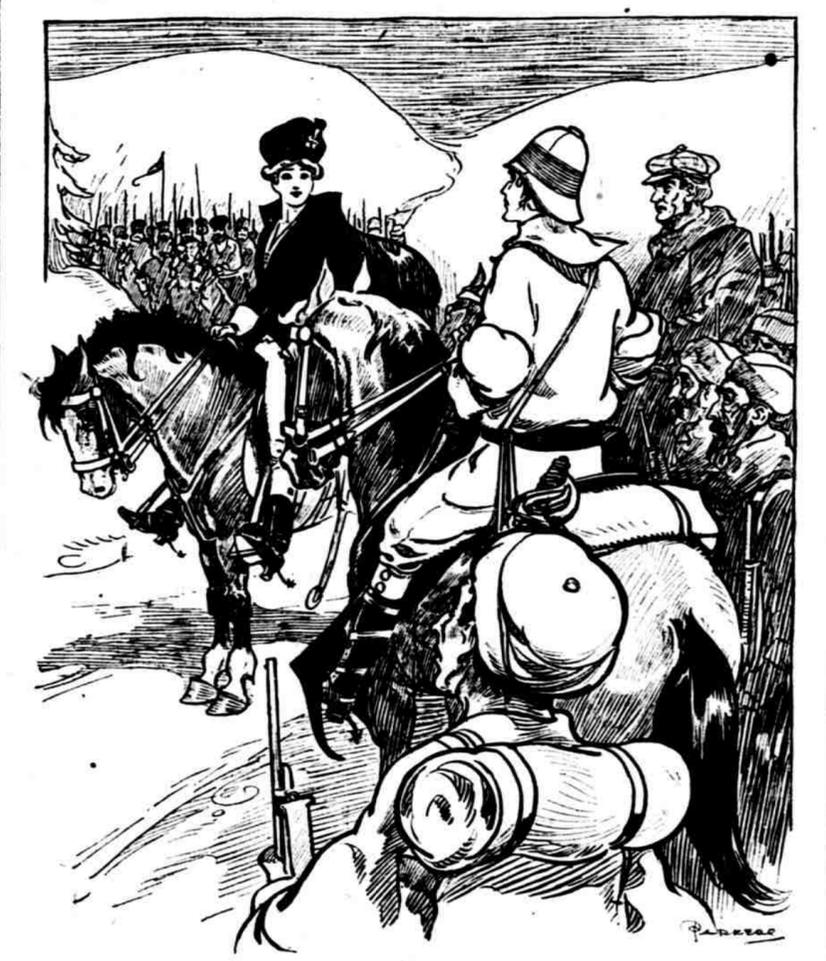
By TALBOT MUNDY

DAY dawned on the Caspian. On a tongue of land that stretched out through the marsh to make the only landing place two men fought savagely, with tearing fingers—hot hasting, face to face.

A muddled Vandike beard. His clothes were nearly ripped from him; one long riding boot was cut from knee to heel as if it had been paper, and he was bleeding here and there, though in no place badly.

“Go, Tell the Czar!”

pointed straight at Dick. “We have been waiting for a man-for the man!”



“Dick, she said, ‘Let us play this game together.’”

is a warrant out for you on account of the part you played in Egypt. You are a British officer. You see my information is complete about you—my telegraphic tentacles reach far and wide.”

solidwise, on the offensive. As he rode he had seen the fresh dung and the hoof marks of two or three troops at least. He was quite sure they would not have left their unattended officer behind for any length of time.

mention of the name of Russia, when Dick Anthony, blissfully unconscious of impending disaster, treated the rise before the Russians’ gap, riding at the head of his little party.