BANNER SERIAL FICTION

She Painted Her Face

A story of love and intrigue . . . by **DORNFORD YATES**

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SYNOPSIS

Richard Exon, a poor young Englishman, befriends elderly Matthew Gering, who at his death, gives him a statement claiming he, Gering, is Rudolph Elbert Virgil, Count of Brief, of ancient Austrian nobility who was betrayed 20 years before by his twin brother, Ferdinand, whose sentence for forgery he himself served. Ferdinand appropriated his title, property and daughter. Before he dies, Gering tells Exon there is a family secret, known only to the head of the house, to be found in the great tower at Brief, by a doorway none can ever find. Exon inherits his uncle's fortune and sets out to right Gering's wrongs. En route he encounters Percy Elbert Virgil, son of the villainous Ferdinand and sees him in conference with Inskip, a diamond merchant. He engages a valet, Winter, who hates Percy and meets by chance at a garage, John Herrick, who is a linguist and who as a youth served as a page at Gering's wedding, and had visited Brief. Herrick agrees to aid Exon. They establish headquarters at Brenda Revoke's farm at Raven, a few miles from Brief and make their plans. They find the castle almost inaccessible. They see a closed car occupied by Percy Virgil, a chauffeur and a woman. Hearing a dog scream, they see the chauffeur flogging it, just as a horse with a girl astride bounds along the path and is felled by a strung wire. The girl, unconscious, is picked up carelessly by the chauffeur and woman, who then run away, after dropping her. Exon rescues the girl and carries her to his waiting car. He identifies the girl as Elizabeth, daughter of the disowned Gering, tells her of her cousin's plot to abduct her and takes her to Raven.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—6—

Herrick glanced at his watch. "It's eight o'clock now, and she'll probably sleep till lunch. D'you propose to tell her the truth this afternoon?"

"About her father? Why not?"

"Very good," said Herrick. "And then?"

I got to my feet.

"I'm going to suggest that she stay here. It's clear that Brief isn't safe. If she is to come by her rights, we've got to get Percy down. And we've stolen a march on him—if she doesn't go back. You see, he'll think that his bullies carried her off. There's nothing to show that they failed. And they're not likely to tell him—from what you say."

We had finished lunch, but Lady Elizabeth Virgil was still asleep, so, since we were both of us tired, Herrick withdrew to his chamber and I went down to the meadows, to take some rest.

After a very few minutes I fell asleep.

I afterwards found I had slept for an hour and a half, but when I sat up with a start—for I had meant only to doze, so that I might be in attendance directly my lady came down—there she was sitting before me and waiting for me to wake up.

"Good Lord," said I. "Where's Brenda? I told her to let me know the moment you waked."

Lady Elizabeth smiled.

"I overruled your orders," she said.

She had changed her clothes and was wearing a full-skirted frock falling perhaps three inches below her knees, which had come out of Brenda's drawer.

I begged her to excuse me a moment and stepped to the stream. There I laved my face and my hands, and then came back better fitted to tell my tale.

I took my seat before her and waited for her to begin.

"I'm told I can trust you," she said. "How do I come to be here, instead of at Brief? What was the reason you gave me? You see, I can remember nothing from the moment I took my toss. That's sometimes the way of concussion. Did you pick me up?"

"It's a curious story," said I. "May I tell it in my own way? And I'll answer what questions you like as soon as I've done."

"That's fair enough. Will you give me a cigarette?"

I did as she asked, and then I told her my tale, beginning from where we had sighted the closed and numberless car and ending with Herrick's account of its occupants' consternation on finding their victim gone. She never interrupted me once, but sat very still with her beautiful eyes on my face, and she showed no emotion at all, except that once or twice she knitted her brows.

When I had done, she lifted her head to the sky.

"I should like to thank you," she said, "before I say anything else. But for you . . ." A tremor ran through her. "That change of marked clothes sounds ugly. I was to be passed off as somebody else. Never mind. I'm very grateful. I think you've probably saved far more than my life."

I got to my knees and put out my hands for hers.

"Take hold of them, please," I said. "I'm going to give you a shock."

Her eyes never left my eyes, but she did as I said.

"A year ago last April, your father died in my arms. He was the Count of Brief. The man you call father is your uncle, and your cousin his only son."

Eyes shut, head back, her underlip caught in her teeth, she held to my hands as though she would never let go, and her breath was whistling in her nostrils and the blood was out of her face.

"What . . . proof . . . have . . . you . . . of these things?"

"I will go and get it," I said.

"No, no. Don't leave me just yet. You say that—that this man is my uncle, and not my father at all: that he is Percy's father . . ."

"Yes," said I.

"Does my cousin know this?"

"I shouldn't think so," said I. "That's the kind of secret which a man not only keeps but does his best to forget."

She nodded thoughtfully.

Then—

"Will you show me the proof you spoke of? When you say that this man is my uncle, I know that's true. I mean, it explains—everything. But I cannot realize that he is not the Count of Brief. And what of my mother? Wasn't he married to her?"

I got to my feet.

"Your father's statement," I said, "will make everything plain." I hesitated. "Only please don't hope for too much. It'll prove what I've told to you: but it wouldn't cut much ice in a Court of Law."

"I don't care about that. I want to be sure myself."

"So you shall be," said I, and made my way to the house.

Three minutes later I faced my lady again.

"There are the papers," I said. "One is your father's statement, which he had written and signed. The other is mine, which sets out what he told me before he died. Both of these are copies. The originals lie at my bank."

She read them through twice over. Then she folded the sheets and lifted her head.

"My God," she cried. "My God, how he must have suffered. Sent down into hell by the man he was trying to save. Sent down for good—for ever. Sentenced to death—for life . . . And what of the man who did it?" Her eyes were aflame. "What of that double-traitor that saved his body by losing his brother's soul?"

"I'll go all lengths," said I, "to help you to bring him down."

CHAPTER IV

There is at Raven a window, 12 feet from the farm's front door. Masked by one of its curtains, I watched a car approach and sweep to the foot of the steps. On the other side of the window, Herrick was standing still, with his back to the wall.

In the car were four men. Two were strangers to me, one seemed faintly familiar, and Percy Virgil himself had the driving-wheel.

I shot a glance at Herrick and wondered what was to come.

Virgil switched off his engine and wiped his sinister face. Then he followed his fellows out of the car.

I heard the front door open before they had reached the steps.

Then—

"Good evening, Brenda," said Virgil. "I'm afraid I've some serious news. My cousin's been taken—kidnaped."

"The Lady Elizabeth? Kidnaped?"

"It's true enough, I'm afraid. Her horse came in without her this morning, at six o'clock. At first we thought she'd been thrown, but it's worse than that. We found clear signs of a struggle in one of the rides."

I heard Brenda draw in her breath.

Then—

"But who would—"

"That," said Percy, "is what we want to find out. This is a sergeant of police, with one of his men." He turned to the strangers. "This girl is Brenda Revoke."

The sergeant stepped forward.

"We are seeking to trace two strangers lately seen near Brief in a fine, gray car." He jerked his head at the man whom I thought I knew. "This blacksmith saw them in Gola four days ago. And other people have seen them this side of Brief."

Brenda laughed.

"You mean our visitors?"

"There you are," said Virgil. "What did I say?"

"We do not lodge bandits," said Brenda, coldly enough. "These are two English gentlemen, who—"

"Since when have they been here?" said the sergeant.

"They came to us five days ago."

"And are they within?"

"I believe," said Brenda, "that they are taking their tea."

"Then tell them the police would like to speak with them here."

"No. Wait a moment," said Virgil. "First show us their car." He turned to the police. "If this fellow identifies it—"

"I think, perhaps," said the sergeant, but Virgil cut him short.

"Can't you see," he said, "how much it'll strengthen your hand?"

"Very well," said the other, reluctantly.

Brenda hesitated. Then she passed down the steps and led them away to the left and out of my sight . . .

In a flash we were both at the door, en route for our sitting-room. As we entered the hall, Lady Elizabeth Virgil slipped from behind the front door.

"And now?" she said.

"We may," said Herrick, "We may have to call upon you. We shan't if we can help it, but Percy, er, knows no law."

She smiled and nodded.

"All right."

And then we were back in our room and had shut the door.

Quite apart from the fact that I could speak no German, Herrick was plainly the man to play our difficult hand. His wit was far quicker than mine, and he had, besides, an address which would have unsettled the hottest enemy.

"We've no time to discuss," he said, "the line we should take. But I think we must get dear Percy to help us out. This means giving something away, but charity sometimes comes off."

"You mean?" said I.

"I'm not quite sure," said Herrick. "I have an idea, but it's still in a state of flux. Should it take shape, I have a horrid feeling that Percy is going to perspire. And now don't talk for a moment. If—"

Here Brenda flew in with her summons, fairly aglow with excitement and ready for any mischief that we might command.

"Have they found a map?" I said, rising.

"They are now inspecting it, sir—with their eyes half out of their heads."

"Good," said Herrick. "Where's Winter?"

"At tea in the kitchen, sir."

"Tell him to stay there," said Herrick. "And if he should be sent for, to tell the truth—except, of course, on one point. He's never seen my lady at any time."

Brenda nodded and fled, and we strolled out of the house and into the drive. The police and Virgil were there, but the smith was not to be seen. I afterwards found that he had been left with the Rolls—to raise the alarm in case we should try to make off.

I had wondered if Percy Virgil would know me again, for, while I had had good reason to study him and his ways, I had been to him no more than one of several guests at a country hotel. But he did—immediately. And though he would have concealed it, I saw him start . . .

Herrick was addressing the police.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I'm told that you wish to see us. If we can be of service in any way . . ."

The police seemed taken aback. I suppose that we did not resemble the men they had expected to see.

Then the sergeant took off his hat.

"The matter is serious," he said.

"Of course," said Herrick. "Otherwise you would first have asked us before inspecting our car."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Good Evening, Gentlemen. I'm Told You Wish to See Us."

"Hall-Marked" Houses Are Now Being Built in London; Jerry-Building Out

You cannot be fooled into buying a plated spoon in place of a silver one, because the silver one bears the government hall-mark, and putting any such mark on the plated spoon would get its maker into serious trouble.

But you and I or anyone who is not an expert in building can get very badly swindled by buying a house which, however pretty it looks, is actually jerry-built, asserts Sydney Forth in London Answers magazine.

What does "jerry-built" mean? It includes the use of badly burned bricks sometimes covered with stucco or rough-cast to hide them; the use of unseasoned wood, which shrinks and is likely to dry rot; weak floor joists; lack of a proper damp course; windows glazed with inferior glass; the use of concrete made with clinker; and a large number of similar swindles.

War has been declared on jerry-building by the Birmingham and District House Builders association, and in future purchasers who apply to the association can have houses inspected by independent surveyors. Houses which satisfy these surveyors will be hall-marked. A hall-mark brick of special design will be built in over the porch.

Although this scheme was introduced only a short time ago, nearly a thousand homes have been inspected, and hall-marked houses are now being built in all parts of the city and its suburbs.

There is a building research station at Garston, near Watford, where many sorts of building materials are tested.

At present about one-seventh of the nation's income is being spent on building. Nearly three million people are employed in the trade. Of every £100 spent in building houses, £40 goes for labor, £10 in overhead costs, and no less than £50 for material. Builders who attempt to foist off bad material in the future are likely to find themselves in serious trouble.

Early Kind of Match

One of the first types of matches was the brimstone match, which consisted of small strips of pinewood dipped in sulphur and lighted by a spark dropped from flint on steel.

UNANSWERABLE

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said: "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."

"Yes, sir," said the boys.

"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted, "'Cause yer feet ain't empty."

Poor Visibility

Jimmy's father took him to Sunday school for the first time one Sunday and on the way home, in order to find out if the youngster had learned anything, he asked:

"Jimmy, who killed Goliath?"

"I dunno," said Jimmy. "I was sittin' on a back seat and couldn't see."

ON SITDOWN STRIKE.

Newspaper Publisher—Haven't we any murder stories today?

Foreman—No sir, no one's been killed.

Newspaper Publisher—Confound it! What's the matter with those thugs, anyway.

How Refreshing

Three old maids, all deaf, were sightseeing atop a Chicago bus.

"Is this Webster?" asked one.

"No, it's Thursday," replied the second.

"So am I," cried the third. "Let's get off and get a drink."—Prairie Farmer.

In Demand

Father—Yes, my son went out west several years ago to make his fortune.

Friend—And what is he worth now?

Father—I don't exactly know; but six months ago the authorities were offering $1,000 for him.

The Link

"What's that piece of string tied round your finger for, Bill?"

"That's a knot. Forget-me-knot is a flower. With flour you make bread, and with bread you have butter. This is to remind me to buy some pickled onions."—Winnipeg Free Press.

Hm-m!

Suitor (to prospective father-in-law)—I'd like to have your daughter's hand, sir.

Prospective Father-in-Law—What is your profession, young man?

Suitor—Why, I'm an actor, sir.

Prospective Father-in-Law (irately)—Well, get out before the footlights.—Wall Street Journal.

Logical

Little Gloria has been learning her letters from an illustrated book which has the picture of an animal to "stand" for each letter. The other day she was reciting the alphabet very glibly, and when she came to the end, she intoned, "W, X, Y, Zebra."

Comes Extra

Mistress (engaging cook)—But I'll be assisting you in the kitchen. Would you be wanting the same wages?

Cook—No mum. Two dollars more.—Hartford Courant.

OUT OF THE PICTURE

"Is Stouter a finished speaker?"

"Yes; I don't think he'll speak again after what we did to him last night."

Salesmanship

"Why did you break your engagement to Tom?"

"He deceived me. He told me he was a liver and kidney specialist, and I found out that he only worked in a butcher's shop."

Change at Last

Boarder—Hey! I found a nickel in my hash!

Landlady—Yes, I put it there. You've been complaining about the lack of change in your meals.—Prairie Farmer.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

POULTRY

BRED FOR PRODUCTION: Ducks
RAISED FOR PROFIT: Chicks
SOLD BY QUALITY: Turkeys
STARTED CHICKS: Pullets
MILFORD HATCHERY
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TIPS to Gardeners

Making the Garden Pay

VEGETABLE gardens are grown to provide fresher, more nourishing food for the family, and to conserve on food bills. Therefore, crops must be wisely chosen and systematically planted.

According to Walter H. Nixon, vegetable expert, the most important vegetables considered both for food value and garden space required are: Beans, cabbage, carrots, beets, squash, tomatoes, onions, peas and spinach.

To get the most from garden space, plant two crops of spinach, one in spring, the other in late summer. Plant Chinese cabbage and parsnips about midsummer in space occupied earlier by beans, radishes and peas. Make successive plantings of carrots and beets for a steady supply of small tender roots.

Plant bush beans and beets on both sides of tomato rows. When tomatoes need the space, those earlier crops will have been pulled and used.

Corn can be worked into the garden plan even though there is not such space. Plant spinach or beets or green onions between rows of slower-growing corn. Then grow pole beans (cornfield beans) to climb on the corn stalks.

"Black Leaf 40" KILLS LICE
OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

The End Counts

If well thou hast begun, go on; it is the end that crowns us, not the fight.—Herrick.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your common cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you may get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

The Ablest One

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Gibbon.

Don't Sleep When Gas Crowds Heart

If you toss in bed and can't sleep from constipation and awful GAS BLOATING remember this: To get quick relief you must get DOUBLE ACTION. You must relieve the GAS. You must clear the bowels. Adlerika is just what you need because it acts on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Adlerika is BOTH carminative and cathartic. Carminatives that warm and soothe the stomach and expel GAS. Cathartics that quickly and gently clear the bowels of waste matter that may have caused GAS BLOATING, sour stomach, sleepless nights and indigestion for months. Adlerika relieves stomach gas almost at once. Adlerika usually acts on the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika does not gripe, is not habit forming. Get genuine Adlerika today.

Sold at all drug stores

A Long Lesson

Life is a long lesson in humility.—J. M. Barrie.

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That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* help the kidneys to get rid of excess poisonous body waste. They are antiseptic to the urinary tract and tend to relieve irritation and the pain it causes. Many grateful people recommend *Doan's*. They have had more than forty years of public approval. *Ask your neighbor!*

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