



STORM MUSIC

By DORNFORD YATES

John Spencer and his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, are vacationing in Austria. Geoffrey is a gifted portrait painter but prefers to paint landscapes. While strolling in the forest, John hears English voices and decides to investigate. From a safe cover he finds four men burying a man in green livery who, evidently, had been murdered. Pharaoh is the leader of the gang; the others are Dewdrop, Rush and Bugle. Unfortunately, John makes himself known to the assassins by dropping a letter with his name and address on it. He tells Geoffrey and his chauffeur, Barley, of his adventure. Geoffrey, realizing that John's life is in danger, declares he must vanish. Spencer discovers that the livery of the murdered man corresponds to the livery of the servants of York castle, and tells Countess Helena, mistress of the castle, what he had seen. With Geoffrey and Barley, John starts for Annabel, a nearby village. They encounter Pharaoh. In making their getaway they exchange shots with the gang, without serious result. They arrive at the York estate, where Lady Helena had requested John and his cousin to meet her. She reveals to them what the gang is after. Her father had converted his immense fortune into gold sovereigns and hidden them away in a secret vault in the castle. Knowing that his son, Valentine, Helena's brother, was incapable of controlling so large a fortune, he had revealed it to Helena alone just before his death. In some manner, the news leaked out, and Pharaoh is after the treasure.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Upon a sudden impulse, I put out my hand for hers. (She gave it to me gravely enough. Then I went down on one knee and put the cool, slight fingers up to my lips. As she caught her breath—"Your servant," I said quietly, "and you may tell whom you please.")

Eight hours had gone by, and I was sitting at Villach, in the driver's seat of the Rolls. My cousin was on the platform. The train from Salzburg steamed out. Without a word being spoken our baggage was lifted aboard, and as Barley climbed in among it, my cousin sat down by my side. "Let her go, John." Ten miles on we pulled up by the side of the road. I felt my cousin nudge me. Then he lifted his voice. "Anything to report, Barley?" The answer came pat. "No, sir. Nothing at all." My cousin sat very still. Then he slewed himself around in his seat. "That's strange," he said. "I'd half an idea that you might perhaps have seen someone—someone you thought you knew." "No, sir," said Barley, firmly. "No one at all." "Look here," said Geoffrey, "before you left—" A desperate voice cut him short. "Could I see you alone, sir, a moment?" "You can speak the truth here and now. Mr. Spencer isn't going. We're all three going to stay." "Very good, sir. Then I seen Pharaoh. And Dewdrop beside. I'll swear it was them. In Salzburg; this afternoon. Come out of the station, they did, as I walked in."

CHAPTER III

On Patrol. IF BARLEY'S news had given us something to go on, it pointed the wisdom of acting without delay. This for two very good reasons. In the first place, Salzburg for Pharaoh was dangerous ground, for anyone moving in Salzburg must plainly be under the hand of the Salzburg police; if, therefore, we could find him and then arouse suspicion sufficient to have him detained, although he might put up a fight, his race was as good as run. Secondly, it seemed pretty certain that Pharaoh had split his force and that Rush and the fourth of the rogues were yet in the countryside; and that meant that if we could find them, we should only have two men to deal with, and those very ordinary thieves. (And here I will say that I afterwards learned that the fourth rogue was known as Bugle.) I will not set out our discussion of these very obvious points, for fully three hours had gone by before with many misgivings our plans were laid. Early the following morning, Geoffrey and Barley and I were to visit The Reaping Hook; that Bugle and Rush would be gone, we had no doubt, but we had some hope of tracing the damaged car. If this should lead us up to the men we sought, we should at once give battle and do our best to lay

instance, and the copple that you call Starlight: that's where the road turns closest to Yorick itself.

"And the car?"

"I'll find some track or other and park her there."

Helena drew in her breath. "And supposing they're there before you and watch you arrive. . . They'll let you park the car and steal back to the road. They'll let you pick your position and settle down. . . And tomorrow at dawn they'll be digging another grave."

"Be honest," said I, laughing. "Why on earth should Rush and his fellow be watching these roads?"

"I don't care," said Helena swiftly. "It isn't a one-man job. Mr. Bohun must be out of his mind. Will you take Sabre with you? At least, he'll give you warning if anyone else is at hand."

"I will, indeed," said I. "What time are you leaving here?"

"About ten o'clock," said I. "Sabre shall be there tonight at a quarter past ten."

"And I'm not to thank you," I said. "I stay at your house. I ride your horses: and now I'm to have your dog. As partnerships go, it seems to be rather one-sided."

"That," said my lady, "is foolish. What am I doing that, if you were placed as I am, you wouldn't be glad to do?"

"That ought to be the answer," said I.

She was sitting sideways, propping herself on an arm; and either because of her pose or because her hair was tumbled, she seemed no more the fine lady, but only a beautiful child.

Suddenly I knew that I was in love. . . .

That night was very dark, and I would have given a lot to have seen but once by daylight the roads that I was to patrol: quite apart from picking my way, I could see no track or turning until I was actually there.

It follows that after ten minutes the only idea I had left was to get to where Sabre was waiting at the mouth of the castle drive; and this, after great tribulation, I found about half-past ten. I overran it, of course. However, I knew I was right, so I stopped the engine and listened and then stepped into the road.

I was hastening back in the shadows when I suddenly found



The Drone of the Car Was Louder.

that something was moving beside me, and then, before I could think, the Alsatian was licking my hand. At once I turned, to make my way back to the car, but the dog did not turn with me and when I put my hand on his collar, he would not move. I had not begun my patrol: the Rolls was out in the open; and Sabre refused to move. If he would not come. . . . I perceived that the first thing to do was to get the Rolls off the road. If Rush and Bugle were out— . . . Far in the distance I heard the drone of a car. For an instant I stood spell-bound. Then I was out in the road and was whipping back to the Rolls. . . . Before I started the engine, I listened again, to hear on the road behind me footfalls of somebody running, but lightly shod. Then— "In you go, Sabre," said Helena. As the dog leaped in, she took the seat at my side. "A hundred yards on," she panted. "As quick as you can. There's a track on the right. I'll show you." The drone of the car was louder—some car on the road ahead. "Now," said Helena. "Steady." As I left the road for the track, the drone of the car approaching turned into a snarl. I stopped the engine and flung myself out of the Rolls. "Stay here," I cried, and darted back to the bushes that were edging the side of the road. The car was close now, and her headlights were on; but even as she passed me, her driver lowered his lights and slackened his speed. I started to run down the road with Sabre loping beside me. The car had stopped now, quite close to the entrance drive.

Cautiously I made my way forward. I was almost abreast of the tail-light, when Bugle spoke. "Two hundred miles a day was what he said. And he took the speedometer reading before he went."

"E would," said Rush warmly. "Cause he ain't no fool," said Bugle. "He's seen your shape before."

"Now look 'ere, Bugle," said Rush. "I'll work the night through, if I'm doin' good. But we ain't goin' to find little Arthur by rakin' these roads."

"Who's rakin' roads?" said Bugle. "Pharaoh says 'Watch that castle,' an' Pharaoh's right. That livery's known. An' once he's found the lady, he'll find her good. 'Where the carcass is,' says Pharaoh," and, with that, he laughed fatly. "Gimme the pumps," remarked Rush. "He's got to take in petrol, and 'ow many Rolls d'you see?"

"Pumps," said Bugle contemptuously. "An' when Pharaoh asks if we've got him, what do we say? 'Well, we ain't exactly got him, but 'ere's a list o' the petrol-pumps he's used.' He let out a bitter laugh. 'E's a nasty mind," said Rush. "That's Gawd's truth, an' you know it. Look at that voice. Off to Salzburg first-class, but no one else must let up. 'E's in some night-club now—you can lay to that."

"Ow far 'ave we done," said Bugle.

After an audible struggle with the tale the speedometer told—"Ninety-four," said Rush. "Gawd 'elp," said Bugle. "An' he said two hundred a day."

"Well, we can't do both," said Rush. "If 'e said to watch the castle—"

"Figures is proof," said Bugle. "Anyways, young Arthur ain't here," and, with that, he let in his clutch. I ran for the Rolls like a madman and, panting incoherence to Helena, started the engine and backed the car onto the road. An instant later we were flying in pursuit of Bugle and Rush. After a frantic ten minutes I knew that my quarry was lost.

"John, if they come out tomorrow, I bet we follow them home."

"We?" said I. "You're not coming out again."

"I certainly am," said Helena. "For one thing, I simply love it, and you're not going to say after this that you can do it alone?"

To my horrid disappointment, we kept a fruitless vigil the next two nights. So two days and two nights went by, and I had no news of Geoffrey, and, to judge from the wires which he sent, he had none for me. Our third patrol was over, and my lady and I were riding back from Plumage as the dawn was peering over the eastern woods. Helena turned to me. "Will you come and dine this evening? I'm not going to dress."

"I'd love to, Helena."

"Then you ride up by yourself at a quarter to eight and tell Axel to bring up the roan and be at the edge of the forest at half-past nine."

I hesitated. Then—"I wish," I said, "you'd give it a miss tonight."

"It isn't every day that I fall foul of people like Pharaoh and Pharaoh's crowd. The time's out of joint, my dear John; and if I'm to help reduce it, I've got to step out of my beat. And here we are. Don't look. I'm going to get off."

As she gave me the reins, I had the maddest impulse to throw myself off my horse and take her into my arms. As I pulled myself together—"You're trembling, John. Are you cold?"

"No," said I. "I'm dreaming. You know how dogs shake and quiver when they're dreaming some curious dream."

"What are you dreaming?" asked Helena.

"That you and I have ridden up through the forest to the castle to which you belong; that the dawn's coming up, like the frost on a glass of cold water to wake a workaday world; that you're standing there with Sabre, looking at me and smiling."

Her smile deepened into a laugh. "Am I unreal?"

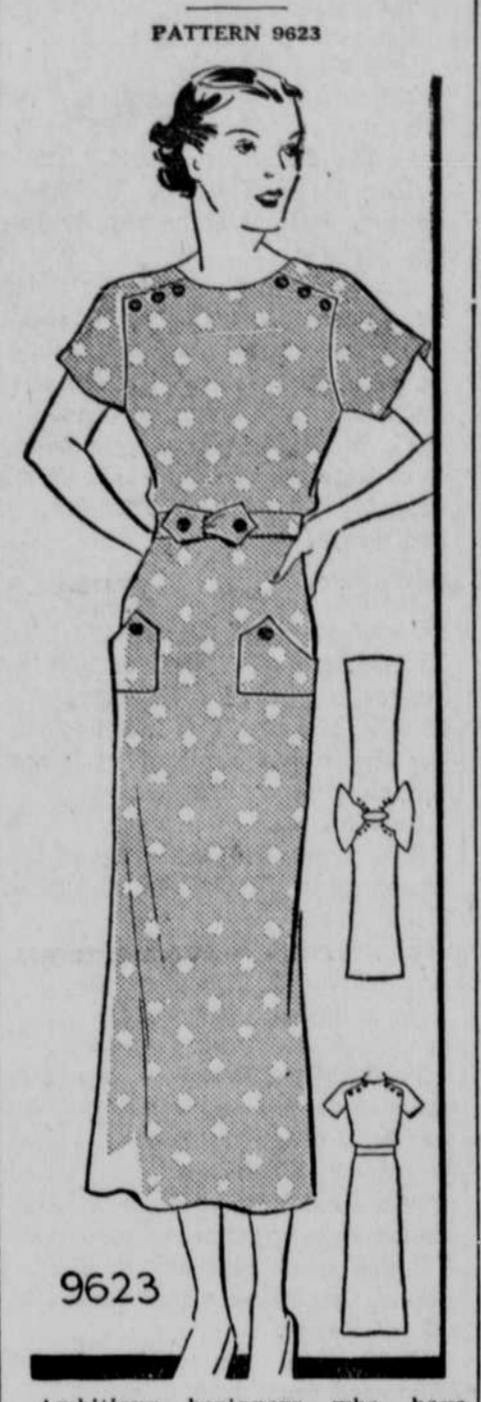
"Oh, no. You're wonderfully real. But all the rest is fantastic—the hour, the setting, our having the world to ourselves. And you've done it all, Helena. You've made the magic, created the atmosphere. When you go, it's going to go, too. . . . It's terribly hard to explain," I concluded feebly enough; "but I think you've a power you don't know of, and that's the truth."

"I shall have to be careful," said Helena. . . .

It was twelve hours later that I opened a door of the Rolls and regarded the petrol-gauge. This was disconcerting. There was fuel enough for us to do our patrol; but if our quarry appeared there was not enough fuel for pursuit. Before we did anything else we must drive to some petrol-pump. For a long time I hesitated, considering whether or not I should not go out forthwith and fetch it alone. But in the end I decided that, though it was most inconvenient, I had not sufficient warrant for breaking my promise not to leave Plumage by day. I, therefore, contented myself with cleaning and oiling the engine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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YOU CANNOT FOOL CAMERA; RECORDS ONE'S CHARACTER

Men are more self-conscious than women, decided G. Maillard Kessler, New York artist-photographer, after reviewing his 20 years of making camera studies of famous faces. The camera, said Kessler, reveals who is and who isn't at ease and also at what hour in the day a person shines brightest.

For example: Maurice Chevalier, he believes, is at his peak before dinner. Tallulah Bankhead, the actress, and Jack Dempsey are their true selves in the afternoon. The full bloom of Rudy Vallee's personality never is glimpsed until 4 a. m. Kings, said Kessler, are usually "early birds." Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Warden Laves of Sing Sing prison, and the prince of Wales also are classified as "morning glories."

Men—even much photographed Irving Berlin and Giovanni Martinielli of the Metropolitan opera—are apt to don a stony smile for the camera. But most women like being photographed, said Kessler. They can relax more easily, he reasoned, because they are more familiar with their own outward appearance. "They know themselves much better—every smile, every little wink. Women look in mirrors until they can almost close their eyes and see themselves," Kessler declared.

He believes that eyes and mouths are unfaltering records of character. "To a person of discernment," he said, "they never lie."

Largest Bus. What is said to be the largest bus ever built has been made in Cleveland for service between Damascus and Bagdad across the Syrian desert. It is 60 feet long, has 18 wheels, compartments for 35 first and second class passengers, and is insulated against the desert heat. Three oil-burning Diesel engines furnish power.

Tribe Hides Bride's Face From Groom for 9 Days

Social life is complicated among Guajiro Indians of Venezuela. Dr. Vincenzo Petrucci, whose expedition for the University museum, Philadelphia, sought out the little known Guajiro tribe, explains that girls are locked up when they reach marriageable age, and can be seen only by their families. Even the suitor who marries one of them will not see her face until nine days after the wedding, though he spends the nine nights of his honeymoon with her, leaving her, as custom demands, before daylight.—Science Service.

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WELL... YOU CAN'T STALL AROUND MUCH LONGER! I'M TAKING MY FINAL TEST HOP IN THE MORNING!

IF SHE REALLY LOVED YOU, SHE WOULDN'T CARE WHETHER YOU HAD TIN WINGS PINNED ON YOUR CHEST OR NOT!

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SAY... IF THAT CAPTAIN HAD MY HEADACHES HE'D BE IN THE HOSPITAL!

THIS IS A DIRTY DEAL! WHAT IF YOU DID SWAMP UP THAT LANDING GEAR TODAY... WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES!

SO THE DOCTOR SAID YOU HAVE COFFEE-NERVES? WHAT DID HE ADVISE?

HE SAID, QUIT COFFEE AND DRINK POSTUM! BUT THAT'S BUNK! I'LL GIVE UP FLYING!

THAT'S THE FIRST SMART THING YOU'VE SAID SINCE YOU TOLD THAT DOCTOR WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF HIM!

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