



CHAPTER IX—Continued  
—11—

"From what you tell me," he said, "the countryside appears to be littered with cars; our immediate vicinity, however, seems to have been neglected. We must, therefore, wait for Barley. He's a job of work to do and he won't be here for another hour and a half. Still, that'll give us time to settle two or three points. And between you and me, it's as well that you had that sleep, for unless I'm much mistaken, you won't have time for sleep for the next few hours."

"With regard to the promise Lady Helena gave to Pharaoh. . . If you hadn't been overwrought, I like to believe that your reason would have told you that from every point of view that promise was no more binding than a bucket of Glauber's salt. For one thing, it was exacted—she promised under duress. For another, let's quote his own words. 'Because you have scruples you are weighted clean out of this race. I am not so embarrassed—I never am.' He makes that arresting statement, and then within five minutes he has the blasted effrontery to prove it up to the hilt. No wonder he left the room quickly; he was probably worried to death that Dewdrop would burst out laughing before he could get him outside. If you must have another reason, Pharaoh let you both go because he was stuck. As long as you two sat there, he could not move. More. The warden's suspicions were aroused and the house was full of your men; his only chance was to take up the role he asked for—the role of the Countess' guest."

"So much for the promise to Pharaoh. Now for the Count. He must, of course, be held till Pharaoh is dead. Barley's attending to that. Last night, at the Reaping Hook, he very properly held his tongue, but he knew just as well as you what a valuable prize you'd made. Like guest, like host, you know. In fact, to be honest, we'd been hoping to make it ourselves. You mustn't think we've been idle. We've watched and listened and learned a whale of a lot. And the Count's removal stood very high on our list. Well, as I say, Barley's attending to that. That's the job he's on now—shunting the Count."

"And now for you. I'm not going to labor the point, because you seem so sore, but I suppose you realize that you were—er—evacuated in order to save your life. I mean, you can't really believe that Pharaoh, if he can help it, is going to let you live."

"I haven't really thought about it," said I. "He's certainly tried to kill me and if he gets the chance I imagine he'll try again."

"Don't imagine," said Geoffrey. "Believe. Believe that he'll go on trying for the rest of his life. Your death-warrant was signed that morning at Annabel, 10 days ago. As long as you're useful, he'll use you—be sure of that. He meant to squeeze the Countess through you. But when he had got what he wanted, you were to die."

"And that brings us to her ladyship. This appears to be delicate ground, so I wouldn't say much. But, if you please, ask yourself this. Why didn't she leave with you last night, as she did five nights ago? A possible answer is that she may have thought you'd prove mulish—jib at breaking her promise to the rottenest swine that ever took a girl by the throat. But the great probability is that she wanted to do a deal. She meant to see Pharaoh and ask him the price of your life. Thanks to Helena Yorick's efforts, you're still alive, though why she should bother about you is more than I can conceive."

"Now this is what I propose. As soon as Barley returns we make at once for Plumage and close down Bugle—not Rush. Rush is ripe for secession; rats leave a sinking ship. He may have something to tell us. If not, we proceed to the castle—complete with Rush. We use the tunnel and footbridge and Rush can unlock the doors. Then we get hold of the warden and put him wise. From him we can learn—"

point of disappearance Helena Yorick was moving, looking for me. At first I could not see Sabre. Then I saw him leaving the valley to climb its opposite side. And I saw his mistress standing over him in the sunlight, with one of her hands to her throat.

"As I saw her she waved, and I answered. Then with one consent we began to go down the valley that lay between. Helena was regarding me straitly. 'Is this your greeting, John?'"

"Yes," I said. "I'm sorry." I pulled out the note she had written and looked her full in the eyes. "I know," she said. "I did it because I love you."

"I tore the note to pieces and let them fall. 'You've done that to my faith,' I said. 'I see,' said Helena, slowly. 'For whoever will save his life shall lose it.'"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose so," I said. "I don't know. You're so much more clever than me. But something inside me's broken. I can't pretend."

"I know you can't, but I can. Every woman can. But I only pretended. John, to save your life."

"I don't know," I said. "And I'm—much obliged. But I can't get as far as your motive. If I hadn't been mad about you, you couldn't have had me on."

Helena lifted her head. "And so I'm damned," she said. "I shouldn't think so," I said helplessly. "But it means we speak different tongues. Oh, can't you see what I mean? I thought it was I that induced the light in your eyes, but now you've shown me that you can switch it on."

"Is it any good my saying I can't? That when it came it was you that—brought it there?"

There was a little silence. At last she lifted her head. "I can still care," she said slowly. "I have the power of being sorry—or glad. And I'm glad this has happened—thankful, and that's the truth. It's a jolt in a way, of course; but although we don't speak the same tongue, I think you'll get what I mean. It's very much better than in six months' time. And now I'm going to speak plainly. Don't think I'm pleading my cause. That's not my way. Nothing on earth would induce me to marry you now. You're the one man on earth I can't marry—get hold of that. But I want to show you your trouble, because—well, I owe you something and perhaps one day it'll save you from making the same mistake."

"You're an idealist, John. That's one of the reasons why you appealed to me. I love idealists. I'm one myself. But idealists must live—and, what is still more important, they've got to live. An idealist must be human, must keep his feet on the ground. If not, he becomes a nuisance—he carries his joke too far. You can't see that just now; you can't translate what I say; but I think you'll be able to one day, and then you'll remember my words."

"You can't get as far as my motive—that's what you said. What you really mean is that you cannot see my motive, because you are looking too high; but my motive is natural and human and belongs to the earth. It's a pity you can't get as far, for the motive counts."

"You see, if I had deceived you—and, of course, I don't deny that I did, I laid myself out to deceive you. I used every art that I knew—well, if I had deceived you with any shameful object. . . let's say to smooth my path to some other man, then your estimate would be true, for by using our understanding to let you down I should have committed a sin which not even an angel from heaven could ever forgive. But we both of us know that what I did I did because I loved you. And when you come down to earth, as I think you will, you'll see that that makes a difference. And something more you'll see, when you lower your eyes. You'll see what it cost me to do it. I debased our lovely cologne to save your life. 'Some people would call you a fool, but I know better than that. You see, I know you so well. You're so very simple and downright, and honesty is your god. That worship and your unbridled idealism are, as it were, the lenses through which you see. And so what I did looks monstrous. . . It's because of that that I'm neither angry nor hurt—only thankful. If you had weighed me and had dared to find me wanting. . .'"

me. The challenge had stabbed some emotion that was not dead. "Finish the sentence," I said. "That's just what I've done." For a moment she regarded me curiously. "Then—"

"No, you haven't," she said. "You think you have, but you haven't. If you could speak my language, you'd understand what I mean. But that's by the way. As I said just now, I am—thankful that this has happened. . . To be honest, I knew it might happen. I saw its shadow while I was writing that note. And I very nearly added: 'Don't let him know I've done this.' And then I thought 'No,' because that was a coward's way. I wasn't prepared to deceive you to save myself."

With a sudden air of pleasure she looked about. "And now where's your cousin?" she said. "I fancy the game's nearly over. But I'd like him to hear my news and then we can settle the best way to go in and win."

As once before, the three of us sat on the turf, and Helena Yorick was speaking with my cousin's eyes on her face. But mine were upon the ground.

"If I had to give my story a title, I should call it 'How Pharaoh was hoisted with his own petard.' But that would not be strictly correct, because, as you'll hear, it was the infallible Dewdrop that let him down. 'As John has told you, I saw him out of Yorick just about twenty past three. Then I went straight to bed, and after a little I managed to get to sleep. At half-past six I was awakened by the most awful din. Sabre was barking like mad and the fire-alarms of the castle were going all out. Then I heard men running and voices, and I'd hardly got my dressing gown round me before old Florin was speaking and knocking upon my door."

"Well, you'll never guess what had happened. A watchman had found blood on the terrace—a trail of blood that led him up to John's room."

She paused there and turned to me. "I'd no idea that Dewdrop had stabbed you so deep."

I said nothing, and at once she resumed her tale. "The moment I heard the news I saw the infinite value of holding my tongue. I knew whose blood it

was and why it was there, but I felt that, left to itself, that blood would cry out with an eloquence which I could never approach. Dewdrop had stirred up a regular hornets' nest; it seemed to me very little likely that with a very little direction the hornets would turn their attention to Pharaoh and him."

"I told the warden to rouse you and, if he could get no answer, to break down the door. Very wisely you'd left this unbarred—I shouldn't have thought of that. Of course, your room was empty, but I went in myself and looked carefully around. You see, I was sure that you must have stashed the wound and I wanted to see if you'd left any traces of this. But, again, you'd been very careful. And so I was free to give the hornets a tip."

"I turned to the warden. 'Where does this trail lead to?'"

"Poor Florin stared. 'But it leads to this chamber,' he said."

"Nonsense," said I. "It leads from here. Some hurt has been done Mr. Spencer and he has been taken away."

"The truth of the fiction was obvious. The hornets saw it at once. Four or five servants rushed off to study the end of the trail."

"Who was aware," I demanded, "that Mr. Spencer was to be lodged in this room?"

"Florin ticked off the suspects. 'Your ladyship, myself, the valet, Rachel, both the night-watchmen. . .'"

"He hesitated there, so I dug in the spurs. 'Is that absolutely all?'"

"'Captain Fanning knew,' said Florin."

"I gave a most lifelike start. 'Captain Fanning?' I cried. 'So he did. And his servant, too.'"

"It was Florin's turn to start. 'And his servant?' he cried. 'Yes, yes, I cried. Both of them knew. His servant was there last night. I didn't know it when I was speaking to you. But he was

behind the curtain. I don't know why. 'Then I called upon Florin to find you—I gave all sorts of wild reasons why you must be found. And then I fainted, and good, honest Florin caught me and carried me down to my room. 'So you see I'm quite a good actress."

"Well, the hunt was up all right. Talk about sensation. . . I could smell the lust for vengeance. The hornets were fairly off. Then I heard the incredible news. 'Captain Fanning and his servant were gone."

"The position might be far better, for Pharaoh's at large. Still, it's very much better than it was. He's not only out of Yorick without any loss of life, but his flight has proclaimed him guilty of shedding blood."

"Well, the rest was very easy. I sent for old Florin and told him most of the truth. I told him that 'Fanning' was Pharaoh and that Pharaoh had killed young Florin and that since you, John, could prove this, he was going to take your life; that he'd only spared you till now—well, to serve his own ends; that, though that blood was your blood, for the moment I knew you were safe; but I said that your death was appointed and that, Pharaoh being Pharaoh, nothing on earth could save you—except his death."

She turned to Geoffrey. "I don't have to ask if you agree with me there."

"My cousin shrugged his shoulders. 'There's not much more to be told,' Helena continued. 'I said nothing of Valentine, of course. His return now might not be fatal, but he's very much better away. At a quarter to eight I left the castle a fortress and drove to Annabel.'"

"Unarmed and unaccompanied?" said Geoffrey.

Helena shrugged her shoulders. "The risk was slight, and how could I take a servant to where I'd left Valentine? Yet it was vital that you should know at once that Pharaoh was out. To my dismay, you were gone. But as your room door was locked, I guessed you'd left Valentine there and so would come back. Well, we held a conference. His orders were at once to remove the Count, and, much as I wanted to see you, I felt that for every reason those orders must take first place. You see, though Barley knew where he'd left you, neither he nor I had a map. I've been looking for you for six hours. I sat down and cried once. Sabre'll bear me out."

"Great heart," said Geoffrey quickly, and touched her hand. Helena smiled.

"The glory to Sabre," she said. "And for all the good I've done, I might have given Barley the message—he'll be here in half an hour. I was able to help him, though. I diverted the household's attention while he got my wretched brother into the car. As for his ultimate disposal—well, when I look at you, I feel humble. I acknowledge a master brain. 'The Gordian knot of it he will unloose. Familiar as his garter.'"

"Poor chance," said Geoffrey, lightly. "I'd painted the river just there, and the monks were very kindly and obviously simply stamping to use their skill. You know. Any friend of mine—"

"This told me the truth of the matter. I knew where Valentine was. And that was some 60 miles off—in a private ward. This stood remote, its windows commanding the cloister of the convent to which it belonged. The only patients admitted were those alleged to have been bitten by dogs that were mad. The treatment lasted a fortnight."

"Well, there you are," said Helena. "There are the facts. And now, if you please, Mr. Bohun, what do we do?"

"We take you back to Yorick. I shan't know a moment's peace till you're where you belong."

"And then you're wrong," said Helena. "I'm going to see the fun."

In the discussion which followed I took no part and indeed I scarcely listened to what was said, for my thoughts would not leave the scent in the fragrant valley and at last, since I did not care, I tired of haling them back and let them be."

Presently I got up and made for the road, while my cousin followed behind.

As I reached the stretch of macadam—"There's nothing for it," said Geoffrey. "We shall all have to sleep at Yorick, because of this wilful girl. Perhaps she'll see reason tomorrow. How the devil can she lie out all night? She's all in now."

"She can't, of course," said I. "But what's that to do with us?"

"Only this," said my cousin. "That she won't sleep at Yorick unless we do. Her very words."

We strode down the road in silence, from time to time turning about.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indians Used Juneberries

The plains Indians used Juneberries to make pemmican. They mixed dried saskatoons with pounded dry buffalo meat, packed it in the large intestines or stomachs of buffalo, where it kept a long time when run full of hot marrow or buffalo tallow. It made a nourishing food that was easily transported.

## HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON  
Talks About

**Opinions on Dinitrophenol**  
DURING the war many cases of dinitrophenol poisoning occurred among French munition workers. The poisoning which was often severe and sometimes fatal was of such common occurrence that a special investigation was undertaken by three French research workers. The workers found that dinitrophenol increased the amount of oxygen needed by the individual to ten times the usual amount, that heat was increased inside the body so that sugar was taken in great quantities from the liver and muscles. In 1933 Mrs. W. C. Cutting, H. G. Mehrrens, and M. L. Tainter stated in the Journal of the American Medical Association that they had found that in addition to the burning of sugar from the liver and muscles, fat in the body was burned also.

As the drug thus burned up surplus tissue a number of experiments were made in reducing weight by the use of dinitrophenol. The dose was given according to the weight of the individual, and the rate at which the body processes work was increased from 20 to 30 per cent the first hour. After 24 hours the rate at which the body processes work began to decrease again and was down to the normal rate by the third day. No ill effects were found in the eight patients even after giving dinitrophenol for two months.

**Results of Experiments.**  
The drug was then given to nine other patients for prolonged periods, all of whom lost weight without cutting down on the amount of food usually eaten. In these nine cases no ill effects were noted.

These research physicians thus concluded that dinitrophenol would be useful in the treatment of obesity or overweight.

However, because of the possible dangers of the use of the drug in patients, they suggested that the drug be used only under controlled conditions. Warning was also issued by the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, and by editorialists in the Journal of the American Medical Association against the uncontrolled (not under medical supervision) use of the drug.

Despite these warnings dinitrophenol has been used extensively in the treatment of overweight and not always with the necessary precautions. It is estimated that 4,500 patients in California alone were treated in one year and that probably 100,000 persons have used the drug in North America.

**Big Demand for Drug.**  
Naturally there has been a big demand for a drug that will reduce weight without cutting down on the food intake and with no need for exercise.

However, the other side of the picture shows that many individuals are "sensitive" to the drug and are afflicted with skin eruptions more or less severe. And unfortunately there does not seem to be any means of knowing beforehand if the drug will cause trouble because skin tests are of no use. Other disturbances due to the drug were itching, swelling of the lining of mouth, nose and throat, loss of smell and taste.

"Up to the present time six deaths from dinitrophenol have been reported. In two of these cases especially large doses were taken, but in two others the amounts used were not larger than those recommended by Doctor Tainter and his co-workers."

**When Death Occurred.**  
"In most of the cases death occurred within 24 hours of the onset of the symptoms of poisoning which are dizziness, breathlessness, fatigue, fever, and perspiration."

It is therefore strongly advised by research workers that the use of the drug be limited to carefully selected cases. Patients with diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, and diseases of the liver and heart, should not be given the drug.

In Germany an official warning regarding the danger of dinitrophenol has been issued.

**High Blood Pressure**  
In a study of 182 high blood pressure cases Dr. D. Ayman found an increase in both physical and mental activity. They are dynamic overactive persons with a large and steady output of energy. They are sensitive and quick-tempered and that would appear to have been born in them.

The point then is that high blood pressure, while more frequent in overweights, is quite common in those of normal weight who are overactive, sensitive, high-strung, nervous. The treatment of course is to try to acquire a "calmness of spirit" by developing a philosophy of life by means of religion or by other methods.

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## Something Brand New in Necklines

PATTERN NO. 1784-B



1784-B

An unusually clever and interesting yoke treatment, front and back, distinguishes this altogether lovely daytime frock. With the neck opening at the back, the V-shaped yoke extends over the shoulder and combines with a soft high neckline to give a new and flattering neck effect, equally fetching front and back. Full set-in sleeves drop gracefully to the wrist and the waist portion gathers to the yoke in the rear to provide essential fullness. A flaring panel, as fashion dictates, features an otherwise simple skirt which is dart-fitted at the back and a novelty belt adds a finishing touch.

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## Smiles

**Sure Enough**  
She—What's that? You say our engagement is broken? I don't get you.  
He—Exactly! That's it.

**Secrets Are Safe**  
"Tell me the story of the police raiding your fraternity."  
"Oh, that's a closed chapter now."  
—Fifth Corps Area News.

**Locating the Cheek**  
"Cheek, I call it."  
"Cheek be blowed. The cheek's on the other foot."

**Time for Everything**  
Sultor—I wish to marry your daughter, sir.  
Dad—Do you drink, young man?  
Sultor—Thanks a lot, but let's settle this other thing first.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**THE FLAVOR LASTS— THAT'S WORTH REPEATING!**  
**THE FLAVOR LASTS AWK!**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**

**THE STANDARD OF QUALITY**

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## Happiest Age to Marry Is 33 for Man, 27 for Bride

Contrary to a common idea, early marriages are allegedly not the happiest, at least for the American populations. A new chart showing the ages at which men and women should marry if they are to have the greatest chance of happiness has been prepared by Dr. Hornell Hart, professor of social ethics at the Hartford Theological seminary. According to this chart the ages at which the chance of marital happiness is mathematically greatest are thirty-three for the man and twenty-seven for the bride.

However, the chart shows a range of greatest chance of married happiness corresponding to groom's ages between twenty-nine and thirty-seven and the bride's ages between twenty-three and thirty-one.—Pathfinder Magazine.

## Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

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## A WAY OUT

She—I don't speak to strangers.  
He—Well, all I want is to get acquainted. Then we won't be strangers.

**Easy to Please**  
"Did I leave an umbrella here yesterday?"  
"What kind of an umbrella?"  
"Oh, any kind. I'm not fussy."

## WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

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