

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 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. 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 very of the murdered man corresponds to the livery of the servants of Yorick castle, and tells Countess Helena, mistress of the castle, knowing that she is with Geoffrey and Barley, John starts for Annabel, a nearby village. They encounter Pharaoh. In making their getaway they discover that the very of the gang, without serious result. They arrive at Plumage farm, on the Yorick estate, where Lady Helena had requested John and his cousin to meet her. She reveals to them that her father had converted his immense fortune into gold and hidden it 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 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, patrolling the roads about Yorick from dusk to dawn. Several nights go by without important incident. John visits Yorick 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. As dinner is announced, Helena and John make their escape, pursued by Pharaoh's men, encountering many difficulties during the night. They run out of gas. Finally they arrive at a forester's cottage, where they find refuge. Freda, their hostess, gets petrol for their car and then goes to Salzburg to get word to Geoffrey. John finds their car gone.

CHAPTER V—Continued

My beautiful dream was over, and now, through misunderstanding, our lovely, precious relation was going to come to an end. If I did not speak out, it was finished.

"As Geoffrey's here, you may as well know the truth. I think of you as 'Nell' deep down in my inmost heart. It's the pretty name I'd call you if we were engaged. You see, I'm mad about you. I love you—I've always loved you, from the moment I met your eyes. I love you walking and riding and sitting here on the grass. I love your head and your shoulders and that tiny vein in your ankle that looks like a thread of blue silk. I love everything about you and all you do. I love your voice and your laughter and the glorious light in your eyes. And I love your shining nature, as I love the smell of your hair and the breath of your lips. . . . And to be with you here like this—well, now perhaps you can see what it's meant to me and why I cling to my secret and why I was handicapped in trying to play our game." I got to my feet. "Good-by, Nell," I said gently.

I turned to the path and the smiling cottage below.

For a moment I stood, blinking. "Have they gone in?" I asked.

"I made a mistake," said Helena. "It wasn't them."

I was sitting on the settle in the kitchen, with my head deep in my hands.

How I got there I do not know, for my case was like that of a man who plunges into some water and drowns his cares, only to find that the bed of the river is dry. I doubt if such a man could tell how he got to the bank.

And I do not know how long I sat there, but all of a sudden I knew that I was not alone.

I could smell the faint perfume that Helena used.

As I started up, I found she was sitting beside me, looking very grave and gentle, with her precious hands in her lap.

"I tricked you," she said. "I'm sorry. But it was the only way. You are very reticent, John. And very, very humble—and rather blind. Old Florin knew in an instant, and I am sure Pharaoh, too."

"Knew that I loved you?" I cried.

Helena rose to her feet.

"This comes," she said, "of putting me up on a dais. I never was up on a dais, where you were concerned. If you stand up, you'll find that I have to look up—to see myself in your eyes."

I stood up, trembling.

"Nell," I said hoarsely. "Nell."

I set my hands on her shoulders and looked her full in the eyes. "That day we lunched at Yorick, Florin looked at you, and you nodded and looked away. Was he . . . asking you . . . if you loved me?"

She met my gaze squarely.

"He was asking me if I was to be your wife."

"And you . . . ?"

My brain was reeling.

"I told him what I hoped was the truth."

I was past speaking.

As I drew her into my arms, her hands went up to my hair.

CHAPTER VI

Eavesdropping.

Twenty-four hours had gone by—and something was seriously wrong.

Of that there could be no doubt.

We had passed the day in a happiness such as, I think, is given to very few, but now the sun was sinking, yet Geoffrey had not appeared.

That the forester's wife might be late had never entered our heads. We were up betimes the next morning and were ready and waiting for Freda at a quarter to eight. We might have spared our energy, for eight o'clock went by, yet she did not come.

And nine o'clock went by . . . and ten. . . .

Bad news is trying enough; but when the absence of news is so prolonged that only a fool would continue to hope against hope, it is, I think, a stout heart that will feel no alarm.

There was no longer any doubt in our minds. Somehow or other Pharaoh had put a spoke in our wheel.

At 11 o'clock that Thursday I led the way into the kitchen, took my seat at the table and opened the map.

"I must leave you, Nell," I said quietly. "There's no other way."

Helena nodded, and a hand went up to her head.

"What will you do, John?"

"I must get a lift at Witchcraft and hire a car where I can." I considered the map. "I should think I'd get one at Sabbot. From there I must drive to Salzburg for all I'm worth." I drew some paper towards me and started to make some notes.

An exclamation from Helena snapped the sentence in two.

I looked up sharply.

There was horror in her beautiful eyes—and these were fast on the paper on which I was making my notes.

"What is it, Nell?" I cried, rising.

She clapped her hands to her face.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "that paper . . ."

For an instant I stared at the sheet—one of a cheap, gray packet which, when we had asked her for note-paper, the forester's wife had produced.

"Listen, John. I think that paper has told me why Geoffrey isn't here. You wrote to him in pencil, the pencil was blunt and you pressed." She pointed a trembling finger. "There on that sheet's the impression of what you wrote."

This was true.

"D'you remember our last patrol—how, when we parted, I offered to write to your cousin? And you said yes, and I did. But I wrote out the wire on a pad of writing-paper—and the pencil was blunt."

"You mean—"

"The pad was on the library table. If Pharaoh saw it and read it, it gave him your cousin's address. Supposing he wired the next morning, while we were talking to Freda, here in this room. . . . Supposing he wired, as I did, using your name. . . . Supposing he said, Return. . . ."

"One moment," I said. "I must think."

I thought very fast.

Hypothesis or no, here was a good explanation of my cousin's failure to come. If Pharaoh had wired to Geoffrey, Geoffrey would have left Salzburg before my letter arrived.

"I must go at once," I said, and picked up the map.

"To Plumage, John?"

"I nodded.

"I must get a car somehow and drive there as fast as I can. I can hide the car near the high road and go through the woods to the farm. There's not an instant to lose—we're three days late. God knows where Freda is—I can only hope and pray that she's missed her train."

Together we studied the map.

I glanced at my watch.

"With average luck," said I, "I ought to be there not later than half-past three."

"And then," said Helena quietly.

"My sweet, I don't know. I've got to find out something and to act on what I find out. And now for you. You must stay in the cottage; you must spend the day in the forest and keep out of sight. And I'll come back, my darling, as soon as ever I can."

Two minutes later I was treading the path to Witchcraft, and the bracken which veiled my lady was out of my sight.

. . . .

At half-past six that evening I made the woods behind Plumage, and five minutes later I was lying just clear of their foliage, surveying the back of the farm. The stars had fought against me, and my journey had taken far longer than I had hoped, but now I saw very clearly that all I could do was to watch, for that I must go no closer until it was dark.

That Bugle and Rush were at Plumage I had no doubt; leave the woods, therefore, I dared not, while it was day, for the shutters of the house were open and the valley was full of light.

From where I now lay there was nothing at all to observe. I therefore re-entered the woods and cautiously moved round their fringe, stopping from time to time to peer at the farm, but all I saw were the farm-hands about their business and a groom that was not Axel, cleaning a bit.

I was now not far from the lane which led up to the farm, and for one who was content to observe I could not have been better placed. So I picked a spot in the bushes and settled down to observe.

It was forty minutes later that Bugle came out of the house.

I think that he had been sleeping; he yawned and stretched and looked

about him, as a man that has only just waked. Then he took his seat on a bench by the side of the door and a servant brought out a tankard and set it down by his side.

One thing, at least, was now clear— if I would have news of my cousin, I should have to do more than observe. If I could find the good wife and hear what she had to tell. The danger, of course, was that I should encounter some servant. I could trust the farm-er's wife, but if Pharaoh had given them orders, I could not trust the servants to disobey. Still, something would have to be done. I had not come there to watch Bugle enjoying his ale.

It was eight o'clock and the light was beginning to fall when I heard the sigh of the Rolls on the road of approach.

A moment later the car swept over the bridge, and Bugle laid down his pipe and got to his feet.

I saw that Dewdrop was driving and that Pharaoh sat by his side.

Pharaoh stayed but two minutes.

For that time he spoke to Bugle, who listened with evident interest to what he said. Then he nodded to Dewdrop, who instantly let in his clutch. Bugle stood watching till Pharaoh was out of sight, then he turned on his heel and went into the house.

And that was all.

As I made my way back to the foot-bridge, I tried my best to believe that the visit which I had just witnessed was Pharaoh's evening call. He had been out scouring the country for news of my lady and me and was now returning to Yorick with empty hands. It was no doubt his practice to visit Plumage like this, to see that Rush and Bugle were doing as they had been told. And yet . . .

Pharaoh's manner had been urgent. He had not wasted a moment and the Rolls had not carried much dust. He might have been setting out, and not coming in—setting out on some sudden quest.

I decided one thing out of hand. That was to learn, if I could, what Pharaoh had said.

If this was of any importance, Bugle was pretty sure to discuss it with Rush, and if I could hear them talking, as once before—

I heard the sound of a car. This seemed to come from the farm. I heard the engine started and as I stood still, listening, I heard her move off in low gear. Bugle or Rush was withdrawing their car from the coach-house and driving her on to the apron, ready for use.

At this I swore under my breath, for if Bugle and Rush were about to go off on some errand, my object must be defeated and most of my labor be lost. I might be able to speak with the farmer's wife, but that she would have news of my cousin was none too sure, and, indeed, since I had seen Pharaoh, I could see health in nothing at all but in sharing his underlings' counsels as soon as ever I could.

I hastened on desperately. . . .

From the verge of the meadows I regarded the back of the house. The light, I have said, was falling, but dusk would not come in for another half hour. Two minutes later I was flat against the trunk of a lime that was standing 12 feet from the window of what had been my bedroom four days before.

Now to enter the house was easy, for all the windows were open and none of the shutters were shut. Still to enter a lion's den may be easy enough. . . . I had no desire to climb into an occupied room. Then the sight of my sponge on a window-sill jogged my wits.

One of the lower windows belonged to the primitive bathroom which Geoffrey and I had used, and since this was sure to be empty at this time of day, here was as safe an entry as the faintest of hearts could desire.

I whipped from the lime to the window and swung myself over the sill.

I made bold to open my door, which gave to the hall.

As I did so another door was opened—the door of the sitting-room.

"An' shut the shutters," growled Furmy, "Can you understand that? Furmy, you fool, furmy."

The man-servant answered something and closed the door. Then he set his tray on a table that stood in the hall and stepped to and opened the door immediately opposite mine.

His intention was plain: he was going to close the shutters of every room.

In a flash I was at my window and was pulling to its slutters and shutting the twilight out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Y' Wanna Rassel? Let Jack Curley Tell Y' the Tricks

Let Jack Curley, the famed promoter, tell you some things you ought to know about the ancient pastime, Mr. Curley says:

FOR every hold there is a counter. Leverage, and not brute strength, wins falls.

Accounts of contests, great and small, are preserved for us in poetry and legend. The great Homer idolized the game.

Wrestling dates back to 4500 B. C. Even among the most ancient nations, wrestling was as well understood, with its various holds and breaks, as it is at the present day.

Again, going back to Homer, we can quote him mentioning the famous encounter between Ajax and Ulysses. Ajax was the incarnation of all physical power in man; Ulysses, the possessor of every art and wile.

The written history of wrestling, however, antedates the legendary tales of Homer and the much sung siege of Troy. In the land of Egypt we find in ancient temples evidence that wrestling was a perfected art many thousands of years before Christ.

Not far from the bank of the Nile, in the temple tombs of Beni Hassan, wrestlers are depicted in every hold known today.

Three hundred and eighty-six positions are cleverly cut into the sides of Tomb XVII of Beni Hassan, and Tomb XVI contains another 250 positions.

More Than 100 Styles of Modern Wrestling

There are today more than a hundred known styles of wrestling. Of which catch-as-catch-can is mostly prevalent in America, Graeco-Roman style in Europe, Judo and Souma style in Japan and collar-and-elbow in Ireland.

In the old Roman amphitheaters the contests were to the death. The gamblers were seldom accused of fixing things.

The immortal Shakespeare was a wrestling fan. Note Orlando's contest with Duke's wrestler in "As You Like It."

The most famous match in all history was between Henry VIII and Francis I at the meeting of the Clot of Gold in 1520. At that time the French and English kings were the foremost monarchs in the world.

In India, China and Japan wrestling has been practiced almost uninter-ruptedly for thousands of years. Regular contests are carried on at Tokio in a ring surrounded with two circles of thirty-six bags of earth. A bow and a bowspring formerly were given as the prize.

The time to throw a man is when he is moving or exerting his strength in the same direction as that in which you desire to throw him. The force of the aggressor is then applied along the line of least resistance.

Wrestlers come and go in cycles. Just before the turn of the century, Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, was the furor. He was an immense-sized gladiator. Yet had a hard time downing a little fellow named Ernst Koerber.

Youssouf was brought here from the sultan of Turkey to impress the world with the strength of his regiment of athletes. Antonio Pierri, a Greek, brought him here, but was relieved of him by Billy Brady.

Pierri Takes Third Strike in Promoting the Turks

Undaunted, Pierri sailed forth for another Turk, and this time came with another giant, Nourah. Strange as it may seem, Pierri again put his trust into American managers, and once more Billy Brady signed the Turk under his management. And still another trip for Antonio and again another Turk. This time it was Jai Al (pronounced Hail Alai), and this time not Brady but Martin Julian won the affection of the invader, and for the third time Pierri was without his champion.

All these Turks were great wrestlers. On his home-bound trip in 1898 Youssouf was a passenger on the ill-fated French liner, La Bourgogne, and lost his life in the disaster.

A legendary story gained circulation that the Turk wore a belt around his body, with all his money in \$20 gold pieces. The story is no doubt a fable, because no American managers would have permitted Youssouf to get away with so much weight in gold.

Did you know that wrestling was the favorite indulgence of the Father of Our Country, George Washington? President Lincoln also made grappling his favorite sport and met all comers in the exercise room.

Do YOU remember way back when?

A tall, thick-shouldered man used to stride to the plate at the old Polo Grounds and the boys in the bleachers would start chanting:

"Buck! Buck! Buck!
Hit 'er over the fence
Just for luck!"

That was Buck Ewing, one of the all-time greats among the catchers and possibly as hard a hitter as Babe Ruth. In 1888 the Giants were playing the St. Louis Browns for the world championship, had lost the first game and were trailing, 3 to 0, in the ninth inning of the second one.

There were three men on base. Buck came to bat. The bleachers roared their refrain. It was a plea, a demand, a battle call. Buck's bat was almost twice as big as those used nowadays. He swung it lustily.

The ball sailed far over the center fielder's head, seemed still to be rising when it passed over the tally-hops parked close to the fence.

That blow won the game and broke the Browns, who put up only a pale struggle while the Giants were romping away with the rest of the series.

Around town there still are old-timers who insist manfully that it was the longest and hardest hit ball ever produced in a championship game.

When—in one season—John L. Sullivan stopped 50 opponents in the first round? And when Bob Fitzsimmons, in a so-called world championship affair against Peter Maher at Langtry, Texas, knocked out the Irish giant in thirty seconds of the first round?

Recalling Famous Race Between Turf Royalties

When the "King of the Turf"—that was Ray S., the great stallion owned by the Fleischmans of Cincinnati—met the "Queen of the Turf"—that was Yo Tambien, the fleet little mare owned by Chris Smith of Chicago?

There were two races, both of them on the beautiful old St. Louis Fair Grounds course. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were bet each time, while eminent sportsmen orated that the honor of their great cities was at stake.

In the first race—the Club Members at a mile and a quarter—they galloped down the stretch hell for leather. They came under the wire nose and nose.

No man really knows who won. The judges said "Ray S." Possibly they were correct, because Monk Overton, the little black man who rode him, was a magnificent finisher. The crowd said "Yo Tambien" and arguments were loud and long, while more hundreds of thousands were bet for the Memorial Handicap.

This time Kentucky Bill and Brown Dick, the famous negro trainers who loved the little mare, combined their talents. Perhaps they thought they had been jinxed the first time out. Possibly they thought that Johnny Mooney, the very good Chicago jockey, had been outriden.

They decided to match jockey with jockey, jinx with jinx. They engaged Frankie Jordan. "When you get to the head of the stretch just hurry along home," was all the instructions they gave him.

Perhaps it was the greater skill of the new rider that did it. More likely the great-hearted mare just could not brook another defeat. No one really knows now but—

This time as the horses reached the wire Brown Dick and Kentucky Bill were dancing exultant jigs, crossing and uncrossing gnarled fingers.

Out there on the track the little mare was running as she never had run before while, crouched on her withers, Frank Jordan grinned and looked back through crossed eyes at the horse which this time could not keep up.

Remember When O'Leary Walked 100 Miles at 78?

When Dan O'Leary celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday by walking 100 miles in 23 hours and 43 minutes at the Cubs' park in Chicago in 1919?

When ice skating was so popular throughout the land and there had to be some rules for governing competition in the sport? So—that was in 1888—the code of rules used at trotting horse meetings was made to apply, with very few changes, to ice skating. And soon came to be the code governing ice skating competition throughout most of the world.

When National league umpires were for the first time granted salaries? That was in 1883, seven years after the league was organized.

When Jim O'Rourke caught his last big-time ball game? That was on October 2, 1904. Jim caught "Iron Man" McGinnity and made a hit while the Giants were winning their hundredth game of the season and taking the pennant away from the Cubs.

Jim was then fifty-two years old. He had been playing professional baseball for 31 years, mostly as an outfielder. He had not become a catcher until a few seasons previously, when he had bought a Connecticut League club and found that he had no back-stop on the roster.

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Doctors in outlying districts requiring a transfusion have now only to communicate the specific quantities of their patient's blood to a hospital, and a tin of the same caliber is dispatched immediately. In winter, some consignments have been landed over snow-bound areas by parachute.

—Tit Bits.

In Young and Old

Hamburger steak is a concession to the growing infirmity of teeth.



I'M SOLD

It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good liquid laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help. Taking a little less each time, gives the bowels a chance to act of their own accord, until they are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit. The action is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.

Cleaver and Wise

A clever fool is more dangerous to argue with than a wise one.

FOUND!

My Ideal Remedy for PAIN

"Though I have tried all good remedies Capudine suits me best. It is quick and gentle." Quickest because it is liquid—its ingredients are already dissolved. For headache, neuralgia, or muscle aches.

CAPUDINE

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