



By DORN FORD YATES
COPYRIGHT BY MINTON, BALCH, & CO. W.M.U. SERVICE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

“But you said—”
“You shut your face,” said Geoffrey. “Truth is stranger than fiction—every time. The door to the turret was open and so were the doors to her room. But her room had been used. The thieves had escaped by the chimney, entered her room by the fireplace, cleaned themselves up in her bathroom and disappeared.”
“The obvious thing to do was to search the castle forthwith, I ought to have said that long before I got back the switchboard had been repaired and the lights had come on, and while my lady was talking, the staff which had been scattered were trickling back. Florin and I induced some sort of order before beginning the search.”
“We began with my lady's bedroom. One look at the hearth was enough. There was soot all over the place. But nothing and nobody else. We left the watchmen there and my lady and Florin and I went down to the secret room. It was empty now, we knew, for Pharaoh and company were gone; but the door to the cellar was open and my lady wanted it shut.”
He took a deep breath.
“I'll tell you what we found. We found Pharaoh, Dewdrop and Rush—all three of them dead.”
“Go on,” said I, incredulously.
“Fact,” said my cousin, shortly. “I'm glad you weren't there to see it. It was a dreadful sight. Bugle had done the three in and then cleared out. I fancy there'd been some scrap. Pharaoh's back was broken; he had no wound.”
“And here's my interpretation of this astounding find.”
“In Pharaoh's absence Bugle and Rush between them let Lady Helena go. Warrantably fearful of the consequences of what they had done, Rush and Bugle quarrelled, and Bugle killed Rush. Afraid to face Pharaoh—such a dereliction of duty meant almost certain death—Bugle decided to kill him and Dewdrop, too. And so he did. Then he escaped by the chimney, with Lady Helena's master key. This let him out of the castle by the way by which he came in. Why he waited to let her out, I cannot conceive. Possibly some twinge of conscience—you never know. That's one of the points which we shall never clear up.”
“Then everything's over,” said I. “The terror is laid.”
“The terror is laid,” said Geoffrey. “Bugle remains, of course. But I've much doubt if we shall see Bugle again.”
Thoughtfully I regarded my napskin.
Was it five or six days before a corpse rose to the surface of the water in which it lay?
“Then everything's over,” I repeated.
“Except the interment,” said Geoffrey: “which is fixed for tomorrow evening, as soon as it's decently dark. As you seem to have had a night off, I think you might help with that.”

“That's right. And I'll always answer. You see, my dear, we must never meet again. We've looked at glory together—and turned away. It wasn't our fault, you know. We rather . . . rushed our fences. But down in that valley of shadow we gave each other judgment . . . and the judgments were good.”
I could not speak. I sat as though turned to stone. My heart in my breast was ice. The blow which had fallen already, had fallen again. I had nothing to lose, and had lost it. “From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.”
“I—I don't know that mine was,” I said desperately.
“I'm afraid it was,” said Helena. “I put my love above honor—and you mustn't do that. And in any event mine was. You took my love and you put it back in its place. I don't say you weren't right to do it, because you were. But there are some flowers, my dear, that you can't transplant. I mean—if you move them, they die.”
Blow upon blow. Couldn't she see that the thing she was striking was dead?
There was a long, long silence. By the time it was over I had myself in hand.
At length—
“Poor Bugle,” said Helena slowly. “He did me a very good turn.”
“By dropping the torch?” said I.
“I suppose he dropped it,” she said. “But Bugle was bullying me, and sometimes I think that Bugle was going to stop him. I don't know, of course. When it fell, I just flew for the door. And in any event he waited to set me free. I think he was the best of the lot.”
“I think you're right,” said I. “I had a weakness for Bugle, to tell you the truth. Of course Rush showed him off.”
“I know, I know. But he had a spark of feeling. More than a spark, I think. Very few men, placed as he was, would have troubled to let me out.”
There was another silence. With her eyes on young Florin's grave, Helena spoke again.
“That wasn't the only reason why I wanted to see you before you went. I want your help in a matter. . . .”
“Your cousin is painting my picture—his nearly done. It is the most lovely portrait. . . . And as he won't hear of a fee, I want to make him a present.”
“Well, I've got a cup at Yorick, an old gold cup, with a curious history. Years ago, in the sixteenth century, the Yorick of that day was painted. A young painter came from Vienna, a man called Latz. Had he lived, he would have been famous, for the picture is terribly good. Your cousin picked it out in an instant as being the best of the lot. Well, when the painter had finished, the count was so pleased with his work that he called for wine and drank the young man's health, and when he had drained the cup he called for gold. I suppose his treasurer brought it. Then he filled the cup with gold pieces and gave the painter the lot. I hope it was adequate payment. In those days it probably was. The next morning the painter left Yorick to make his way home. On his lonely ride to Salzberg the poor man was robbed and murdered—his body was found by the road. Now the thieves didn't break up the cup, but six months later they tried to sell it at Innsbruck where Yorick then had a hotel. But, as it happened, they took it to the very goldsmith that Yorick himself employed. The moment he saw the arms, he knew that the cup had been stolen, and to cut a long story short, the thieves were taken and hanged and the cup came back to the castle because the poor painter was dead.”
“So you see that cup will make a most appropriate gift. But I'm so afraid that your cousin may refuse to accept it that, before I ask him to do so, I want to have it engraved with his crest. And that's where you can help me. I must have something of his that bears his crest, to give to the engraver to copy. A cigarette-case or a flask. Perhaps it's on the backs of his brushes. . . . You see, without that I'm stuck. At the present moment I don't even know what his crest is.”
“Strangely enough,” said I, “it's the same as your own—a leopard. But that doesn't mean—”
“What?”
The word flamed.
As the saying goes, I almost leapt out of my skin; and turned to find her staring—tense, wide-eyed and staring, white to the lips.
And then I knew I was lost. I had learned her crest from Pharaoh, and Pharaoh was wrong; and I had repeated the error which Pharaoh had made.
“I-I thought,” I stammered. “I had an idea—”
“The badge of Yorick is an oak-tree,” she whispered rather than spoke. “We've never displayed the leopard for more than 200 years.”
The sibilant accusation struck me dumb.
She was round now and was kneeling, with her arms held close to her breast and her hands to her throat. Her breath was whistling

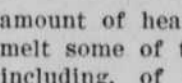
in her nostrils and her eyes seemed to pierce my brain.
Helplessly I shrugged my shoulders.
“I suppose I must have—”
“My God,” she breathed, “you were there.” As my eyes went down, she clasped her hands to her head. “My God!” she cried. “It was you! You, John, YOU, and not Bugle that . . .”
I pulled out my note-case and took out her master key.
As I laid it down by her side—
“Sabre killed Bugle,” I said. “His body's down in the moat. None of them saw it happen, so I walked into the castle and took his place.”
Helena sat back on her heels, fingers to lip. Her eyes were still wide, still staring; she seemed to be murmuring something I could not hear.
“I'm sorry,” I said. “I didn't mean you to know.”
At that a tremor ran through her; then, with a sudden movement, she flung herself down on her face and burst into tears.
For a moment I sat hesitant. Then something snapped within me. I lifted her up and gathered her into my arms.
With my face pressed tight against hers—
“Don't cry, Nell,” I said. “I can't bear it. And—please don't send me away.”
“I'm not sending you away,” she sobbed. She caught at my coat. “And I'll tell you another thing. I'd never have let you go. If all else had failed, I was going down to the station.”
I held her off and looked into her tear-stained face.
“But, Nell, just now you—”
“I wanted to know if you loved me. I had to be sure of that. But now . . .” She hid her face in my coat. “Oh, John, my darling, you've made me feel so humble, so cheap and—”
I stopped her beautiful mouth.
“How do you think I feel, Nell? How do you think I felt when I stood in that secret chamber and heard you buying my safety—the life and health of the man who'd just turned you down?”
A child looked into my eyes.
“Shall we . . . take each other back, John?”
“Yes, please, Nell,” I said quietly.
With a little sigh of contentment she slid an arm round my neck.

CHAPTER XII

Storm Music.
OUR respective tales had been told, my disaffection forgiven, our grace had been said, and we were now standing together at the edge of the lawn. We had started to return to the car, but now with one consent we had stopped to look again upon the beauty which we were to leave.
It seemed so strange that life and death and fortune had lain in that peaceful setting, awaiting a sweet June dayspring to leap to their battle stations, thence to dispute the fate of six human beings, not one of whom, till that morning, had so much as suspected the existence of such a spot. A century of dawns and sundowns had found and left it sleeping, as it was sleeping now; and then in a twinkling the earth had opened, the brook had played storm music and . . .
“To think,” said Helena, “that I treated you as a child.”
“The truth is,” said I, “we're both children; and children hate to be treated as children, you know.”
“I wasn't,” she said. “I was a woman all right. But I think—it's all your own doing, you know—but I think, my dear, you'll have a child for a wife.”

There is not much more to be told.
My cousin's reception of the truth was more than handsome; and I really believe that Barley would not have exchanged the knowledge that I had caused Pharaoh's death for all the gold that lay in the cellars of Yorick or anywhere else. But old Florin's simple tribute would have warmed any man's heart.
“Sir, you have done my duty. And that, by the grace of God; for I myself could never have done it so well.”
It was he who said at once that Bugle's body would be found held down by the grill which kept foreign matter from passing into the waste-pipes that led from the moat. Sure enough, there it was. Its removal and the subsequent rites were grisly enough; but the four of us did the business without any help, because having got so far, it seemed a pity that we should explode a theory which Yorick and Yorick's neighbors had been at such pains to digest.
When my cousin broached the question of getting rid of the gold, Helena made no objection, but only begged his assistance to carry through a transaction she dared not attempt alone. This to our great surprise, till we learned that her solemn trust was now at an end, because her father had said that on her marriage the gold must be re-invested or lodged at a bank. And this in due course was done. My cousin arranged the affair with a famous house and within six weeks, a fortnight before we were wed, the bullion was out of the cellar and Helena mistress of a fortune which was considerably greater than that which her father laid up.

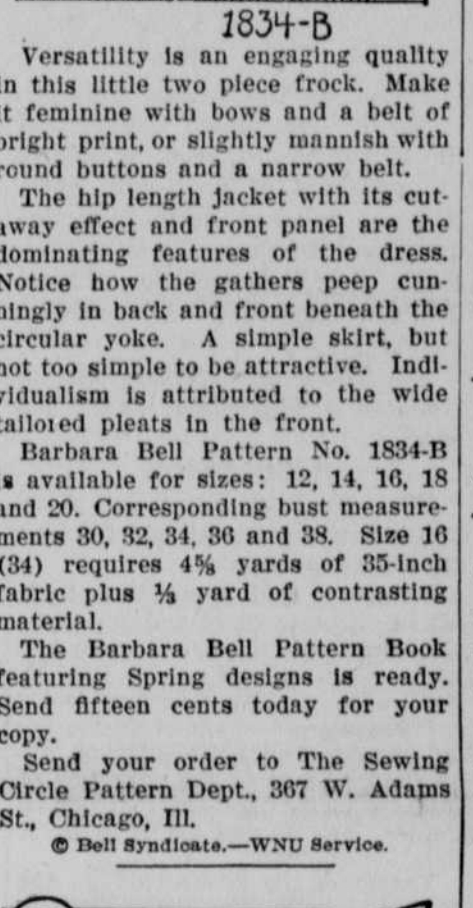
HOW ARE YOU TODAY?
DR. JAMES W. BARTON
Talks About
Synthetic Exercise
MANY overweight individuals state that the reason they do not take exercise to lose weight is because the exercise so increases their appetite that they eat really more food than ever and do not lose any weight. In fact, some state that exercise increases their weight.
There is no question, of course, that exercise, particularly outdoor exercise, does stimulate the appetite, but on the other hand the greater amount of oxygen in the outdoor air is a great factor in burning up the fat in the body and thus decreasing the weight.
The idea of the exercise is to increase the speed of the circulation of the blood. As the muscles are worked by exercise, they use up an increased amount of oxygen and make an increased amount of wastes including carbon dioxide. The blood then is anxious to get back as quickly as possible to the lungs in order to get more oxygen and get rid of some of its excess load of carbon dioxide. During the exercise, as with other chemical changes, there is an increased amount of heat, and this tends to melt some of the fat in the body, including, of course, the region where the muscles are working.



Exercise Is Ideal Reducer.
You can thus see that exercise is an ideal way of reducing weight in those for whom it is safe to exercise. And the big point is that the individual grows so much stronger physically that he or she can use or handle the body so much more easily that exercise instead of being a burden, becomes almost a pleasure. Some of the proudest individuals you meet are those who by regular exercise have not only regained their figure, but have entered into various games and sports.
It is because the drug dinitrophenol acts very much upon the body as does exercise that it has become so popular everywhere in reducing weight.
The use of the 18-day diet not only called for great strength of will in trying to live on such a small amount of food daily, but it was so weakening that a great many women became invalids and many others died.
Similarly with the thyroid extract which made the body processes work so fast that permanent damage was done to the heart in a number of cases.
Use on Mental Patients.
Dr. H. Freeman, Worcester, Mass., gave dinitrophenol in the regular dosage to nine male dementia pre-cox patients (patients who lived in a persistent dream state) but who had no organic disease of the body. The drug was given for a period of seven weeks.
The dinitrophenol greatly increased the amount of oxygen used by the body, and decreased the length of time it takes for the blood to circulate throughout the body.
This means then that the dinitrophenol by making the body require more oxygen actually heats the tissues to the point where the fat will melt, and by making the blood travel faster it would be back to the lungs for more oxygen and to give off its carbon dioxide in much less time than normal.
If this is the case why should not this drug be used instead of reducing the diet?
From all over the country reports are coming to hand regarding the harmful effects of dinitrophenol—skin ailments, collapse, and some deaths.
It would seem that just as some individuals are sensitive to the pollen of plants and so suffer with hay fever or asthma, and others are sensitive to certain drugs like quinine, so also are some individuals sensitive to dinitrophenol.
Until some very reliable tests can be made to learn whether those wishing to reduce weight can use it safely, it is recommended by those who did the original research work on dinitrophenol that it be used only under the close supervision of the physician.

High Blood Pressure
IT IS generally known that overweight is a cause of high blood pressure and yet many thin individuals have high blood pressure also. These individuals are easily excited emotionally and under these emotional disturbances the blood pressure immediately goes up a number of points.
Dr. D. Aymn in the American Journal of Medical Science states that in regard to the effect of personality on high blood pressure it is important to modify or lessen this so-called high blood pressure personality and to lessen the emotional and mental responses of the patient because they are accompanied by a marked rise in the blood pressure.

Smart Jacket Dress With Bows of Print
1834-B
Versatility is an engaging quality in this little two piece frock. Make it feminine with bows and a belt of bright print, or slightly mannish with round buttons and a narrow belt.
The hip length jacket with its cut-away effect and front panel are the dominating features of the dress. Notice how the gathers peep cunningly in back and front beneath the circular yoke. A simple skirt, but not too simple to be attractive. Individualism is attributed to the wide tailored pleats in the front.
Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1834-B is available for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4½ yards of 35-inch fabric plus ¼ yard of contrasting material.
The Barbara Bell Pattern Book featuring Spring designs is ready. Send fifteen cents today for your copy.
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Anxiety Is Parent of Many Sins and of More Miseries
Anxiety is the poison of human life. In a world where everything is doubtful, and where we may be disappointed, and be blessed in disappointment, why this restless stir and commotion of mind? Can it alter the cause or unravel the mystery of human events?—Blair.
Every seed a "Graduate" of THE FERRY-MORSE SEED BREEDING INSTITUTE
Devoted to improving and maintaining the quality of America's vegetable and flower seeds
At Rochester, Mich., and Salinas, Cal., The Ferry-Morse Seed Breeding Institute is devoting hundreds of acres to scientific propagation of vegetable and flower seeds. For 80 years this work has progressed . . . selecting the finest plants . . . pollinating them with other fine plants . . . developing a foundation stock . . . growing seed crops from this . . . testing the resulting seeds before they are offered to you.
Protecting the established quality of the finest vegetables and flowers, developing new and interesting strains is our continuous work. The "graduates" of the Ferry-Morse Seed Breeding Institute are now available to you, most for as little as 5c a packet. You'll find a complete list in our free Home Garden Catalog.
Look for the Ferry display in your neighborhood stores. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit and San Francisco.
Greatest Art
The greatest art is to be busy without seeming so.

Good Light Every Night
WITH A **Coleman LANTERN**
Just the light you need for every outdoor use . . . on the farm, for hunting, fishing, outdoor sports . . . Has genuine Pyrex large-type globe, porcelain reflector, top nickel-plated fount, built-in pump. Like Coleman Lamp, it makes and burns its own gas from regular gasoline. It's a big value, with years of dependable lighting service, for only \$8.95.
SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER—or write for FREE Folder.
THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. WU150, Wichita, Kansas; Los Angeles, Calif. Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa. (11/28)

Smiles
Where Needed
He was about to leave for the office when his wife handed him a small parcel.
“What's this, dear?” he asked.
“A bottle of hair tonic.”
“That's very nice of you, but—”
“Oh, it's not for you!” she replied. “It's for your typist. Her hair is coming out badly on your coat.”—London Answers.
Owning Up
“Who is that talkative woman over there?”
“My wife.”
“Sorry, my mistake.”
“No mine!”—Pearson's Weekly.
Please Go Away
Young Man (ardently)—I've never seen such perfectly dreamy eyes. The Girl—You've never stayed so late before.—Pearson's Weekly.
A Winner
“My dog took the first prize at the cat show.”
“How did he manage that?”
“Well, he took the prize cat.”

BE AN ARTIST
Prepare for a well paying profession in the West's leading Commercial Art Schools. Write for FREE literature. DENVER ART INSTITUTE IN Dept. 310, White Alley, DENVER, COLORADO

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

Bromus Grass Seed
Home grown \$1.00 per cwt. Write for free circulars and sample GUY, S. BOWMAN BOONE NEBRASKA

FLAMES
First Farmer—Which is correct—“A hen is sitting” or “a hen is setting?”
Second Farmer—I don't know, and I don't care. All I bother about is when she cackles—is she laying or lying?—San Francisco Chronicle.
He—I'd like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once. She—When you have one match, doesn't it go out?
In Reverse
He—How old are you?
She—Just turned twenty-four.
He—Ah, I see. You mean forty two.—Pathfinder Magazine.

RAIN OR SHINE - WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY
He-I'd like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once. She-When you have one match, doesn't it go out?
In Reverse
He-How old are you? She-Just turned twenty-four. He-Ah, I see. You mean forty two.—Pathfinder Magazine.
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS