BANNER SERIAL FICTION

# She Painted Her Face

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

© Dornford Yates WNU Service

**CHAPTER X—Continued**

**—21—**

"I'm not quite ready. I'll tell you when to begin," I called up to Elizabeth.

With that, I pulled the screw-driver out of the crack in the wall and splashed my way to beneath the ladder of dogs. And there, with a frightful effort, I scratched away the filthy jacket of slime, in search of another interstice between the stones. I had not the strength to reach as high as I wished, and for two or three desperate moments I could not discover a joint; but at last my trembling fingers encountered the ghost of a crack and I managed to put up the blade and to push it a little way in.

I hardly hoped that it would hold me, but I could do no more: and I sank down and let the steel take my weight.

When I had rested a moment, I was able to push it further into the crack.

"Are you ready, my darling?"

"Yes. I'm ready," I said, and hoped for the best.

As will have been guessed, my primitive plan was this—to drive the tire-levers between the stones of the well and so climb up by them to the foot of the ladder above.

I watched my lady's stocking pass out of the light of the lamps, with the levers jingling within it to tell me how far they had come, and three or four seconds later, I guided them into the pocket adorning the breast of my coat. As I felt for the head of the stocking, to cast it loose, I found that it had been tied to a piece of flexible wire.

At once I lifted my voice.

"That's enough. How much cord have you left?"

"About eight feet, my darling."

"What is it made of, Elizabeth?"

"Two pieces of cord, the strap and some flexible wire. The last was in the tool-box, on an inspection-lamp."

I could have cried out for joy. Flexible wire will bear a considerable weight.

Again I addressed my lady.

"I want you to move the car: so that one of its wheels is directly in line with the ladder—say, five feet away from the well. Before you do this, hitch the cord round a statue, so that it doesn't fall."

"Very well."

Whilst she was doing my bidding, I unfastened the end of the "flex." Then with a shaking hand I got it about my body, under my arms. As I made it fast, I heard Elizabeth's voice.

"Yes, Richard? The car is there."

"Take your end of the cord and thread it between the spokes and so round the tire. Then, very slowly, draw it as tight as you can. When you hear me shout, make it fast by taking two or three turns."

"Very well."

A moment later the "flex" began to move.

I dared not ask too much of so frail a rope, and directly it took the strain, I called to my lady to stop; but though it could not have borne me, it held me up and, what was a thousand times better, it freed my hands. Before she was back at the head of that cursed well, I had hammered one of the levers into the wall.

Now I was not out of the wood by a very long way, but I knew that the lever would bear the whole of my weight: and this meant that, if I could manage to plant my other levers as rungs, I could emerge from the water which threatened me.

After working the matter out, I called upon my lady to loosen the cord . . .

Somehow I planted a lever beneath the water-line.

Since I had but three, this seemed a terrible waste, but I simply had not the strength to drag myself clear of the water without some support below. And when the business was done and the slack of the cord taken up, it was all I could do to reach the first lever I drove. And there I hung, like a man cast up on some shore, who knows what still lies before him if he is to save his life and doubts that he has the strength to get to his feet and stagger landward out of the reach of the waves. For I had to set one of my feet on the lever below, and, when it was there, I had to haul myself up—a terribly difficult movement, at any time.

Stand at the foot of a ladder of seven rungs—of which all are missing, except the second and fourth. Then take hold of the second and mount the fourth . . . And I was not standing, and I was very tired.

Of course, the trouble was this—that my levers were much too close. And yet I could not plant them farther apart: for without some foothold I could not work higher up, and in my exhausted condition I could not work lower down.

It was a very near thing.

I never could have done it, without Elizabeth's help: for she handled the cord with such skill, always just taking the strain, but never taking my weight, that I depended upon her from first to last. When after a frightful convulsion I got a foot on to the lever, to hang, bent double, half in and half out of the flood: when the water clung to my body, as though reluctant to let go its lawful prey; when I made my last desperate effort to heave myself clear of its clutches and, keeping my foot on the lever, to straighten my knee; when I was up and was standing against the wall of the well, and all the handhold I had was the lever a bare two inches above my knee; when I dared to let go of this and, bracing my thigh against it, put up my hands above me, to search the wall . . . At these times, that poor cord saved me—and nothing else. And yet it must have broken, if once it had taken my weight.

Trembling, I straightened my back and put up my hands . . . and met the last rung of the ladder shoulder-high.

Reaching up as far as I could, I could actually grip the last but two of the dogs driven into the side of the well.

"I'm Not Quite Ready. I'll Tell You When to Begin."

Be sure I tested the three as well as I could. Then I mounted my second lever and tested the fourth and the fifth.

Though rust had corrupted them all, they seemed to be sound, and since they were very thick and were almost certainly grappled behind the stones of the wall, I wasted no more time, but swung myself up.

Once I was on the ladder, I called my lady by name: and when she replied, I told her to drop the cord.

"I'm on the ladder," I said. "But I want to know where it stops."

"Just clear of the parapet, Richard."

"Stand still where you are," said I. "I'll come up and see."

It was as she said. The last of the dogs—or the first—was set perhaps six inches below the true rim of the well.

"Draw the cord tight," I said, "and then give me your end."

I passed this round my body and then threw it back.

"Put it round the wheel again and give it to me."

Again she did as I said: and again I passed it about me and pitched the end of it back.

"Now make that fast to the wheel, and then stand clear."

There was a moment's silence. Then—

"All right, Richard," she said.

"Are you standing well back?"

"I am."

I took the five strands in my hand, and took a step up. The dogs were taking my weight, but the cord was holding me into the side of the well. I mounted step by step and hand over hand. As my head rose above the parapet, I saw Elizabeth standing with one of her hands to her throat.

Three more steps . . .

Then I flung a leg over the wall and pulled myself in.

I was lying flat on the cobbles, with my head in Elizabeth's lap.

It was very near three o'clock when I berthed the car in the shadows which masked the entrance-drive at Brief, for now the moon was up and was refining the country on which, as we both believed, we had looked our last an hour and a quarter before. Ten minutes later, perhaps, we entered her staircase-turret and climbed its steps . . .

Now I had advised that Elsa be told to dress and to be beyond Brief's verge before six o'clock—unless she preferred to be charged with attempted murder and almost certainly sent to prison for life: but, to our surprise and relief, her bed was untouched and she was not within the suite. In fact, it was very soon clear that, because she did not trust Virgil—and there she can scarcely be blamed—she had discarded the role which she had been ordered to play, and had selected a better and safer part.

To be short, "Monna Lisa" had fled—taking with her the best of all that Elizabeth had.

Her disappearance suited us very well, for we had our secrets to keep, and such a wolf in sheep's clothing was far better out of our way: and though the things she had taken were worth a good deal, their loss but served to remind us of what we had saved that night.

I made the most of the bathroom before I did anything else; but, of course, I had no dry clothes and, though I begged for my shirt, Elizabeth would not allow me to put it on. Instead, when I reappeared, she put a flask into my hand and bade me do as she told me or else go off to my bed. Since some things remained to be settled I let her have her way, but I could not help thinking of the strictures which would have been passed, if the Duchess of Whelp had suddenly entered the room.

I suppose that one treasures for ever the gift of forbidden fruit: but I know that as long as I live I shall never forget the short, most intimate scene which brought to an end the drama in which we had played that night. Less than an hour before, I had been fighting for life in Palfrey's terrible well: and now I was in Elizabeth's exquisite bedroom, sitting, with a flask in my hand, on the foot of Elizabeth's bed, while Elizabeth stood to her pier-glass, putting her hair to rights.

I met her eyes in the glass and the two of us smiled, and I saw myself beyond her, looking like any miner, about to begin his toil.

"High time I was gone," said I, and got to my feet.

Elizabeth spoke over her shoulder.

"As a matter of fact, I love to see you there. When we're married, you must always sit there when I'm brushing my hair."

Old Harry's words rang in my ears, and I turned away.

I must request your assurance upon one point. That is that you are aware that you cannot possibly marry the Countess of Brief.

I put the flask to my lips and when I drained it dry I put it back in the cupboard from which she had taken it down.

"What about tomorrow?" I said. "I mean, if we can, we'd better keep out of the wet. Not that I care. If the police knew I'd bumped him off, they'd put their arms round my neck. But I can't bear anyone knowing that you were involved . . . And yet—"

"My darling, what are you saying?"

I turned to meet Elizabeth's startled eyes.

Then she laid down her brush and came and put her hands on my shoulders.

"Can you get what I'm saying, Richard? Or are you all in?"

"I'm all right, my beauty, but I'm too tired to make plans."

"I'll make them for you," she said; "and now listen to me. When you leave this room, you must go by the way that you came. That is, by the picture-gallery. There you must pick up Winter and enter the tower. And so to bed. At seven Winter cancels the horses — you gave him that order last night, by my request. He calls you again at nine: but, because there is no one to call me, I sleep till ten. Then I find that Elsa has gone: and after a little I find that she's taken some of my things. But you don't even know that—because neither you nor your servant were out of the tower all night."

"Yes, I've got that," I said.

"It's vital, Richard—vital. If we say anything, we've got to say everything. And, except for Old Harry and Herrick, no one must ever know what happened tonight." She raised her eyebrows there and gave a little shake of her head. "I don't know what stuff I'm made of, but it hasn't upset me at all. Neither was fit to live—quite apart from the fact that you did it in self-defense. But the fact remains that you've been the death of two men . . . and one of those men was the cousin with whom I have been brought up . . . My darling, listen to me. It simply must not be known that the man whom I am to marry put Percy Virgil to death."

"Yes, I see that," I said somehow. "All right. I'll keep my counsel, and Winter will hold his tongue." I put my arms about her and held her close. "Kiss me good-night, my lady. The dawn will be coming up, and I want you to get to bed."

As I kissed her mouth, she took my head in her hands . . .

"Good - night," I whispered. "Good-night, my beautiful girl."

I let her go, slipped into my sodden coat and laid my shirt over my arm. Two minutes later we stood in the picture-gallery.

By the light of the staircase-turret, I set up the eloquent harp. Then I turned to her standing beside me, picked up her little hand and put its palm to my lips.

"Sleep well, sweetheart," I whispered.

"And you, my dear. Look. I'll keep my door open until you get to the hall."

So she lighted me on my way . . .

When I came to the head of the staircase, I purposely bore to the left, and an instant later a torch was flashed into my eyes.

"Well done, Winter," said I. "And now we'll go back to the tower. That's enough for tonight."

In my room I gave him his orders. One of these concerned the suit which I was so glad to take off.

"Let no one see you do it, but when you can tomorrow, conceal this suit in the Rolls. And the next time I send you for petrol, stop in some lonely place, cut my name out of the jacket and burn the lot."

"Very good, sir," said Winter, blinking. "And—and what about this?"

"My shirt? oh, that doesn't matter. Hang it out on—"

And there I stopped dead.

He was not holding my shirt.

What he was holding was one of Elizabeth's dainty chemises with which I had rubbed myself down.

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

## Names Are Selected for 64 Hues and About 3,000 Different Flower Colors

The task of examining and standardizing the colors of almost every flower in the world has been completed.

The work, which took three years, was carried out by Robert F. Wilson, art director of the British Color council, working in co-operation with a committee of the Royal Horticultural society, writes a London United Press correspondent in the Chicago Daily News.

"My first task," Wilson said, "was to separate the full hues which are found in flowers. There are 64 of them, but there are many shades of each hue. I have examined 4,000 different flowers. They were sent to me by horticulturists all over the country. Then I have gone down to Wisley, the Horticultural society's trial grounds, to match up the colors of many empire and foreign flowers."

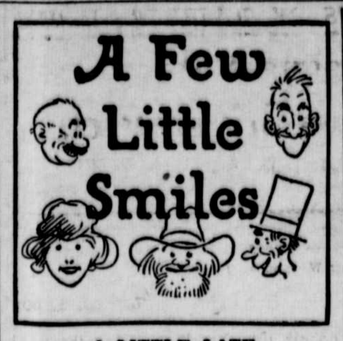
Wilson found that there are about 3,000 different flower colors. He has named every one of them, tracing the most ancient historical names for the different colors. Examples of pure colors he found in flowers are the orange of marigolds, the yellow of mimosa, the blue of gentian and the red of salvia. Most orchids, on the other hand, are not pure colors at all.

"You can find every color in the world in flowers," he said, "and there are as many tones of green as there are varieties of color. Nature is the perfect artist and always provides exactly the right tone of green leaf to match the color of the flower. The flowers have to be matched in full bloom, for they change color slightly as they die away."

It is hoped that the color chart for flowers will be used in time by every horticulturist in the world, so that flowers of the same color everywhere will be described by the same color name.

**Blushing Not Confined to Face**

Blushing is not confined to the face and neck. Anthropologists have found individuals, among primitive and seminude tribes, who blush as far as the waist, says a writer in Collier's Weekly.




**A LITTLE LATE**

The angler decided to rise very early. As he walked along the main street he heard the village clock strike five.

"Well, I've always heard a lot about the early rising of country folk," he thought to himself, "but there's no one about yet."

Presently he saw a farm laborer.

"Grand morning!" he called out.

"It is now, sir," replied the laborer, "but it was very cold first thing."

**Breezy Story**

Nothing but a south wind would do the old gent any good, he explained to the seaside hotel manager. "Does the south wind always blow here?" he demanded.

"All the time, sir," was the answer.

Suspiciously the prospective guest held up a moistened finger. "Why, it's from the north right now!" he asserted.

"Yessir," beamed the manager. "It's on its way back now."

**The Dangerous Ism**

"Your speech didn't impress me as containing any new ideas," remarked the friend doubtfully.

"That's good," answered Senator Sorghum; "a speech with new ideas is very liable to result in giving your enemies a chance to denounce you as a champion of some sort of ism."

**NO PRIVACY**

"Say, do you believe in the Darwinian theory?"

"No!"

"Then what are you monkeying round here for?"

**Voice of Experience**

Mose—Whaffer you all dressed up foh? Is you lookin' for work?

Sambo—Lawsy, no. Ah is celebratin' mah golden wedding.

Mose—Golden wedding? Den why isn't yo' wife wid you?

Sambo—She ain't got nothin' t' do wid it. She's mah fo'th wife.

**Any Bounty?**

Alfalfa Ike—What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?

Badger Pete—Oh, he was brushin' his teeth with some of that new fangled toothpaste and one of the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him!

**Going Bankrupt**

Old-Fashioned Girl—All my life I've been saving my kisses for a man like you.

Modern Young Man—Well, prepare to lose the savings of a lifetime.

**In a Big Way**

"I clean my diamonds with ammonia, my rubies with wine, my emeralds with brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk," said Mrs. Newrich.

"Is that so? When mine get dirty, I just throw them away," replied Mrs. Oldrich.

**Privacy**

"What is the definition for the word home?"

"Home is the place where you can scratch where it itches."

**Painful**

Fond Mother—Willie takes pains with his music.

Neighbor—We get them, too.

**NO SENSE OF BALANCE**

"Why was he so upset in bank this morning?"

"Found his balance was gone."

**Obeying Orders**

Doctor (to battered patient)—What sort of an accident did you meet with, Mr. Tompkins?

Mr. Tompkins—Well, doctor, I've gone for a tramp each day, as you told me—but that last beggar was a bit of a 'andful!

**Custom**

"In England, to 'take orders' means to enter the church."

"It's slightly different over here—you enter the church, get married and then take orders."


## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

### POULTRY

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

### ALCOHOLISM

OUR HOSPITAL is devoted exclusively to the treatment and correction of
CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM
GREENHILL INSTITUTE 2145—16th St. N.W. WASHINGTON, D. C.
*Write for information Booklet. It's FREE*

### ANTIQUES, RELICS

OLD WALNUT FURNITURE, Glass, China, Silver, Libraries, Books, Old Letters, Manuscripts wanted. Highest prices paid. Jefferson, 5841 Hoffman Ave., Phila., Pa.

### BABY CHICKS

5,000,000 Produced Annually
Leghorns, Heavy Breeds, WRN Across Breeds—Sexed if desired. Hatches Every Week. *Write for Prices*
WENE CHICKS - Vineland, N. J.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Films Developed 25c
8 DECKLE EDGE PRINTS
5 x 7 Glossy Enlargement with each order (COIN)
MAIL FILMS TO
Box 5105, Highlandtown Sta., Baltimore, Md.


## Variety of Cutwork To Beautify Linens

**Pattern 1998**

Variety's the thing! Here's a collection of border and corner motifs to make your linens look expensive. Cutwork's easy—just buttonhole stitch. Pattern 1998 contains a transfer pattern of 18 motifs ranging from 2½ by 15 inches to 2¼ by 3½ inches; materials required; illustrations of stitches; color schemes.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

**To Be of Service**

The best gift heaven ever sends is the power to be of service to our friends or our foes, or to the stranger within our gates. Whether this service is recognized or unrecognized does not matter.—Lilian Whiting.


CONSTIPATED?
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 10c
QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION


WNU—4 23—39

**Too Many Fools**

Two fools in a house are too many by a couple.


Watch Your Kidneys!
Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills. Doan's* have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*
DOAN'S PILLS