Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"She was lying down on her bed when a gag was clapped over her mouth, Pharaoh, of course: but alone. She put up a fight, but he very soon had his way. He bound her wrists and ankles and took her master key. Then he carried her down her private staircase and into a secret room-the antechamber, in fact, to the cellar where lies the gold.

"I'm afraid there's no doubt that she suffered: but, except that Pharaoh put It across her, she simply leaves that bit out. But he must have been pretty ruthless, for in the end she opened the steps.

"Well, Pharaoh and Dewdrop went down, to view the gold; but Rush and Bugle remained in the chamber on guard. I ought to have said that her hands and her feet had been freed. Still, she hadn't much chance, for they kept a torch on her face.

"I shall never understand why Pharach employed two such wash-outs as Bugle and Rush. The first thing those two bright lads did was, between them, to drop the torch. By the time they'd found it again their prisoner was gone. The door to the secret room is a secret door. It cannot be opened from within. It was, therefore, standing open. In a flash my lady was out and had shut the door.

"Well, though she was safe, she wasn't clear of the wood. She was locked in a staircase-turret, and Rush had her master key. She called from the embrasures, but, as the castle was empty, there weren't any ears to hear. Then, after a while she found Sabre

standing beside her, licking her hand." I felt that such a statement demanded some sort of expression of disbe-

"But you said-" "You shut your face," said Geoffrey. "Truth is stranger than fiction-every time. The door to the turret was open and so were the doors to her room. But her room had been used. The thieves had escaped by the chimney, entered her room by the fireplace, cleaned themselves up in her bathroom and disappeared."

"The obvious thing to do was to search the castle forthwith, I ought to have said that long before I got back. the switchboard had been repaired and the lights had come on, and while my lady was talking, the staff which had been scattered was trickling back. Florin and I induced some sort of order before beginning the search.

"We began with my lady's bedroom. One look at the hearth was enough. There was soot all over the place. But nothing and nobody else. We left the watchmen there and my lady and Florin and I went down to the secret room. It was empty now, we knew, for Pharaoh and company were gone: but the door to the cellar was open and my lady wanted it shut."

He took a deep breath. "I'll tell you what we found. found Pharaoh, Dewdrop and Rushall three of them dead."

"Go on," said I, incredulously. glad you weren't there to see it. It was | emotion I did not wish her to see. To a dreadful sight. Bugle had done the sit thus by her side, as I had sat so three in and then cleared out. I fancy often, was stirring the depths of my there'd been some scrap. Pharaoh's being, as though with a sword. Though back was broken; he had no wound.

astounding find. and Bugle quarrelled, and Bugle killed | withdrawn from the lists of life and | it to her. dereliction of duty meant almost cer- tourney in which she will ride no more. tain death-Bugle decided to kill him I had never seen her like this and at and Dewdrop, too. And so he did, first I could not discover what it was Then he escaped by the chimney, with | that I found unfamiliar in the beauty Lady Helena's master key. This let I knew so well: and then I saw: the him out of the castle by the way by eagerness was out of her face. which he came in. Why he waited to sibly some twinge of conscience-you which we shall never clear up."

"Then everything's over," said I. "The terror is laid."

again."

ter in which it lay? "Then everything's over," I repeated. "Except the interment," said Geoffrey: "which is fixed for tomorrow evening, as soon as it's decently dark. As you seem to have had a night off, I think you might help with that."

Six days had gone by, and my pre-

clous secret was safe. This was hardly surprising. Only two beings knew that I had approached the castle that terrible night: and of these the one was a dog and the ena. "I think it would help him a lit- body was found by the road. Now the other was dead. I had not used Bar- | tle.' ley's pistol: I had cleaned my cousin's knife: my filthy garments lay hid back to the rippling brook. in the Plumage woods. Nobody knew that in my notecase was Helena's master key.

But another secret was safe.

On the Sunday night Pharaoh, Dewdrop and Rush had been laid in a comof the tunnel that ran from the moat. | to thank you for." had yet to appear. For some unac that's neither here nor there. We've

countable reason the moat still withheld its dead.

My cousin was painting Plumage. Twice a day he visited Yorick: but I was not invited and would not go up unasked. Neither would I go to Plum- "I thought you could." age-although I longed to see herbecause I was sure that Helena sat

I had made up my mind to leave Annabel and to go and stay at Innsbruck which was a city I knew. My cousin was to follow with Barley in four

packed trunks with at listless stare, with a note in his hand.

leaving tonight. Before you go, will you this favour, but I was fond cannot believe you will refuse me, Please will you tell the bearer 'yes'

I went down to the door of The Reaping Hook, to speak to the groom. "Tell her ladyship 'yes,' " I said.

As the coupe stole into the fore court, I descended the steps of the

Helena smiled and nodded and I took off my hat.

"Will you drive, please?" With a pounding heart, I took my seat by her side, perceived the glow of her presence, discovered her faint

The spot to which we were going lay 12 miles off, and, after leaving the car, we must walk half a mile through the forest to come to the dell. Be sure,



Was Clapped Over Her

I drove slowly enough. . . . But though half an hour went by before we left off. We | the coupe, in all that time we never exchanged one word.

Again and again I sought to make some remark, but I feared that my "Fact," said my cousin, shortly. "I'm | voice would tremble and so betray an I kept my gaze fast on the road, with "And here's my interpretation of this | the tail of my eye I could see her peerless features and the gentle, steadfast "In Pharaoh's absence Bugle and look on her lovely face. She was neith-Rush between them let Lady Helena | er grave nor smiling, but something bego. Warrantably fearful of the conse- twixt the two: her air was the air of quences of what they had done, Rush one whose day is over, who has of choice Rush. Afraid to face Pharaoh—such a is now content to sit and watch the

When I brought the car to rest, let her out, I cannot conceive. Pos- Helena was out in the road before I could open the door. Then we entered never know. That's one of the points | the forest together, as we seemed to | ent.

have done so often in other days. In silence we came to the glade old, gold cup, with a curious history. where Geoffrey had been painting when Years ago, in the sixteenth century, "The terror is laid," said Geoffrey. I first set eyes on the thieves, and in | the Yorick of that day was painted. A "Bugle remains, of course. But I very silence we passed to the coverts which young painter came from Vienna, a much doubt if we shall see Bugle | might have been planted on purpose to | man called Latz. Had he lived, he keep the dell. And then at last we came Thoughtfully I regarded my napkin. out-not quite as I had intended, above Was it five or six days before a | the bluff, but lower down, between the corpse rose to the surface of the wa- bluff and the water, at the edge of a sloping lawn.

> Helena caught her breath. "Oh, John, how lovely," she said.

Though I knew the spot was handsome, when I had seen it before I had been too much distracted to consider the features that went to make it so

quietly. "I never saw it from here." ably was. The next morning the paintlooking down on young Florin's grave. On his lonely ride to Salzburg the poor

"I'd like to stay friends," she said. a hotel. But, as it happened, they took "I know you're going away, and think you're right. But I'd like to think that though our-our moments are

over, we still were friends." "If you please," said I, dully, and short, the thieves were taken and mon grave, not far from the mouth sat down a little apart. "I've so much

Though nobody knew it but I, Bugle | "I don't know that you have. But | dead.

peered at big things together—you and what L. We've eaten of strange, sweet fruits -like two children, hand in hand. And low we're back where we were-where we were when you came to Plumage and I told you about the gold. We can go farther back: perhaps we have. But I'd like to stop there, if you can.

mean, one can always be friends." "I can stop there," I said thickly. "That's right," said Helena gently.

For a moment she looked at the

palms of her little hands, as though with my cousin and watched him at | to consult those pretty pages before proceeding with a discourse that was making my heart feel cold.

"When I say friends, I mean it. I'll always have a feeling that I can depend upon you. I shan't attempt to, you And so I was sitting at Annabel, know. But I shall be glad of the feelcursing life and regarding my half- ing. You know. When things go wrong, it makes a world of difference ff you when the host of the inn came bustling | can say to yourself 'If So-and-so were here, they would understand."

"You can count on me," I said. "You let me come to know you as—as I'll never know anyone else." "Will it help you, John?"

"I don't know. I'll write and tell you." "That's right. And I'll always answer. You see, my dear, we must never meet again. We've looked at glory together-and turned away. It wasn't our fault, you know. We rather . . . rushed our fences. But down in that valley of shadow we gave each other judg-

I could not speak. I sat as though turned to stone. My heart in my breast was ice. The blow which had fallen already, had fallen again. I had noth- ter and neither one helps. ing to lose, and had lost it. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

ment . . . and the judgments were

"I-I don't know that mine was," said desperately.

"I'm afraid it was," said Helena. put my love above honor-and you mustn't do that. And in any event mine was. You took my love and you put it back in its place. I don't say you weren't right to do it, because you were. But there are some flowers, my dear, that you can't transplant.

mean-if you move them, they die." Blow upon blow. Couldn't she see that the thing she was striking was dead? Everything and everyone was dead. Young Florin and Pharaoh and Dewdrop and Bugle and Rush, and now her love. And I had killed them -not Bugle, of course, nor young Florin. But everything else.

"That's all right," I heard myself saying. "I'm glad . . . it's dead." There was a long, long silence. By the time it was over I had myself in

At length-"Poor Bugle," said Helena slowly. "He did me a very good turn."

"By dropping the torch?" said I "I suppose he dropped it," she said. "But Rush was bullying me, and sometimes I think that Bugle was going to stop him. I don't know, of course. When it fell, I just flew for the door. And in any event he waited to set me

"A twinge of conscience," said L Helena shrugged her shoulders. "He needn't have done it," she said. And then again, "Poor Bugle, I'll always remember him kindly. I think he was the best of the lot."

"I think you're right," said L "I had a weakness for Bugle, to tell you the truth. Of course Rush showed him "I know, I know. But he had a spark

of feeling. More than a spark, I think. Very few men, placed as he was, would have troubled to let me out." "What will you do," I said, "about the loss of your master key?"

"Change the locks, I suppose. It's a hideous waste of money: but if Bugle's tempted, you know, there are plenty of crooks who'd pay a long price for that key."

I dared not pursue the matter: to do so would be to sail too close to the wind, I decided that Bugle must show another spark of feeling by returning her master key. I would post

There was another silence. With her eyes on young Florin's grave, Helena spoke again. "That wasn't the only reason why I

wanted to see you before you went. I want your help in a matter. . .

"Your cousin is painting my picture -he's nearly done. It is the most lovely portrait. . . . And as he won't hear of a fee, I want to make him a pres-

"Well, I've got a cup at Yorick, an would have been famous, for the picture is terribly good. Your cousin picked it out in an instant as being the best of the lot. Well, when the painter had finished, the count was so pleased with his work that he called for wine and drank the young man's health, and when he had drained the cup he called for gold. I suppose his treasurer brought it. Then he filled the cup with gold pieces and gave the painter the lot. I hope it was ade-"It's finer than I thought," I said quate payment. In those days it prob-For a moment we stood together, er left Yorick to make his way home. "I must bring old Florin," said Hel- man was robbed and murdered-his thieves didn't break up the cup, but Helena sat herself down with her six months later they tried to sell it at Innsbruck where Yorick then had I it to the very goldsmith that Yorick himself employed. The moment he saw the arms, he knew that the cup had been stolen, and, to cut a long story hanged and the cup came back to the castle because the poor painter was

(TO BE CONTINUED)

thinks

Chronic Influenza.

SPRINGS., CALIF.— I came out here to get rid of my influenza. But as I pen these despairing words, my influenza is cuddled up to this inflamed bosom. This is not the puny, trifling influenza of the interior, but the sun-kissed, extra-special influenza of golden California—the one outstanding

> product of this coast which our tourist bureaus do not advertise. In the chronic form. folks from back East. arriving in the fall and The kind I have stays

Irvin S. Cobb

After swallowing so many different remedies I am, as you might say, full of conflicting emulsions. When I sneeze my watch stops. When I cough sea lions get jealous and I seem to feel a lot of things giving way inside of me. When I open my mouth somebody sticks in either a pill or a thermome-

Testing Drunken Drivers. COR testing drunken drivers the Cleveland police have a device named the opthalmic televinocular stereoscope. But why not just ask the suspect to pronounce it and abide by the results?

Old times back home, we had our own system. We didn't follow the New York scheme of inviting the alleged inebriate to say "Sissie Fitzgerald," because he'd probably take refuge in his constitutional rights as a southern gentleman and refuse to bandy a lady's name in any such place as the

Under our plan, if a citizen was lying in the street and his fingers didn't move, he was intoxicated. But if even his little finger moved, he merely was

But we didn't have alcoholic automobiles to pester us. The surplus population was reduced with firearms or cutlery, thus giving everybody s chance.

Mankind's Real Humanity. TATHAT with this and that, just

when a fellow is almost ready to decide that the human race should be charged off as practically a total loss, something happens.

This time it happened in a little mine in Nova Scotia where the calm heroism of two men, penned with the body of their dead comrade at the bottom of a caved-in shaft, was matched by the magnificent gallantry, the incredible endurance of volunteer rescuers, who, by day and night, unceasingly labored on in momentary peril of death for themselves to save the lives of that trapped pair-and

did save them. And a week or so before that it happened when a young girl dragged the only other survivors of an airplane crash out of the flaming wreckage and ministered to them and forgot her own hurts while she waded long miles down a snow-drifted mountain to give the alarm, and, having given it, staggered back again to do what else she might.

Bankers Versus Politics. DOLITICS certainly makes estranged

bedfellows. But a Presidential campaign or two behind us and across the scene with thunderous tread stalked the sacred white cows of big money, their udders dripping wisdom, their gentlest bellow harkened to with eager ears by candidates and delegates alike. Statecraft mingled with high finance was what they offered in a rich and creamy measure to one and all—the pontifical Mitchell, the omnipotent Dawes, the infallible Insull, the wondrous Wiggin (subsequently known as the uncovered Wiggin). And lo, the voice of Owen D. Young was heard in the land.

But now, alas, where are the Baruchs

of yesteryear? Why, if this summer the average distinguished or, as the case may be, extinguished international banker tries to into either national convention they'll charge him admission.

Meandering Horsemen.

DARING soul, residing in a back corner of Brazil, decided to ride horseback to New York. After jogging along some weeks in what might be described as a series of general directions, he reached Rio Janeiro, only to discover he'd already traveled 1,200 miles out of his way.

The name is given as Senor Severino Moura Fonseca, but the gentleman certainly behaved as though he were congressional investigating committee. Why, he even outwandered Senator willow tree." Black of Alabama, and up until the other day, when the administration threw a net over him, the senator held the world's championship for loose wandering.

It's startling, isn't it, how suddenly the great silence descends upon statesman who gets out of line with the top bosses?

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Calcium Excess Causes Goiter ing an excess of calcium.

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN and

ELMO SCOTT WATSON Blondy by a Tongue! TATAY back in 1892—said the Old VV turfman—I owned as beautiful a

hung a "plaster" of \$15,000. Bad luck cut between me and the purses although Nigger Jim, my trainer, would get her cream-colored body

racing mare as ever was foaled. Her

name was Blondy because of her color.

the Blue Grass country on which was

My other possession was a farm in

it's like visiting kin- in the pink before every race. We taught Blondy a lot of tricks, between losing races. One was to hanging on all winter. make a face. Nigger Jim or I would hold an apple or carrot so she had to stretch her neck and put out her tongue for it. And she got so she would do this whenever we told her

"nrke a face." We entered the mare in a claiming race at Churchill Downs the spring of '92. It was May 15, to be exact. The mortgage on the farm was due May 16. Nigger Jim had Blondy in great form for the 11/2 mile race. But bookies were laying 20 to against our nag. I managed to scare up exactly one thousand berries and placed the whole roll at 20 to 1. It

was win the race or lose the farm. The horses were away evenly but 100 yards from the start Blondy stumbled and lost stride. We groaned but heartened as she winged away, regaining lost ground at every jump. Then horse cut in front of her. It was

Dixie Dude, and she had to be pulled. Down the back stretch and around the turn they came. Blondy was moving up on the outside. When they hit the stretch she and Dixle Dude were running head and head.

It looked like a certain dead heat but at the last jump or two Nigger Jim, hanging on the rail, yelled "Make a face, Yo' Blondy! Make a face!" Thank God! Blondy heard, straightened her neck, shot out her tongue across the finish line and won the race."

Man-Made Mesas

A FTER Paul Bunyan finished his work logging off the Pacific Northwest he decided he'd become an oildriller. First thing he did was to go down into New Mexico and begin drilling a well on top of a mountain. Paul's well was sunk to a depth of 14,006 feet without a sign of oil. Funny thing about that mountain-it was made up of alternate layers of thin rock and dry sand.

One night a windstorm came up. And how she did blow! The next morning when Paul woke up he looked out of the window of his shack and such a sight as met his eyes! There was his hole, standing straight up in the air as high as he could see. The wind had blown all the sandy layers away from it but the layers of rock were hanging around it like washers pushed around a drill stem.

Paul was pretty mad about it but he didn't waste any time standing around cussing. He just took a sledge and climbed up to the top of the hole. When he got there, he began pounding the hole down into the ground again. As he did so the layers of rock began to come together and in

less than no time they made a mesa. That sort of thing happened time after time and that's why New Mexico is so full of mesas. They're perpetual monuments to Paul Bunyan's unsuscessful oil-drilling operations there.

The Squalling Squonk COME cold, winter night, as you sit before a roaring fire in a hunting lodge or in the bunkhouse of a lumber camp in the North Woods, you're certain to hear outside a long-drawn-out moaning. But if you think it's the wind in the bare branches of the trees, you're mistaken! Your lumberjack friend will tell you it's a squonk, mourning because it has a warty, ill-fitting skin. That's all a squonk ever does-just

goes wandering among the hemlock trees, weeping and sobbing bitterly because its skin doesn't fit. When the thermometer is down to nine degrees above zero, you can follow it by the little globules of ice it leaves behindthe squonk's trail of frozen tears.

Because it is such a shy, nocturnal animal few men have ever seen squonk. But once a lumberjack, by imitating its cries, ured one into his cabin. The little beast seemed perfectly satisfied until he shut it up in a wicker basket. Then it began to sob and moan.

This went on for hours, then died down. The lumberjack peeked into the basket to see if the squonk had cried itself to sleep. But all he found was salt water and a few bubbles. The squonk had dissolved itself in its own tears. "I mighta known better," said the lumberjack, as he added one of his own tears to the collection, "than to have shut up a squonk in a basket made from branches of the weeping

C Western Newspaper Union.

Strange Burial Custom The Toradjas, a primitive race of

Celebes, have strange burial customs. The body remains in the house for two years, until the death rites have been completed, and then it is placed in a tomb, cut in the side of a mountain, the entrance of which is forever guarded by a lifelike effigy. Incidentally, the Toradjas are the only Goiter has been produced in white people whose holy men are known to mice by feeding them a diet contain- dress in women's clothes.-Collier's Weekly.

Secress Reports Tent Theft; Saw Thugs in Crystal Glass

Madame Lula Pula of Auburn. Calif., gypsy fortune teller, told the

sheriff her tent had been stolen. "Why didn't you look in the crystal ball and learn who took it?" she

was asked. "I did," she replied. "It was taken about 3 a. m. by 15 men whose names I didn't get. I was angry and put the Romany curse on them, but out of kindness of heart removed it and decided to report the case to the sheriff.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sol by druggists in tablets or liquid .- Adv.

Best Treatment The medicine for disaster is even-



Simple When you read a man like a book, he may be in words of one syllable.

PAINFUL CONDITION

RELIEVED BY CARDUI

"I was very weak and nervous when a young girl at home," writes Mrs. J. H. Daniel, of Biloxi, Miss. "My mother was so uneasy about me, she did not ask me to help with the work. My mother decided to give me Cardui and she didn't want me to miss a dose, after she found it was helping me. I gained and it was splendid how I responded to the After six bottles of Cardui I was regular and the pain and trouble

Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU. consult a physician.

Peace, But-Most of us are pacifists until we are attacked.

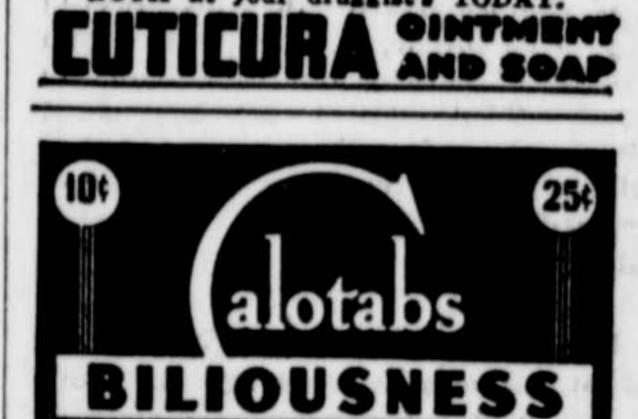


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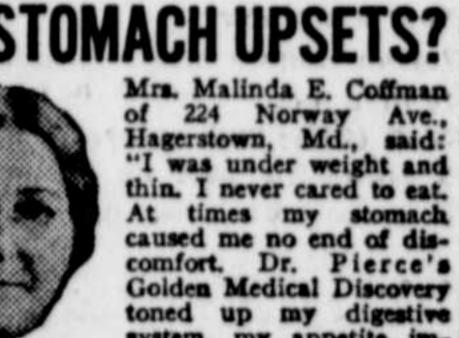
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with backache?

\Y/HEN kidneys function badly and Wyou suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night; when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your