



STORM MUSIC By DORNFORD YATES

CHAPTER VI—John, who, by this time, is very much in love with Helena, declares that he must go to Salisbury to find Geoffrey, being nervous because of the failure of Freda to return. He starts out, and arriving at Plumage finds that Bugle and Rush are there. Later Pharaoh and Dewdrop arrive. From conversation in a room above John overhears something of the gang's plans.

CHAPTER VII—John is transfixed with horror at the revelations and determines to get away before the gang discovers his presence. Arriving at the forester's cottage he hears Freda insisting to Pharaoh that Helena is not there. John's presence is discovered and he sneers. Helena hides nearby. She decides they must return to the castle before Pharaoh gets there. They find Valentine in a drunken stupor in company with a girl from the streets of the village. Helena decides to abduct her brother. While Helena and John are talking in the library at the castle, Pharaoh appears armed.

CHAPTER VIII—Dewdrop steps out from behind a curtain. Pharaoh accuses Helena of abducting her brother. Pharaoh exacts a promise that they will do nothing before midnight. They retire. Half an hour later Helena appears in John's room by way of a secret passage. She persuades him to carry a message to Geoffrey. She tells him that the message is a request to Geoffrey to keep Valentine with him at any cost. John delivers the message and insists that he must return to the castle. Geoffrey knocks him out.

CHAPTER IX—When he recovers consciousness he finds himself bound and gagged in a car with Barley keeping watch. He falls asleep and is awakened some time later by the sound of a brook, near which he had been left. Geoffrey explains that Helena had fooled John about the message. It was John who was to be kept, not Valentine. Helena's fear for John's life is what prompted that action. Helena arrives and is very much disturbed over John's attitude. The three of them discuss the situation. Barley arrives and tells them that Valentine is in a private ward where only patients who have been bitten by mad dogs are admitted. Helena declares she will not sleep in the castle unless they return with her. John slips away.

It was awful to hear such naive advice from Helena's lips. "I am not concerned with your fight. To insure Mr. Spencer's life will cost you ten thousand down and ten thousand a year." Her palms clapped fast to her eyes, Helena threw back her head. "All right," she said. "I'll pay it." The words seemed torn from her throat. "One thing more," said Pharaoh. "It will not be convenient to meet you tomorrow night. I take the first premium now. Show me that cellar, or strip. I don't care which you do, for I guess you can open it naked as well as clothed."

I think a full minute went by before Helena moved. Then very slowly she rose and turned to the right. Then her hand went up to a sconce, laid hold of the bracket and pulled it down. I heard no sound, but a panel below the sconce moved, and, when she turned, I saw the shape of a door which was standing ajar. So Helena severed one of the threads by which her life was hanging. Slowly she returned to the bench. As she took her seat, Pharaoh rapped out an order. "Put a light on the lady, Bugle."

I think my heart stood still; but I had a torch and the wit to do as he said. "Rush and Bugle stand fast; Dewdrop with me." He crossed to the gaping panel, with Dewdrop directly behind him, lighting his steps. As he pulled open the door, I saw the stonework beyond. I stood waiting for their footfalls to fade. My moment had come. Rush was speaking and wagging his dreadfully head. "Sheba's the goods," he murmured. "Look at that mouth. Here, I'm goin' to 'ave a close-up. Gimme that—torch."

My shot, being fired when it was, had reported the ugly news that Dewdrop was dead. The fact that no one came down would confirm this report. And no one could have killed Dewdrop, unless he had first made an end of Bugle and Rush. The truth was in Pharaoh's hands. He knew as well as I did that someone was in the chamber, waiting to take his life. As I say, I could have done myself violence. I was here to play the knave, and instead I was playing the fool. I am bound to confess that I cannot defend my annoyance at finding that I must fight Pharaoh instead of playing the butcher as I had already done. I can only say that at that time I had no fear for myself; but since I knew very well that the man was as swift and as cunning as I was slow, I was full of apprehension lest he should escape. The bare thought of such an outcome made the sweat start on my brow. Live—after what he had done? Live—to walk out of that room and do it again?

I pulled myself together, slid my pistols into my pockets and set about hoisting Dewdrop out of my way.

CHAPTER XI Helena.

NOW by firing, as I had, upon Dewdrop, I had cast away the element of surprise; but that was not all the mischief that I had done, for the roar of the heavy pistol had made me completely deaf. When I had fired in the forest, so savage was the report that four or five minutes went by before my full hearing came back; but here, within such four walls, the shock of the violent explosion had appalled the drums of my ears. To listen for Pharaoh's coming was, therefore, but waste of time, and, since he might arrive at any moment, I made my preparations as swiftly as ever I could. These were simple—there was not much I could do.

The chair on which Rush was seated I slewed to the left, so that the beam of his torch fell full on the cut in the wall. I then took Dewdrop's torch and studied the room, marking the furniture well in case I must move in the dark. Then I slid the torch into my pocket and lay down behind the great table of which I have spoken before.

This was a pedestal table of carved, gray oak. Between the two pedestals there was a knee-hole or archedway three feet wide by some twenty-six inches high. Looking through this, I directly commanded the cut, while the pedestal offered good cover on either hand. I ventured to settle myself with the greatest care, for I knew that if I possibly could I must kill my man before he had entered the room; if Pharaoh could contrive to come in, the advantage I presently held would be utterly lost, for, though we should, in a sense, be fighting on even terms, Pharaoh was an expert at murder, but I was no more than a resolute amateur.

Since the cut was so narrow, the gauntlet he had to run was extremely strict and, unless my pistol misfired, I did not see how he could do it and save his life. So I lay very still from force of habit straining my useless ears with my pistol-hand on the plinth of the pedestal-table and my eyes on the cut that was waiting to frame my dead.

After a little, I found myself thinking how soft the carpet was. . . . I do not know how long I waited, but the first intimation I had of Pharaoh's approach was the sudden roar of his pistol as he fired at and shattered the torch.

I fear this tale is a record of bad mistakes, but when I was laying my ambush I made the worst of them all. I have no excuse to offer. I think a child would have seen that he must so place the torch that, while it illuminated the cut, it could not itself be seen from the head of the winding stair. Be that as it may, the horrid shock and the darkness took me aback, and when I fired at the cut, I fired an instant too late. Pharaoh's answer came swift as a flash, and his bullet went through my knee-hole, to lodge in the wall beyond. And then—silence. We were both of us deafened, of course; and, remembering that, I at least had the sense to move. An instant later I was standing behind Rush's chair. And then for the first time that night I felt the stab of something I knew to be fear. I was as good as blindfolded, my ears were stopped; four walls hemmed me in, and somewhere within their compass was moving—Death. Pharaoh was trying to find me, stealing this way and that. He had only to brush against me, touch me with the tips of his fingers, and I should be—caught. His deadly swiftness of action would see to that. Any moment this might happen. Any moment the roar of his pistol might make the last sound I should hear. He might be but three feet off—now. In another instant I might feel his breath on my cheek. . . .

(Continued Next Week)

Early Molting Cuts Production

Hens In Flock That Molt During June Are Hardly Worth Keeping Over For Another Season

Early molting hens, which begin to drop their feathers in the month of June, are not worth keeping in good poultry flocks. These birds, said Roy S. Dearstyn, head of the poultry department at State College, stop laying when they begin to molt, but they go right on eating feed and running up expenses. They do not lay as many eggs as late molters, he continued, and the eggs they do lay are produced at a time when eggs are plentiful and prices are low. Since early molting is an inheritable characteristic, they will pass their trait on to their offspring if left in the flock and used for breeding purposes, Dearstyn warned.

In hot weather, he added, it is especially important that only infertile eggs be produced for home consumption or marketing, as they have a much greater keeping quality than fertile eggs. Except in the breeding season, roosters should be kept away from the hens. And only the best roosters, those with the ability to transmit good qualities to their offspring, should be kept for breeding.

If eggs are collected several times a day during the summer, and stored immediately in a cool place, they will keep much better. Wire baskets which permit air to circulate freely among the eggs are ideal for the storage room, Dearstyn stated. But even under ideal conditions eggs should not be kept in storage any longer than necessary.

A poultryman who gets a reputation of marketing only fresh eggs can command good prices. Lice and mites propagate rapidly in hot weather. Infested birds soon lose their vigor and fall off in egg production. Dearstyn urged poultrymen to examine their birds every few days, so they can check infestations as soon as they start.

Fly Control Is Best In Spring

Destroying One Female Fly In The Spring Will Cut Off Life Of Millions Of Fall Insects

One female fly in the spring, allowed to live and breed, may leave millions of descendants by fall. Don't give them a chance to breed, cautions John A. Arey, extension dairy specialist at State College. Start control measures as soon as possible. Flies are not only carriers of filth and disease, but they are a constant source of annoyance to cattle and livestock. Cows will not give as much milk if continually harrassed by flies. The first step in getting rid of this nuisance is to eliminate breeding places, Arey continued. Manure from stables should be removed daily, if possible. When practical, it is best to haul the manure direct to the fields where it can be spread over the land. Where this is impractical, at least try not to leave large piles of manure lying around for many days at a time.

Clean up the premises of the house and barnyard, he continued. Any filth left exposed will serve as a breeding place for flies. With the best of care, however, it will be impossible to destroy all flies in the larvae stage. Therefore, it is advisable to use traps, poisons and sprays in fighting this pest.

A good poison can be made by mixing three quarts of skim milk with one-fourth quart of formaldehyde and one-fourth quart of molasses. Place the mixture in shallow containers where the flies are, but where animals and poultry cannot get at it. A good spray is very effective, Arey stated. A number are now on the market. Follow the directions given, he said, and good results will be obtained. Good fly traps can be purchased or made at home. Farmers' Bulletin No. 734, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, contains directions for making traps at home.

The Congressman's wife set up in bed, a startled look on her face. "Jim," she whispered, "there's a robber in the house." "Impossible," was her husband's sleepy reply. "In the Senate, yes, but in the House, never."

Bobby: "Mother, who's that woman all dressed in black?" Mother: "Hush, Bobby, she's a sister of charity." Bobby: "But, mother, which is she, Faith or Hope?"

Bolivia News

Comist Mercer and J. D. Danford, who have been working at Myrtle Beach, S. C., returned home Friday.

Rev. J. D. Withrow, of Winna-bow, was in Bolivia Saturday on business.

Mrs. C. P. Willetts, of Bolivia, with her sister, of Carolina Beach returned home Tuesday from a trip to the mountains. A nice trip was reported.

Frank Mintz was a business visitor in Wilmington Saturday. C. P. Willetts and Kenneth McKeithan were business visitors in Wilmington Friday.

Mrs. J. I. Stone, Jr., spent last Friday in Wilmington shopping. Misses Elnora Ganey and Gertrude Mills, of Leland, visited Mrs. Foster Mintz last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Velt, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Edwards, and daughter, Anna, and Mrs. Ralph Boak, left Thursday for a trip to Philadelphia and Chicago.

Miss Marion Smith was in Bolivia Thursday. Mrs. Eleanor Osborn and little daughter, Joann, of Greensboro, are visiting her mother, Mrs. T. H. Johnson.

Dr. Atkins has finished his fish boat and is now ready for fishing.

SURPRISE SHOWER Mrs. Amanda Potter Lewis was honored with a lovely surprise shower given by her sister, Mrs. Hardy Clemmons.

Mrs. Lewis recently married Edgar Lewis, both of Bolivia. After the games, the advice that was given was read by Mrs. Miles Mercer, and were enjoyed by the crowd. Mrs. Lewis was invited out to visit several different places, finding hidden treasures, which was a lovely variety of presents. Those attending were, the bride, Mrs. Edgar Lewis, hostess, Mrs. Har-

young man with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you 10 years younger on account of looks or 10 years older on account of your intelligence." The mill foreman came upon two darkies walking slowly upon the road, single file. "Say, you, why ain't you threes niggers working?" "We's working, boss, sho' we's carrying this plank up to the mill." "What plank? I don't see any plank." "Well, fo' de Lawd's sake, ef we ain't gone an' forgot plank." Subscribe to The State Pilot \$1.50 a year.

Before A Long Trip

Drive in and let us check over your car. It is important that your tire pressure be properly regulated to allow for the heat of the roads. Summer weight oil for long, hot trips is a saving to your motor. Drop by to see us before you leave.

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