

Storm Music

By **Dornford Yates**

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

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 sitting-room.

Then Bugle, pacing the apron, strolled into and out of my view.

It occurred to me that he was waiting 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.

"Yes, I know that bit," said Rush. "I've heard it before. But if he's such a marvel, where's Bohun gone? Bohun was bound to be here on Monday night."

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

"Who said he mattered?" said Rush. "I never said he mattered. Wot I said was that Pharaoh knows 'ow to slip up. 'Oh, don't talk silly, you says, 'Pharaoh's a genius, and geniuses don't slip up. 'All right, I says, 'Where's Bohun?' In manifest dudgeon he sucked at his cigarette. 'Pharaoh said he'd be here on Monday night, he near told us the suit of clothes he'd 'ave on. Well, he isn't here, is he? I don't say Bohun matters, but I'd just as soon know where he is. He may 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 beggane 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' startin'; no watchin' out; but everything smooth an' ship-shape; an' nothin' to do but wait."

"Wait!" screamed 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' 'Captin' an' standin' behind his chair."

carryin' gold; an' they got away. If we'd roped the road, we'd of had them; but when I made the suggestion he tells me to shut my face. An' wot else has he done—that counts? He's let us all in for murder—that's wot he's done. As long as young Arthur walks, there's a rope round each of our necks."

"He won't walk long," said Bugle. "Says you," cried Rush. "Why we don't even know where he is. Nor the girl. Nor Bohun—that was comin' on Monday night. But we know where that groom is all right—an' so do they."

"You make me sick," said Bugle. "You know just as well as me our luck's been rank. 'Ow many English narks would you look to find in an Austrian jungle at break o' day? An' another thing. Did you expect that we'd pick up a quarter 'f a million by takin' a week-end trip?"

"In course I didn't," said Rush. "Wot I says is this. Up to date Pharaoh's 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 drawn.

At length Bugle got to his feet and crossed to the car. Then, to my great surprise, he opened a door and sat down in the driver's seat. I watched him start the engine and switch on his lights, while Rush sat still below me, winding his watch. Bugle drove the car slowly forward, as though to 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, I 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 of 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. Then—"What?" screamed Rush. "Comin' back?"

"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."

"Of course you didn't," said Bugle. "When Bohun never showed up, you'd 'ave dropped that line. But that isn't Pharaoh. That wire didn't bring Bohun 'ere, but it fetched 'im out of his digs."

"Dewdrop's back from Salzburg—with a letter young Arthur's wrote."

CHAPTER VII

The Race to the Swift.

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 I 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 minutes ago.

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

The base of the lamp was of china and heavily built; the crash of its fall was frightful, and the flames leaped up like streamers, to lick the breast of the chimney within and without.

Now I had expected that Bugle and Rush would, both of them, make for the sitting-room door. And Bugle did. But Rush stood up on the bench, to look, instead, through the window I was proposing to use.

table, swinging a leg; Freda was at the foot of the little staircase.

"You know where she is," said Pharaoh, quietly enough.

"That I do not," said Freda, and flung up her head. "Her man was gone, and she was not waiting for me, to give over the child."

"Did she take the path to Witchcraft?"

"Nay," said the forester's wife, "she took the path that she knew."

"Think again," said Pharaoh smoothly, with his eyes upon Freda's face.

Crouching without the casement, I saw the girl twice before the tea of his tone; but though she was now very pale, she gave him back look for look.

As I drew my pistol, I heard her steady reply.

"I tell you she took that path," and, as she spoke, she pointed out of the window, directly over my head. And, as she pointed, she looked in the same direction—and saw my face.

She started ever so slightly, but that was more than enough.

As I leveled my weapon, Pharaoh swung round and fired but his pistol was yet in his pocket and his bullet went wide of my ear.

And then in a flash he had flung himself off the table, and all the candles were out.

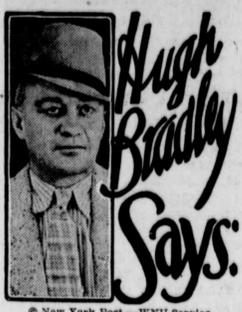
So I threw away a chance in a million.

That the forester's wife should have seen me was sheer bad luck.

There was only one thing to be done, for the moonlight was all about me.

"Do you know what it costs?" he said. "Wait," he hastened on. "Wait, I'll show you." He gave an order. There was great activity in the outer office. One group of young men sprang to their adding machines. Another, far larger group, sprang to their subtracting machines.

Then I knew that the excitement was caused by the memory of the \$25,000 which must be advanced for the club's spring training trip.



Ball Clubs' Need of Costly Training Belied by Facts

A DAY or two ago I talked with a gentleman who owns most of the bank that—very reluctantly—owns most of a major league ball club. While he waved fingers which had been burned from laying too many loans on the line for those Central American republics which have such a rapid turnover in presidents, he scolded the fate that always keeps him playing with fire.

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"Do they have to go all the way down there?" he asked, pointing to a distant spot on the southern map. "Do they really have to take almost two months to get ready to play?"

Since it is a pleasure to experiment 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.

I recalled that John McGraw once said that any team should be in shape after two weeks of training, and that 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 big time clubs in exhibition affairs and never trained farther south than North Carolina during five of these years.

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 advertising means for creating a definite demand for the product before it is placed on the market.

This theory is excellent, and yet in practice the results sometimes are unfortunate. Having gone through years in the belief that the home town fans will stand for anything, the club owners naturally do not have any higher opinion of so-called tank towners.

Therefore they request a bunch of realistic young men, who do not get paid until the season starts, to give a performance which means nothing before 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, 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—

"Hold on," interrupted the gentleman. "I get part of it, but isn't it true that the Yankees charge the same prices as the other clubs and that they haven't always had the best team?"

"Yes," I told him. "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 room. He can still be heard shouting frantically to the clerks to warm up a dozen new subtracting machines.

I 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 heavy-weight 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 possession of the title? And if Jack Dempsey wouldn't do better if he stuck to his cooking?

Whether that Puerto Rico training trip of the Cincinnati Reds really is such a swell publicity and money getting stunt as the National League president and the multi-millionaire owner of the club seem to believe? And isn't it true that the Reds usually have wound up overtired even during those recent seasons when they did not start training a full month ahead of the other teams? Or are the Cincinnati fans supposed to go on forever being satisfied with a second division club, adorned with night baseball and other trimmings?

Why racetrack pari-mutuel betting is supposed to violate the lottery laws in a state where the constables never chirp about the prize contests regularly conducted at small neighborhood movie houses?

Why the American League does not sign Dolly Stark, the best of all possible umpires, who recently cut himself loose from the National League's bed and board?

Why the flag waving A. A. U. sent 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 Garden?

Six-Day Bike Aces Are Born That Way

Things the six-day bicycle riders—who 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 be bike riders. Alfred Buysse, the Belgian, is the son of Marcel Buysse, who used to thrill the fans in the old Garden. And Cesar Moretti's dad once was Italian champion.

There are physicians who claim that the bike riders are the gamest of all athletes and take more punishment than any others.

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 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 clipped in 1929.

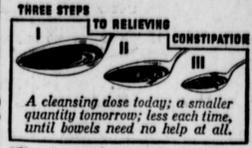
Georgetti is the American motor-paced champion and is one of the two titleholders who will compete in the coming event. The other is Hill, who is the all-around champion of the United States.

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 weeks the team is scheduled to rank with the best in the East. . . . Joe Cooper, "amateur bad man" with the Crescents last 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.

DOCTORS KNOW Mothers read this:



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

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.

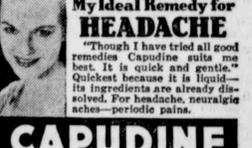
Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in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

Education's Foundation The first step in curing ignorance is to step in it.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

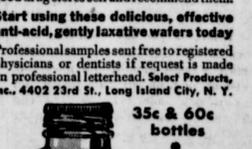
AILING ALL THE TIME Mrs. J. M. Waldron of B Street, Route 23, Parkersburg, W. Va., said: "Any little effort completely tired me out. I hardly slept a wink at night, had splitting headaches and I would become excited easily. I was so thin and pale I didn't look like myself at all. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription six weeks I gradually gained weight and strength and I knew my face was doing me more good." Buy now of your druggist.



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So They Say If a baby smiles in its sleep, it is talking with angels.



CAPUDINE

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Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the 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.

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