BANNER SERIAL FICTION

She Painted Her Face

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

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

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Then I sealed the envelope up and addressed it to the Duchess of Whelp. And then Winter fetched Parish again and I gave it into his hand—and made him swear to hold it till ten the following day.

At half past three I saw the Duchess again.

She spoke to me very kindly and said that my lady had told her of our "most unpleasant experience" the night before and hoped that I was no worse for my struggle to save my life. After that she wished me good luck "in the matters you now have in hand" and said she should look for my coming in four days' time. And when I kissed her hand, she lifted me up and held my face against hers and thanked me for "plucking our darling out of the jaws of death."

Then, though I knew my way, she called Godolphin and told her to show me out; and, before I knew where I was, I was passing through the state of the bedroom which Brief reserved for persons of royal descent. Thirty seconds later I stood in the picture-gallery . . .

Elizabeth turned from a window and came to my side.

"Come and sit down, my darling." She put her arm through mine and led the way to a seat. "You look so tired and shaken, and though God knows you have cause, it isn't like you. And now you're going straight off—to travel day and night to London and back. Oh, I wish I was going with you. I shan't know a moment's rest till I see you again."

With a superhuman effort, I braced myself for the part which I could not play. Somehow I had to play it—for both our sakes. She simply must not know that this was the end.

I got to my feet and drew her into my arms.

"My sweet," I said, "if I seem to you unnatural, that is because I am trying to play a part. I am trying my best to pretend—to make myself believe that I do not mind taking my leave. If you cannot help me to this, then my resolution will crack and I shall not go. After all, I've a fine excuse—'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' And the man I promised to speak for can go to hell . . .

"Now I never realized how much it was going to cost me to keep the promise I made. It is costing me so much that I dare not consider the price, because, if I did, I know that I shouldn't pay it—and yet it's got to be paid, if I am to keep my word. So I'm trying to make believe.

"Now, of course, it's utterly hopeless to pretend that I don't mind going and leaving you here. I might as well pretend that I liked being down in that well. So I've made up my mind to pretend that, when I run into Innsbruck, I'm running out of some dream."

"After all, it's been rather like one—for me, I mean. Raven, Tracery, Brief: and the Duchess of Whelp—and you. Who ever saw anyone like you outside some dream? Who ever saw such beauty of face and form? What hair ever smelled so sweet? What temples were ever so lovely? What hands were ever so cool? And what queen ever spoke so gently, or told a man that she loved him, or put up her darling mouth—except in a dream? So I'm going to pretend I've been dreaming . . . for if I've been dreaming, I don't have to leave you behind. My dream, my shining wonder, will always be here—in my heart. There can be no separation. No miles can lie between us because you are not of this world. When I'm crossing the Channel, I shall hold you as close in my arms as I'm holding you now. Day and night you'll be with me—always: sleeping and waking, I'll have my cheek against yours." I threw back my head and laughed. "I shall be so rich I'll be almost afraid to come back, because that will mean the rendering up of my dream."

"Dropping shadow for substance," she smiled. "Perhaps you won't like me so well."

Then she laid her head on my chest and I laid mine against hers. And so we stayed, while the merciless sands ran out—and the blood ran with them, out of some hole in my heart.

Some clock struck four, and I felt a tremor run through her before its knell.

Once more I braced myself.

Then I put my hand under her chin and lifted her lovely head.

"Good-by, Elizabeth Virgil."

"Good-by, my love."

I kissed her lips.

Then we let one another go, and I turned and walked out of the gallery, down to the hall.

One minute later the Rolls was clear of the terrace and was whipping up to the woods that neighbored the entrance-drive.

I remember next to nothing of the journey we made that night.

A petrol-pump, highways and mountains and the growl of a frontier-guard; a bridge, all white in the moonshine, and then the glare of my headlights fading before the dawn—these things make up the nightmare through which I drove, with Winter asleep beside me against his will.

I know that at ten the next morning we came to Basle, and, because I could go no further, I drove to the old hotel at which I had lain for two nights three weeks before.

From there I wrote to my darling—a halting, pitiful note, in which I tried to make out how rich we must always be, because we had picked our flower when it was in full flush, so that now it could never wither or run to seed.

That evening we left for Strasbourg, and, after driving all night, embarked at Calais for Dover the following afternoon.

It was as I walked the deck and saw the cliffs of England taking their ancient form that it first occurred to me that when I stepped ashore I should come to the end of my plans. My one idea had been to retrace my steps and to put the sea between me and my heart's desire: but now, in a few minutes' time, I should have achieved this purpose, and since life had to be lived, I should have to take thought for the morrow and, plainly, decide what to do. For a moment I knitted my brows . . . But either because I was tired or because, to be honest, I did not care what I did, the effort seemed not worth making, and I let my thoughts fly back—to a slim figure standing alone . . . in an echoing picture-gallery, full of the lenient splendor of afternoon sun.

The steamer had berthed, and I was standing amidships, watching my fellow-passengers hasten ashore, when I found a man standing beside me, with a hand to his hat.

"Mr. Exon, sir?"

He was a commissionaire, and he had a note in his hand.

"That's right," said I.

He gave me the note at once.

Within was a typewritten sheet.

The Duchess of Whelp presents her compliments to Mr. Richard Exon and begs that, as soon as may be, he will present himself at Tracery, where he will hear of something to his advantage.

With a hammering heart, I stared at the messenger.

"How did you know," I said, "that I should be coming this way?"

"I didn't, sir," he said simply. "There's a man with a note for you at each of the ports. Every boat from France has been met for 24 hours."

CHAPTER XII

"No, you don't, sir," said Winter, stoutly. "I don't care what's in the wind. I promised her ladyship I'd make you look after yourself. I 'aven't done nothing so far—because of the look in your eyes. But now that's gone, thank Gawd. An' if you won't rest here a day before startin' back—well, I've got the Rolls locked and I'll chuck the keys into the sea."

So it came about that nearly four days went by before, after sleeping at Innsbruck, I saw the chimneys of Tracery rising against the blue.

Heavy rain must have fallen the night before, for woods and pastures were green as I had never seen them, and the countryside was glancing before the smile of the sun. All the fragrance of earth and her fruits was lading the lively air, and the mountain-tops were making a mock of distance and hoisting their lovely detail for all the world to see.

As twice before, I entered the wasting courtyard and berthed the Rolls: but before I was out of the car, the doors of the mansion were opened and Parish was descending the steps . . .

Five minutes later I stood before the Duchess of Whelp.

She was dressed in gray, as usual, and was sitting at ease in a salon, the open windows of which gave on to the moldering splendor of terrace and park.

As usual, by painting her face, she had done her best to disfigure her splendid countenance, and, as usual, its noble features and her majestic air were turning their motley into a robe of state: on a table, beside her, lay papers—among them my letter and the statement which had been indorsed.

As the door closed, she looked up: and after a moment or two, she put out her hand.

I went forward and kissed it at once.

As I straightened my back, she spoke.

"Come for your cake, have you?"

"Madam, I have obeyed the orders you saw fit to send."

She pointed to a chair.

"Sit down." I did as she said. "I was right when I said you had taken the bit in your teeth: but it never occurred to me you were going to bolt."

"Madam," said I, "with respect, I shall always believe I was right to do as I did."

"Without speaking to me?"

"Yes, madam—because I had nothing to say. It was understood between us that, when I had done what I could, I should 'bow and go.' "

"Quite so," said Old Harry, "quite so. But you needn't have gone like that."

"Madam," said I, "the water was up to my chin. That night when—when Elsa fled, we were more or less pitchforked into each other's arms. Had I stayed—"

"Why didn't you come to me and tell me the truth?"

"And ask to be let off—in view of what I had done? Forgive me, madam, but I don't think you'd have done that."

"No, I shouldn't," said Old Harry. "I should have come and demanded the hand of the Countess of Brief." I started at that, but she took no notice at all. "And if my demand had been questioned, I'll tell you what I should have said. I should have said, 'Look here. That she loves me is nothing: that I love her is less. But I've saved her life twice over and damned near lost my own. I've made one man cut his throat and I've killed two more . . . And if you imagine I've done all these parlor tricks to keep her nice and warm for somebody else, then, by God,' I'd have said, 'you've made a mistake in your man.' "

I stood up and folded my arms.

"Madam," I said, "I'll see you. Take it as said."

Old Harry regarded me straightly.

"This, to me, Richard Exon?" was all she said—but the words were sharply spoken and stung my ears as a lash.

Such rank injustice was more than my blood could stand.

"And this, madam. Your wisdom is infinite, and you can draw distinctions which I cannot comprehend. You speak of 'judgment' and 'instinct' as if the one was black and the other white. But I can see no difference between the two. In all I have done in this matter, I have acted as I thought best: and when I left Brief last Wednesday, I was acting according to my lights. You saw fit to call me back . . .

"Five minutes ago I told you a thundering lie. I said that I had come in obedience . . . Madam, I did nothing of the kind. I came to receive your permission to marry the Countess of Brief. Had your note not promised me that, you might have called me until you were black in the face . . . and I would never have answered, much less have come. And now, if you please, I should like to have my cake."

"Well, I'm blessed," said Old Harry. " 'Black in the face.' Never in all my life has anyone ever dared to address me like that. The more's the pity, of course. If only they had, I should be more tolerant now."

"I do not find you intolerant, madam."

"I'm much obliged," said the Duchess; "but don't let's get on to my faults, or we shall be here all night. One picks up quite a number in 70 years. And now unfold those arms and sit down in that chair. You shall have your cake in due course. But first, as once before, I must take a hammer and chip the scales from your eyes. I like to think, Richard Exon, that when you came into this chamber you found your reception cold. I mean, I didn't burst into tears and throw my arms round your neck."

"You have been kinder, madam."

"Well, I'm glad you got it," said Old Harry. "Your reception was cold, because it was meant to be cold. I deplore and despise the sex to which I belong. I always have. We have few virtues and many contemptible traits. But who is Richard Exon to tread on our traditional corns?"

"Madam," said I, something startled, "I've no idea what you mean."

"Of course you haven't," says she. "But that's because you're a fool. Women are curious, Richard—get hold of that. They must know—everything. And what is more to the point, they've got to know it at once." She held up my letter. "And you walked out of my life . . . and left me this." She covered her eyes. "And I helped you to do it. I helped you to keep me waiting for days."

"Madam, I—"

"Listen to this. 'I told him that he would be arrested, unless he made himself scarce.' That's all. That is your dispatch—your account of the fall of a stronghold which I had been racking my brain how best to assault. Fall? Crash. The man left Brief the same night . . . And now perhaps you'll tell me by what supernatural means you uprooted in half an hour, without any tools, a tree which has stood and flourished for 22 years. And that, if Parish may be believed, upon an empty stomach."

"Madam, I'm sorry. I—"

"Damn your sorrow," screamed Old Harry, waving her arms. "Declare to me how you did it, you wretched boy. Cool my brain in explanation. Assuage my thirst. That's all I sent for you for—to learn the truth."

I tried not to laugh, and failed. And the Duchess got up and shook me, and then pulled me on to a sofa and sat with my hand in hers.

"Word for word," she said quietly. "Don't leave a syllable out."

I told what there was to tell: and, when I had done, she thanked me very sweetly.

Then I asked of Elizabeth and Herrick, to learn that the latter was at Raven and the former at Brief. Since there was much to be done, Herrick went over to Brief for the whole of each day, assisting my lady as I could never have done, for he was a fine man of business and, as I have said, could speak German without a fault.

And then we came back to myself.

"You must understand this," said the Duchess. "Exactly ten days ago, before ever we left for Brief, Elizabeth told me plainly that she meant to become your wife. Well, I didn't argue with her, because I approved her choice. The difficulty confronting me was to make Richard Exon—not worthy to be her husband, but eligible to marry the Countess of Brief. Well, I think I can bring it off—but only by your consent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Rivers of Mud Inundated Herculaneum, Town Named for Hercules, Strong Hero

Herculaneum, or the "Town of Hercules," was one of the villages around Mount Vesuvius long ago. It was settled by colonists from Greece, and later was occupied by Romans. The name was given in honor of Hercules, the Greek and Roman hero, observes a writer in the Portland Oregonian.

When a volcano breaks loose, it throws out material of different kinds. Ashes, stones and cinders fly into the air, and a great deal of steam may rise.

Now and then a deadly gas sweeps through the countryside, and chokes those in its path. More often, the damage is done by lava, a kind of rock which can be so hot that it runs as a liquid.

Herculaneum did not suffer much from the fall of cinders or ashes. The damage was done by streams of hot mud, or "mud-lava," as it has been called.

It is believed that the streams of mud-lava were formed by thousands of gallons of hot water which welled from the volcano and mixed with powdered rock around the cone.

Down the mountainside flowed the mud-lava, and covered many homes, including those in Herculaneum. We may guess the feelings of the people as they saw the thick, dark rivers coming toward their little city.

The population was about 4,000. Old and young and middle-aged fled from their homes. Almost all, if not all, escaped. They jumped into boats, and rowed or sailed away—or escaped by running to Naples.

The people were saved, but their homes were buried under the mud-like stuff, to a depth of from 30 to 60 feet.

Not quite 230 years ago, an Austrian prince (who had come to Italy to live) ordered a well to be dug near the edge of a town which had grown up on the side of Mount Vesuvius. The workmen struck a stone wall some distance down, and wondered what it had been used for.

The prince ordered a great deal more digging to be done, and it was found that the wall was part of an ancient theater of the open-air Greek type. Marble statues and other relics were found as well.

In later years, Spaniards, Englishmen and Italians carried on digging and drilling. Step by step, they brought to light parts of ancient Herculaneum.

Much work has been done during the past few years, and a good part of the town is now in view. Scores of houses have been laid bare, along with the theater, a temple and other public buildings.

The mud-lava saved some things at Herculaneum which were not so well saved at Pompeii. Most important is the wooden framework of houses. Stairways, doors, and window frames (all of wood) are to be seen, after being cased in the mud for from 16 to 18 centuries.

Here is a cupboard with necklaces and other jewelry in it when the volcano erupted. In another cupboard we find the shells of eggs which would have been cooked if the life of the town had gone on.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—If the king and queen had talked with Lawrence Tibbett, after he sang for them at the White House when they visited our capital, they might have been pleasantly assured that they had dropped in on the America of authentic British tradition and not a parvenu nation without a past. In the California badlands, when Lawrence Tibbett was 7 years old, his father, a deputy sheriff, cornered the bandit, wild Jim McKinney, in a Chinese joss house in Bakersfield. At that time, McKinney ranked Billy the Kid, previously the leading bad man in those parts. Shooting his way out, he killed Tibbett. Tibbett's brother, Bert, then sheriff of Bakersfield, stepped in in time to land a load of buckshot between the bandit's eyes.

Tibbetts Proof Ours Is Not a Parvenu Nation

Just the other day, Lawrence Tibbett's Uncle Bert gave him the shotgun which had dropped McKinney. The boy had a hard scramble, getting an education and helping support his widowed mother and, at long last—speaking in the manner of the house of Windsor—here's another distinctive American touch—Lawrence Tibbett is the first American singer to gain fame without European training.

Betty Lee Tibbett, his sister, taught him his first songs, and how to play the piano. Joseph Dupuy, the southern California tenor, was his first professional teacher. He knew he had a voice, but was determined to be a Shakespearian actor. However, his fame as a singer grew in Los Angeles, and he began studying with Frank LaForge in New York. On January 2, 1925, he stole the show from Scotti, in Verdi's "Falstaff." The record shows one score for the numerologists. His luck wasn't so good until he added another "t" to his name—it is properly Tibbet.

Takes on a 'T' And Luck Does A Happy Turn

There's still another touch of quaint Americana in Mr. Tibbett's story. Whenever he has a headache, he walks around on his hands. He says that sluices the blood out of his head and stops the pain. Many a time, just before he was to sing a specially exacting role, members of the Metropolitan cast have seen him off stage, running around upside down. Our reception to the king and queen was necessarily routined, but they would have learned much of interest if they could have circulated in disguise like good King Alfred who burned the cakes.

THE Duke of Windsor gave the Rev. Robert Anderson Jardine a pair of cufflinks for marrying him, and the duchess sent him a piece of wedding cake. That was about the net return for the little vicar's defiance of his clerical superiors. As the captains and the kings depart, he's broke in Hollywood, which, some people say, is worse than being broke in Death Valley. Those who liked to think they had a ringside seat at great events projected the plump, sandy-haired little priest into history, along with the parish priest mixed up in Napoleon's divorce and marriage—an event which set up the "Black Cardinals" and set churchly hierophants wrangling ever after.

Jardine Had but Walk-On Part on History's Stage

Soon forgotten was the Rev. Mr. Jardine. His lecture tour in this country was a failure. He found engagements mysteriously cancelled. He now says, "Bigotry and persecution have followed us across the sea. My wife and I hardly know where to turn, but we're fighting on. I found that America thus far is a land of promises, not of promise."

He was a low-church, Evangelical pastor in Darlington, county of Durham, working in the slums and appealing for better conditions for the Welsh miners, known as "the poor man's parson." It was King Edward's sympathetic reference to the sad plight of the miners that claimed his loyalty, even to the extent of sacrificing his living of $2,000 a year. He had hoped to gain a living by lecturing in this country.

"People seem to shun me," he says. "I can't quite understand it." He is a rather bewildered, meager little man. He sent the duke a cablegram congratulating him on his recent peace speech, but got no reply. However, he has no regrets. He believes it was clearly his duty to perform the wedding ceremony.

"If I had to do it all over again, I'd do it," he says.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Pick-Me-Ups for Summer Wardrobes

SEVERAL gay sets like 1762, including a fitted, broad-shouldered jacket, beret, gloves and envelope bag, will make a simple wardrobe look like a lot more! It's stunning with your day frocks and white skirts. Easy to make. Choose linen, gingham, pique or sharkskin for this smart design, which reproduces the style of expensive ready-mades.

New Slenderizing Fashion.

Large women who want a soft, pretty afternoon dress will find 1742 extremely becoming, and it's

decidedly new and smart. The paneled skirt, with a graceful circular flare, is markedly hip-diminishing. The bodice fits nicely over the bust because it's gathered under the smooth shoulders. Loose sleeves always look so pretty and feel so cool. In voile, georgette or chiffon, this will be your favorite for afternoon parties.

The Patterns.

No. 1762 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 35 inch fabric for short-sleeved jacket; ⅜ yard for beret; ⅝ yard for bag and ⅛ yard for gloves. A piece 1⅛ inches wide by ⅞ inch long for glove insert.

No. 1742 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4⅞ yards of 39 inch fabric without nap and ¾ yard of lace or braid.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

For the Humble

There are sweet surprises awaiting many a humble soul, fighting against odds in the battle of a seemingly commonplace life.—Henry Van Dyke.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Likes and Dislikes

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told their duty.—Burke.

One-Spot Flea Killer
Dust on one spot only
Kills Lice, Ants, Fleas, Aphids, Bedbugs, Crab Lice, Potato Bugs, Cabbage Worms, Mex. Bean Beetles
At Your Drug Store

Unnatural Evil

Nothing leads to good which is not natural.—Schiller.

'Fore . . .
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SHAWNEE COUNTRY CLUB
and Buckwood Inn
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