BANNER SERIAL FICTION

She Painted Her Face

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

© Dornford Yates WNU Service

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—13—

"Herrick's mother," said Elizabeth gently, "was my mother's greatest friend."

"You're not staying with his mother," snapped Old Harry. "By consenting to do as you did, you were playing straight into the hands of father and son. Supposing you'd been discovered . . . Brief would have seen his chance and have flattened you out. He'd have trumpeted the scandal, played the outraged father and ordered his erring daughter out of his sight. 'Never darken my doors again.' And you would have had to go—your cousin would have seen to that. Father fooled, police fooled, Austria fooled. And, ring or no ring, I couldn't have helped you at all. I used to be able to drop a soul-shaking hint, but I've never mastered the art of raising the dead."

There was a little silence, only disturbed by the sleeveless fret of a bee on a window-pane.

At length—

"You must blame me, madam," I said. "That Elizabeth should stay at Raven was my idea."

"Are you proud of it, Richard Exon?"

"No, I'm not," said I. "I'm greatly ashamed."

"Good," said Old Harry. "In future stick to your last. Take action—that's your forte. But never reflect. From what I hear, you have instinct—a precious faculty. Well, be content with that—and drown your ideas at birth. And now take a seat." She touched a chair by her side. As I did her bidding, she turned to Elizabeth. "What were you going to tell me about your mother's jewels?"

Elizabeth recited the facts.

When she had done, Old Harry wrinkled her brows.

"I'm not surprised that your cousin found you de trop. That he's drawn and sold the gems, there can be no doubt. And that by forgery. Now the English are a tolerant lot. They'll overlook treason and fight for a murderer's life, while a healthy theft in England is nearly always worth while. But they've always loathed forgery—probably because they feel that it isn't playing the game. Witness, your poor father . . . Now Cousin Percy has committed that 'loathsome' crime. But yours is the only voice that can send him down. Without you, he can't be arrested, much less arraigned. With you, he is—doomed . . . And so you had to go."

She glanced at a clock.

"Lunch," she said, "will be served in a quarter of an hour. For you two: in the Medici room. After that, you may sit on the terrace until I send. I must think this matter over. I don't want to let you down, but I can't make bricks without straw."

We could not talk freely at table, for never less than three men were constantly in the room. The meal was royally served, and the dishes set before us were fit for a king. All the appointments were flawless, and, ruled by the major-domo, the footmen moved and waited as though their duty had been tirelessly rehearsed.

At these things I shall always wonder, for Elizabeth told me later that months had passed since the Duchess had left her room, while no guests had been entertained for nearly two years. Indeed, I can only submit that they showed forth Old Harry's dominion as nothing else could have done. The palace was out of commission, its mistress was out of sight: and yet, at a nod from her, the machinery sprang to life, to move with all the precision of practiced vigilance.

Coffee was served upon the terrace, above an Italian garden, run to seed. And there we were left to ourselves—and the lizards that stared and darted over the moldering stone.

"She deserves her fame," said Elizabeth. "I know no more than you what line she's going to take: but whatever she does, I haven't wasted my time, because I have seen and talked with 'Harriet the Great.' "

(Here let me say that that surname does her justice as can no periods. A few men and women have borne it, since Time was young. If she had had as fair fields, I have no doubt that she would have borne it, too.)

"I wish," said I, "she was not confined to her bed."

"She isn't," said Elizabeth, swiftly. "She stays there because she likes it. She told me so. She said she had crowded so much into fifty years that she never had time to digest 'the brilliant burden they held.' And now she is doing that. She goes leisurely through her diaries, considering in detail the play which, because she was leading, she never saw."

"And she never gets up?"

"Never. She says that the mental exercise keeps her perfectly fit and the more she rests her body, the clearer her brain becomes."

I felt rather dazed. There were more things at Tracery than were dreamt of in my philosophy.

"Her English," I said, "is better than that of an English Judge."

Elizabeth nodded.

"Her brain's like mercury. When I came in, 'Why you and not Brief?' she said. I gave her the statement at once. She read it through in silence. Then—'I beg your pardon,' she said. 'It seems you are Brief. No need to ask why you're here, but who opened your eyes?' I told her all you had done. 'And here's a man,' she said. 'Don't let him go. I may or may not help you: but such a man's little finger is thicker than my old loins.' "

Before I had time to expose this ridiculous estimate, the major-domo was approaching—to give me the shock of my life.

"By your ladyship's leave, Her Grace will receive Mr. Exon without delay."

Elizabeth smiled and nodded, and,

"So I'm Going to Treat You as an Equal—'the Play's the Thing.' "

begging her to excuse me, I got to my feet.

Two minutes later I stood before Old Harry, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb.

The piercing eyes held mine, as a magnet the steel.

"Mr. Exon, I have formed of you a very pleasant opinion, and I am usually right. But I must request your assurance upon one point. That is that you are aware that you cannot possibly marry the Countess of Brief."

The bedroom went black about me, and the blood surged into my face. And I felt as though something had taken me by the throat.

Somehow I answered thickly.

"I am well aware of that, madam."

"Good," said Old Harry, agreeably. "I thought as much, but I simply had to be sure. And now come here and sit down, and I'll do the talking until you've got your breath." As I took my seat, her hand went on to my shoulder and held it tight. "Always remember—these things cannot be helped. I loved a commoner once, and he loved me. But there are some bars, Richard Exon, more rigid than those you loosed. So we both of us did our duty. He bowed and went, and I married the Duke of Whelp. And, all things considered, it turned out extremely well . . . And you are the only person to whom I have ever told that—not because no one else would believe me (though that is a fact), but because I have met no other person for whose sake I felt disposed to open an ancient wound."

I believe that I thanked her there, but I cannot be sure. I was like a man sunk in deep water, whose senses are out of hand because his soul is possessed by a frantic instinct to rise. I had harbored no hopes, of course. But, because I was only human, I had made me a dream to play with — a pretty dream. And now, as one takes from a child a toy that may do him harm, the Duchess of Whelp had taken away my dream.

Old Harry was speaking again.

"I have no other questions. Fate, that great producer, has cast you for one of the parts in this highly intimate play, and I am far too wise to question her choice. Besides, I think it's a good one—to date you've done very well. So I'm going to treat you as an equal—'the play's the thing.'

"Elizabeth, as you know, has invoked my help to dispossess her uncle of the birthright which he stole from her father some twenty-one years ago. Her request is a natural one, for it is her bounden duty to do her best to bring this parricide down. But, while I am generally bound to respond to her call, I am not bound to make a fool of myself. If she likes to wish for the moon and comes crying to me, I have every right in the world to send her empty away. Do you agree, or don't you? Not that I care a curse, but I may as well know."

"I agree with you, madam," said I. "The request must be reasonable."

"Very good. What is her request? Not to reach her the moon, but to help her uproot a tree which is more than twenty years old. 'All right,' say I. 'It certainly cumbers the earth and it ought to come down. Where are your tools?' " She slapped the quilt with her palm. "Mr. Exon, she has no tools. And neither have I.

"For me to move in this matter would be to fail: and for me to fail in this matter would bring me into derision, if not contempt." As I made to protest, she held up a sparkling hand. "I don't expect you to agree. You'd cheerfully sell my soul to buy your pretty darling an easy hour. But what I say is true, and, though you will not admit it, you know it as well as I. Very well. Now listen to me. I am going to move in this matter, cost what it may. And this, not because I am bound, for nobody can be bound to bring themselves into contempt; but because, if I do not do something, Elizabeth, Countess of Brief, is going to lose her life."

After a pregnant pause the Duchess went on.

"In her cousin's sight, the removal of Elizabeth was always to be desired. Once he had forged her name, her removal became expedient—I think that's clear. But in view of what has occurred in the last seven days, her removal is now essential to Percy Virgil's health. A week ago she could have sent him to prison for seven years: today she can send him to the gallows for the murder of Max. Why? Because she—and nobody else—can switch on that current which makes all evidence live. Motive. Prove the theft of the jewels, and you prove the abduction: prove the abduction and you prove the murder of Max . . ." The sweat was out on my face, but still Old Harry laid on. "Do you see now, Richard Exon? Have I chipped the scales from your eyes?

"Don't lose sight of two things—first, that any day now Virgil is going to turn into a desperate man; and, secondly, that if you come into collision, you must not expect him to keep to the Queensberry rules. Oh, and one thing more. All that has passed so far is between you and me. Elizabeth is to believe that I have come into this business because I desire to honor my ancestress' bond."

"May I tell Herrick, madam?"

Old Harry wrinkled her nose.

Then—

"Yes," she said. "He should be informed. If he resembled his uncle, he wouldn't be 'one of the best.' "

"Lord Naseby dislikes him," I said.

"Ca va sans dire. To find favor in Naseby's eyes, you must be sanctimonious and servile and reap where you have not sown. He demands, but never supplies, and he still has family prayers. But I understand he's failing."

"Herrick gives him another three years."

The Duchess picked up a tablet and made a note.

"I'll have that checked," she said, and laughed at the look on my face. "My agents are paid to find out what I want to know. Some people, when they retire, devote themselves to the study of bygone days: each to his taste, of course, but I've always preferred a live ass to a decomposed lion. For me, the creation took place some sixty years back, and while I respect the ages that went before, the present is the dunghill on which I shall always scratch.

"And now to business.

"Elizabeth must stay here—no doubt about that. You will return to Raven, to fetch her things. Nothing of hers must be left there, and everyone living at Raven must forget her visit as though it had never been. Very well. Tonight I shall write to Brief." She picked up a penciled sheet. "And this is what I shall say:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the Lady Elizabeth Virgil is now at Tracery, happily none the worse. I am loth to part with her—I wish I had known her before—and since her place is at Brief, she has persuaded me to restore her to you myself. This will entail a visit: but the occasion warrants a breach of the rule I have made, and you may expect us on Tuesday at five o'clock.

"I had invited to stay at Tracery a Mr. John Herrick, whose uncle I used to know. He is staying at Raven, by Dever, not far from you. Since I cannot now receive him, I shall be obliged if he and his friend, Mr. Exon, may be invited to Brief for the length of my stay.

"Now I think that will do very well.

"You see, Brief can't refuse to do as I ask: and so we shall all be together within the enemy's camp. Brief will be ill at ease, because he will have to pretend to be the brother I knew. And Virgil won't be at his best, not only for reasons we know, but because to entertain Herrick will undoubtedly shorten his life.

"I've set the stage, Richard Exon: and on Tuesday at five o'clock, the curtain will rise. But I can't give out any parts, because I have none to give. The performance will be improvised, but it shouldn't be dull. And now you be off, young man." I got to my feet. "See your darling first and send her to me. How long will it take you to get to Raven and back?"

"Madam," I said, "I can do it in less than five hours."

The Duchess glanced at a clock, which said it was a quarter past two.

"Then do it in six," she said, "and dine here at half past eight. Bring Mr. Herrick with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Old Law Bans the Flying of Kites in Washington; Dueling Also Forbidden

The District of Columbia, national legislative center, has a law forbidding kite-flying and many another strange statute.

Under the law, you can't tie a horse to a tree, and if you use French or Latin during a trial you have to pay your legal opponent $331.33.

The dusty code books do not explain how that figure was agreed upon. Neither do they explain another amount—$26.67, which, if lost in a game of chance, entitles the loser to sue the winner.

The loser not only may sue for the $26.67 or more but can, if he's reasonably lucky, collect three times the amount lost. Some gamblers think it's a fine law. So do District officials, for the city receives half the sum collected in such gifts, according to a Washington United Press correspondent in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sometimes the lawmakers apparently ignored old statutes when drawing up new measures. A woman has to be twenty-one years old before signing a contract. Yet when she is the beneficiary of a will she reaches her "full, mature or lawful age" at eighteen.

To win title to property by adverse possession, a Washingtonian according to the law books, has to show tax receipts for 15 years—or sometimes for 20 years, depending on which part of the code he is governed by.

Although the district forbids kite-flying, dueling and certain other personal activities, the law permits concerts on the Capitol grounds by "any band in the service of the United States."

The law provides one exception: the band cannot play while congress is in session. The music might disturb the legislators.

Said to Be Smallest Church

A tiny Methodist church, the smallest church in New Zealand, is probably the smallest in the world. It was built by the very early pioneers who landed in the far north of New Zealand in 1850, and settled in the little village which is named Waiiti, and is situated about 100 miles north of Auckland. The church is built of Kauri. The tree from which it was built was felled by the pioneers themselves and hand pit-sawn. It is an octagon in shape, having eight sides, with a shingle roof. It seats 20 persons.

CAP AND BELLS

URGENT

A distinguished bishop, while making a journey by rail, was unable to find his ticket when the inspector asked for it.

"Never mind, bishop," said the official, who knew him well, "I'll get it on my second round."

However, when the inspector passed through the coach again the ticket was still missing.

"O, well, bishop, it will be all right if you never find it," the inspector assured him.

"No, it won't," contradicted the bishop. "I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going."—Stray Stories Magazine.

No Hurry

"My daughter wants a roll of No. 120 camera film."

"Regular or verichrome?"

"What's the difference?"

"The verichrome is a much faster film than the regular, but it is five cents higher."

"Give me the regular. My daughter has plenty of time."

READY TO GO

Artist—I'm sure, madam, I shall never be able to reproduce the wonderful coloring of your face.

Subject—That's easy—you'll find plenty of it in my compact.

Under Par

Pa—Well, son, how are your marks?

Son—They're under water.

Pa—What do you mean, under water?

Son—Below "C" level.—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

Literal

Lawyer (paternally, to client anxious for divorce)—My dear young lady, occasional tiffs are bound to occur in your married life. But think of the joy to be got out of it.

Client—Exactly. Get me out of it.

Cautious Encouragement

"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?"

"I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her!"—Washington Star.

Narrow Escape

"That teacup you broke yesterday can't be matched anywhere, Mary!"

"Oh, aren't I lucky, mum? I thought I should have to buy a new one!"

Another Tyrone Power.

Teacher—Andy, write: "I'm a bad boy," on the blackboard and sign your name 100 times.

Andy—Oh, just an autograph hound, huh?

Brave Boy!

Oliver—Last night, I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.

Betty—Where was he—on the roof?

Special Delivery

Teacher—Can you think of two words that contain over a thousand letters?

Oliver—Yes, ma'am. Post office.

Took No Chances

"Won't you take the sleeping powder the doctor prescribed, Maria?"

"Yes—but you won't get the front-door key."

USE SOFT PEDAL

Masseur—Yes, sir, as I said before, sir, your skin is very unsightly.

Patron—Well, you needn't rub it in!

Slow Motion

Mrs. Horner—To whom are you writing that letter, Andy.

Andy—To Professor Wotasnozzle.

Mrs. Horner—Why are you writing so slowly?

Andy—He can't read very fast.

Precocious

"I want a box of powder for my sister, please," said the angel child.

"The kind that goes off with a bang?" asked the jolly old chemist.

"No, clever, the kind that goes on with a puff."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FORMER U. S. GOV. MATERIAL

500 Glazed Wood Sash
Size 32½ in. x 81 in.
Steel Bathing Beach Lockers
NATS SALVAGE COMPANY
208 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore, Maryland

POULTRY

BRED FOR PRODUCTION: Ducks
RAISED FOR PROFIT: Chicks
SOLD BY QUALITY: Turkeys
STARTED CHICKS: Pullets
Milford Hatchery Pikesville P. O. Rockdale, Md.

WEEKLY AUCTION SALES

We conduct auctions every Tuesday on men's, women's and children's wear, shoes and general merchandise. Seaboard Auction Co., Inc., 107 Hopkins Pl., Baltimore, Md.

PHOTOGRAPHY

QUALITY instead of QUANTITY! Roll developed and 8 genuine glossy Velox Deckled Prints 25c (coin). Free picture of Seminole Indians. Sally's Photos, Brighton, Florida.

Female Help Wanted

100% PROFIT TO YOU
Show beautiful greeting cards. Marvelous packet 5,000 seeds. Send stamp. Free samples. MARY MERLE, 4 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

OPPORTUNITY

BOWS AND ARROWS OF QUALITY. Send for price list. MAJOR ARTHUR BLACKBURN - Towson, Md.

LEARN A NEW LANGUAGE NOW
in your own home quickly, easily, correctly by the world-famous LINGUAPHONE Method. Endorsed by thousands of students, schools and colleges. Send for FREE Book and 7 Days Trial.
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
2 RADIO CITY - NEW YORK CITY

AUCTION SALES

Furniture and Household Effects of every description Auctioned Within Our Salesrooms
710 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.
Every Wednesday—10 A. M.
Attend These Sales and Save Money.
E. T. NEWELL & CO., Inc., *Auctioneers*
Established 1907

HOTELS

Come to Baltimore, Maryland
Stop at
THE MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL
Mt. Royal Ave. and Calvert Sts.
9 stories — Fire-proof
Rates begin at $1.50 per day
Coffee Shop—*Music and Dancing in the*
FAMOUS ALGERIAN ROOM

SEEDS

SEED WRITE FOR CATALOG FREE
To make NEW friends will GIVE 8 varieties fancy Petunias; kinds New Zinnias; 6 var. splendid New Asters; 12 kinds delicious Radish; 11 var. crisp Lettuce; 9 kinds fancy Tomatoes & 8 var. Onions (Value $1) all for 10c handling & postage. For return mailing & this adv. with 3 neighbors' names who have gardens enables you to receive 3 Hardy Phlox plants & 2 Roses as a GIFT & Catalog.
NEW ASTERS
THE GLOBE SEED CO., Dept. W-59 • St. Charles, Ill.

QUICK QUOTES

Sentinel Features

PREPONDERANT SENTIMENT

"AFTER one hundred and fifty years, notwithstanding expansion of territory, enormous increase in population and profound economic changes; despite direct attack and subversive influences; there is every indication that the vastly preponderant sentiment of the American people is that our form of government shall be preserved." —*Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States.*

OLD FOLKS
Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels
Nature's Remedy NR-TABLETS-NR
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation.
Without Risk get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get NR Tablets today.
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT
ALWAYS CARRY TUMS EAT LIKE CANDY STOMACH DISTRESS
QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WNU—4 15—39

Tranquil Mind

We think a happy life consists in tranquility of mind.—Cicero.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of *Doan's Pills*, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of *satisfactory* use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.

These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend *Doan's Pills* as a good diuretic treatment for functional kidney disorder and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use *Doan's Pills*. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS