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WNU Service.

Dornford Yates

By.

CHAPTER VI-Continued -10-

I had no time to close the casement itself. As the servant pushed open my door, I took my stand behind it, with my back to the wall.

When he found the room dark, he let out a grunt of surprise. For an instant he hung on the threshold, then he turned back to the passage and closed the door. As his steps died away, I turned the

handle once more. . . . It was half past eight now, and the hall was dim.

I could hear no sound of talking, but I knew that Rush was yet in the sit-

ting-room. Then Bugle, pacing the apron, strolled into and out of my view. It occurred to me that he was wait-

ing for Rush to finish his meal; then the two would go off together and I should be left. Meanwhile Pharaoh was in action.

Rush was moving-I heard the scrape of his chair as he thrust it back. An instant later he made his way out of the house.

I heard him say something to Bugle and I saw him turn to the right.

As neither reappeared or started the car, it looked very much as though they were sitting down on the bench to the right of the steps. If I was right, then a man at the sitting-room window would be above and behind them and able, if they were talking, to overhear every word. Fate that had used me so rudely, played into my hands.

"Yes, I know that bit," said Rush. "I've 'eard it before. But if he's such Thena marvel, where's Bohun gone? Bohun was boun' to be here on Monday night. | back?" 'Cos why? 'Cos Pharaoh'd wired him -'cos Pharaoh desired 'is presence. Well, that's three days ago, an' he ain't here yet."

"What's Bohun matter?" said Bugle. "'Er grace the Duchess of Sheba is what we want."

"Who said he mattered?" said Rush. said he'd be here on Monday night, He | wrote." near told us the soot of clothes he'd 'ave on. Well, he isn't here, is he? I as soon know where he is. He may to rope the two of them in." be an artist, but he knows how to use

a gun." "Now look 'ere, Rush," said Bugle, crossing his legs. "'Ow many you can mention could of done wot Pharaoh's done. Beg and beggage into that castle-the guest of the Count. Me an' you here in the rooms wot the Willies 'ad. No more one-eyed pubs; no landlords with sweaty necks; no cottagers stoppin' an' starin'; no watchin' out; but everything smooth an' ship-shape, an' nothin' to do but wait."

"Wait?" screeched Rush. "I've waited long enough on this job. You can talk as much as you like, but we ain't no nearer now than when we begun. Look at Dewdrop there, callin' him 'Sir' an' 'Capting' an' standin' behind his chair."

"It's all in the game," said Bugle.

"Yes, I could play that game," said Rush, "It'd suit me down to the socks, But who ever plays it but him? When he asks me in on this job he calls it 'a change of air.' 'Soft as silk,' was his words, 'an' I mayn't even need your 'elp. But you'd better be there,' he says, 'in case there's a door wants openin' before we're through."

"You was took on as I was, an' just as glad of the job. 'I want you,' says Pharaoh-that's all."

"All?" yelped Rush. "Why-" "All," barked Bugle. "Before we met him in Paris, he never spoke of the job, an' then he spoke to us all." As the other sought to protest, he let out a terrible oath. "Why try an' put ways, an' I've known him longer than You talk as if you was his equal: he ain't got no equal alive. We're in his employment, we are. An' if we

a pub, and I know that's true." "Who wants a pub?" snarled Rush. "An' who's Mr. Pharaoh to pick an' choose? He's the boss, of course- drove in a mist of fear. At every bend ants."

though he were sick and tired of the not been built to give. other's complaints. "Call it a game.

"That's wot I wants to know. I judge | cottage by the light of my torch. a man by results. Three weeks tomorrow we've been here, an' wot's your Napoleon done? I'll tell you." Bugle | tell you she's gone." grouned. "In the firs' place he's been beat by a girl an' a groom. He knew raoh, and lighted a cigarette.

we'd roped the road, we'd of had them; at the foot of the little staircase. but when I made the suggestion he tells me to shut my face. An' wot else raoh, quietly enough. has he done-that counts? He's let us a rope round each of our necks."

"He won't walk long," said Bugle. "Says you," cried Rush. "Why we | craft?" don't even know where he is. Nor the "Nay," said the forester's wife, "she girl. Nor Bohun-that was comin' on | took the path that she knew." Monday night. But we know where that groom is all right—an' so do ly, with his eyes upon Freda's face.

"You know just as well as me our his tone; but though she was now very luck's been rank. 'Ow many English pale, she gave him back look for look. narks would you look to find in a- As I drew my pistol, I heard her Austrian jungle at break o' day? An' steady reply. another thing. Did you expec' that we'd pick up a quarter 'f a million by as she spoke, she pointed out of the takin' a week-end trip?"

I says is this. Up to date Pharaoh's direction—and saw my face. failed. Dress it up 'ow you like, he's lost every game."

For the next 20 minutes they wrangled much as before, whilst I stood masked by a curtain that was not

At length Bugle got to his feet and flash he had flung himself off the table, crossed to the car. Then, to my great surprise, he opened a door and sat down in the driver's seat. I watched lion. him start the engine and switch on his lights, while Rush sat still below seen me was sheer bad luck. me, winding his watch. Bugle drove the car slowly forward, as though to for the moonlight was all about me, go down to the bridge. Then he brought her to rest and got out, leaving his engine running and both of his headlights on.

As he sat down again below me, 1 understood his action and saw why the car was there.

The stone bridge was bathed in brilliance. No one could possibly cross it without being seen.

I think this must show that while they may have been experts in the planning and execution of ordinary crimes, in a campaign such as this had become the rogues were clean out of their depth. I was standing three feet behind them, but I had not used the bridge; and how could they think that because the bridge was denied him, a man who proposed to approach would turn round and go back?

"Ten minutes more," Rush announced, "an' I'm goin' off. I've 'ad enough o' late nights. When I've nothin' to do, I like to do it in bed." "I should keep your boots on," said Bugle. "He's comin' back."

There was a moment's silence.

"What?" screamed Rush. "That's wot I said," said Bugle.

"Wot for?" With studied deliberation Bugle lighted his pipe.

"Dewdrop's back," he said. "Where from?" said Rush. "I didn't

know he was gone." "I never said he mattered. Wot I said | "When Bohun never showed up, you'd off. And there, flat against the trunk, was that Pharaoh knows 'ow to slip 'ave dropped that line. But that isn't I took my stand, with my eyes on the up. 'Oh, don't talk silly,' you says. Pharaoh. That wire didn't bring Bo- door of the cottage which was full in 'Pharaoh's a genius, and geniuses hun 'ere, but it fetched 'im out of his the light. don't slip up.' 'All right,' I says. digs." He paused to exhale luxuri-'Where's Bohun?' "In manifest dudgeon ously. "Dewdrop's back from Salzhe sucked at his cigarette. "Pharaoh burg-with a letter young Arthur's

"Wot, not sayin' where he is?" "An' the Duchess of Sheba," said don't say Bohun matters, but I'd just | Bugle. "Pharaoh's gone off this evenin'

CHAPTER VII

The Race to the Swife.

The rogues were at my mercy, but I had no thought for that. I was transfixed with horror, for the nightmare which I had rejected had become an accomplished fact.

Though Bugle and Rush were still speaking, I had no idea what they said and when I looked at my watch could not tell the time, because my wrist was shaking and the dial seemed a great way off.

Then the disorder passed, and my brain seemed to leap into life.

The car. I must get to the car. Pharaoh had had a start of an hour and a quarter or more, but I knew the way to the cottage better than he.

At once I saw that to thread the woods in the darkness would take me five times as long as to go by the lane. But the way to the lane was barred-barred by those cursed headlights that I had found so futile ten

For an instant I glanced about me. Then I picked up the lamp and hurled it into the grate.

The base of the lamp was of china | the Rolls from a thicket and on to the and heavily built; the crash of its fall | road, was frightful, and the flames leaped up like streamers, to lick the breast quarter to eight. It seems that she of the chimney within and without. missed her train in a final, frantic en-Now I had expected that Bugle and | deavor to do as we said. We told her Rush would, both of them, make for to deliver the letter to Geoffrey or the sitting-room door. And Bugle did. Barley alone. Ten times she took that

was proposing to use. I suppose the fellow was lazy, and laziness brings no luck. Be that as it may, I hit him between the eyes beplay his game, he'll make us-look at | fore he could think and vaulted out Long John. Six hundred a year and of the casement on the flags.

And then I was in the closed car and was storming down to the bridge. My journey may be imagined-I that's his job; but we're not his serv- of the road I could see the sinister

Enough that I entered the track at | be sure that he'd missed you, for he Sign on with 'im, an' you've got to five minutes past ten and that eight might have dealt with you and come

"Do what you like," said Freda. "I | ing, for the path, as you know, was in

"You know where she is," said Pha- both. And then, far away in the forest, they was comin', an' he knew they was The man was sitting half on the

carryin' gold; an' they got away. If table, swinging a leg; Freda was "You know where she is," said Pha-

"That I do not," said Freda, and all in for murder—that's wot he's done. | flung up her head. "Her man was gone, As long as young Arthur walks, there's and she was but waiting for me, to give over the child."

"Did she take the path to Witch-

"Think again," said Pharaoh smooth-

Crouching without the casement, I "You make me sick," said Bugle. saw the girl wince before the ice of "I tell you she took that path," and,

window, directly over my head. And, "In course I didn't," said Rush. "Wot as she pointed, she looked in the same

She started ever so slightly, but that was more than enough. As I leveled my weapon, Pharach swung round and fired but his pistol was yet in his pocket and his bullet

and all the candles were out. So I threw away a chance in a mil-

went wide of my ear. And then in a

That the forester's wife should have

There was only one thing to be done,



The Man Was Sitting Half on the

and Pharaoh and Dewdrop could see me without being seen,

I fell on my face, writhed my way into the shadows and darted across to "Of course you didn't," said Bugle. a tree that stood some twelve paces

I was ready now, at last, and the moment I saw the door move I fired at the latch. This had the effect I desired, for the door did not move again.

was now as composed as I had been distracted, for the knowledge that my darling was safe had made me another man. My nerves were steady, my brain was clear, I felt like a giant refreshed, and I saw at once that my lady must be at Witchcraft, where she was waiting to stay me from hastening back to the cottage

and so into Pharaoh's arms. One minute later I was behind the cottage and was running as fast as I

could for the Witchcraft path. I was more than halfway to the cross roads when Sabre touched hand. With a leaping heart, I at once took hold of his collar and ran by his side. Thirty yards on he stopped.

"Nell," I said quietly. "Nell." There was a rustle behind me. As I turned round, her arms went about my neck.

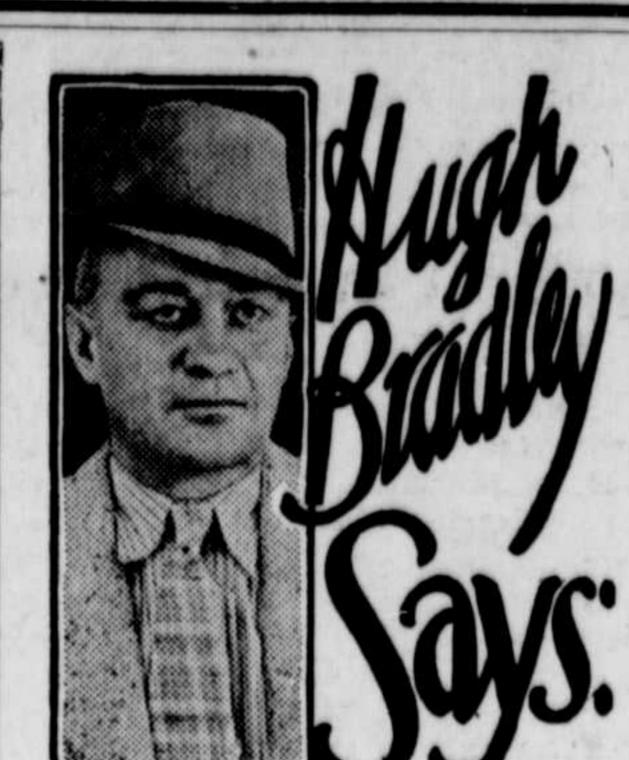
breathed. "You're not hurt?" "Not a scratch, my queen."

"Thank God, thank God." She clung to me desperately. "Oh, John, I can't spare you again. Ever since you left, I've been half out of my mind. You see . . . without you I'm beggared . . . you're all I've got." Her tears were wet on my lips, as I

strained her against my heart. "Come along, my lady. We'll talk when we're out of the wood." Less than 10 minutes later I lifted

"Freda appeared," said Helena, "at a across me, you fool. Pharaoh don't But Rush stood up on the bench, to letter to your cousin's Salzburg adask; he takes. That was his way-al- look, instead, through the window I dress; 10 times she was asked to leave it, and 10 times the poor girl refused. When she had missed her train, she determined to try once more, and this time they managed to bluff her into giving it up. Well, the moment I heard her story, I knew that the damage was done, so Sabre and I made for Witchcraft as fast as ever we could. I confess I was rather worried. You see, though you didn't know it, you and Pharaoh had now the same shadow of some mishap, but I wrung that you would use the same roads. "All right, all right," said Bugle, as from that car a pace that she had And even when Pharaoh arrived—as he did, about half past nine-I couldn't take wot's comin'—that's all I meant." minutes later I was stumbling across on for me. I watched him take the "Yes, an' wot is comin'?" said Rush. | the clearing, to find the path to the path. When they'd gone I made sure of the Rolls and came back to watchand pray. The darkness was very tryshadow and I had to watch for you

> I heard two shots. . . . " (TO BE CONTINUED)



@ New York Post .- WNU Service.

Ball Clubs' Need of Costly Training Belied by Facts

DAY or two ago I talked with a

said. "Wait," he hastened on. "Wait, satisfied with a second division club, I'll show you." He gave an order, adorned with night baseball and other There was great activity in the outer office. One group of young men sprang to their adding machines. Another, far is supposed to violate the lottery laws larger group, sprang to their subtract- in a state where the constables never ing machines. Then I knew that the chirp about the prize contests reguexcitement was caused by the memory larly conducted at small neighborhood of the \$25,000 which must be advanced | movie houses? for the club's spring training trip.

they really have to take almost two months to get ready to play?"

with the truth now and then I told him "No." I added that most sane baseball men believe that a team can be trained in any temperate climate. recalled that John McGraw once said that any team should be in shape after two weeks of training, and that | Garden? during the rest of the spring junket a manager was most sorely beset in trying to keep the players that way.

The Baltimore Orioles, who won seven successive International league pennants, specialized in conquering bigtime clubs in exhibition affairs and never trained farther south than North Carolina during five of these years.

Build-Up Spoiled by Poor Pre-Season Showing

Obviously the real purpose of long and expensive spring training periods is to build up the expectant excitement of the home town fans. It is an addemand for the product before it is Belgian, is the son of Marcel Buysse, placed on the market.

practice the results sometimes are unfortunate. Having gone through years ers naturally do not have any higher | than any others. opinion of so-called tank towners. Therefore they request a bunch of realistic young men, who do not get pa until the season starts, to give a per-

people who mean even less to them. Baseball, jelly beans and movies all cost money. It is true that in Macon, in Jackson, or in some such town, you can get the same jelly beans or movies as you can on Broadway, and often the price is less. So if the natives, clipped in 1929. with full knowledge of what big-time baseball offers them and asks for it, decide to stick to jelly beans and movies there seems no-



man. "I get part of it, but isn't it ed States. true that the Yankees charge the same prices as the other clubs and that they haven't ways had the

"But, until in a moment of weakness they parted with him, they always had Babe Ruth. And all you need to put on a show that will pack them in is one guy like-"

But the banking gentleman no longer was listening. Some things are too much even for one of his hopeful calling. He rose and darted into the other frantically to the clerks to warm up a dozen new subtracting machines.

Ring Title's Yours if You Have \$20,000

If you can make the weight and have \$20,000 to spare you can become titles is for sale at that price. . . . Jack | between football folks at Holy Cross. 90 per cent the worst of the going.

N. Y. U. students do not hold ex- eastern intercollegiate music-making clusive squawking rights about not being able to get into their own basketball games. Neither the Brigham Young | and Windsor wingman, has taken the U. nor the Colorado U. gyms are big play away from the major league vetenough to hold all the excited student | erans in the International Hockey cirticket holders. At Brigham Young re- cuit, although this is only his first seacently they had to rig up a loud speak- son as a pro. Old-timers say that he er gadget in the university assembly is almost certain to become one of the hall so that the students could find out | few Americans who have been able to what the players were doing in the keep up with the other stars in bignearby gym.

T WONDER: If most of the overgrown lambs set in front of Joe Louis during the past year were really jittery because of his punching prowess and his well press-agented fighting face? Or whether they might not have been in anguish because they knew their own defects made them pushovers for any reasonably able citizen?

If Jack Dempsey thinks he has been

divinely appointed to rescue the white race from the Joe Louis peril and so must devote his precious time to a heavyweight elimination tournament with a Jim Crow clause? Or if Jack Dempsey does not know that the world probably will go along just the same if the clean-living and capable Joe Louis

does take permanent Jack Dempsey possession of the title? And if Jack Dempsey wouldn't do bet-

ter if he stuck to his cooking? Whether that Puerto Rico training gentleman who owns most of trip of the Cincinnati Reds really is the bank that-very reluctantly-owns such a swell publicity and money getmost of a major league ball club. While | ting stunt as the National League preshe waved fingers which had been ident and the multi-millionaire owner burned from laying too many loans on of the club seem to believe? And isn't the line for those Central American | it true that the Reds usually have republics which have such a rapid turn- wound up overtired even during those over in presidents, he scolded the fate | recent seasons when they did not start that always keeps him playing with training a full month ahead of the other teams? Or are the Cincinnati "Do you know what it costs?" he fans supposed to go on forever being

Why racetrack pari-mutuel betting is to confess it.

Why the American League does not "Do they have to go all the way sign Dolly Stark, the best of all posdown there?" he asked, pointing to a sible umpires, who recently cut himdistant spot on the southern map. "Do | self loose from the National League's bed and board?

Why the flag waving A. A. U. sent Since it is a pleasure to experiment such an inferior hockey team to the Olympic Games? Could it have been because the departure of Sam Babcock, Reb Russell, Ty Anderson, Frank Splaine and other recognized stars would have cut too deeply into those weekly \$6,000 amateur gates at the

Six-Day Bike Aces Are Born That Way

Things the six-day bicycle riderswho are now battling it out in Madison Square Garden-probably never even knew about themselves:

John Chapman, who promotes and profits, says that the cyclists are born with powerful legs and that if they do not have them in the cradle they seldom can develop them. Tino Reboli of Newark has the most highly extolled Dietrichs of the present era.

Bike riding papas raise their boys to vertising means for creating a definite be bike riders. Alfred Buysse, the who used to thrill the fans in the old This theory is excellent, and yet in Garden. And Cesar Moretti's dad once was Italian champion.

There are physicians who claim that in the belief that the home town fans | the bike riders are the gamest of all will stand for anything, the club own- athletes and take more punishment

Norman Hill went to a San Jose, Calif., high school with Marvin Owen, the Detroit third baseman. Says that he (Hill) never could play ball but formance which means nothing before that Owen might have become a swell bike rider.

Franco Georgetti probably is the wealthiest rider. He makes it both in the races and in Wall Street and is one of those people who have staged magnificent comebacks after being

Georgetti is the American motorpaced champion and is one of the two titleholders who will compete in the coming event. The other is Hill, who interrupted the gentle- is the all-around champion of the Unit-

> Although most of the riders are covered with scars, only one man ever has been killed in a six-day race. That was Urban MacDonald, who went over the top of the track in the Garden in 1908. He died in the hospital the next day as a result of his injuries.

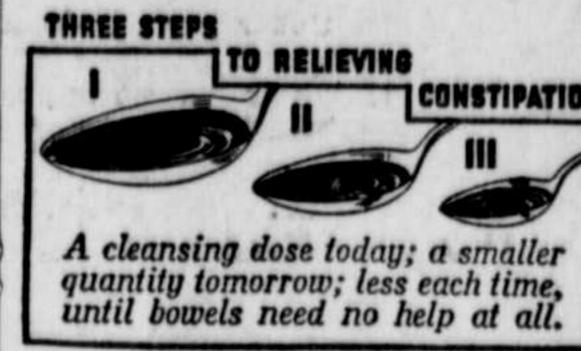
Grid Stars Can't Resist Lehigh's Opportunities

Big-time football players no longer are passing up Lehigh's opportunities for higher education. Within two years the team is scheduled to rank with the best in the East. . . . Joe Cooper, "amateur bad man" with the Crescents last room. He can still be heard shouting season, picked on the wrong guy for his first pro hockey scrap. He swung his stick at Lionel Conacher, Canada's best athlete, and was rewarded with six stitches.

Sammy Berne, the old-time lightweight, who trained Benny Leonard for the two Lew Tendler fights, is post office clerk for one of the nation's busiest a publishing houses. . . . There continues world champion. One of the pugilistic to be no great meeting of the minds Curley claims that in a wrestler versus | . . . Although the football team could boxer match the boxer is sure to have stand some improvement, Harvard's on professional letterhead. Select Products, band could compete with Penn for the

Johnny Scherf, Michigan graduate time rink company.

Mothers read this:



Why do people come home from a hospital with bowels working like a well-regulated watch?

The answer is simple, and it's the answer to all your bowel worries if you will only realize it: many doctors

and hospitals use liquid laxatives. If you knew what a doctor knows. you would use only the liquid form. A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the secret of any real relief

from constipation. Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara — both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in children. So, try Syrup Pepsin. You just take regulated

Education's Foundation The first step in curing ignorance

doses till Nature restores regularity.





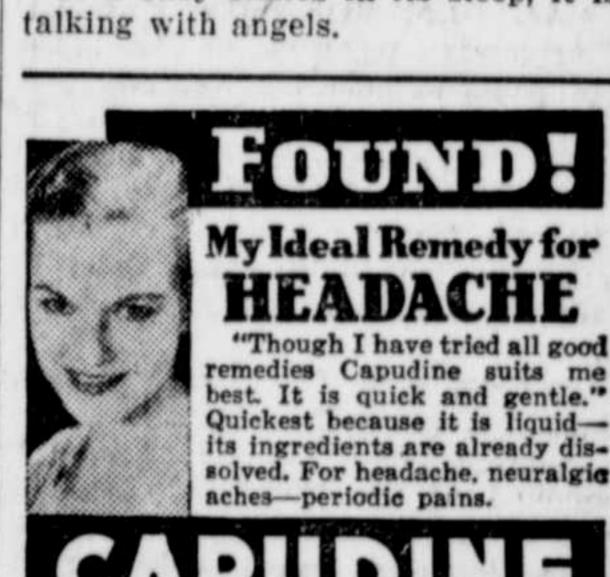
M. Waldron o Route 23 hardly slept a wink eadaches and I would become excited easily.

weeks I gradually gained weight and strength and I knew my food was doing me more good." Buy now of your druggist.



So They Say If a baby smiles in its sleep, it is

Dept. 12, Malden, Mass., for FREE sample



No Need to Suffer

"Morning Sickness" "Morning sickness" - is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis - such as magnesia. Why Physicians Recommend

Milnesia Wafers These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid formthe most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and

a dozen other discomforts. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All

good drug stores sell and recommend them. Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made



The Original Milk of Magnesia Walars