

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"Now," concluded the Colossus, "I must know who you are; I must know with whom I am dealing. This"—indicating the black mask—"may impress those fools who were here just now, but I—and you know it—am of a different type from them. Take that mask off and let me see your face."

There was a moment's dramatic silence.

"Fool!" The taunt sounded like the lash of a whip.

The Colossus clapped a hand to his pocket, for it was plain that he expected himself to be covered.

But the masked man had no weapon. He had only his voice.

"You are a fool, Juhl. You would turn to bite the hand that feeds you! That shows your common clay. You would dare to threaten me—a man who, by lifting a finger, could crush you! You have worked with me long enough to know how I deal with traitors. You know that I do not kill them always, but have them removed to penal settlements where they go almost mad trying to think out the means by which I sent them there. Do you want to go to Dartmoor yourself, Juhl?"

The Colossus seemed about to spring.

"By God! You wouldn't dare!"

"Dare! What a fool you are! If you weren't a fool you would know that no living man can successfully say 'dare' to me. Think of my record! Thing of what I have done during the short time that you have known me, and then—get on your knees, you dog, and beg my pardon!"

The silence was so intense that both men could hear their watches ticking. The girl, who all this while had remained motionless and speechless, crouched away into a corner like a beaten thing before the basilisk glare that came through the slits of the black mask. Then: "I am sorry," said the Colossus. He was cowed. "Whoever you are, I will always obey you." It was an impressive moment, and the girl broke the tenseness that followed the words by uttering a short scream.

"Don't look like that," she cried—"don't look like that." "It is my will to remain unknown," said The King. The matter was settled.

"There is just one other thing," said The King. "What about that young man who advertised his life?"

"He also will come in useful later on," replied Juhl. He proceeded to describe in what manner, and the other nodded.

CHAPTER XI

Margery Steers was living in a state of agonized suspense. She felt that wherever she was a sword was hanging over her head, and that the slender thread which held it might snap at any moment.

That ordeal at Rimini's had been almost too painful to bear. Upon reporting for duty the morning after her return home, she had endeavored to make a plausible excuse for her absence. Whatever he thought privately, Lord Belshaven had accepted the explanation without question.

"The illness of your friend has evidently upset you considerably, Miss Steers," he commented. "It will do you good to have a little mild excitement. What do you say to lunching at Rimini's to-day?"

Spinsters' Reception

Too Warm for Burglars

Ocala, Va. —(UP)—When "Doc" Wright, 25, and Columbus Quisenberry, 22, tried to break into the home occupied by three elderly spinsters here, they received a much warmer reception than they had anticipated.

Miss Annie Goad, 63, a cripple, smashed Wright on the head with an axe as he tried to enter a window. The other sisters, 73 and 66 respectively, put up such valiant resistance that the men were

What could she say except to falter her thanks? Not for a single moment did she intend to act treacherously towards this great man who honored her so with his friendship, but it cut her to the heart not to be able to give him her confidence. Threatened as she was, feeling that she had no alternative, she yet hated herself for having lied to Lord Belshaven. For a moment or so she pondered again over the advisability of telling this distinguished servant of the State the real reason of her absence from duty the day before; but then came the horrifying image of her father, his hands manacled, being thrust into a prison cell! No; she could not do it. She could only wait and pray that Providence might yet snatch her out of this abyss of terror.

To have as one's host at a fashionable restaurant one of the most distinguished statesmen of his day was an honor which Margery appreciated to the full, and the woman in her rose to the occasion. The old elasticity came back into her step, and she held her small head proudly as she walked into the restaurant by the side of the peer.

The gaiety of the stimulating scene, combined with the excellent food, banished for a time the grim spectre of worry. Halfway through the meal, a waiter informed her host that he was wanted on the telephone. With a few charming words of apology, Lord Belshaven rose.

It was not until he had gone that Margery noticed the man sitting in the corner on the opposite side of the room. Immediately her heart commenced to beat a tattoo of fear. In spite of this man's straightforward, open face, the sight of him brought back a very dreadful memory. It brought back all that she would have given many years of her life to have been able permanently to forget. It brought back the memory of the dreadful dwarf, and, worse still, the face of that huge man who boasted that he held both her father and herself in his power.

She tried to rally her falling forces against Lord Belshaven's quick return. But her nerves, already cruelly tortured, went back on her. So shaking became her hands that she was forced to put down her knife and fork—and then she saw the man rise from his seat and walk towards her.

Exactly what he said she did not know, neither was she aware of the reply she made. All she was conscious of was the powerful desire that this man should go before Lord Belshaven returned. His presence filled her with mingled dread and fear. He was an associate of the Colossus—he must be that, else why had he been in that house of suspicion?—and to attempt to explain his speaking to her was to risk having to tell everything to her host.

She was vaguely conscious of a scene having occurred—people at the surrounding tables had turned to stare—and then Lord Belshaven was bending over her, solicitude in his grave face.

"My dear Miss Steers, I am awfully sorry that man should have so alarmed you. Do you know him by any chance?"

She found herself saying, "No; he is a stranger to me."

Lord Belshaven frowned. "The fellow said that he mistook you for some one

frightened off and later arrested, but not until they had used rocks and other missiles with such effect that the spinsters' dwelling was almost completely in ruins."

Housewives Ask Police To Shut Off Rain Storm

Greeley, Col. —(UP)—When it rained here recently, and floodwaters started to flow into the basements of homes, indignant Greeley housewives kept the telephone at the police station busy,

else. It seemed a thin enough excuse, but he certainly appeared very apologetic. Please do not allow it to spoil your lunch."

Not only her lunch but the rest of the day, however, was spoiled for Margery. The shadow had come back.

Mixed with her fear during the days that followed was a curious feeling of reproach. Had she misjudged that man whose good-looking face was so straightforward. Certainly the evidence was against him, on the other hand, now that she could reflect more calmly, it was impossible to forget that not once but twice he, a perfect stranger, had gone out of his way to offer her help. Why should he have done this?

On the second day after the incident at Rimini's, a thought so fantastic as to seem unreal came to her.

Could this man be the one to whom she had appealed for help over the telephone? In spite of the million and one chances against the possibility, the strange idea still persisted in her mind. Why, she could not tell.

And yet he was allied to that super-blackmailer . . . The more she thought about the situation, the more perplexing it became.

Three more days passed. During this time she was allowed to pursue her work unmolested, and so resilient is the mind of youth that but for one incident the haunting terror would have receded further and further from her.

She was snatching a hasty meal in a Parliament Street tea-shop, when a man who had been a constant visitor to her home before her mother's death entered. He smiled, and sat down at her table, but seemed confused when starting a conversation. He appeared to be worried about something or other, and at last he blurted out in the manner of an awkward schoolboy:

"I have just seen your father, Margery; he looks dreadfully ill. Excuse me, but do you know what is worrying him?"

She hesitated for some moments. Then, a reply being inevitable, she said:

"I saw father about a week ago. He told me then that some—some investments had turned out badly. I did what I could to help him—I should always be willing to do that—but father—"

She could not say any more, and, excusing herself on the plea of having to return to her work, hurriedly left the place.

That afternoon she was forced to work late, and it was not until seven o'clock that she reached her rooms. Her landlady met her in the hall.

"There is a young lady waiting to see you, Miss Steers."

With her mind still occupied with the work she had left behind, the words conveyed little to Margery until she opened the door of her sitting-room. Then realization came back in a flood. The "young lady" waiting to greet her was the exotic girl who had lured her by a trick to the house of the Colossus.

"What are you doing here?" The words came to her lips instinctively.

A light flashed in the girl's brilliant eyes.

"I have come to take you to my—uncle again. A car will call in five minutes. You are not going to be foolish, I hope?"

Although Margery felt as though her heart was being squeezed by a giant hand, she forced herself to remain calm.

"What is going to happen?" she asked; "what does your—uncle intend to do with me? Although I have said nothing to anyone about the other night, Lord Belshaven will

demanding the officers do something about it. In fact, one reliable officer reported that a caller requested that the officers "just had to come up and shut this water off."

When officers were tired of explaining that the storm was entirely out of the scope of law enforcement, they turned the callers over to the street superintendent. William Welsh, who did his best to pacify the householders.

LOAN FUNDS AIDS STUDENTS. Corvallis, Ore.—(UP)—One out of very five students at Oregon State

certainly be alarmed if I disappear a second time."

"You will not 'disappear' unless you attempt to be foolish. My uncle has certain instructions to give you; that is why I have to take you to him. Here is the car." From outside came the sound of a soft and melodious motor-horn.

Margery rose wearily. "I must see my landlady," she said, "and explain that—"

"There is no reason why you should not return to-night, providing, of course that you promise to obey my uncle."

Margery kept silent. She felt that whatever she said would be merely so much waste of breath. An evil chance had thrust her into the power of these people, and there was an end of it.

She submitted to being blindfolded, and the car was driven at a rapid pace. After what seemed a long time, but probably, she felt, was only a few minutes, the car stopped, she was taken by the arm, and led up a flight of stairs, and then found herself facing the man she feared.

The Colossus wasted no time.

"The moment has come, Miss Steers, for you to do me the service required," he said. "Tomorrow night Lord Belshaven is giving a reception at his house, No. 66, Carlton House Terrace. He will have in his safe a copy of the new treaty with France. You are to obtain this, and take it to your rooms, where my niece will be waiting to receive it. The time-limit is mid-night. Unless my niece has the document in her hands by that time, I shall reluctantly be forced to place certain information concerning your father with Scotland Yard. That is all. Having received your instructions, you will now be driven back to your rooms."

It was so futile to attempt to argue that she did not make the effort. She had a blessed respite of about thirty hours; something might—must—occur within that time to help her. Now all she wished was to get out of that evil presence and to be alone.

Again she was blindfolded and led to the waiting car. Her companion, the girl Xavia, was silent throughout the return journey, and she parted from her in Peter Street without a word.

Margery did not sleep at all that night. The fact that the blackmailer had changed his plans, and wanted her to obtain an important political document from her employer instead of private papers, brought no relief. One crime was as dastardly, if not more so, as the other.

The dawn found her still turning restlessly. Before many more hours were passed she had to turn criminal in order to save her father from a felon's fate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Basement Converted Into Automobile Factory

Chariton, Ia. —(UP)—The basement in the Henry Swanson residence here has been converted into an automobile factory.

Mr. Swanson and a neighbor, Lloyd Spiker, are manufacturing miniature cars, which have a chain drive, rubber tires holding 15 pounds of air, and a speed capacity of slightly more than 10 miles an hour. They will travel 75 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Parts of broken down Fords and washing machine motors are the most vital items in manufacturing the little automobiles, Swanson said. He paints the tiny racing car bodies in bright colors.

Children are able to operate the motors easily, as Swanson has equipped each one thus far with a simple clutch pedal that can readily be operated by a child.

LIBRARIAN BECOMES DEAN. Chapel Hill, N. C.—(UP)—Dr. Louis Round Wilson, librarian of the University of North Carolina since 1901, recently left for the University of Chicago where he accepted a position as dean of the Graduate Library school.

college was aided during the past school year from the student loan fund. Average aid to 692 students was \$72.84. Activity of the fund was greatest for 21 years. During that period, 7,228 students have received \$429,966 in loans.

TWICE IN ONE DAY. Newburyport, Mass.—(UP)—Twice during a single day John Carey became a grandfather. His daughter, Mrs. William Heywood, gave birth to an eight-pound son. Mrs. Joseph Fowler, another daughter, gave birth to a nine-pound daughter.

Period of Depression

Worried Walt Whitman

Back in 1857 Walt Whitman was worrying about the depression, and the "wild thyme among the banks," and unemployment. He wrote an editorial about it for the Brooklyn Daily Times, which the Golden Book Magazine quotes:

"For the land has been shaken as by an earthquake, and the foundations of industry are dried, the arm of the worker is palsied, and the hum and stir of a busy commerce are changed to the dejected silence of a day of national fasting and humiliation."

"Already, it is computed, more than 15,000 laboring people, who live, and help still more numerous thousands to live, by their toil, are thrown out of employment in the metropolis alone."

Los Angeles Boy Needed Help



Leroy Young, 1116 Georgia St., Los Angeles, is a "regular fellow," active in sports, and at the top in his classes at school. To look at him now, you'd think he never had a day's sickness but his mother says: "When Leroy was just a little fellow, we found his stomach and bowels were weak. He kept suffering from constipation. Nothing he ate agreed with him. He was fretful, feverish and puny."

"When we started giving him California Fig Syrup his condition improved quickly. His constipation and biliousness stopped and he has had no more trouble of that kind. I have since used California Fig Syrup with him for colds and upset spells. He likes it because it tastes so good and I like it because it helps him so wonderfully!"

California Fig Syrup has been the trusted standby of mothers for over 50 years. Leading physicians recommend it. It is purely vegetable and works with Nature to regulate, tone and strengthen the stomach and bowels of children so they get full nourishment from their food and waste is eliminated in a normal way.

Four million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it. Always look for the word "California" on the carton to be sure of getting the genuine.

"Calibration"

By the calibration of an instrument is meant the checking or correcting of the scale readings of the instrument.

Lost 20 Lbs. of Fat In Just 4 Weeks

Mrs. Mae West of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I'm only 28 yrs. old and weighed 170 lbs. until taking one box of your Kruschen Salts just 4 weeks ago. I now weigh 150 lbs. I also have more energy and furthermore I've never had a hungry moment."

Fat folks should take one half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning before breakfast—it's the SAFE, harmless way to reduce as tens of thousands of men and women know.

For your health's sake ask for and get Kruschen at any drug store—the cost for a bottle that lasts 4 weeks is but a trifle and if after the first bottle you are not joyfully satisfied with results—money back.

Strawberry Baths in Paris

Beauty-culture experts in Paris are advising their clients to take baths in strawberry juice for beauty. Many who cannot afford such expensive treatments are rubbing their faces with large ripe strawberries. One berry a day is sufficient for this method.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



She Shouldn't be Tired

No energy... circles under her eyes. If she would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet-form, she could be strong and happy again.

News to Him

Bin—My wife has been nursing a groom for several days.
Bam—I didn't know you were ill.

For Face and Hands

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are world favorites because so effective in restoring the natural purity and beauty of the skin, scalp, hair and hands when marred by unsightly conditions.

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Allow 3 crumbled Premium Flake Crackers and 2 tablespoons milk to each egg. Mix and scramble in hot butter. A thrifty recipe that makes 4 eggs serve six people! (Remember Premium Flake Crackers are already slightly salted.)

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