STORM MUSIC

By Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

—12—

"D'you think we could get that man, sir? We could have had the others time and again. Bugle, and Rush, I mean—though we could have had Dewdrop, too. But Mr. Bohun says, 'No, Bugle and Rush,' he says, 'is our information bureau. So we won't do them in,' he says; 'if there's any news goin' they'll have it.' But you wouldn't believe how we've laid an' laid for Pharaoh—and missed him every time. Look at tonight, sir. I'd been lyin' there where I met you since half-past six. Keepin' observation, I was, for Mr. Bohun's at Salzburg—I've told you that. To beat up his quarters, he said, in case you'd called. Well, I thought I had got him tonight, when the Rolls slowed down. I was ready to blow his head off—an' then it turns out that it's you. I don't believe in charmed lives, but if ever a blackguard had one, Pharaoh's him."

"You wait, Barley," said I, and got into the car. "When d'you expect Mr. Bohun?"

"Tomorrow morning, sir. About seven o'clock."

"What could be better?" said I. "Tell him to expect me for breakfast at about a quarter to nine. And that after that, if he likes, we'll run along to Plumage and close the information bureau."

As I let in the clutch—

"Good-by, Barley," cried Helena. "Do what you can for his lordship and ask Mr. Bohun to forgive me for making free with his room."

But Barley made no answer. I think he was incapable of speech.

We were back at the castle within a quarter of an hour.

As the warden stepped out of the wicket, Helena spoke.

"Has anyone entered the castle since I've been gone?"

The porter replied:

"No one at all, my lady."

I had known that would be his answer, but the words were comfortable words. The race had been ours all the way, but now we knew it was over and the numbers were up.

Helena was addressing the warden.

"He's not been to the station, Florin. Unless he's here, he must have gone somewhere by car."

"His lordship's not here, my lady. And the Adelaide postern was open which shows that he went that way."

I drove the Rolls under the archway and into the small courtyard.

As the leaves were closed behind us "Out of sight of the wicket," said Helena.

There was just enough room to berth the car out of view.

Helena turned to the warden, who had opened the door by her side.

"The porter is to put out his lights, but stay in his lodge. He is to open to no one, until you return. Mark that. To no one at all. And in five minutes' time you and all the night-watchmen will come to the library."

"If your ladyship pleases," said Florin.

Helena left the car, and I followed her up the stairs. . . .

As I closed the library door, my lady took off her hat, pitched it on to a sofa and moved to the hearth.

"What are you going to tell them?"

For a moment she did not answer, but stood with her eyes on the flames. Then—

"That the man that murdered young Florin is coming to the castle tonight; that three hours ago he did his best to kill you, because he knows you can prove that he took young Florin's life; that they know him as 'Captain Faning,' but that I know him as 'Pharaoh'—a very dangerous felon, who is wanted for at least four murders in England alone." She turned to set her hands on my shoulders. "You must forgive me, darling, for playing this hand alone. But now you must stay in the background until we're through. They must not begin to believe that I'm acting on your advice. Now that Valentine's out of the way, my authority here is supreme, but I'm putting a strain upon it when I use my brother's absence to order the death of his guest. Tomorrow—this afternoon you'll stand on another footing, for everyone in the castle will know I'm to be your wife."

I could not answer her, but I put my arms around her and kissed her lips.

And then the light in her face went out.

The lips I had kissed were moving, but no words came . . . and her little hands were trembling . . . and the blood was out of her face.

She was looking over my shoulder—not so much with horror as dully, as though the battle were hopeless and she was tired.

As I let her go and swung round—

"Don't move, Mr. Spencer," said Pharaoh. "The trigger they give these things are absurdly light."

"This thing" was an automatic pistol, pointing in my direction, about six paces away.

CHAPTER VIII

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I Bear a Message.

I confess that I was dumbfounded, and several seconds went by before I could find my tongue.

"That's so much bluff," said I. "This isn't the forester's cottage. If you fire on me here—"

"I most frankly admit," said Pharaoh, "that the feelings with which I should kill you would be extremely mixed. To be still more frank, I don't want you to force my hand. Not that I value your life. In fact, you're rather a nuisance. But if I were to—er—abate you, I should probably have to withdraw—and that wouldn't suit my book. But for you to take any action would suit my book even less. And so, if you move, I shall fire. . . . I'm sure Lady Helena favors my point of view."

"Yes," said Helena, quietly. "I see your point. Don't move, John, I beg you. He means what he says."

"He does indeed," said Pharaoh.

With his words a knock fell upon the door. . . .

"Ah," said Pharaoh. "The trusty warden, no doubt. 'With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes; behind him march the halberdiers . . .' I think you were going to tell him something, Lady Helen. Well, do have him in. But perhaps I ought to remind you that Mr. Spencer's life will depend upon what you say."

The pistol slid into his pocket; but though he withdrew his left hand, his right hand stayed where it was.

Again the warden knocked, and Helena raised her voice and cried to him to come in.

The warden entered the room.

As his eyes lit upon Pharaoh, he started, as though in surprise; then he closed the door behind him and turned to where Helena stood.

My lady moistened her lips.

"I'm not at all satisfied, Florin, with the watch that is being kept. Here's Captain Faning returned, but he was never challenged or—"

"I found a postern open," said Pharaoh. "To save the porter trouble, I entered by that."

"He should have been seen," said Helena, "crossing the bridge."

The warden looked greatly concerned.

"There is something amiss, my lady—I know not what. I will swear that Hubert is faithful and Piers, who is

"That's So Much Bluff," Said I.

watchman tonight, is a man of his word. Yet, as I tell them, they might have no eyes nor ears."

"There is something amiss," said Helena. "Double the watchmen, Florin, and stop all leave. Two porters are to stay in the lodge and to keep a list of all persons that use the bridge. No postern is to be opened without permission from me. Why were the servants abed when I came in?"

"By his lordship's orders, my lady."

"Those orders are cancelled—until his lordship returns. And now rouse his lordship's valet and let him prepare the room in the eastern tower—the room above mine. Mr. Spencer will sleep there tonight. And rouse Rachel, as well. She will make my room ready and wait till I come. One thing more." She drew out her master key. "Here is my key, Florin. You may as well keep it for me until I need it again."

The warden bowed and took it.

"Will your ladyship speak to the men?"

"Not tonight. I've changed my mind. But please see that they do their duty. I've a definite feeling of danger—very pressing danger, Florin; so please beware."

"Rest assured, my lady, nothing that I can do shall be left undone."

Helena smiled and nodded, and the warden bowed low. Then he bowed to me, but not Pharaoh, and left the room.

"I congratulate you," said Pharaoh, "upon your quickness of wit. I had to give you some rope and you used it all."

Helena took her seat in a high-backed chair.

"I rather fancy," she said, "you'd have done the same."

"I don't know that I should have," said Pharaoh, wrinkling his brow. "I believe in a margin of safety. . . . Now why do you think the warden ignored me when he went out?"

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps you don't command his respect."

Pharaoh fingered his chin.

"Dewdrop," he said quietly.

One of the curtains swayed, and Dewdrop stepped out.

"Concentrate on that warden, Dewdrop. You heard what her ladyship said. If he seems to be getting ideas, you must act for the best. The situation is delicate, Dewdrop, for what are we among so many? And now cover Mr. Spencer. I want to talk."

As Dewdrop moved towards me he took his seat on a sofa and crossed his legs.

Pharaoh was looking at Helena, smiling an insolent smile.

"I'm afraid it's clear," he drawled, "that you didn't expect me so soon." He sighed. "That's been the misfortune of so many people I've known. Some of them are still living. You see, a car came by, and its owner gave me a lift. To be perfectly frank, he surrendered the wheel to Dewdrop without a word. You know, I can't help feeling you ought to have thought of that."

"I agree," said Helena, shortly. "That was a bad mistake."

"But the only one," said Pharaoh. "Indeed, if I may say so, I'm much impressed. Mr. Spencer's quite a good chauffeur—I'm sure of that, but only a brain in a thousand would have thought of abducting the Count."

Helena stared.

"Are you being humorous?"

"No," said Pharaoh quietly. "I'm simply giving you the answer to a simple addition sum. As it's very short, I'll do it over again. . . . You left the castle as I was approaching the bridge. In fact, I was able to cross it while Hubert—the faithful Hubert—was closing the wicket, before he re-entered the lodge. That's why he didn't see me. But that's by the way. . . . Well, I found your departure astounding. I mean, on the face of it, once you had gained the castle, to deliberately leave it was the act of a fool. But you are no fool, Lady Helena. . . . I was still considering this paradox, when I found the postern ajar. I confess that helped me a lot—in more ways than one. And the moment I heard that the Count of Yorick was missing, the sum came out." He uncrossed his legs and leaned forward. "Let me put some cards on the table. I want you to see that, if for no other reason, because you have scruples you are weighted clean out of this race. You see, I am not so embarrassed—I never am. Now take tonight. Placed as you were, once I was back in the castle, nothing this side of hell would have got me out. Yet the Count would have disappeared. Now there's a little problem—which I will resolve. I assume he was drunk—forgive me, but he usually is by ten. Well, they say blood's thicker than water, but I never found it so. I should have dropped him gently into the moat. . . . Perhaps you think I'm bluffing. Let me tell you what happened tonight. I wanted a car—badly, and I took the first that came by. Well, that was against the law. By taking that car I offended the law and order—two inconvenient gods. They therefore had to be sidetracked. . . . What is left of that car is lying on its side in a gully, it's still burning—with the man it belonged to inside."

This recital was dreadful enough, but Pharaoh lent it a horror that made my blood run cold.

"Are you seeking to frighten us?" Helena said.

Pharaoh sat back.

"No," he said, smiling. "Only to open your eyes."

He glanced at his watch. "Dear, dear, a quarter to two. It's far too late to discuss my mission tonight. If you'll promise me one or two things—well, I daresay your room is ready—" he raised his eyes to the ceiling "—and the room above yours."

"You insolent swine!" I roared. "If you think—"

The sentence ended in a manner which I should like to forget. I yelped with pain, leaped from my seat on the table and swung about, smarting and furious, to face Dewdrop's leveled pistol some three feet away.

The Jew had pricked my buttock with the blade of his knife.

I hesitated, trembling with rage and desperately weighing the chances of an immediate attack. Fire upon me they dared not.

Helena's arm was about my shoulders, and her cool, slim hand on my wrist.

"Not that way, my darling, I beg you. Let me play the hand."

"I entirely agree," said Pharaoh. "You're much too mutton-fisted. But you mustn't become abusive. That's really all Dewdrop meant."

"All right," I said thickly. "You play it. I'll manage to bide my time."

The clasp on my shoulders tightened, but that was all.

"What terms," said Helena, quietly, "do you suggest?"

"Your word that you will do nothing before midday. That at that hour you two will be here, to take up the same positions you now lay down. That you will give no orders and make no sort of statement which might correct the impression that I am your guest. In a word, I desire your parole—the parole of you both."

"I give it," said Helena, quietly.

"And Mr. Spencer?" said Pharaoh.

Before I could speak—

"I pledge his word," said Helena.

"That's good enough," said Pharaoh. "Allow me to wish you good night." He bowed and turned to the door. "Come, Dewdrop," he said.

• • • • • • • •

Half an hour had gone by, and I was sitting, brooding, on the side of my bed. I was clad in the Count's pajamas and was wearing his dressing-gown. I had cleansed myself in the bathroom and staunched my wound. This, of course, was nothing, but because it was deep, it had bled a deal more freely than I had supposed. It certainly ached a little, but I was more hungry than hurt.

I needed food very badly—to help me, body and soul. Sleep was out of the question. Besides, I did not feel tired. . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ancient Churchyard in Bronx

A churchyard dating from colonial days is situated in the heart of the Bronx, where many immigrants live.

Hugh Bradley Says:

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It's Hard to Judge Rookies Ere First Southern Tests

ONE minute after he had possession of a good two-thirds of the seat, he was proudly displaying a receipt for a lower berth and even more proudly confiding that he was bound all the way to Florida.

"Yeah," he said. "You travel in style when you get to where I am. Why, say, fellow, look at that—"

He could have been an actor, reporter or traveling salesman, but even before he had finished the sentence I had placed him. I also knew why he preferred to ride for a while in the smoking car. People who travel in pullmans are not always sympathetic and they are not always baseball fans.

"Look at that big Ruth," he continued. "Why—"

We did not look at Ruth. It would have been rather a difficult assignment anyhow since, at this moment, when the train was speeding through Delaware, Babe was down South banging golf balls up and down the links. Instead, with his fully and happy co-operation, I joined my seatmate in looking at himself.

He is twenty-two years old, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 192 pounds and won 21 while losing six in a very minor league last year. He comes from (and this part of the information was merely gleaned from the rich harvest of his more important remarks, such as "that Dean, why he talks too much to be good," and "that Mungo, say if I wasn't gonna be faster than him, say I'd—") a town such as Paw Paw, Mich. (Pop. 2,000.)

Possibly experience should have taught me better, but I had to get off at Baltimore and when we shook hands I tried to slip in a word.

"Well, kid," I told him. "If it's not just what you expect or if after the season opens you have any trouble getting to feel at home in—."

"Trouble." He repeated the words and looked at me scornfully. "Why should I have any? I'll be a star, won't I? Besides, one town's just the same as another to me. Why, when we moved to Paw Paw it wasn't a week before I was wise to everything in that burg. Say, fellow, I—"

But the train pulled out then and possibly I shall never know what else he was going to say. Possibly I will, though. Baseball is funny that way and it is especially funny when you try to judge rookies before they have undergone the leavening influence of the first training camp.

Pepper Martin Rode Freight to First Camp

For instance, there was that youngster who arrived at the Cards' camp one spring. Except for two things he would have been the most inconspicuous rookie in town. These two things were that his clothes were extraordinarily shabby and that he seemed in dire need of a good meal.

Pepper Martin

They told me how $65 was all the money that the boy had in the world when he left home. How he wanted to save that so that he might feel secure and not be obligated to any one. How, in order to do this, he had ridden on freight trains from Oklahoma to Florida. How, a few hours before he had arrived at camp, somebody had stolen the money.

Perhaps such evidence of ambition did cause them to call the turn and predict that the boy was bound to be a good one. I doubt it. Somehow I feel that it was months later, when he was well on his way to running off with a World Series and becoming a front-page sensation throughout the land that everybody realized that rookie really meant business.

By that time, of course, Pepper Martin did not care what had been the springtime thoughts of those who had surrounded him.

By next fall, too, it is possible that the young man on the train will not care what one writer thought of him.

Do you remember way back when—

Professional baseball players were put into their first short trousers?

The first important team so sensibly clad were the Cincinnatis of 1867.

Possibly the customers never had known that the players had legs.

Anyhow the fans looked, gasped and then yelled in tones of pure admiration.

Thus was born a nickname that—although somewhat abbreviated during the hurrying seasons—has lived longer than any other in the history of the sport.

For the words that burst from the throats of the admiring, pop-eyed fans that afternoon were "Red Stockings!"

IN 1887 John L. Sullivan fought the young and stalwart Patsy Cardiff, whose new-grown reputation had stretched so high that the sports pages hailed him as the "Peoria Giant."

Jawn L. weighed more than 230 pounds that night in Minneapolis. When he donned his tights in the dressing room their waist line immediately was concealed by the lapping flesh. But the Boston Strong Boy parted his mustache, gulped another tall one and stumbled out.

At the bell he charged across the ring, swinging lustily, seeming determined to get it over quickly. But the Peoria Giant was young and sturdy, finely trained for this grand opportunity. He withstood it all, even one of Jawn L.'s best to his jaw. Then he began landing some vicious blows of his own.

They came into the third. Sullivan was breathing in short, quick, noisy puffs. Perhaps this was because he was so far out of shape. Perhaps also it was because he was enraged at this Peoria Giant who had dared to defy him. He leaped across the ring, swinging a fist that had all his 230 pounds behind it.

The blow landed on the young man's jaw. His legs quivered. He staggered. But the Peoria Giant stayed up.

Indeed this youngster who could hit and box and take it stayed for three more rounds until the scheduled affair was ended. Then they called it a draw and also summoned doctors.

When the physicians emerged from the dressing room the fans who loved him listened and were satisfied. They knew now why Jawn L., after landing his Sunday punch, had not been able to finish this aggressive young giant who had faced him.

When, the doctors said, he had landed that right to the jaw of the Peoria Giant, the Boston Strong Boy had broken his arm.

Bill Tilden's New Fame: Sandwich Named for Him

Not in the box score:

Bill Tilden at last has achieved real fame. A restaurant somewhere in Ohio has named a sandwich after him. Quite appropriately the dainty tidbit is composed largely of anchovies and capers. . . . After years of devotion to long red flannels Joe Jacobs, the fight pilot, picked this winter as the one in which to start wearing linen shorts. . . . During a fast game the average center half runs fifteen miles, according to Jack Robbs, the soccer expert, who used to do it. . . . After a brief winter lull the Frankie Frisch-Jimmy Wilson feud is on again.

Bill Tilden

The gentlemen who are arguing whether Jack Dempsey ever signed a contract to meet Harry Wills might be interested to know that the document reposes in the Madison Square Garden cornerstone. Tex Rickard, who never suspected that the boys would start snapping at one another about it, placed it there when the building was dedicated. . . . Pat McAteer, an Irisher and one of the stars of the German-American Football association, also is a member of the Hatikvoh Jewish All-Stars soccer team. . . . Art Lesieur, Les Canadiens' defense ace, to wear a hat even in zero weather. Recently, because they feared that he would catch cold, his bosses bought him a bonnet and placed it on his head. The next day Lesieur caught cold.

There are smart gentlemen who will bet you that Red Rain's name will not be on the list when the Kentucky Derby nominations close on Saturday. . . . Perhaps that is just as well when it is recalled that such Whitney favorites as Equipoise and Top Flight were heavily backed in the winter books after being nominated and yet never reached the Churchill Downs post. . . . Books which recently have reached this department include Stanley Frank's very comprehensive "The Jew in Sports," and "Big Game," a football novel penned by Francis Wallace.

Cornell alumni are urging that Dr. Ray Van Orman be hired as football coach. Thirty years or so ago Van Orman was an all-America end at Ithaca, and since then he has done some highly competent coaching jobs. . . . High school baseball games often draw crows of 40,000 in Japan, where the cheer leaders balance themselves on the bleacher rails and use fans instead of megaphones. . . . Robert Rosser, past captain of the Crescent-Hamilton A. C. soccer team, was a renowned schoolboy cricketeer. When only fourteen years old Mr. Rosser, who now is cashier of a celebrated bank, represented South Africa in international contests. . . . The Gastanaga-Carnera affair should be the best (financially and otherwise) the Garden has staged all winter. . . . Note to the lads who write letters to this department—"Unless you sign your names, into the waste basket it goes."

A New York state assemblyman is considering a bill which might cut heavily into the profits of those prize fight organizations which now (Hallelujah) operate so prettily in the cause of charity. . . . Although he is the amateur champion people insist upon sending Wilmer Allison's mail to the pro tennis headquarters. . . . Incidentally it was not until his father-in-law advised against it that Allison gave up the idea of becoming a pro.

Elated Puerto Ricans have presented Sixto Escobar, who brought the bantamweight title to the island, with two acres of land in Barcelona.

Lady "Much Relieved" After Taking Cardui

Although they may be very active and apparently in good health, many women, at certain times, will do well to take Cardui. Mrs. F. T. Foster, of Greensburg, Ky., writes that she has "derived great benefit" from Cardui.

"Before taking Cardui, I was weak and extremely nervous, and suffered from sleeplessness. This made me tired and worn in daytime. My back ached continually. Being an active woman, I did not want to continue in this condition. Having heard a great deal about Cardui, I found, after just a few bottles, I was much relieved. I continued taking Cardui and was so much helped."

Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

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ADVICE TO WOMEN

Mrs. Ida B. Lanum of 404 Pearl St., Lynchburg, Va., said: "I was unable to sleep at night and my housework had become burdensome and tedious. My back hurt me so badly at times I thought it would break. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did me a great deal of good. My digestion was greatly improved. I became stronger, slept better at night, had no more backache, and I felt more like living after using this tonic." Buy now!

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Read this letter—how smarting rash and blisters due to external causes were relieved in almost no time by Cuticura.

"I noticed an itching sensation on my face and arms. It afterwards formed blisters that left the skin very tender and sensitive. Finally a rash broke out which, when rubbed, caused a smarting and intense itching. It was agony.

"A sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment relieved me so much that I bought some. After using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one-half tin of Cuticura Ointment, the rash disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. Grace Bailey, 390 East 201st St., Bronx, New York City.

Cuticura also soothes the irritation of pimples, ringworm, burning and itching of eczema with wonderful speed and effectiveness. Buy today. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Samples FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 19, Malden, Mass.—Adv.

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Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. 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 *quick, complete elimination* of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia 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.

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