

STORM MUSIC

By Dornford Yates

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

A letter from the Count of York afforded its infinite pleasure and deserves to be set out in full:

Dear Helena:

I hope you are very well. I am not at York because I was bitten by a mad dog and a good Samaritan brought me straight here. I would like to thank him for that. He saved my life, you know. Fancy a mad dog worrying me. I think I must have gone out for a walk or something and then it just leaped upon me and worried me and I knew no more. And this is the only place that I could have been saved from going mad. It makes you get hot all over. By the way, I'm off liquor. Alcohol, I mean, they make me heeling drinks here with virtue in them and I fairly lapp them up. And the wound's healing like a little child. They say liquor's very dangerous for hiderofobia. I nearly died, you know. All the while the good Samaritans were taking me to the monastery, it was touch and go most of the time. The madness was in my veins. It makes you go hot. But I'm all right now. They say I can get up for a little while on Sunday and look at the flowers. I shall like that. I see the vanity of life now all right. There is a good monk here called Father Bernard. Of course, they are all good, but he is the best. He says all is vanity and that the pumps of the world are void. You know there's a lot in that. Well, I must end now. But I thought you might wonder where I was. What a escape! Fancy a mad dog like that ranging about seeking whom he might devour. I tell you, I hadn't a chance. He just leaped upon me, nashing their fangs. I can see it now.

Your loving brother,
VALENTINE.

P. S. What about Fanning? I rather like him. If not, perhaps you could fire him out. He swore Spencer was your evil genius, but I thought you might have a good eye. Sour grapes, I guess. I suppose you knew what you were doing.

The reformation this letter foreshadowed was more than we could believe, but I am bound to record that it was fairly fulfilled. The shock or the fear of death, or perhaps, his curious communion with that honest and kindly fellowship of simple souls wrought in the count an astonishing change of heart. The weeds that had choked his qualities withered and died, and though I was most apprehensive of our relation, 24 hours' acquaintance had made us the best of friends.

His postscript brings me to Pharaoh.

Of that unconscionable scoundrel I have but little to say. That the man was most swift and daring I cannot deny, but I think that his deadly reputation was to him the highwayman's mare. Carefully fed and cherished, it was this that carried him into and out of engagements without a scratch; but when at last he was standing upon his own feet, even I was able to show that, if his eye was quicker, at least his spine was as brittle as that of another man. For all that, he was bold and efficient—and something more. Ill served, dogged

by misfortune, he nevertheless contrived almost to bring a victory out of defeat. So far as I know, he only made one mistake—and that was to kill young Florin: so far as I know, he had but one slice of luck—and that was, on binding Helena, to find that she had in her hand her master key.

The portrait my cousin had painted will always rank for me as one of the greatest triumphs a painter ever achieved. This is not because he had rendered a beautiful likeness, nor yet because he had captured the leaping spirit that lived in the lovely flesh; but because he had marked, as I had, that the precious eager look was out of his subject's face and had painted it in from memory out of a grateful heart.

Though my life is secure and happy beyond belief, the events of those terrible days are cut in stone upon my mind. But I would not forget them, if I could; for out of their wrack and turmoil I won my beautiful wife. Often and often I read their grim inscription and gaze at the riotous pageant which this calls up. I see that dreadful labor down in the sparkling dell and Dewdrop finger the paper that I let fall: I tread The Reaping Hook's stairs and I hear—as I shall hear to my dying day—the deadly voice of Pharaoh behind the door: I see him enter the room with Valentine's hand upon his shoulder and I hear him whistling for Sabre with my heart in my mouth: I hear the



Together, Saving Each Other, We Rode Out That Frightful Storm.

Carlotta coming with the rush of a mighty wind, and I hear the cough of the Rolls as her engine failed: I hear Rush plying Bugie to make my blood run cold, I hear Pharaoh bullying Freda, and I see the flame of the pistol that saved his life: I see the awful change in my darling's face, and I turn to see Pharaoh smiling behind my back: I smell the fragrance of the valley that knew no sun; and I see her stricken and trembling in Pharaoh's power, and I hear the roar of our pistols and I see the man spent with hatred, staring into my eyes.

It is written. Out of the eater came forth meat. I can only say I have found this saying most true. The goddess Aphrodite rose from the foam of the sea: but Helena Spencer came out of the wrath of a tempest that had risen to smite us both. Together, saving each other, we rode out that frightful storm—the remembrance of which is not grievous, for our desperately perilous passage, side by side, has bound us more closely together than the sharing of any joys.

[THE END.]

Who Are You?

The Romance of Your Name
By RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

A Coleman?

THIS name is found in England as early as A. D. 664, on the northeast coast. The first-mentioned bearer of the name was a celebrated Scotch Bishop of Lindisfarne. This Bishop, in consequence of a heated controversy, retired from his church and built three monasteries in different parts of the country. Another devout member of the family was a crusader to the Holy Land and was slain in Austria. He became a patron saint of that country in 1015, and the eighteenth of October is still noted on the Roman calendar as the Memorial day of the martyr.

It is interesting to know that there is an important street in the city of London which has borne the name of Coleman since time immemorial.

One of the first of the Coleman family to come to America was Thomas, who spelled the name "Coulman." He was born in 1602 in Wiltshire, England. He came over on the good ship James, arriving in Boston, Mass., 1635. He was married three times and left a long line of descendants. His first



Coleman

wife was Mary (surname unknown); his second wife was Mary Johnson, and the third was Mary Rowell. His three brothers, Edward, Samuel and William, were also early arrivals in this country.

Other Colemans came at later times. Joseph came from County Kent, England, and settled in Scituate, Mass., in 1635. William Coleman and his wife, Elizabeth, came on the ship Arabella in 1671. Their son, Benjamin, became a noted minister and was a director of Harvard university for 50 years.

The coat of arms above shown is ascribed to William Coleman (1673), of Massachusetts.

A Hay?

THE legend surrounding the origin of this name is that, during the reign of Kenneth III of Scotland about the year 980 the Danes, having invaded the country, were met by the Monarch near Loncarty, in Perthshire. At first the Scots gave way and fled through a narrow pass, where they were stopped by a countryman of great strength and courage, with his two sons and no weapons other than the yokes of their plows. Severely reprimanding the fugitives for their cowardice, he succeeded in rallying them. The battle was renewed and the Danes put to flight. After the victory was won, the old man lying on the ground, wounded, cried out, "Hay! Hay!" and this word became the name of his posterity.

The king, as a reward to Hay, gave him as much land in the district of Gowrie as a falcon could



Hay

fly over before it settled. The falcon flew over six miles in length and lighted on a stone which was called Falconstone. The motto of the family is "Serva Jugum," meaning "keep the yoke." The crest of arms was also granted to the rustic Scot by King Kenneth. The land over which the falcon flew was later called Errol and was the home of the Hays, Earls or Errol, for generations.

Hays in America settled in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Hays of East Chester, N. Y., claim descent from James Hay of Scotland, one of the followers of the Pretender, who escaped to America in 1745. © Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

Delayed Pruning Halts Grape Loss

Full Extent of Damage Must Be Known to Aid in a Larger Field.

By A. S. Colby, Chief in Small Fruit Culture, University of Illinois.—WNU Service.

Certain varieties of grape vines have been so hard hit by the severe winter that pruning this spring should be delayed until the full extent of the damage can be told and the vines pruned accordingly. Any vines on which the fruit buds have not been killed, if properly pruned, can be made to yield twice what they otherwise would.

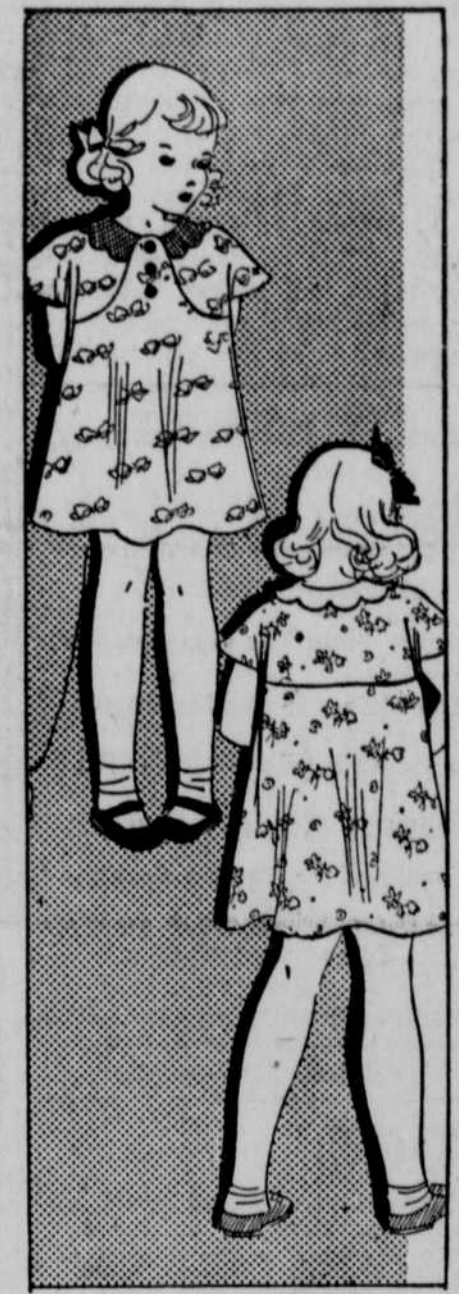
The grower should look upon his vines as separate individuals, and after allowing for gradations in vigor resulting from insects and diseases, soil differences and weather conditions should handle the vines in such a way that vine growth and yield of well-matured clusters are balanced yearly.

Results of studies with Concord grapes showed that if most of last season's shoots were too short and too weak to produce laterals, the vine was pruned too lightly the previous season. That is, too many nodes were left. If the shoots were so vigorous that they produced an excessive amount of lateral growth, too many nodes had been removed the previous winter.

The grower therefore should strike the balance between these two extremes by leaving enough nodes at pruning time so that vigorous shoots will grow for the following year's crop, while at the same time enough fruit is allowed to grow and mature for the current season. However, these shoots should not be vigorous enough to send out many side branches or laterals. From 50 to 70 nodes to the vine usually will be enough under normal conditions.

It also is important that nodes be left on either four or six canes, rather than on a large number of short spurs. It has been found that the best fruiting buds are found on those canes from the fourth to the twelfth node. Hence most of the best fruit will be removed and the vines will run to wood if they are "spur pruned." Several well-matured canes at least as large as a lead pencil should be left with from 12 to 15 nodes on each cane. The number will depend upon the previous growth of the plant and the size and quality of the crop.

Distinctive Dress for the Small Girl



1833-B

Any little girl from two to six will look simply charming in this distinctive tiny frock which has a high waist finished off with a dainty scalloped collar, and three little buttons.

The shape of the collar gives the dress a fetching demure look that is adorable on all little girls. Notice the soft flare of the skirt and the loose short sleeves—simplicity is the keynote. This design requires a minimum of time and effort to make. Try it in gingham, wool challis, muslin or a silk with a wee little flower design. You can also make this version in a simple crepe which is used in party frocks.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1833-B is available for sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards

All Around the House

Ink spots on the fingers may be instantly removed with a little ammonia. Rinse the hands after washing in clear water.

Icing for cake may be prevented from cracking by adding one teaspoon of cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all together, then add sugar until the icing is as stiff as desired.

Set your alarm clock to notify you when baking period is completed. You may then continue your work in the other part of the house without worry.

To remove egg stains from a linen tablecloth soak it in cold water before putting it into hot soapsuds.

If dirt becomes ground into a waxed floor moisten a cloth with turpentine and rub the turpentine well into the floor until the wax is removed, then wash the floor anew and polish it.

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of 35-inch fabric, plus 1/4 yard of contrasting.

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Dr. H. L. Shoub, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli."

Mrs. Jas. Filler: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never feel better." Give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and chronic constipation. Sold by all druggists and drug departments.

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Home grown \$1.00 per cwt. Write for free circular and sample. GUY S. BOWMAN, BOONE, NEBRASKA

DON'T ITCH AND SCRATCH

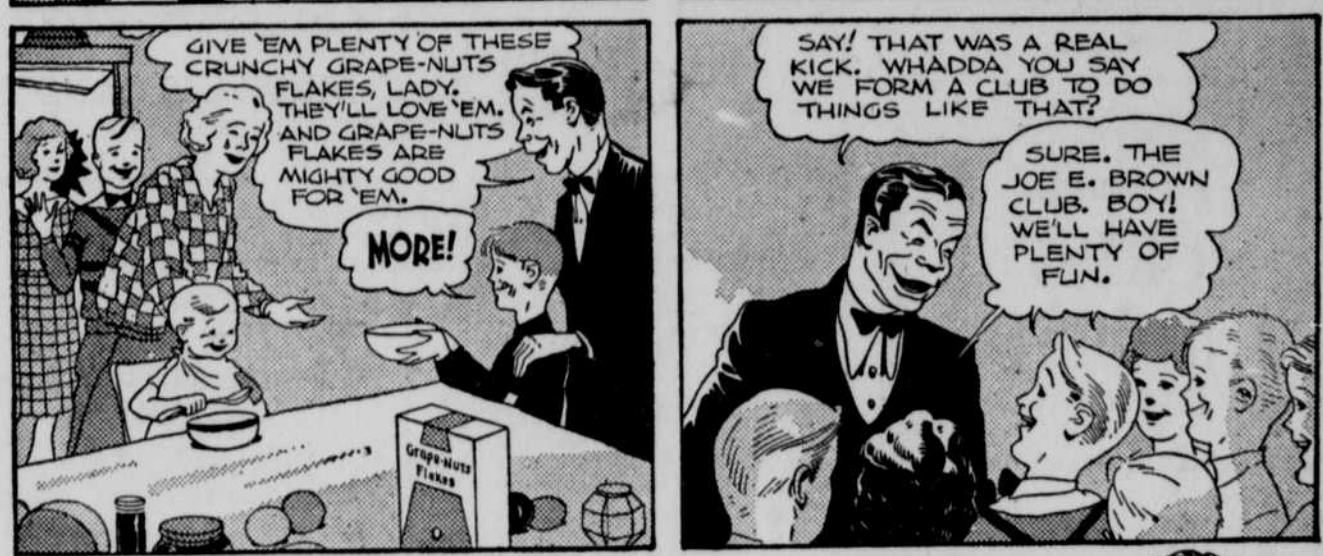
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JOE E. BROWN

Turns a Broken Window into Good Luck



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Send the top from one red-and-blue Grape-Nuts Flakes package to Grape-Nuts Flakes, Battle Creek, Mich., and get the swell membership pin shown here. Also manual telling how to work up to higher ranks and how to get 36 dandy prizes free! So start eating Grape-Nuts Flakes and saving the tops. Grape-Nuts Flakes is mighty good eating—and mighty nourishing, too. A dishful, served with whole milk or cream and fruit, contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires December 31, 1936. Good only in U. S. A.) A Post Cereal—made by General Foods

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