Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER X—Continued

-17-The knowledge set my heart pounding. Some fountain that had not been working burst suddenly into play. liquor was bitter-sweet-and it made me drunken with rage. A girl had been mishandled. Not the Countess ena of Yorick, for she was not of this life; but a slight, pathetic figure, whose head was bare . . . that had stood very still in a valley.

What then took place, happened more swiftly than I can set it down.

Bugle was on the drawbridge, and was standing, ready and waiting to kill him, three paces away. I saw the man drop the handkerchief and I saw him draw back his arm to discharge the shoe. It was then that I noticed Sabre -nosing the scrap of linen, white on the bridge. . . .

As the shoe left Bugle's hand, the Alsatian crouched, and as he turned to come back, the great dog sprang. The shock would have sent a giant | Geoffrey's knife in my sleeve. . . . flying, for Sabre weighed fully six

bridge, I heard a bone snap.

The splash they made must have the castle itself.

As I stumbled into the passage-"Up the stairs on yer left. I've got to lock this door."

It seemed best to do as he said. Pharaoh and Dewdrop were gone. needed Rush to bring me where they

were. Without a word, I turned to the steps I knew. . . .

As I came to their head, I became aware of a radiance-a faint suggestion of light, enough to outline the doorway that gave to the little hall. Another step, and I heard the drone of a voice.

I entered the hall a-tiptoe.

One of its doors was half-open-not that of the staircase which led to Helena's room. Beyond this a light was burning, the light of a torch-and an ice-cold voice was teaching a bitter sentence to cut like a whetted knife.

will be restored. Very likely the police his lips. And Dewdrop, a pace or will arrive. They won't arrive tonight, | two distant, was holding the torch. But for the telephone isn't working. I'm I had not distinguished Pharaoh, and afraid I'm to blame for that. The Pharaoh was first on my list. Then search, which is now proceeding in a | the man spoke again, and I knew that ganized; clues will be sifted; the ab- farther side of the room. duction will be reconstructed. Your sheets are below the ramparts, so hand is upon the treasure. It's simply they'll know you were taken that way. | a question of testing these walls and Your handkerchief lies on the draw- this floor. But I can't get it out of the bridge; the slipper which you kicked | castle-at least, not as much as I want, off will be found in the fields. I ex- I don't like to use the drawbridge: pect they'll employ your Alsatian-I'm | believe even your bucolics would find sure I should. But as I carried you | that strange. But I know there's anothhere, I don't think that he will come | er way out. You took it with Mr. Spenoff. One has to think of these things. | cer five nights ago." Be that as it may, no stone will be left unturned to find the beautiful countess-you really are lovely, you know-the worshipful mistress of Yorick, that carted her drunken brother out of her way. And all the time you'll be here, sharing this somewhat unfriendly chamber with me and my friends. . . You do see the point, don't you? They won't search the castle, because they'll know for certain we're none of us here. You didn't search it this morning-you knew I was gone. And if they did search the castle, I hardly think Florin would let them look in this room. It's cleverly done, that door. You've got to be curious to find it and an expert to find its lock. I'm both. I found them on Wednesday evening-with the help of your brother's key. I need hardly say that had I known that the key which you handed the warden was his and not yours. we should have adjourned to this chamber this morning instead of tonight. However, all's well that ends

A stealthy step behind me remembered Rush. As I turned, he was locking the door

well. . . . "

at the head of the curling stair. For a fraction of a second I hesi-Rush was at my mercy. this the time to unmask? And then I just now, you couldn't get it away.

to stake my winnings once more. straightened his back and turned to the half-open door. Then he er your chance of escape. You've only

breathe in my ear. "Come on, you. I'll give you Pha-

rach's a genius. He's got little Sheba | Quite good order, I warn you: Mr. Bo-

Here, since it bears upon my story.

I must describe how you entered that secret room. This was the way of it.

the keyhole was set to the right, and course, as I say, if you stay here, when you had turned the key, the iron- you're perfectly safe. But you've nei- "The trouble is you've got far as you studded oak opened inwards and so ther food nor water, and nothing that | can." to the left. At once you found your- you can think of will make me talk." self at the foot of a staircase-turret. the steps of which rose to the right and after three or four rises curled out of "You've no one here to torture, and following curious fact. When a son your view.

Now the door was very heavy and, ment I'm up against it: but you are old, a leopard, the badge of Yorick, not being truly hung, had to be held up against time." open; if it were not so held, it at once | It was clear that she meant what Is that true, Lady Helena?" swung back to its frame and, since its | she said: her fearlessness was sublock was a spring-lock, shut itself fast. | lime.

open the door as wide as you could. Rush could each of them manage

which gave to the secret room. The door which it framed was also of oak and iron, but though it boasted a handle, there was no keyhole at all. It was in fact locked by the catch which held open the major door. Turn this catch to one side, and the minor door

would swing open without a sound. From within the room this door, they?" when shut, could neither be opened nor seen, because it was backed with the woodwork which covered the walls.

All this, of course, I learned later. All that I knew at the moment was that the door to the room had been "cleverly done."

Rush whispered over his shoulder. "Watch out for this door, It's

He sidled round the oak and I followed, with a hand on my pistol and I shall never forget the scene.

Only one torch was alight, and this As Bugle met the rail of the draw- was so held by Dewdrop that its beam fell on Helena's face. To this the eye And then the two went over, into the | naturally turned, and in an instant the rest of the room was black.

She was sitting upright on a bench, been heard, but for the outcry within | with her back to the panelled wall. The neck of her dress was torn and As I ran for the postern, I heard a had fallen from one of her shoulders. hubbub in the archway and Florin's If anything, her air was listless: she voice calling to Hubert to open the did not seem to be breathing, she sat so still. Her eyes were lowered to avoid the glare of the torch, but her beau-"This is the stuff," breathed Rush. | tiful head was high, and for all the emotion she showed she might have been sitting in a church.

The sight of her captive and desolate hit me hard.

That Pharaoh had been able to seize her was all my fault: but for me, she would have had Sabre, her bodyguard. More. Had I returned to the castle, my cousin and Barley and I would all have been there, and the odds against Pharaoh's success would have been absurd: as it was, I had made them even-and Pharaoh had

The beam of the torch was blinding and I shut my eyes and sank my chin on my* chest. I wanted to be able to see where Pharaoh was, Rush was beside me; he had lingered a moment to take up the wedge and to lock the "So you see, there's not much left. | major door, but now he was standing Tomorrow morning, no doubt, order beside me-I could hear him licking somewhat haphazard way, will be or- he was standing or sitting on the

There was a little silence. Then-"Go on," said Helena, quietly. "You will tell me that way." said

"And then?"

"We shall work till dawn, removing as much as we can."

"And then?" "We shall clear up and go," said Pharaoh, "And you will be free. I hardly think you'll want anybody to find us-in possession of so much gold."

"'Clear up and go,'" said Helena. "What do you mean by 'clear up?' " "I mean what you think I mean. There's a nulsance I've got to abate." "If you were honest, you'd say 'a

score to settle." "I prefer the term 'nuisance.' Still that may have to wait a little. At dawn we shall leave the castle, and you will

Helena took a deep breath.

"I see," she said. "And now I'll te you something. You've got a long way but a long way is never enough. You know that you're near the gold, but you don't know how to reach it. It's very well to talk of testing these walls and this floor, but that's a job for a mason and you know it as well as I. But Was | if the gold was here, as you admitted More. So long as you stay here, you're safe, for on one will open this room. But the longer you stay here, the slighthung on his heel for an instant, to the Rolls and my men will very soon find that, looking for me. And tomorrow, as you surmise, order will be restored. then, therefore, you will have to cut | gold.' your way out. You'll have no gold to carry, so that should be easy enough: You know what they are. To obtain In the massive door from the hall full of my people, looking for me. Of lengths."

> "What, nothing?" said Pharaoh. I'm not afraid for myself. For the mo- or a daughter of Yorick is ten years

A catch was, therefore, provided, to I wondered if she believed what

was Pharaoh the man to grab what he could and bolt? If she opened her prevent it from playing this trick- mouth, Pharaoh would certainly go. It the sort of self-acting catch that is seemed likely that he would take with used for an entrance gate; and to bring him a thousand pounds. Fifteen hunthis catch into action, you had but to dred, perhaps: Dewdrop and Bugle and But by so doing you were masking an- bag. And something else he would take -against his return: and that was her Enter the turret and let the door | master key. And she herself would be shut behind you, and there in the wall free, for she would be dead. Was it which the door, when open, had hid- likely that Pharaoh, the ruthless, would den, was another smaller doorway spare her life? Spare her to cut off his access, if nothing else?

"It certainly looks," he said, "as though we shan't be able to finish to- speak their pieces, an night. Still, these things shouldn't be impassioned radical is rushed. And you know I can't help in full eruption. Befeeling that twenty-four hours in this | ing a hater of kings, chamber will help you to change your he would drive the mind. The quarters are close, aren't royal family forth and

much." said Helena, calmly, "may happen in twenty-four hours." the world, and time will stand still. Outside-well, the warden will rage and your people imagine vain things: Mr. Bohun will organize: Mr. Spencer will grin like a dog and run about

"Mr. Spencer's the rock you've split

on from first to last." "In a sense that's true," said Pharach. "I frankly admit I'm more accustomed to dealing with knaves than fools. And he's been very fortunate so far: but I don't think his luck will last. It's all my fault," he sighed. "I've



"As You Know I Can't Help Feeling That 24 Hours in This Chamber Will Help You to Change Your

my better judgment I let him live. But there-we all make mistakes. To be perfectly honest, I went to the for-"As always, I'm perfectly frank. My ester's cottage because I believed he was there. I didn't need you, you know. already knew of this room."

"You seem to need me now." "Quite," said Pharaoh, "quite. But that's because your brother has gone. As a host-well, his hospitality left nothing to be desired. I find you more exacting. Never mind. About Mr. Spencer. You know I did give him a chance. I actually wrote him a note, containing some good advice."

"People like Mr. Spencer don't take any notice of threats. He had spoiled

your game-and he isn't dead yet." "I assure you," said Pharaoh, "it's only a matter of time." A gust of passion suddenly shook his accents. "If he goes to Tibet, I'll get him." The gust died down, and he laughed. "Stupid," he murmured. "Let's say I don't

like his face." "You don't like him because you fear

"He may prove inconvenient. Unabated nuisances sometimes do."

"It isn't his tongue that you fear. You fear his hand."

"But you don't, do you?" flashed Pharaoh. "It's astonishing how you've fallen for that young calf." I could just distinguish the man, but

the resolute beam from the torch went far to distract my eye. I could make out that he was sitting astride of a chair, about six paces from Dewdrop, close to the wall. There was furniture standing between us, a massive writing table against which Dewdrop was leaning, holding the torch,

For fear of missing my man, I dared not fire upon him from where I stood. Reach him I could not, without crossing the beam of the torch,

"I told you I had no scruples." The voice was cold and harsh as the Vardar wind. "Am I to demonstrate this?" Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"That's a matter for you-not me. find it sufficiently obvious, but perhun will see to that. If you wait till haps you like gilding your most refined "I have two questions to ask you.

but once you are out, you'll have no | the accurate answers. I am ready to sort of transport and the park will be | go all lengths. Not a long way. All

"I believe you," said Helena calmly.

"Let us see. Your brother was a mine of information, as you may believe. "Nothing," said Helena, calmly. Amongst other things he told me the is tattooed upon their skin. . . . Is-

Helena moistened her lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

what thinks about:

CANTA MONICA, CALIF .-Maybe the English have the right idea. The Reds spout as they please—so long as they stay off the radio and take it out in spouting.

There's a story in point: In Hyde Park where the crackpots and clack-jaws

set fire to their official London residence. A heckler quarrels with the orator; the crowd joins in, about equally divided, trouble im-

pends. A large calm

policeman plows through the jam. "'Ere, now!" he commands. "All them as is going to burn down Buckingham palace form on this side, please. All them as is not going to burn down Buckingham palace kindly form

on that side." When you start people laughing at an agitator you've killed him colder than though you used an ax. I wish we'd club in and laugh some of our only myself to thank. But he made half-baked Communists to death. But such an excellent lever that against for desperate cases we might keep an ax or two handy.

Rise of Landon Boom.

A S ONE state delegation after another swings toward Landon, his campaign managers are as optimistic as a seed catalogue. To be sure, taking the first heat doesn't necessarily mean your nag will win the county trophies, but it certainly does cheer up the stable-hands-and sometimes starts stampede for front seats in the grand-

For once in G. O. P. history the rank and file shun a brother from the Atlantic seaboard as though he were a pesthouse.

At the ensuing convention it looks as though all the easterners will get will be the seconding-the-motion conces-

And yet I can remember when, if you called a fellow a Wall Street Republican, you didn't have to smile as you said it.

. . .

War Debt Specters.

LIVE and a half million European I troops are drilling and seven million more are practically ready for service, more by one million and a half than there were in 1914, when the last big mess broke out.

Those Americans who are being grievously taxed because the powers won't pay back what they have owed us since the armistice for refinancing and re habilitating their own lands-and that one way or another, includes every living soul in this country—are invited to save up these statistics for use next time they meet one of those gentle souls who'd cancel these mounting foreign debts. Not war debts, mind you. but peace-time debts.

So let's call them by their right name as we sing: "I didn't raise my dough to arm a soldier but by golly that's what happened to it."

Idlers on Relief.

A T LAST we know wherein the League of Nations really functions. It keeps a good set of statistics. It says that in the world are 24,000,000 unemployed, and of this total more than half are in the United States. Since we are spending more government funds to aid the idle than any country, can it be there are persons among us who prefer staying on relief

projects to taking regular jobs? Next time I pass a public works un dertaking I'm going to put the question to some able-bodied party who, if he's following the frequent custom will be whiling away the hours between meals by gently fanning himself with a shovel.

A pick handle, as I've often observed on one road-digging operation that's being financed by Uncle Sam, comes in handy for leaning purposes, but the shovel is preferable for fanning.

Kentucky Colonel.

OUT here they've found a mail-order theological mill which, for \$10, ordains you to preach, christen, marry, bury, and-oh, goodie-take up collections. Mickey Mouse lately lost his commission as a Kentucky colonel, but on behalf of Joe Penner's duck somebody wrote in and he became the Rev. Drake Googoo, D. D. Thus are

honors balanced in this world. Recently, when the present bumper crop of Kentucky colonels was plowed under, we natives stayed calm. Nobody takes away our titles-we were born with 'em. In my youth, anybody good at guessing the weight of hogs was called "Judge," and a man who cured warts with stump water was "Doctor," and all the rest of us automatically were colonels, except one chap who was a major on account of having so many major operations. Poor fellow, he died before he attained his life's ambition. He wanted to run somebody's general store and be a general.

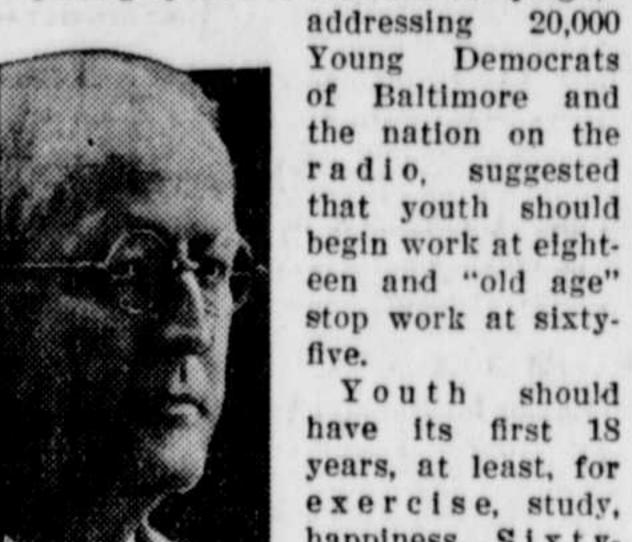
IRVIN S. COBB. Copyright .- WNU Service.

Remove Splinter From Brain A seven-eighths-inch splinter was recently removed from the brain of a Canadian boy. It is believed he will fully recover.

THIS WEEK

18 and 65 No Perfect Crime A Heavenly 400 Fighting Over Rivers

"opening speech of the 1936 campaign," addressing 20,000



that youth should begin work at eighteen and "old age" stop work at sixty-Youth have its first 18 years, at least, for exercise, study happiness. Sixty-

five might be good age to stop Arthur Brisbane dull routine work for wages, but no man would want to stop real work until death, except that six months to look around this side of the grave might be acceptable Goethe finished the second part of "Faust" when he was past seventytwo; and one of the ablest French writers, starting a new prose style, wrote nothing until at eighty-six he wrote the Life of St. Louis at the request of the king's widow. Within half a century 25 years have been add-

In the murder of an unfortunate young woman, New York detectives think they see, at last, "the perfect crime," one in which the perpetrator cannot be identified.

ed to the average lives of old men;

nobody would want those years wasted.

Fortunately, there is no perfect crime, except in the imagination of the criminal or the detective story writer, because criminals are dull, cannot keep their mouths shut, are vain, boast and the electric chair gets them. Also, they jump when a hand is laid on the shoulder; that helps detectives, and criminals are betrayed by fellow criminals.

Bishop Stewart, Episcopalian, of Chicago, thinks immortality may be limited. "Only those who have a definite relationship to God through the spiritual life may be eligible for immortality, and other souls cease to ex-1st upon death."

This important suggestion of a celestial "four hundred" will appeal to many that might not care to meet, in heaven, the cave man with low forehead, protruding jaw, the bushman with a vocabulary of 150 words, or all the repentant thieves, murderers and

trust magnates. It is conceivable that selection of the celestial few might be postponed a few million years, until real civilization shall have begun. This is the poison gas age.

Rivers have played an important part in the world's history and in wars. The Tigris and Euphrates, creating fertile Mesopotamia, and the ancient Nile, with its rich valley, regularly coated with Nile mud, made the first

civilizations possible. Men fought through the ages about those two rivers, and today rivers still cause war. In Europe the Rhine border may cause a repetition of the big war. In Africa, the Blue Nile, fed by Ethiopia's Lake Tana, breeds bitter

hatred between England and Italy. Charles Lamb tells of a Chinese gentleman whose house burned and of a pig so marvelously roasted that thereafter pigs were locked in houses, the houses burned for the sake of the roast

That is recalled by a lady under arrest in Pensacola, Fla. Sheriff Gandy charges she tried twice to wreck a passenger train to kill her husband. the engineer. It is alleged that the plot failed because the wrong spikes were pulled from the rails. Sheriff Gandy thinks the lady wanted to col lect \$3,000 in life insurance.

An African savage who gave all his ivory tusks for a gun was found later in the bush, on his knees, praying to the gun not to shoot him. He did not know how to use it.

This country is equally ignorant about using youth and its enthusiasm.

A Frenchman says truly "American digestion would improve if Americans made more and better sauces."

Voltaire, another Frenchman, said the same thing of England long ago. He found that England had many religions and only one sauce, whereas France had many sauces and only one religion, and he preferred France.

The new Zeppelin, in spite of engines out of order on her return from Brazil to Germany, kept on her way at 50 miles an hour, fighting winds over the Mediterranean. That is one advantage of a dirigible-she stays up. The heavier-than-air plane with engine trouble comes down.

Russia has a genuine "youth movement," with one-third of all workers under twenty-three years of age, 43 per cent of them girls. Russia has 173,000,000 population, nearly half of

it born since the Bolshevist revolution. Populations and history change rapldly. Extreme youth might control the whole of Russia but for the fact that it is already controlled by Stalin,

of middle age. E King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Police Find Family Living in Unused Court Building

New Orleans police rushed to the third floor of the old Criminal Courts building, which isn't used much any more, and extinguished a fire. The police discovered a tenant, Irving Young, a printer, who said he and his wife had been light housekeeping in one of the courtrooms for 18 months. Cause of the fire was undetermined.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



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RidYourselfof

O you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous-feel all unstrung and don't

know what is wrong? Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function proper-ly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole

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