

Storm Music



By Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"So you see that cup will make a most appropriate gift. But I'm so afraid that your cousin may refuse to accept it, before I ask him to do so. I want to have it engraved with his crest. And that's where you can help me. I must have something of his that bears his crest, to give to the engraver to copy. A cigarette-case or a flask. Perhaps it's on the back of his brush. . . . You see, without that I'm stuck. At the present moment I don't even know what his crest is."

I wrinkled my brow.

"Strangely enough," said I, "it's the same as your own—a leopard. But that doesn't mean—"

"What?"

The word flamed.

As the saying goes, I almost leapt out of my skin; and turned to find her staring—tense, wide-eyed and staring, white to the lips.

And then I knew I was lost. I had learned her crest from Pharaoh, and Pharaoh was wrong; and I had repeated the error which Pharaoh had made.

"I—I thought," I stammered. "I had an idea—"

"The badge of York is an oak-tree," she whispered rather than spoke. "We've never displayed the leopard for more than 200 years."

The sibilant accusation struck me dumb.

She was round now and was kneeling, with her arms held close to her breast and her hands to her throat. Her breath was whistling in her nostrils and her eyes seemed to pierce my brain.

Helplessly I shrugged my shoulders.

"I suppose I must have—"

"My God," she breathed, "you were there." As my eyes went down, she clapped her hands to her head. "My God!" she cried. "It was you! You, John, YOU, and not Bugie that . . ."

I pulled out my note-case and took out her master key.

As I laid it down by her side—

"Sabre killed Bugie," I said. "His body's down in the moat. None of them saw it happen, so I walked into the castle and took his place."

Helena sat back on her heels, finger to lip. Her eyes were still wide, still staring; she seemed to be murmuring something I could not hear.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean you to know."

At that a tremor ran through her; then, with a sudden movement, she flung herself down on her face and burst into tears.

For a moment I sat hesitant. Then something snapped within me.

I lifted her up and gathered her in to my arms.

With my face pressed tight against hers—

"Don't cry, Nell," I said. "I can't bear it. And—please don't send me away."

"I'm not sending you away," she sobbed. She caught at my coat. "And I'll tell you another thing, I'd never have let you go. If all else had failed, I was going down to the station."

I held her off and looked into her tear-stained face.

"But, Nell, just now you—"

"I wanted to know if you loved me. I had to be sure of that. But now . . . She hid her face in my coat. "Oh, John, my darling, you've made me feel so humble, so cheap and—"

I stopped her beautiful mouth.

"How d'you think I feel, Nell? How d'you think I felt when I stood in that secret chamber and heard you buying my safety—the life and health of the man who'd just turned you down?"

A child looked into my eyes.

"Shall we . . . take each other back, John?"

"Yes, please, Nell," I said quietly.

With a little sigh of contentment she slid an arm round my neck.

CHAPTER XII

Storm Music.

Our respective tales had been told, my disaffection forgiven, our grace had been said, and we were now standing together at the edge of the lawn. We had started to return to the car, but now with one consent we had stopped to look again upon the beauty which we were to leave.

It seemed so strange that life and death and fortune had lain in that peaceful setting, awaiting a sweet June daydawn to leap to their battle stations, thence to dispute the fate of six human beings, not one of whom, till that morning, had so much as suspected the existence of such a spot. A century of dawns and sundowns had found and left it sleeping, as it was sleeping now; and then in a twinkling the earth had opened, the brook had played storm music and . . .

"To think," said Helena, "that I treated you as a child."

"The truth is," said I, "we're both children; and children hate to be treated as children, you know."

Helena lifted her head, to survey the blue of the sky. The eager look in her face would have made a sick man well.

"I wasn't," she said. "I was a woman all right. But I think—it's all your own doing, you know—but I think, my dear, you'll have a child for a wife."

There is not much more to be told. My cousin's reception of the truth was more than handsome; and I really believe that Barley would not have exchanged the knowledge that I had caused Pharaoh's death for all the gold that lay in the cellars of York or anywhere else. But old Florin's simple tribute would have warmed any man's heart.

"Sir, you have done my duty. And that, by the grace of God; for I myself could never have done it so well."

It was he who said at once that Bugie's body would be found held down by the grill which kept foreign matter from passing into the waste-pipes that led from the moat. Sure enough, there it was. Its removal and the subsequent rites were grisly enough; but the four of us did the business without any help, because, having got so far, it seemed a pity that we should explode a theory which York—and York's neighbors—had been at such pains to digest.

When my cousin broached the question of getting rid of the gold, Helena made no objection, but only begged his assistance to carry through a transaction she dared not attempt alone. This to our great surprise, till we learned that her solemn trust was now at an end, because her father had said that on her marriage the gold must



Together, Saving Each Other, We Rode Out That Frightful Storm.

be reinvested or lodged at a bank. And this in due course was done. My cousin arranged the affair with a famous house and within six weeks, a fortnight before we were wed, the bullion was out of the cellar and Helena mistress of a fortune which was considerably greater than that which her father laid up.

A letter from the Count of York afforded us infinite pleasure and deserves to be set out in full:—

Dear Helena:

I hope you are very well. I am not at York because I was bitten by a mad dog and a good Samaritan brought me straight here. I would like to thank him for that. He saved my life, you know. Fancy a mad dog worrying me. I think I must just have gone out for a walk or something and then it just leaped upon me and worried me and I knew no more. And this is the only one place that I could have been saved from going mad. It makes you get hot all over. By the way, I'm off liquor. Alcohol, I mean. They make me heeling drinks here with virtue in them and I fairly lapp them up. And the wound's healing like a little child. They say liquor's very dangerous for hiderofoba. I nearly died, you know. All the while the good Sammarrytons were taking me to the monastery, it

was touch and go more than once. The madness was in my veins. It makes you go hot. But I'm all right now. They say I can get up for a little while on Sunday and look at the flour. I shall like that. I see the vanity of life now all right. There is a good monk here called Father Bernard. Of course they are all good, but he is the best. He says all is vanity and that the pumps of the world are void. You know there's a lot in that. Well, I must end now. But I thought you might wonder where I was. What a escape! Fancy a mad dog like that ranging about seeking whom he might devour. I tell you, I hadn't a chance. He just leaped upon me, nashing their fangs. I can see it now.

Your loving brother, VALENTINE.

What about Fanning? I rather hope he's gone. If not, perhaps you could fire him out. He swore Spencer was your evil genius, but I thought Spencer had a good eye. Sour grapes, I guess. I suppose you knew what you were doing.

The reformation this letter foreshadowed was more than we could believe, but I am bound to record that it was fairly fulfilled. The shock or the fear of death or, perhaps, his curious communion with that honest and kindly fellowship of simple souls wrought in the count an astonishing change of heart. The weeds that had choked his qualities withered and died, and though I was most apprehensive of our relation, 24 hours' acquaintance had made us the best of friends.

His postscript brings me to Pharaoh. Of that unconscionable scoundrel I have but little to say. That man was most swift and daring. I cannot deny, but I think that his deadly reputation was to him the highwayman's mare. When at last he was standing upon his own feet, even I was able to show that, if his eye was quicker, at least his spine was as brittle as that of another man.

The portrait my cousin had painted will always rank for me as one of the greatest triumphs a painter ever achieved. This is not because he had rendered a beautiful likeness, nor yet because he had captured the leaping spirit that lived in the lovely flesh; but because he had marked, as I had, that the precious eager look was out of his subject's face and had painted it in from memory out of a grateful heart.

Though my life is secure and happy beyond belief, the events of those terrible days are cut as in stone upon my mind. But I would not forget them, if I could; for out of their wrack and turmoil I won my beautiful wife. Often and often I read their grim inscription and gaze at the riotous pageant which this calls up. I see that dreadful labor down in the sparkling dell and Dewdrop finger the paper that I let fall: I read The Reaping Hook's stairs and I hear—as I shall hear to my dying day—the deadly voice of Pharaoh behind the door: I see him enter the room with Valentine's hand upon his shoulder and I hear him whistling for Sabre with my heart in my mouth. I hear the Carlotta coming with the rust of the mighty wind and I hear the cough of the Rolls as her engine ralled: I hear Rush flying Bugie to make my blood run cold. I hear Pharaoh bullying Freda, and I see the flame of the pistol that saved his life: I see the awful change in my darling's face, and I turn to see Pharaoh smiling behind my back: I smell the fragrance of the valley that knew no sun; and then I see her stricken and trembling in Pharaoh's power, and I hear the roar of our pistols and I see the man spent with hatred, staring into my eyes. . . .

It is written, Out of the eater came forth meat. I can only say I have found this saying most true. The goddess Aphrodite rose from the foam of the sea; but Helena Spencer came out of the wrath of a tempest that had risen to smite us both. Together, saving each other, we rode out that frightful storm—the remembrance of which is not forgotten, for our desperately perilous passage, side by side, has bound us more closely together than the sharing of any joys.

[THE END.]

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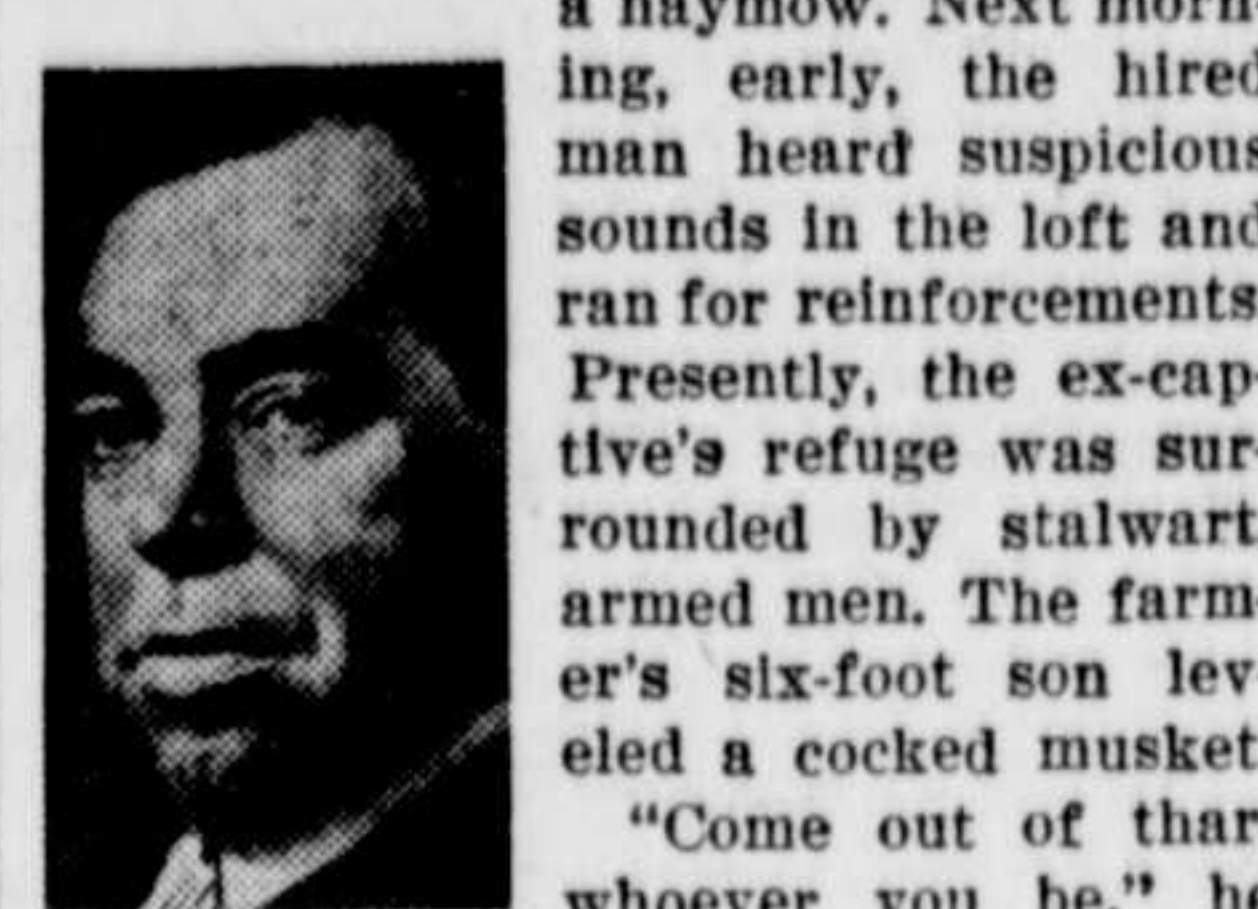
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what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—

The more I ponder on Italy's sacrifices in Ethiopia, as balanced against what she gains, the more I'm reminded of the old story of the Confederate who was released from a northern prison camp after the surrender. Skeleton-thin from jail fever and debility, he started on tottery legs for the Ohio river, determined to die on southern soil. One night this poor rack-o-bones crept into a haymow. Next morning, early, the hired man heard suspicious sounds in the loft and ran for reinforcements. Presently, the ex-captive's refuge was surrounded by stalwart, armed men. The farmer's six-foot son leveled a cocked musket.



Irvin S. Cobb

"Come out of that, whoever you be," he bellowed. "C'n s a r n your hide, we got you."

The southerner raised a white face. "Yas," he said, wanly, "and one h—I of a git you got."

His Next Movie.

WE'RE starting a new picture, and I am teamed up with Slim Summerville, 6 feet 6 of pure comedy, and little Jane Withers—for her age, the greatest scene-stealer in the business. It's as though Little Boy Blue were sandwiched in between Jesse James and Calamity Jane. Well, as I go down for the third time I'll still be gurgling feebly, so give me credit, please, as an earnest gurgler.

They call our picture "Public Nuisance Number 1," but a movie is like an Indian—starts out with a name and winds up with anyone of a half-dozen. I once knew a Blackfoot who was first one thing, then another, and the best he could do for himself in his old age was to be known as Chief Many Tail Feathers Going Over the Hill.

Pranks of Zioncheck.

THE papers seemed so barren—not a single front page story about Representative Zioncheck, Washington's No. 1 Boy Scout. Life, indeed, is empty on a day whose low descending sun sees no gay deed done, no headline won by the nation's official problem child.

He may have started off at the foot of the ladder, alphabetically speaking, but his startled constituents can't complain that the gallant lad stayed there. Either he's getting pinched or getting jailed or getting married or getting his pen in hand to tell the President how to run the country, or getting ready to polish off some fellow-statesman of the house, or just getting about.

And hasn't he put the throbbing pulse into the Congressional Record? It reads now sometimes as the old Police Gazette used to.

Rules for Olympics.

AS I understand it—and somebody correct me, please, if I'm wrong—the rules for the forthcoming Olympic Games in Berlin have been so revised that it will be quite all right for any of our Jewish athletes to take part—just so they don't win.

I'm wondering, though, about what may happen when the American team turns up over there with a whole batch of negro foot-racers in the outfit. It's going to be awfully hard to convince a Prussian crowd that they're merely medium-to-well-done Nordic-Caucasian stock browned in the pan, so to speak.

It so happens that our fastest runners are all colored boys. Perhaps 'tis just as well. They may have to keep right on running.

Improvement in Influenza.

IN RESPONSE to large numbers who wrote or wired, I would state that either I'm getting over my influenza, or maybe I'm just getting used to it. Its latest whimsical notion was to settle in both ears, and now should it thunder, a rare occurrence out here, in order for me to get the benefit of the phenomenon, I'll have to thunder again—and louder. However, being temporarily deaf has its advantages: I don't hear the dull things other people say, but can still enjoy the bright things I say myself.

As will be noted, I'm back from Palm Springs, where I cooked in the desert sunshine until all I needed to do before being served was to drape a sprig of watercress across my brow and thicken the gravy with a little brown flour. Driving in, I kept tying up the traffic; so many motorists mistook my face for a stop signal.

Should I relapse I'm going to try to throw myself into the epizootic. That's a horse disease, but I've been as sick as a horse and had to be as strong as a horse to live through it—and, anyhow, I know a good horse doctor.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Ouch

"You say yours is the perfect husband?" exclaimed the first woman.

"Yes," retorted the other, "but my definition of a husband is 'a man who takes his wife for granted, thinks having meals on time one of the most important things in the world, wonders why she complains about picking up after him and can't be made to understand it actually takes money for a woman to keep looking presentable.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cheese Rises in Popularity as Knowledge of Uses Grows

400 Different Kinds Offer Wide Range of Recipes.

"Will you please tell us cooks something about unusual ways of serving and cooking cheese dishes?" So writes a homemaker. Fortunately I have some rather interesting information on the subject, says a well-known food expert.

Evidently, the use of cheese which has been increasing very much in the last twenty years is going up in 1933.

Cheese is, of course, our very oldest manufactured food. It was discovered accidentally at first, no one knows how, many thousands of years ago. In the following centuries, all kinds of variations of the original pot cheese type had been developed in various parts of the world. Alexander Todoroff, in his simple and accurate guide entitled "Food Buying Today," states that there are eight-een distinct types of cheese comprising some four hundred varieties. He goes on to say that these may be divided into two groups—hard cheese, such as American; Edam and Swiss and soft cheese, such as cream, cottage and Camembert. "The many varieties of cheese are due to the variation in the kind of milk used, the proportion of butter fat or cream retained or added to the milk, the methods followed in separating, preparing, seasoning and handling the curd and to the handling and the ripening of the cheese."

American Cheese Popular.

The type of cheese known as American, "store" or "rat trap" cheese, is used more than any kind in this country. It is also known as Cheddar, taking its name from the English cheese of the same type. It is made from sweet milk and varies in flavor according to the way it is cured and aged. The first American Cheddar cheese factory was established in the Mohawk valley of New York. New York state cheese is still famous. Wisconsin is now one of our chief sources of domestic cheese.

Many other kinds of cheese are made in this country, most of them bearing foreign names. When the Europeans came to this country, they naturally tried to duplicate the native cheese of the countries of their birth. Sometimes they were successful in duplicating it. Our domestic cheese has been greatly improved in the last few years, principally through the experiments of the federal bureau of dairy industry.

A cheese of individual flavor and texture which is purely American is Liederkranz, which ranks with the imported Camembert in the opinion of many experts. This cheese, with Camembert, Stilton, Roquefort, Pont L'Evêque, Port du Salut, Bel Paese and Gorgonzola, is used with crackers or French bread as a dessert. Pineapple, Edam, Muttister and Neufchâtel are other popular dessert cheeses. Cottage cheese, known also as pot cheese, is usually used as a main course accessory.

For Cooking Purposes.

For cooking we use in this country American cheese almost entirely, although grated Parmesan and Ro-

man cheese are used to some extent in using cheese for cookery remembering that it needs either a short cooking or a low temperature. Over cooking gives a stringy texture which is neither pleasant to eat or easy to digest.

While our staple American cheese still comes in the traditional "flats" from which the grocer slices wedges it is also to be found in packages and in cans and in this case, of course, rind is lacking. Much of the packaged cheese is "processed" so that flavor and texture will be consistent. Cheese making today is a scientific art.

Alsatian Fondue.

1 pound Swiss or American cheese
1/2 cup white wine
2 tablespoons brandy or kirsch
French bread

Slice cheese into a chafing dish, cover with wine and let stand several hours. Stir over fire until cheese is melted. Add brandy or kirsch and serve with pieces of French bread.

Creme Fromage.

3 tablespoons coffee
1/2 cup boiling water
2 packages cream cheese
2 tablespoons sugar
3 egg whites

Add coffee to boiling water, cover and let stand five minutes. Beat cream cheese well with a fork. Stir in coffee, which has been strained, and mix well. Fold in beaten egg whites. Chill and serve with pineapple wedges, which are dipped into the mixture as eaten.

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