

Storm Music



By Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

When I told her what I had learned, which, except that my cousin was safe, was little enough.

"We must make for Yorick," she said. "Pharaoh's stranded, and that will give me a chance—with my brother, I mean. If Valentine's bored enough, I may be able to get him to go away."

"I'll offer him the Carlotta, he may see the point of a month at Juan-les-Pins. Besides, if we want your cousin, Yorick is where he will be. He's certain to be watching the castle—it's all he can do."

"Very good," said L. "I take it we drive to the door."

"Oh, yes. It's safe enough now." "You think you'll get Valentine off by an early train?"

"He keeps late hours. If I let him have the Carlotta, I might get him off tonight. He's a creature of impulse, you know. Paint the toy bright enough, and he'll want it at once. My God, John, I've got to do it. He simply must be gone before Pharaoh comes back."

"At length—

"Why not go to Pommer?" I said. "And use your original plan. We've only to find my cousin, and that should be easy enough. Let Pharaoh go back to Yorick. And then one night we'll cross the moat by the foot-bridge and do him in."

"I'm afraid to wait, my darling. If Pharaoh gets his foot in again, I think he'll play the card in his sleeve. He doesn't want to play it, but after tonight he'll feel that the luck's against him—and out it'll come. And the card that he's got in his sleeve is putting my brother wise." She drew in her breath. "Once Valentine knows of the gold, it's no good killing Pharaoh, for three weeks later another will reign in his stead. My brother will talk right and left. What's almost worse, he'll never leave me alone, as long as there's 80 pounds left. So you see, for that reason alone, Valentine must be gone before Pharaoh comes back."

The miles streamed by in silence, and I think it was just past midnight when I switched the Rolls off the road and into the entrance-drive.

As our headlights illuminated the gateway, I saw that the curtains were gone and the gates were shut, but a wicket in one of the leaves was open wide, and a servant was standing beside it, shading his eyes. He had, of course, seen our lights from the porter's lodge and had opened for 'Cap-tain Fanning,' as no doubt he had done before. As I brought the Rolls up to the wicket, I saw him start. Then he opened the door for his mistress and bowed to the ground.

"Come, John," said Helena quietly. She turned to the man. "Shut the wicket, Hubert, and wait in the lodge. The car will stay there."

In a flash she was in the courtyard, with Sabre and me behind.

The doors were open, and Helena sped up the staircase which led to the principal rooms. In the hall the lights were burning, but from first to last I saw no other servants, and we afterwards learned that the Count, at Pharaoh's suggestion, had sent them to bed every evening at half-past ten.

Helena's ear was fast to the library door. After a moment she passed to the dining-room. There for a moment she listened. Then her hand went out to the handle and softly opened the door.

A girl was standing on the table, regarding herself in the huge Italian mirror that hung on the wall. Her dress did not become her—it was so much finer than she. The scene was too coarse to be comic. Some girl from the streets of Lass was trying on Helena's clothes.

Champagne was on the table and on the floor. The Count was lying flat on his back. His condition was most apparent. To say he was drunk conveys nothing. Valentine, Count of Yorick, was down and out.

The girl had seen us in the mirror. Her hands clapped fast to her cheeks, she was staring at Helena's reflection with starting eyes. To confirm the mirror's report, she shot us one glance of horror; then she crumpled dress and sank to the table, dragging the dress about her and shrinking as though from some vision which was but waiting to give her the judgment that she deserved.

Helena went to her quickly and touched her arm.

nothing that I could do would help them back.

As I sat back on my heels—"No good?" said Helena quietly. "Hopeless," said L. "He's all in. He may come round by midday, but he won't be fit to talk to for 24 hours."

As the words left my mouth, the castle clock told us the time. A quarter past twelve.

"We must get him away," said Helena. "Now, at once. There's a train that leaves Lass for Innsbruck at one o'clock. We can't put him aboard at Lass—he's too well known, but I guess the train stops at Gola—that's ten miles on. The girl will have to go with him and see that he comes to no harm."

Although I could see that it was drastic, I had then no idea how monstrous was the action which she proposed. Her brother was her liege lord; when he succeeded her father, she was the first of his vassals to go on her knees, to put her hands between his, to swear to honor his person and ever maintain his freedom and all his rights. And this was no matter of form. For better or worse, for more than five hundred years the body of the Count had been sacred in the eyes of his house.

Times might change, but not Yorick. Its motto held.

On that handsome July night Helena snapped the tradition and broke her oath. Not a servant would have dared help her.

After perhaps five minutes our plans were laid.

Whilst Helena spoke with Mona, the girl from Lass, I scrawled a note to Pharaoh, and boldly signed it "V. Y."

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Helena went to her quickly and touched her arm.

"Don't be afraid," she said quietly. "If you do as I tell you, I'll see that you come to no harm."

"Fetch the night-watchman," said Helena.

The man ran into the courtyard and disappeared.

In a flash the wicket was open and I was outside.

As I heaved him into the car, I saw a bedraggled figure hurrying on to the bridge. I laid the Count flat on the floor-boards and put his coat over his face. Then I took my seat at the wheel and started to turn the car round. . . .

Helena was speaking.

"Rouse the other watchmen and the warden as well. The castle is to be searched. Unless he left by a postern, his lordship must still be here. Tell the warden that I have news for his lordship which will not wait, that I've gone to Lass to catch him in case he has gone."

"Your ladyship will be returning?" "Within the hour."

I had the car well in the shadows and Helena's door was open before she left the wicket to take her seat. And she was so quick that, though the porter made to escort her, I was able to have the car moving before he was out of the light.

As I whipped over the drawbridge, I heard her sigh with relief.

"And now for Mona," she said. The time was now half past twelve, which shows that much may be done in a quarter of an hour. Indeed, I would not have believed it if the clock had not been chiming as we passed over the bridge.

As we left the meadows, I set a foot on the brake and switched out my lights.

For a moment we sat in silence.

"Mona," cried Helena. "Mona." The girl did not answer, and after a frantic moment I flung myself out of the car.

"Mona," I cried, "where are you?" A figure rose out of the night.

"She's hopped it, sir," said Barley. "Cut through the woods. But I'm thankful to see you, sir. And that's the truth."

It was twenty minutes later, on the skirts of Annabel village, that Barley stood by the Rolls and told us his tale.

We dared not return to the castle before ten minutes past one, for Lass was 12 miles from Yorick and not even the Rolls could have done the double journey in less than 35 minutes, no matter how much she was pushed. We had, therefore, ten minutes to spare—much against our will, for that Pharaoh was racing for Yorick we had not a shadow of doubt. Still, to be uneasy was foolish; that day I had done the journey as Pharaoh was doing it now. If Pharaoh had the luck of the devil, we might expect to see him at half-past one; but I would have laid a fortune that he would not arrive before six.

So, as we had time to spare, Barley stood by the Rolls and told us his tale.

"A wire came on Monday, sir, a little later than usual, about ten o'clock. 'Return at once,' I said and it bore your name. Well, we left as sharp as we could—for Villach, of course; but when we get out at Villach, there ain't no car to meet us, let alone no Rolls. 'That's queer,' says Mr. Bohun. 'I don't understand it,' he says. 'If Mr. Spencer could wire, he could send a car. It may be all right, but we'd better go careful. Barley, from this time on.' Well, we 'ired a car at Villach, and stopped four miles from the farm. Then we enters the woods on foot. It was just about half-past four when we sights the house. Everything looks as usual—sleepy an' peaceful, you know, sir, an' no one about. But Mr. Bohun's uneasy. 'Mustn't rush in,' he says. 'You stay an' watch out,' he says, 'while I go round to the back.' He hadn't hardly spoke before Rush comes out of the apron, as bold as brass.

"I give you my word, sir, that shook us. We made sure they'd got you all right. But of course we couldn't do nothing until it was dark. Then we crept in and 'ad a close-up.' He drew in his breath. "Those two—Rush and Bugle—they're simple, that's what they are. They're like a turn on the falls. You could walk right in between them, before they'd know you were there. For 'all' what they said, and of course we very soon knew that Pharaoh'd got his foot in the castle and you was away. Then Mr. Bohun goes for the farmer's wife, but she knows nothing at all, except that his lordship's back and given special orders that Bugle and Rush is to have your rooms at the farm."

"Well, we had to have quarters somewhere, so Mr. Bohun comes here. 'The last place they'll look,' he says, 'and the best I know.' Then we starts in watchin' the castle and visitin' Plumage at night. And that was all we could do, for to look for you was hopeless—we didn't know where to begin. But we knew where Pharaoh was, and we made up our minds to get him, for once he was out of the way, all roads were clear."

Barley closed his eyes and pushed back his hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Blackbird Composer Man's power of creating music is challenged, declares Prof. Edward Engel, of Potsdam, by only one other living creature in the world—the blackbird. This bold assertion may arouse those who believe the canny or night-tingale to be supreme amongst bird musicians. But, whereas these birds pour forth their hereditary songs without blemish, the blackbird, the professor affirms, creates music of its own, improvising "straphes" on the spot. A treeless inventor of new harmony, the bird also has the true, artist's hatred of repetition. When inspired, it sings from 300 to 500 different melodies in a single day.—Tit-Bits Magazine



Dizzy Dean's Howl Just Ballyhoo, Not Temperament

IT WAS perhaps to be expected that the feeling of unrest that has been irritating so many microphones and congressional records should at last come to aggravate the gentlemen who perform in sports. From winter resorts, from night clubs and from less ably ballyhooed centers of athletic antics and endeavors terse bulletins proliferate. The boys no longer are weakening their niftiest sayings with smiles.

As one who must live (not too well) by sports I have been reading such reports with proper diligence. While reading—and while duly recollecting how the well-acted rages of wrestlers and other celebrated statesmen so often have elevated the minds of the customers—I also have been doing some wishful wondering.

Obviously, if the performers can engage in their work with blood in their eyes—as well as on their noses—the situation soon may be vastly improved. New patrons will be attracted and the waning attention of those who once were steadfast in their faith will be revived.

This increased zest for laying it on the line should be beneficial for all concerned. Promoters and their besweated prima donnas should be enabled to purchase new limousines. The National league might be enabled to pay its best umpire what he deserves, the state of New York might get some demerit income from the quasi-legal gambling and even the Phillies might be enabled to arrive at the clubhouse each day with a smile on their lips and two bits in the bank.

Unless you know your baseball well enough to be aware that Dizzy Dean merely is a large body of man entirely surrounded by press agents you are apt to suspect that vast sea of bitter jealousy separates him from his Alma Mater and his fellow students. Actually nothing could be farther from the truth.

For instance, there is the chit-chat that is being exchanged concerning his newest contract. Dizzy quite rightly is claiming that he is the best pitcher in baseball and therefore is worthy of the best salary. His St. Louis owner, if I have read some of the more eminent sports commentators correctly, is attempting to pay him all with rain checks. So there is blood on the moon.

All this does injustice to Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey. It is true that they are suave gentlemen who often have been wonderfully persuasive when dealing with lesser tollers in their vineyards, but they also are gentlemen who are richly endowed with common sense.

This means that when their star performer has boasted and blasted himself onto enough front pages they will immediately prove to him that advertising pays. With due acknowledgment of the fact that they have a pennant-contending club and also a pitcher who would be cheered even if he wore a Giants' uniform in Brooklyn, they will lay it on the line.

Naturally, Dizzy will not get the \$40,000 which he is hurling into the contest right now along with a plethora (sure I looked it up) of bitter adjectives. Just as naturally he does not expect it any more than he expects anyone to take seriously the harsh words he has been saying about his battery mate, Virgil Davis, Esq.

Cleveland May Inherit Big-Time Hockey Team Cleveland seems definitely to be the town to inherit the big-time hockey franchise which Les Canadiens will surrender after the present season. Al Stuphin, who will give up his Cleveland Falcon, International league, holdings, is to put up the dough. He will operate a farm team in Rochester. . . . San Jose, Calif., will send 30 of its citizens into professional baseball this year. . . . In the future there will be a close connection between the management of Aldo Spolli and that of Cleto Locatelli. . . . Pedro Montanez (just to get all this lightweight business attended to at once) has two self-appointed bodyguards, recruited from the ranks of his Puerto Rican followers.

One of England's most promising fighters is a nineteen-year-old featherweight who gets around quite nimbly in spite of the fact that he has a club foot. He hits hard, thinks fast and (no kidding) his name is Al Capone. . . . Although this is only his second season in big-time hockey Bill Miller, Les Canadiens forward, already is rated as one of the game's smartest players.

SINCE it is probable that the true purpose of sports is to permit customers and contestants to release pent-up emotions, I often gaze with wonder upon the Joe Louises, the Hank Leibers and the Glenn Cunninghams. How these eminent sporting gentlemen—popularly and properly labeled as "Dead Pans"—manage to get away with it is a problem that well could interest any student of box office appeal.

Yet they do get away with it and, indeed, those faces which never have twitched a muscle even at the tightest of moments, have perhaps come to an important reason for their owners' eminence.

No doubt the average fan, accustomed to running through all the emotions in the course of a day, always will love the mobile-mugged Babe Ruths better because he can understand them better. But this very element of difference also causes him to stare in fascination at the celebrities who are as unblinking while slashing an opponent to ribbons as while nibbling a crumpet.

Strangely enough, in view of the general belief concerning the feminine temperaments, women athletes seem to assay a higher percentage of dead twinges of their bodies indicate their opinions rather freely, but the faces claim the news that the boys no longer are weakening their niftiest sayings with smiles.

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Period of Youth Is Crisis or Seedtime of One's Life

Let this thought, then, be lodged deeply in every youthful mind, that now is the crisis of life—that every hour of time, every habit of thought, feeling, or action, the book or paper you read, the words you hear, the companions you associate with, the purposes you cherish, each makes its indelible mark, and all combine and work together in forming you for future honor, usefulness and happiness, or for shame, misery, and death.—Collyer.

LIFE LONG FRIEND Keeps Them Fit at 70

Advertisement for Life Long Friend medicine, featuring a photo of a man and woman and text describing its benefits for health and vitality.

Resist the Magnet Don't listen to two others argue if you can't keep out of it.

FOUND! My Ideal Remedy for PAIN

Advertisement for Capudine medicine, featuring a photo of a man and text describing its effectiveness for various pains.

SOUR STOMACH—GAS?

Advertisement for Glover's Mange Medicine, featuring a photo of a man and text describing its benefits for digestive issues.

It's All In HOW You Fight BALDNESS!

Advertisement for Glover's Mange Medicine, featuring a photo of a man and text describing its benefits for hair loss.

Black-Draught Relief Prompt and Refreshing

It's a good idea that so many people have—to keep Black-Draught handy so they can take a dose for prompt relief at the first sign of constipation. Mr. Sherman Sneed, of Evansville, Tenn, writes: "I take Black-Draught for constipation which causes headache, a bad, tired feeling and for biliousness, bad taste in the mouth and sluggish feeling. Black-Draught, taken about two nights, clears up this trouble and I get all right."

BEFORE BABY COMES Elimination of Body Waste Is Doubly Important

In the crucial months before baby arrives it is vitally important that the body be rid of waste matter. Your intestines must function—regularly, completely without gripping. Why Physicians Recommend Miliesia Wafers These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—much pleasanter to take than liquid. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system, and insure regular, complete elimination without pain or effort. Miliesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Advertisement for Miliesia Wafers, featuring a photo of the product packaging and text describing its benefits.