

STORM MUSIC

By Dornford Yates

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SYNOPSIS

John Spencer and his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, are vacationing in Austria. Geoffrey is a gifted portrait painter but prefers to paint landscapes. While strolling in the forest, John hears English voices, and decides to investigate. From safe cover he finds four men burying a man in green livery who, evidently, had been murdered. Pharaoh is the leader of the gang; the others are Dewdrop, Rush and Bugle. Unfortunately, John makes himself known to the assassins by dropping a letter with his name and address on it. He tells Geoffrey and his chauffeur, Barley, of his adventure.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"No, they won't," said Geoffrey. "I'll tell you why. Those four didn't come out here to do in somebody's servant—for that's who their victim was. What he had on was a tunic, and some of the old houses here still dress their people like that. Boots to the knee!" "Undressed, brown leather," said I. Geoffrey nodded. "He was wearing livery. Very well. Those four are here on some job, and the murdered man got in their way. He may have surprised them—as you did; and so they bumped him off. But, unless I'm much mistaken, the job remains to be done. Otherwise, they wouldn't have buried him."

And here for the first time, I think, the thought came into my head that we stood all three on the edge of some grave adventure. "And now," said Geoffrey, rising, "I'll lay before you the card that I've up my sleeve. It's not a very nice card, but it's going to count quite a lot in this little game."

"I was staying with the Lyvedens in Hampshire a few years back. It was a Goodwood party, and the jewels in the house were worth a lot. Well, they were stolen all right. Barley wasn't with me, but he'll remember the case."

"The Bell Hammer murders, sir?" "Exactly. Three servants and a policeman were murdered by the fellows who took those jewels. They could have laid them out or tied them up; but they preferred to kill them, because then they knew where they were."

"They never got the three, but Anthony Lyveden told me as much as he knew; and amongst other things he told me that the moment they heard of the matter the police knew who'd done the job. Only one man, they said, was ruthless and daring enough to go such lengths. And the man was known as 'Pharaoh.'"

"Now that's all I know. This may or may not be the man. But if it is—well, from what I've just told you, you'll gather that he doesn't like witnesses."

To my great dismay my cousin then announced that we must be gone from the inn as soon as we could. "We're out to fight these men. Well, the first thing to do is to vanish, for until we are out of their ken, we cannot attack, but must waste our time taking precautions against an attempt on your life. More. At the moment not one of those wallahs knows you by sight, and that's a card which must not be thrown away. And now you go out and lose yourself in the town. Barley and I will pack, and I'll pick you up at nine in front of St. Jacques'. I shall give out we're going to Salzburg, and Barley can go to the station and point the lie."

"Where are we going?" said I. "To Annabel," said my cousin. "I liked the look of the village and I'm sure they'll do us proud at The Reaping Hook. And now you pop off, my son. Every minute is precious, as you must see."

I made my way out of the inn, and when some servant or other ran after me, letter in hand, I took the missive from him as a man in a dream. I did not open the letter—I had no need; for one thing, it was already open, and, for another, I knew what the envelope held. And that was a shoemaker's bill.

That I now felt far from easy, I frankly confess. I could not get away from the fact that the enemies that I had made were no ordinary men. First, they had frustrated the watch we had kept; then, they had gained their end, which was, of course, to get to know me by sight—for someone, no doubt, was in waiting, to see me come out of the inn and, lastly, they had informed me in unmistakable terms that they were fully aware that I had seen them at work. All this, I may say, in a little more than an hour.

As I entered the bustling market, I wondered what Geoffrey would say. . . . It suddenly came to my mind that as like as not I now was being followed by whoever it was that had watched me come out of the inn. At once I determined to see if this was the case and if it was, to endeavor to turn the table on the man who was so engaged.

I made my way out of the market and into an alley too narrow for carts to use. For more than an hour I wandered the curious streets, crossing and stopping and idling and turning back, but I never set eyes upon any one of the four or on anyone else that I could fairly suspect; and at last I decided to rest and drink before making my way to St. Jacques'.

I was sitting in a cafe, drinking my liquor when I saw a car going by on the opposite side of the square. For a moment I sat spell-bound. Then I was up and was running as hard as I could.

The car was a cabriolet, very long and handsome and painted green. Its hood was raised, so that whoever was in it was not to be seen, but in front were sitting two chauffeurs—in curling livery. In a word, they were wearing green tunics, exactly like that of the man whom I had seen lying that morning, awaiting his grave.

The car was gathering speed when I flung myself on to the step. As someone within exclaimed, I thrust my head over the door. "Forgive me," I said, using German, "but I have most urgent news. Of the very gravest import. I don't know who you are, but you're deeply concerned."

A girl was regarding me as though I were less than the dust, and as the car came to rest, a hand was laid on my arm. "How can your news concern me, if you don't know who I am?"

The words were spoken in English, with the faintest American touch, and the tone was less cold than imperious. "I recognized your livery," I said. "Hasn't one of your men disappeared?"

The girl never moved, but her eyes looked straight into mine. "What do you know," she added, "of one of my men?"

"I know that he's dead," said I. "I saw her start at the word, and a hand went up to her mouth. "And I know who killed him," I said, "and I'll help you to rope them in. But we'll have to go carefully, because they're a gang of four, and they're pretty hot stuff. Besides, they didn't kill him for nothing. I mean, I rather think there's a good deal behind the crime."

The girl looked at me curiously. Then she sat back on the cushions and glanced at her watch. "I expect the police," she said coldly, "will be glad to hear any facts. The station is in the next street."

My speech was impetuous, I know, and never would have been spoken if I had but a moment to choose my words; but to whip me so was monstrous, and the blood came into my face.

"On the other hand," I said thickly, "the police may agree with you."

"Agree with me—what do you mean?" "That it's none of my business," said I. With that, I made her a bow and sauntered back to my cafe.

As I gained the pavement, I heard a step at my side. Then a chauffeur was speaking, hat in hand. "Her ladyship, sir, would be glad of your name and address."

"Tell her ladyship this: My name does not matter, and my address is this cafe—until I have finished my beer."

The man withdrew, and, more enraged than ever, I sat myself down at my table and mopped my face. I had been used with contumely, as though I had been some peasant, the worse for drink. This by a girl whom I was seeking to serve. At last I looked up, there was the car before me with my lady's face framed in its window and the chauffeur standing beside the door.

"If you will forgive me, perhaps I can give you a lift."

This unadorned apology acted on me as a charm. All my resentment vanished. I got to my feet, laid a coin on the table and picked up my hat. . . . As I took my seat beside her—"I'm to blame," I said, "and I've nothing at all to forgive. I'm afraid I shook you up. But I—I hadn't rehearsed this meeting and I guess I went off half-cocked. I shall do it again in a minute, so I'd better just tell you my tale."

"One moment—where shall I take you?" "If you please, to the church of St. Jacques."

As the car moved off—"I'm Helena Yorick," said the girl, "and Yorick is the name of my home, some seven miles off."

I gave her my name at once and

then, without waiting longer, plunged into my tale.

"When I had done—'Are you sure you weren't followed?' she said. 'I mean, if you were, they now know you're in touch with me.' 'I'm sure I wasn't,' said I. With my words the car stopped at the church.

"Well, you can't get out here," said the girl. "We must find a much quieter place. Besides, you must hear my story. Sit back in the car and don't move. It's only a quarter of nine."

She gave some direction to the chauffeur and then sat back in her seat. "My father died last November, leaving my brother and me. We're Austrian, you know; but my mother taught me English—she was American. My brother is younger than I am, and he's away just now; so I rather run the castle, although, of course, he's the Count. This duty takes me to Salzburg once a month. I made the journey by car four days ago. On the way an attempt was made to waylay me, and when I got through—I was driving—they chased me for thirty miles. I had a man with me called Florin. Three generations of Florins have served our house. His father's my warden—has charge of all the keys. Well, six men act as night-watchmen, making the duty by turns. Old Florin chooses the men, and his son was one of the six. He was on duty last night, and this morning he couldn't be found." Her voice began to quaver, and I heard her smother a sob.

To see her so near to weeping must have wrung anyone's heart. "I'm most dreadfully sorry," I said. "And if you'll let me help you, we'll bring the blackguards to book. But you see my cousin was right. Florin was nothing to them, but he got in their way."

"Yes," said the girl, "that's clear. The night-watchman got in their way." With a sudden movement she turned. "But you must keep out of this. Can't you go home?"

"I'm not going home," said I. "I'll see this through."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "This quarrel is mine—not yours. Young Florin was not your man. Besides, you can do no good because they've got your number: lift a finger against them, and they won't do another thing till they've put you out."

"The point is this," said I. "That you don't want to fight them with me is natural enough. I've given you information which it was right you should have, and that, I frankly admit, is the end of my duty to you; but I owe that dead man a duty, and I'm going to do it."

I broke off to mop my face. "My cousin's with me," I added, "and so is his man."

"I wish," said the girl, "I could have a word with your cousin. Do you think he could meet me this evening—at a farm that I know?"

"I'll bring him with me," said I, "wherever you please."

Lady Helena looked away. "You can come if you like," she said. "But I want to see him."

Then she took up a large-scale map and showed me the farm. This went by the name of Plumage and lay some four miles from Annabel, quite by itself.

"At five o'clock, then?" says she. I nodded. "We shall be there."

"And now," she said, "I must drop you. Please don't stand still when you're on start walking at once. And thank you very much for doing your duty to me. And—and don't forget that that's ended."

As I took her slim hand, her steady gray eyes met mine. "True," said I. "But my duty to Florin remains; and I'm not so sure as I was that he called upon me for vengeance."

"What else?" said the girl. "He loved his mistress," I said. "As he died, he may have been thinking that she would be short of a man."

And then I went out of the car and was sauntering down the pavement. Except for a croon with a bucket, there seemed to be no one in sight.

As the Rolls swept over a crossing and on to the Salzburg road—"I'm almost sure," said Geoffrey, "that we've stolen a march on our friends. Of course they may stick to Barley, but that I doubt. And in any event he'll give them the slip at Salzburg."

"As Salzburg?" I cried. "That's right," said my cousin. "He'll be in that city tonight. Tomorrow he'll come back to Villbach, and there we shall pick him up as soon as it's dusk."

"You're taking no chances," said I. "D'you blame me, John? I mean, the return of your letter was pretty good work. Talk about a riposte. . . . And you may have been seen with my lady; in which case, as she observed, the job, whatever it is, will go by the board, and Pharaoh and Co.'s one idea will be to do you in. She's no fool, this gray-eyed goddess of yours. That's probably her American blood. And her Austrian made her stand-offish. These old Austrian families are terribly strict."

"She made amends," said I. "No one could have been more—more gracious." My cousin laughed. "Goddesses are gracious," he said. "And now please look behind you and keep your eyes on the road." It was long past noon when we stole into Annabel. Geoffrey berthed the car in the shade of some limes which grew fifty yards from the inn, on the opposite side of the way. (TO BE CONTINUED)



Fitting People to Tune Is Break for Tin Pan Alley

SONGS that might have been (but were not) dedicated to the gentlemen and ladies whose names you see on the sports pages so frequently. I MISS YOU MOST OF ALL—Any Dodger to any curve ball. I'VE GROWN SO USED TO YOU—Danilo O'Mahoney to Don George after the fourth wrestling affair.

I LOVE A PARADE—Tom Yawkey, owner of the Boston Red Sox, to the other American league managers. I DON'T CARE IF YOU NEVER COME BACK—The public to Jack Sharkey.

I DON'T LIKE NO CHEAP MAN—Dizzy Dean, while suggesting to the Cards that they either pay him or trade him. WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?—To Judge K. M. Landis.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU WERE, IT'S WHAT YOU ARE TODAY—By Joe Louis, to Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney whenever they start making comparisons. EVERY LITTLE BIT ADDED TO WHAT YOU GOT—By Connie Mack to the ever loving fans who mourn his bad luck in obtaining only \$300,000 for Jimmy Fox and other heirs.



ALL ALONE—To the fan who insists upon watching the Braves. OH, DIDN'T HE RAMBLE—In memory of that favorite which took the overland route and my five coconuts at New Orleans the other day.

ARGENTINES, THE PORTUGUESE AND THE GREEKS—To almost any all-American football team. ARE YOU THERE, MORIARTY?—By the Chicago fans to their favorite umpire when there are enough pop bottles to go around.

JUST A MEMORY—By the American Davis Cup players to the Davis Cup. REMEMBER, BOY, YOU'RE IRISH—By the fans to Jim Braddock, in case.

YOU'RE A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HOME—By the fans to any Philly who happens to reach first base. It's Gem of Football Ocean to Lou Little

MY LOVE IS FAIR COLUMBIA—By Lou Little to the folks who have been whispering that he would like to shift to Penn.

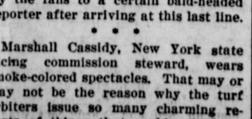
HORSES—By the fans to the Yankees, Giants and Dodgers who claim that they have improved their teams. ALWAYS IN THE WAY—By the lightweight in recognition of that perennial thwarting of ambitions, Tony Canzone.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BUT I'M ON MY WAY—To Roy Parmelee by any ball that has just left Roy Parmelee's hand.

HE'S MY PAL—To be sung in duet by two such old love doves as Colonel Ruppert and Babe Ruth.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN—By Bloddy Ryan to all the big league clubs while persist in sending him to the minors. I WON'T SAY I WILL BUT I WON'T SAY I WON'T—By the state legislator to the inquisitive reporter who asks him whether he will vote for legal race.

I WAS DREAMING, ONLY DREAMING—By Casey Stengel to the Brooklyn fan; while trying to explain that recent trade. HUSH, HERE COMES THE DREAM MAN—By any heavyweight prizefighter to his nerves whenever Joe Louis steps into the ring.



SHOO FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME—By Babe Herman to almost any ball that comes into the outfield. THE PARDON CAME TOO LATE—By the fans to a certain bald-headed reporter after arriving at this last line.

Marshall Cassidy, New York state racing commission steward, wears smoke-colored spectacles. That may or may not be the reason why the turf arbiters issue so many charming reports of things that could only have been viewed through rose-colored glasses.

OSTRICH university is located in one of the nation's largest cities. The name was bestowed because the seat of learning always is adorned with fine feathers while the head ducks under cover whenever danger threatens—but probably there is no sense in mentioning that here.

"What," said the most celebrated of O. U. Deans (a gentleman who, by the way, is just as dizzy even though he does not toss for the Cards). "Copy those Southern colleges by being honest about the aid we give to athletics? He glanced sternly at the other members of the faculty assembled in solemn convocation. "Why, it's preposterous, isn't it, Mr. Tessier?"

"Yessir," answered Mr. Yessir who, of course, was faculty member of the athletic committee. "Why they don't know nothing. It's just them wild-eyed radicals. Why they ain't got a thing on us. Why—"

But since there are so many institutions of higher education which continue as pure as the driven snow (beneath the railroad tracks) so far as athletics are concerned, the reporter does not wish to single out one university. He merely wishes today to offer some case history for the benefit of any eminent educator who continues to ask why—

This Lad Was Willing to Earn an Education

CASE A.—A young infielder reported to the Giants. His face seemed familiar but his name did not check. He explained to the reporter that he had used an alias while playing football for one of the best publicized of Eastern Siwash.

"I was," he said, "a pretty fair athlete as early as my second year in high school (in a Pennsylvania mining town). I wanted an education and saw no reason why I should not earn it with my ability to play games. So I picked out the best offer from those made by eight colleges.

"They sent me to a good prep school for two years and then I entered the university. Your paper was one of those that got excited about the way I was scoring touchdowns for the Freshmen. Still I wasn't satisfied. I wanted an education and football took so much time I had little opportunity for study. I kept thinking about that.

"Since I was sure to be a regular next year, the varsity men took an interest in me. They told me not to worry, that I could skip all classes and still get 'B's' in my subjects so long as I continued to run for long gains.

"Still I wasn't satisfied. So when I heard that the Blue Ridge League baseball club I was playing with had sold me to the N. Y. P. League (an organization with a higher salary limit), I quit. I decided to make my living out of professional baseball instead of out of amateur football.

Athlete Can Sell Out to the Highest Bidder

"I'm not kicking. They treated me swell and—what's that? Sure, the coach knew that I had played professional baseball. When I was still in prep school the coach persuaded that Blue Ridge League club to hire me."

CASE B.—A now famous hockey player was a versatile schoolboy athlete in his native Canada. The representative of a big-time Eastern Siwash showed him how he could get a good education free of charge by entering a selected American prep school and preparing for the Eastern Siwash. Naturally he was to exercise due care in learning how to play the great American game of football while being educated at the prep school.

Everything was lovely until he was ready for college. Then he learned that the coach at the Eastern Siwash had accepted a higher salary at a distant university. Naturally the coach wanted company and offered some fancy inducements, but the athlete refused to go so far away from home.

"Within a week after that I had offers from 16 colleges," the athlete says. "He (the coach) had passed the word around that he had withdrawn his claim to me and that I was a free agent."

CASE C.—A small, unheralded college upset a famous Eastern team in an intercollegiate contest. Several days later I was talking with the coach of another noted Eastern team. He had been a teammate of the small college coach, called Bill.

"You know the Boss (the correct name is that of the famous coach for whom they had played) is good to us chaps breaking in," he remarked. "Take the way Smith and Jones (the names are not correct) cleaned up last Saturday. Well I could have had them two weeks ago.

"The Boss had them all lined up for the alma mater but he's got so much material this year he couldn't conveniently use them and they didn't want to wait. So he offered to let me have them cheap. Of course, it was kind of late in the term but I was just about to wire him okay when Bill came through town.

"Bill needed a couple of ready-made backs for his big Eastern showing and you know the Boss always was kind hearted. So—" The coach laughed. "Funny, isn't it," he said. "Here Smith and Jones win a big game for Bill and probably get him a new contract and yet they've never been within 1,000 miles of Bill's campus."

Yeah, the reporter agreed, it probably was just as funny as anything Havelock Ellis or Sigmund Freud ever had written, while trying to get down to cases without using names. But since he did not wish to offend the august faculty members of Ostrich university he did not add why.

Turning-Back Point Is the Measure of Success

On every hand we see people who have turned back, people who had pluck enough to begin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish. The point at which you are tempted to turn back, the point when your grit leaves you, will measure your achievement power. Your ability to go on, to continue after everybody else has turned back, is a good measure of your possible success.

Trouble A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.—Mlle. de Seuderi.

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