

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 velvet 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. He tells Geoffrey and his chauffeur, Barley, of his adventure. Geoffrey, realizing that John's life is in danger, declares he must vanish. Spencer discovers that the livery of the murdered man corresponds to the livery of the servants of Yorkick castle, and tells Countess Helena, mistress of the castle, what he had seen. With Geoffrey and Barley, John starts for Annabel, a nearby village. They encounter Pharaoh. In making their getaway they exchange shots with the gang, without serious result. They arrive at Plumage farm, on the Yorkick estate, where Lady Helena had requested John and his cousin to meet her. She reveals that her father had converted his immense fortune into gold sovereigns and hidden them away in a secret vault in the castle. Knowing that his son, Valentine, Helena's brother, was incapable of controlling the fortune, he had revealed it to Helena alone just before his death. In some manner the news had leaked out, and Pharaoh is after the treasure. They planned that Geoffrey and Barley would go to Salzburg to watch for Pharaoh, while John was to remain at Plumage, lying low in the daytime and patrolling the roads about Yorkick from dusk to dawn.

CHAPTER III—Continued

I started to run down the road with Sabre loping beside me, two inches away from my knee. . . The car had stopped now, quite close to the entrance drive. . . I was almost abreast of the tail-light, when Bugle spoke. . . "Two hundred miles a day was what he said. And he took the speedometer reading before he went." . . . "E world," said Rush warmly. "Cause he ain't no fool," said Bugle. "He's seen your shape before." . . . "Now look 'ere, Bugle," said Rush. "I'll work the night through, if I'm doin' good. But we ain't goin' to find little Arthur by rakin' these roads." . . . "Who's rakin' roads?" said Bugle. "Pharaoh says 'Watch that castle,' an' Pharaoh's right. That livery's known. An' once he's found the lady, he'll find her good. 'Where the carcass is,' says Pharaoh," and, with that, he laughed fatly. . . "Gimme me the pumps," said Rush. "He's got to take in petrol and 'ow many Rolls d'you see?" . . . "Pumps," said Bugle contemptuously. "An' when Pharaoh asks if we've got him, what do we say? 'Well, we ain't exactly got him, but 'ere's a list of the petrol-pumps he's used.'" He let out a bitter laugh. "You know, you'll buy it yet. Maybe you can open a door, but—"

"I wish," I said, "you'd give it a miss tonight." . . . "It isn't every day that I fall foul of people like Pharaoh and Pharaoh's crowd. The time's out of joint, my dear John; and if I'm to help reduce it, I've got to step out of my beat. And here we are. Don't look. I'm going to get off." . . . As she gave me the reins, I had the maddest impulse to throw myself off my horse and take her into my arms. . . . As I pulled myself together— "You're trembling, John. Are you cold?" . . . "No," said I. "I'm dreaming. You know how dogs shake and quiver when they're dreaming some curious dream." . . . "What are you dreaming?" asked Helena. . . . "That you and I have ridden up through the forest to the castle to which you belong; that the dawn's coming up, like the frost on a glass of cold water to wake a workaday world; that you're standing there with Sabre, looking at me and smiling." . . . Her smile deepened into a laugh. "Am I so unreal?" . . . "Oh, no. You're wonderfully real. But all the rest is fantastic—the hour, the setting, our having the world to ourselves. And you've done it all, Helena. You've made the magic, created the atmosphere. When you go, it's going to go, too. . . . It's terribly hard to explain. I concluded feebly enough; "but I think you've a power you don't know of, and that's the truth." . . . "I shall have to be careful," said Helena.

It was twelve hours later that I opened a door of the Rolls and regarded the petrol-gauge. This was disconcerting. There was fuel enough for us to do our patrol; but if our quarry appeared there was not enough fuel for pursuit. There was nothing for it. Before we did anything else we must drive to some petrol-pump. For a long time I hesitated, considering whether or no I should not go out forthwith and fetch it alone. But in the end I decided that, though it was most inconvenient, I had not sufficient warrant for breaking my promise not to leave Plumage by day. I, therefore, contented myself with cleaning and oiling the engine. I drove the car on the apron in front of the house, and in this way the car was all ready and when the time came, we should have but to leave our saddles and take our seats. . . . Then I washed my hands and sat down to write to my cousin; but he never had his letter, for before I had written a page the farmer's wife came smiling to serve my tea. . . . What that good woman thought of Helena will hardly go into words. All her talk was of the Countess—of her wisdom and understanding, of her lively beauty and charm, and since she had seen her christened, she had memories by the hundred to illustrate everything she said. . . . Of the Count, however, the woman said nothing at all. . . . That evening I strolled in the meadows, until it was time to change, and I shall always remember the stillness that hung like a mantle about the meadows and woods. Not that the air was heavy; there was no sign of thunder; the sky was clear. Yet the calm was that which sometimes precedes the tempest—a strange, unnatural condition that was not peace.

When I rode into sight of Yorkick, I saw that a flag had been hoisted on one of the towers. I could not see the device, for the breeze had fallen to nothing, and the bunting was lying lifeless against the staff. No flag had been flying on Tuesday, when Geoffrey and I had visited Yorkick for lunch, but I supposed that today was some festival which it was the custom to honor throughout the land. . . . My supposition was wrong. . . . As I was ushered into the library, Helena rose from a table and took my hand. . . . "My brother's arrived," she said. "He's only been here twenty minutes, and, as he's brought a friend with him, I've had to put off dinner till half past eight. But that's nothing. What really matters is that he's rather a handful. . . . I took my seat beside her on a sofa. "John," she continued, "I ought to have told you before, but I thought that he'd give me more notice. I'd only time to send the car to the station to meet his train." . . . Remembering what she had told me of other guests— "And his friend?" said I. . . . She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, the usual sort, I suppose. I haven't even seen him. Never mind. The point is this. Valentine must know nothing of what is afoot. He doesn't know of the gold, and he must not know. He mustn't know about your Florin, except that he's dead. I've told him I've lent you Plumage—you and your cousin, of course; that your cousin painted our uncle is reason enough. But what makes things difficult is this. He is the Count of Yorkick, and, as such, when he's here in the castle he has absolute say. I simply do not count. My father did what he could. He left me 'the contents of the castle' and everything else that he had, except the estate. He hadn't the power to leave that away from his son and heir. And so I've a definite hold on Valentine—which he most deeply resents. But sometimes when he is here the knowledge that he is all-powerful goes to his head. . . . "I'm bound to tell you all this. He'll probably be quite all right; but if he should show off this evening you'll un-

derstand. As I say, I've not seen his friend. If he's no good, I'll soon have him out of the place. But whatever he's like, remember that he is my brother's guest. And Valentine's Count of Yorkick. Don't forget that." . . . "I'll be very careful," I said. . . . Then we talked of other things and wondered how Geoffrey and Barley were getting on and whether Rush and Bugle would give us our chance tonight. There seemed to be no reason for cancelling the plans we had made. It was twenty minutes to nine when we heard a burst of laughter, and the library doors were opened by the servant that stood without. . . . Then the Count came in, still laughing, with his arm about Pharaoh's shoulders and a challenging look in his eyes.

CHAPTER IV

Flight. How Helena knew that it was Pharaoh, I cannot tell. She knew him the instant she saw his face, for I felt her stiffen beside me before she got to her feet. For Pharaoh himself, I can only say that his address was as perfect as mine was mean. . . . The Count of Yorkick was speaking. "Helena, this is Captain Fanning." Pharaoh came to her quickly and took her hand. As he looked into her eyes, he spoke very low. "What a good thing I missed Mr. Spencer. Had I hit him, I should have discarded my ace of trumps." . . . Before she could answer, he laid his left hand on my arm. "Mr. Spencer and I," he said, turning, "have met before. In fact, I left his cousin at Salzburg—in excellent health. He was very busy when I saw him. I think he was seeking some subject. . . . I find all his work delightful—takes such pains." . . . What immediately followed I cannot clearly remember, because, I suppose, my wits were all over the place. . . . I know that I stood like some convict, listening to the formality of judgment and finding the grave occasion a hideous dream. I know that Helena introduced me and that I shook hands with the Count—a very good-looking boy, with an overbearing manner and the signs of drink in his face. And I know that while Pharaoh was speaking, he kept a hand under his jacket upon his hip. He might have spared the gesture; my pistol was in the Rolls. . . . All the time my brain was rampant, darting hither and thither. . . . In a flash we had been confounded. My cousin and Barley were at Salzburg, but Pharaoh was here in the castle, the guest of the Count. And Dewdrop was here as his servant, and Bugle and Rush were at hand. Though the castle was full of servants, the Countess was powerless as long as her brother was there; besides, my life was forfeit, if Helena lifted a hand. If she sought to disillusion her brother, Pharaoh had only to whisper the secret his sister kept. . . . That nothing might be wanting to seal our discomfiture— "My sister tells me you're at Plumage," said the Count. "I hope you've



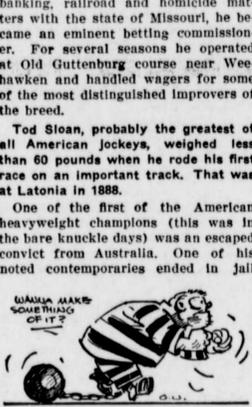
"My Sister Tells Me You're at Plumage," Said the Count.

got all you want. I was sent there to shake off measles and I've never liked the place since." . . . Before I could answer— "Where's Plumage?" said Pharaoh, quietly. . . . The Count told him exactly, whilst I stood dumb. . . . "Very attractive," said Pharaoh, and tossed his cocktail off. "May I speak to my servant a minute?" . . . The fellow's audacity shook me. For some reason I did not fear him, but his monstrous impertinence hit me over the heart. . . . His intention was clear. While we dined, Dewdrop would seek Rush and Bugle, and the two would be waiting at Plumage when I returned. . . . And Helena and I could do nothing. I heard the Count send for "Captain Fanning's servant." Before he arrived, however, the doors were opened again and a butler entered the room. "My lady is served." . . . As we passed through the hall, the curtains of an archway were parted and Dewdrop appeared. Helena saw him, as I did, and quickened her pace. My lady and I were within the dining room. Except for the servants we had the room to ourselves. . . . I heard her speak to the butler. "Ask the Count to begin," she said. Then she turned to me. "Come," she breathed. . . . In a flash she was out on the ramparts, with me behind. There she turned to the left and ran like the wind. (TO BE CONTINUED)



While Cops Chased Him, Frank James Was Star of Turf

THE class in history. Frank James, brother and partner of the more celebrated Jesse, had a long and successful career on the turf. One year, while the gendarmes were conducting a nation-wide search for him, he raced a string of horses on the Tennessee tracks, and even rode a few winners in races open only to gentlemen jockeys. . . . Later, after he had adjusted certain banking, railroad and homicide matters with the state of Missouri, he became an eminent betting commissioner. For several seasons he operated at Old Guttenberg course near Weehawken and handled wagers for some of the most distinguished improvers of the breed. . . . Tod Sloan, probably the greatest of all American jockeys, weighed less than 60 pounds when he rode his first race on an important track. That was at Latonia in 1888. . . . One of the first of the American heavyweight champions (this was in the bare knuckle days) was an escaped convict from Australia. One of his noted contemporaries ended in jail



After killing a policeman. A third spent years in jail for robbery and assault but was released so that he might fight a Brooklyn politician for the title. . . . Bob Fitzsimmons fought for the first time in 1880 when he knocked out four opponents to win an elimination tournament and became "Amateur Champion of New Zealand." His last fight was in 1914. In the meanwhile he had been heavyweight champion of the world for two years and middleweight champion for six.

Greatest Single Sculler Was Also the Tiniest

Edward Hanlan, probably the greatest single sculler who ever lived, also was one of the smallest. He was five feet eight inches tall and rowed best when weighing 152 pounds. Hanlan came from Toronto, was one of the best liked oarsmen of all time, and was called "Canada's Boy in Blue." That last was because he always wore a blue shirt and cap while racing. . . . The first recorded international boat race participated in by American oarsmen took place in 1824 near Hoboken. Then four New York Harbor men easily beat a picked crew from the Thames. More than 50,000 people witnessed the race and later the winners presented their boat to General Lafayette. . . . Walter Okeson, chairman of the intercollegiate rules committee which looks down upon such carryings on nowadays, was one of the earliest professional football players. In the late '90s, when the pay for play business was not as well organized as now, he played with the Latrobe (Pa.) club.

Frank Ives, one of the most celebrated of billiard champions, also starred as a baseball catcher, bike rider, roller skater and horseman. Perhaps his keen eyesight was the most remarkable of all, though. Old-timers recall that, when at the race track watching horses line up half a mile away, he could spot his colors instantly, while his companions peered vainly through high-powered glasses. . . . The British open golf championship was played at Hoylake in 1913 in a hard rain coupled with a driving wind. This doubling up of the weather is perhaps the severest test known to a golfer. J. H. Taylor played more than 300 shots during the 72 holes and was in the rough only once. Naturally he won his fifth championship even though two of his competitors were those other all-time greats, Harry Vardon and Jim Brand.



Whippets, most famous of racing dogs, came into existence 100 years ago when English fanciers crossed a terrier with a greyhound. One of them, Capperbank, once dashed 200 yards in eleven and a half seconds. . . . Although he always hit, threw and did almost everything else left-handed, Babe Ruth continues to sign his name with his right paw. . . . "What are you making so much of a fuss about?" he asked the mourners. "Yeah, I know those cups and things looked pretty and they would have been nice to have around the house, but what of it?" . . . "Yes, Jim," his well meaning friends persisted. "But think of what those things meant. They were tokens of victory and you never can have the chance to win them again. They. . . . And so on and on. . . . Thorpe listened, frowned and was silent. It is said that Indians never reveal their thoughts by the expressions on their faces. So his friends may have been wondering what was going on behind those high, copper-colored cheek bones during the long moments of silence. But they did not have to wait long. Thorpe stretched out one long arm, pointed at them and spoke. . . . "I finished first in those events, didn't I?" he asked. "I proved that I was the best of them all, didn't I? Well, then, what do I need with a lot of trimmings? You don't think that I'm going to forget all that, do you?" . . . This is a story without a moral, but—the world being what it is—I hope it has some uses. . . . The thirty-seven-year-old Cecil Walker is the oldest of the bike stars now racing. A native of Australia, he has held the American sprint title three times. . . . Tip to Discovery—Be careful of the jinx that bounds gee-gees that go over the mountains. Remember, as the Santa Anita Handicap draws near, that even the mighty Sun Beau and Equipoise met defeat when they did too much traveling from East to West. . . .

THIS is a story without a moral, but— . . . Once a great magazine commissioned me to do an article about a self-made man who was at the head of a business enterprise capitalized at many millions of dollars. It seemed like an easy assignment and yet more than a month elapsed before the story was assembled. . . . There was a reason. Although he is lucky when he breaks 100 at golf, this man once had made a hole in one. So he spent the evenings talking about that ace. . . . "Why shouldn't I talk about it?" he asked each time I tried to change the subject. "Suppose I am the head of a million-dollar corporation. So are lots of other people, but—" and here his voice always took on a new note—"how many people ever made a hole in one?" . . . There was no use in pointing out that holling out in one stroke from the cup was a matter of luck and that the odds are perhaps a million to one that it can happen to him again. It was a triumph that set him apart from others, he could talk about it and be happy. No theorist could take that away from him. . . . Somehow—even though this often is tabbed as a world given over much to vain regrets—I suspect that there are numerous others who feel the same way. . . .

His Job and Memories Are Enough for Ex-Pug

Not so long ago I passed the office of a great newspaper. At the side entrance where trucks were gathered to carry away the first editions, a tall man was standing, cap tugged down over cauliflowered ears. As the match flared to light his cigarette, it revealed his twisted nose. . . . I had not seen him for years, had wondered what had happened to him. We stood there in the shadows and talked about a career that once had been revealed in the brightest light of the headlines. . . . "Kid," I said, "Are you unhappy? Do you wish you had it to do all over again, so that you might be a champion?" . . . The tall man grunted, then peered at me through reddened eyelids that had come into contact with thudding fists all too often in those later days when the shadows were creeping persistently about him. . . . "Hugh, you sports writers think of the darnedest things," he answered. "I got a job, ain't I? And I was pretty good when I was up there, wasn't I? Sure I was. Anybody'll tell you that." . . . He paused. Perhaps he was thinking about a past not so far distant. Then he pursed thick lips and hit a target ten feet away. . . . "Well then," he said, "Why should I be unhappy? Even if I wasn't champion and even if it is quite likely that I could lick most of these mugs who're around today, what of it? I smacked over some of the best, and that's enough for any man. You can't have everything." . . . Since most people have forgotten about him anyhow there is no real reason why his name should be hidden under the title of "Kid." But a promise is a promise, and so—

Medals Couldn't Take Away Thorpe's Victories

Let us try again. There is the story of the Indian who won a trunkful of medals and cups at the Olympic games in 1912. Later it was discovered that he had played while competing against these amateurs of all nations. He was ordered to return his prizes. . . . Newspapers of the day carried tearful columns about this decision of the overlords of amateur sport. Friends attempted to sympathize with him over the loss of awards greater than those that ever had come to any athlete. Jim Thorpe peered through beady eyes, noted all this hullabaloo and was genuinely surprised. . . . "What are you making so much of a fuss about?" he asked the mourners. "Yeah, I know those cups and things looked pretty and they would have been nice to have around the house, but what of it?" . . . "Yes, Jim," his well meaning friends persisted. "But think of what those things meant. They were tokens of victory and you never can have the chance to win them again. They. . . . And so on and on. . . . Thorpe listened, frowned and was silent. It is said that Indians never reveal their thoughts by the expressions on their faces. So his friends may have been wondering what was going on behind those high, copper-colored cheek bones during the long moments of silence. But they did not have to wait long. Thorpe stretched out one long arm, pointed at them and spoke. . . . "I finished first in those events, didn't I?" he asked. "I proved that I was the best of them all, didn't I? Well, then, what do I need with a lot of trimmings? You don't think that I'm going to forget all that, do you?" . . . This is a story without a moral, but—the world being what it is—I hope it has some uses. . . .

The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

The Completion Test. In this test eight incomplete statements are made. Each one can be completed by adding one of the four words given. Underline the correct one. . . . 1. Harold L. Ickes is the present—secretary of treasury, secretary of war, secretary of the interior, secretary of labor. . . . 2. The capital of Nevada is—Helena, Carson City, Reno, Denver. . . . 3. Demosthenes was a famous—Roman lawyer, Greek orator, Greek physician, Notre Dame football player. . . . 4. The color, chartreuse, is—brilliant red, sky blue, pale green, lavender. . . . 5. The Rio Grande flows into the—Pacific ocean, Caribbean sea, Gulf of Mexico, Bay of Biscayne. . . . 6. The modern birth stone for January is—bloodstone, hyacinth, pearl, agate. . . . 7. The Grand canyon is located in—Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada. . . . 8. The state having most square miles of water surface is—North Carolina, Florida, Texas, Minnesota.

Answers

- 1. Secretary of the interior.
- 2. Carson City.
- 3. Greek orator.
- 4. Pale green.
- 5. Gulf of Mexico.
- 6. Hyacinth.
- 7. Arizona.
- 8. Minnesota.

It Is Stylish, Ah!

Nothing in clothes, feminine or masculine, that is recommended merely because it is sensible, ever becomes the vogue.

THE DOCTORS ARE RIGHT

Women should take only liquid laxatives

Many believe any laxative they might take only makes constipation worse. And that isn't true. . . . Do what doctors do to relieve this condition. Doctors use liquid laxatives, and keep reducing the dose until the bowels need no help at all. . . . Reduced dosage is the secret of aiding Nature in restoring regularity. You must use a little less laxative each time, and that's why your laxative should be in liquid form. A liquid dose can be regulated to the drop. . . . The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit even with children. Syrup Pepsin is the nicest tasting, nicest acting laxative you ever tried. . . . Individual Problem. Legislation may lighten the handicaps of men a little, but it can do nothing for congenital inefficiency.

Beware Coughs That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. . . . Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. . . . Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

Rheumacide Indicated as an Alternative in the Treatment of RHEUMATIC FEVER, GOUT, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Aches and Pains. At All Druggists. Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors, Baltimore, Md.

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