

# STORM MUSIC

By Dornford Yates

## 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 Hvery who, evidently, had been murdered. Pharaoh is the leader of the gang; the others are Dewdrop, Rush and Bugie. Unfortunately, John makes himself known to the assassins by dropping a letter with his name and address. He tells Geoffrey and his chauffeur, Barney, 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 Barney, 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 to them that her father had converted her 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 was after the treasure. They planned that Geoffrey and Barney 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. Several nights go by without important incident. John visits Yorkick castle and finds that Helena's brother, Count Valentine, is there and with him, on most friendly terms, is Pharaoh, as Captain Fanning. Hearing that John is stopping at Plumage, Pharaoh speaks to Dewdrop. John suspects a plot.

## CHAPTER IV—Continued

The door of a tower was open, and Helena whipped inside. She fled upstairs and into the pleasant bedroom I ever saw. As I followed her in, she pressed a key into my hand.

"There's a door behind that curtain."

While I was unlocking this, she twitched a coat from a cupboard and rushed to the painted table on which were combs and brushes and all things that women use.

"Have you money, John?"

"About fifty pounds," said I.

"Good."

Then she threw one look around and slipped out of the room.

"Lock it behind us, John."

A short stone stairway brought us into a little hall which was very dimly lighted and was shut by three massive doors.

"The right-hand one," said Helena.

"Quick. That's a master key."

We now encountered a winding flight of steps. At the foot of this flight we came to another door, but I could not see to unlock it, so Helena took the key.

And then we were out in some passage and there on our right was a postern that gave to the outside world. But Helena turned instead to a very much smaller door, sunk deep in the wall.

A man was coming. I could hear his steps on the stone. He was out of sight, round some corner, but he was not twelve paces away.

Helena's fingers were shaking, as she fitted the master key. The lock was stiff and defied the efforts she made. As I put out my hand, I heard the man stop and swear. Then he turned on his heel and began to retrace his steps.

An instant later the door was locked behind us and we were alone in the dark.

Helena was trembling, and I put my arm about her and held her close.

"Reaction," she murmured. "I'll be all right directly. You see, we're safe for the moment. I—I'd like to sit down."

With my arm about her, we sat ourselves down on a step.

"I'm all right now," breathed Helena, lifting her head.

I let her go, and she sat back against the wall.

"Listen, John. We couldn't have crossed the drawbridge without being seen. And that would have been ruinous. . . . But now we've just disappeared. The doors that were open are open, and the doors that were locked are locked. But we have vanished. This stairway leads to a grating in the wall of the moat. It's just above the water. Directly below it, under the water and, therefore, out of sight, is a footbridge of stone. That leads across the moat to another grating set in the opposite wall. The gratings are barred—not locked, and each of them's barred on this side. The farther grating admits to an old brick tunnel that will lead us under the meadows and into the woods." She got to her feet. "And now we must go. We've not a moment to lose. The ramparts don't overlook this part of the moat, and we simply must get to Plumage before Bugie and Rush."

Carefully we descended the stair, which was very damp.

The water was cold and the iron of the gratings was rusted and very harsh, but the footbridge gave good foothold and our passage was made with an ease for which I had not dared hope. Since the water came up to my loins, I made Helena lie across my shoulders and carried her over like that.

As I set her on her feet in the tunnel, I heard the Count calling her name.

"Helena! Helena!"

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I hauled myself out of the water to stand by her side.

"Helena, where are you?" Gently I closed the grating.

Again the Count lifted his voice. "Fanning!" he bawled. "Fanning!" Helena touched my arm.

"I could tell him where Fanning is. He's gone to the bridge. Nobody knows of this exit, but Florin and me."

The tunnel seemed without end. It was dark and damp and noisome and ran uphill, and I was more than thankful when after five or six minutes I saw the faint light of the evening and found the air more fresh. The mouth of the tunnel was masked by a riot of undergrowth, but when we were clear of this screen, I saw at once that we stood due north of the castle.

"And now for Axel," said Helena. "And Sabre, I hope. When he can't find me, he'll remember the last two nights and come to the Plumage ride."

It was now ten minutes past nine, and dusk had come in. We had, therefore, no fear of skirting the edge of the forest, for the going was better in the meadows and we were at least half a mile from where Axel would be.

The castle was lighted now as I had never seen it, but of course we could see no movement and hear no sound. The lights suggested that the building was being searched.

We pushed on breathlessly.

We had covered half the distance when Helena caught my arm and stopped in her tracks.

Somebody was whistling—not very far away; whistling as though to bring a dog to his heels.

Then we heard Pharaoh's voice.

"Good dog," he cried. "Good dog."

The man was out in the meadows, somewhere between the bridge and the Plumage ride.

In a flash I saw what had happened. Sabre had left the castle, and Pharaoh had seen him go. The porter, no doubt, had told him that that was the Countess's dog, and the fellow had guessed in an instant that Sabre's instinct was leading him to his mistress, wherever she was. And so he had followed Sabre, but had lost him because it was dark.

"Come on," said I. "Now that he's lost Sabre, he hasn't a chance."

"If he hears the horses," breathed Helena.

We were nearly there now, but when Pharaoh whistled again, he was not so far off as before.

As we stumbled into the ride, I found the dog paddling beside us. He may have been there for five minutes for all I know. And there was Axel waiting, ten minutes before his time.

"Good dog," cried Pharaoh.

I judged the man to be fifty paces away.

In a flash I had Helena up on the lively gray.

As she stooped to whisper to Axel, I turned to the other horse, but, perhaps because he was startled, he would not stand. As I swung myself up, he backed sideways against the gray, and before I could find my right stirrup, his dangling iron had clashed with that of Helena, making a ringing sound.

The whistle which Pharaoh was letting suddenly stopped.

I heard the man running towards us as we turned the horses about.

And then we were both sitting down and riding hard for Plumage.

We dared not spare the horses—the hunt was up.

Pharaoh would run to the castle, find the Count and induce him to order a car; and we had to ride to Plumage and drive from there to the high road before that car could reach the mouth of the private lane.

As we came to the apron—

"I'll take the horses," said Helena. "You go and get your things."

As she caught my bridle, I flung myself off the bay.

In my bedroom I wasted no time, but snatched up a razor and seized the first clothes I found; yet, ere I was back, the horses were fast in the stables and Helena was returning to take her seat in the Rolls.

Thirty seconds later the Rolls slid over the bridge.

I had often read and heard speak of "an agony of apprehension," but never until that evening, when our headlights sent darkness packing out of that lovely lane, had I understood that terrible state of mind.

Then all at once the truth stood clear before me, and something more sinister than fear took hold of my heart.

The lane was no lane, but a trap—full two miles long. Once we were in, we could no more turn the Rolls round than a man that was buried could turn himself round in his grave.

If only we had stuck to the horses and ridden away across country to take some train. . . . But it was too late now. For better or worse we had chosen this dreadful way.

I set my teeth; and we took the rise before us with the rush of a lift.

As the Rolls swept over the crest, for an instant I lifted my foot—and then in a flash all my suspense was over and its grip was torn from my heart.

Two miles ahead, a car had turned into the lane.

Helena caught my arm.

"That's the Carliotta. I know it. What can we do?"

For some extraordinary reason my senses were now as lively as they had been lately dull. I knew no hesitation; my confidence was sublime.

"We back," I said quietly. "What a mercy we hadn't got further. As it is, we've plenty of time. They can't do a mile a minute along this lane."

"But, John—"

I patted her blessed hand.

"Don't worry, my dear. It's all right. Little Arthur has got an idea," and, with that, I put out my headlights and started to take the Rolls back by the glow which her tail-lamp threw.

Two minutes later I backed her over the bridge.

"Can you see their headlights?" I asked.

"Not yet."

I began to swing around to the right, leaving the roadway and backing onto the turf. When I had gone thirty paces, I threw out the clutch.

At once we heard the Carliotta and a moment later we saw the glow of her lights.

The two of us sat in silence, listening and watching, while Pharaoh "came down like the wolf on the fold."

I do not think we were excited—the danger was past. We now were simply waiting for a car to get out of our way.

And so she did.

Well clear of the beam of her headlights, we watched her sweep down the slope and over the bridge; and as she went by to the apron, I let the Rolls leap forward and take her place on the road.

My lights were dimmed and I do not think that they saw us, for their eyes, of course, were looking the opposite way; but in any event the start which we had was deadly, for they must turn the Carliotta and we had the faster car.

As we floated in silence, I touched my companion's sleeve.

"And now where?" said I.

"We'll go to my nurse at Pommers. Her husband's a farmer there, and they'll see us through. And we'll wire to your cousin to join us and start from there."

We had the ways all to ourselves, and, indeed, I believe that we were the only beings awake in that countryside. Twice we sang through a village and now and again we could make out the form of a homestead beneath the trees. So for some 35 miles.

Then the engine of the Rolls coughed twice, and the car slowed down.

As I frowned, the truth came pelting to sear my brain.

"What is it, John? What is it?"

"Petrol," I said hoarsely. "I meant to fill up before we patrolled this eve-

ning; but with all this Pharaoh business—"

The nearest village lay roughly 11 miles off, and whether it boasted a pump we could not tell.

Carefully I surveyed our surroundings.

The road was a main highway. If I locked her switch and her bonnet, no man could take the Rolls, but, left on the road, she was bound to attract attention—the very sort of attention we wished so much to avoid.

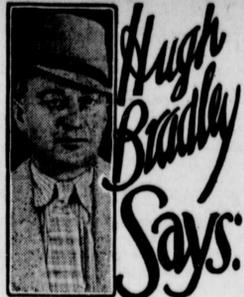
Some forty-five paces ahead a track led into the forest—a decent track; what was more, it ran slightly downhill. If I could manhandle the Rolls as far as its mouth, her weight would help me to carry her out of sight. But the road, though level, was cambered. While Helena steered and stood by to apply the brake, I moved the Rolls by the spokes of one of her wheels. The strain was great, for the car was very heavy, and the camber made such a gradient as I could not overcome. In desperation I moved her perhaps six inches towards the crown of the road, but then the weight of her beat me, and she began to return; and in my effort to hold her before I could cry for the brake I strained or tore some muscle in the small of my back.

I smothered a grunt of pain—too late for Helena's ears, before I had drawn myself up, my lady was standing beside me and asking me how I did.

"You've hurt yourself, John."

"A muscle," said I. "It's nothing. As long as I don't use it, I'll be all right." Ruefully I regarded the Rolls. "But we'll have to leave her here. As far as shifting her goes, I've shot my bolt."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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## Ruppert Throws Party—Guests Square the Rap

COL. JACOB RUPPERT, who finishes almost as high up in the national listing of millionaires as his Yankees recently have been finishing in the American league, threw a party to his sports-writing pals the other night. Then permitted the waiters to badger the guests into anteing up sizeable service fees for the privilege of attending the party. . . . The boys and girls in Harlem continue vastly indignant at Jack Johnson because the only negro who ever has held the heavyweight title persists in denying the manifest virtues of Joe Louis.

If you wish to make a sizeable wager without hurting the pari-mutuel price you can be accommodated by bootleg bookmakers at beautiful Hialeah park. Although they know that similar carryings-on would cause them to be barred for life from some such track as Hialeah, the undercover layers seem to operate without fear of the Florida management. . . . Jay Berwanger, who played so much ballback for Chicago U. last fall, now is paying the penalty of fame. Almost every night he has to speak at some dinner or other social gathering. . . . Harry Berg, new promotional manager for the Chicago Catholic Youth organization, managed the swimming team at Notre Dame in 1920.

Jim Norris, the big money man who already owns such sports emporiums as the Detroit Olympia and the Chicago Stadium, is not seeking stock control of Madison Square Garden. He wants to own the \$5,000,000 joint outright. . . . Ward-in-Chancery, entered in a cheap claiming race at Hialeah, once ran in the colors of King George V of England. The bay gee is bred from the Alimony-Son-in-Law strain. . . . Which, for no reason at all, recalls the fact that a jurist who is celebrated for the steep assessments he slaps on misbehaving husbands in a famous metropolis, is being implored to settle the all-too-many markers he has in a bookmaker's safe.

## Mike Couldn't Imagine Joe Not Filling House

Mike Jacobs blames the Chicago Stadium management for the failure of the Louis-Retzlaff affair to sell out. Believes that the house was scaled wrong, that is, the prices were out of line with what the public could bear. Undoubtedly a much better job was done when the Hearst A. C. glorified the Louis-Baer thing with its patron's press arrangements. . . . Johnny McNaughton, for many years one of the most popular soccer officials, now manages Brooklyn's Galloping Gaels of St. Mary's. . . . Harvard, which still plays such minor league basketball that even a N. Y. U. student probably could get in to see a game, once abandoned the sport. That was in 1910 and the reason was that the higher authorities figured that basketball was too rough.

The chairman of the New York State Racing commission evidently understands the fine distinction between practicing and preaching. He told the national convention of turf solons that all suspended jockeys and trainers should be heaved out of the tracks for the entire period of the suspension. Last summer Clarence Buxton supposedly was suspended from the arenas ruled over by the N. Y. S. R. C. Mr. Buxton then continued to do practically everything save saddle his own horses in the paddock. . . . Pete Renzulli, who tended goal for the Giants when the late Charles A. Stoneham was a soccer magnate, now is treasurer of the New York State Junior Soccer league.

In Chicago the cads say that Freddy Lindstrom is very ambitious, that Charley Grimm likes managing the Cubs, and that when Charley quits liking to manage the Cubs the job definitely goes to Gabby Hartnett. That left Freddy just where he was in his saddest days with the Giants and so the star (always the help-apparent but never the help, if you get the general idea) was turned loose to try his luck in newer and more promising fields.

They also add, the brutes, that all Manager Casey Stengel knew about the recent signing was what the Brooklyn directors let him read in the papers.

All is not sweetness and light at Lafayette, which went all the way to Harvard to get a new athletic director and all the way to the Pacific coast to get a newer football coach. . . . Harold Starr, who did not quite live up to his name on the defense, is mad at the Rangers for trading him to their Philadelphia hockey farm.

SOON the newspaper boys will be typing countless columns in the big-time baseball training camps. Wires that now sob the chill tidings concerning the defeat of another favorite at Hialeah will crackle joyfully with the red hot news about the deeds of a hundred corn-fed youngsters.

Since even the Dodgers or the Phillies might become pennant contenders if enough Ty Cobbs could be discovered among the newcomers it is only fair that a vast share of the spring-time literature should be devoted to the rookies. Yet there does come the all too frequent moment when the writing brethren err.

Sadly they wait a tear in the direction of youthful giants eating two-dollar meals in four-dollar-a-day hotels. Then, with true poetic fervor, they compare the hopefuls to the flowers which must blush unseen or waste their fragrance on the unsympathetic ozone.

There never was a greater mistake. Perhaps there has been a rookie who could blush but—if so—his name is lost in the pages of forgotten time.

For instance there was a youngster who went South with the Giants not too many seasons ago. He was a red headed, likable kid from some place in New Jersey. Before the train had reached Manhattan Transfer he had given out new interviews, considerably improving on the first performance.

That kept up for a night and a day. He confided to the porter that he could play any place on the field and that he could throw strikes with either hand. In the club car his voice rose to new heights while he patiently explained that after getting an eyeful of him John McGraw would—. But let that go. It seems that he was mistaken on one or two counts in his build-up. After one glimpse of him in practice even his rookie mates knew that he could not throw with either hand and could not play any place. But he was right about one thing. Indeed he rather understated the case there.

He had promised that after one look at him McGraw would get an eyeful. McGraw got it and also seemed to become clogged up in other sections. So that rookie had one of the shortest trips on record. Four hours after he had donned his first uniform he was back on the train again with a one-way ticket for home.

There also was Jack, a broad-backed youngster who was in Florida with the Yankees during the days of their greater glory.

Jack had considerable ability and there seemed a chance that he might become a big timer. So the Yankees, who, as usual, were short on reserve catchers, watched him carefully. They also listened to him plenty. While the pitchers were working their arms in shape he hit balls over all fences and proudly proclaimed that this was only a weak sample of his true worth.

Finally the situation became a trifle strained. The veteran pitchers were over tired of the talk and—probably—none too well pleased with the numerous stories that had been wired North. Since most of them were in shape by now to start the season they coaxed Jack into talking his freest one night. The next morning they met him at the ball park.

Jack came up to the plate swinging his bat. Pennock pitched. Jack was kept at the plate. Shocker pitched. There was no recess for Jack. Hoyt took up the pleasant task. Still Jack stood up there, swung and sweated.

At last, although there were two or three other pitchers yearning for their proper reward, the humane Miller Huggins called a halt.

Sixty-five balls had been thrown at Jack. He had swung 65 frantic times. No umpire was needed to provide the sad news that he had piled up exactly 65 strikes.

Even the greatest player of them all was not precisely a violet when he attended his first training camp in a little North Carolina town. Since then he has bought and junked dozens of high-priced automobiles but until the Orioles took him South he never had ridden in a car.

After his first ride the idea appealed to him considerably and so he took matters into his own hands.

For days after that the veterans in the camp wondered why the slim kid who previously had displayed such a marvelous appetite was so late to breakfast nowadays. Then a reporter returning to the hotel in the wee hours discovered the reason.

Babe Ruth had been arising at 3:30 each morning so that he might ride around town in the rattling old truck in which the milkman was delivering his wares.

Another of Babe's quaint ambitions was to be an elevator operator. One afternoon he failed to report for practice. One of the outfielders glanced into the bleachers and saw that the colored boy who was the regular custodian of the one-man hotel elevator seemed to be having an afternoon of leisure.

That gave him an idea. There was an investigation. Sure enough. Back in the hotel they found the Babe proudly operating the elevator.

## Man Is Wise, Asleep, Fool or Child—Arabian Proverb

An old Arabian proverb says that men are four:

"He who knows, and knows he knows,—he is wise—follow him.

"He who knows, and knows not he knows,—he is asleep—wake him.

"He who knows not, and knows he knows not,—he is a fool—shun him.

"He who knows not, and knows he knows not,—he is a child—teach him."

## Week's Supply of Postum Free

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Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

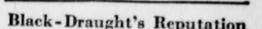
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## Bayer Aspirin



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When It's Unnatural  
It's rather trying to be expected to set a good example.

## EXPERT OPINION

"I have won over 300 awards for baking and have used many brands of baking powder. I now use Clabber Girl, exclusively."

Mrs. M. E. Ryerson  
Indiana State Fair Winner



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