

# A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"I am your friend. I swear that!" he added earnestly. "You are in great danger in this house—that is why I have come to take you away. You must have confidence, for we cannot waste time in talking. Come quickly and make no noise."

Margery stood up. After the terrific strain of the past few hours, her legs felt so weak that she could scarcely remain erect. But her prayer had been answered; although employing an unattractive agent, Providence had helped her!

Ten minutes later she stood outside the house. The street was deserted. She did not recognize it, but guessed the thoroughfare, by the type of houses on either side, to be one of the main streets of Mayfair. She noticed the number of the house from which she had escaped to be 247.

"Quickly! I have a car waiting! We must get away!" It was the dwarf speaking. "You will take me to my rooms?" she asked. "Come! Come!"

The man had brought her out of such deep trouble that her only feeling was one of tremendous relief. Now, however, some faint stirrings made her look at her rescuer. The man was regarding her intently. His eyes seemed faithful. The inclination she had to turn and run away was repressed.

"You have been very kind to me," she said. The dwarf made an indistinguishable sound, and caught hold of her hand.

"The car!" he said, pointing. She went with him. Her brain was a riot of conflicting emotions. Her left hand was burning, set on fire, it seemed, by the touch of the dwarf's fingers.

The car was a powerful two-seater racing model. "Get in!" exclaimed the dwarf excitedly.

When she had complied, he took the seat at the wheel, looking like some hobgoblin of a nightmarish fancy. He proved a capable driver, however, and Margery reflected gratefully that within a few minutes she would be safely at home.

Her first definite suspicion came when the dwarf quickened the pace of the car alarmingly. He—he was not going towards Westminster! They were speeding through some unknown suburb.

"Where—?" The rest of the question died on her lips. Slacking the pace of the car, the dwarf leaned towards her.

The next moment she experienced a sickening sensation of nausea. The dwarf had thrust something over her mouth, the fumes of which were rapidly robbing her of consciousness.

Her last impression was of being driven through the night at terrific speed. Then blackness came . . . and oblivion.

Margery awoke with a surge in her ears. She was in a peculiar room. It was perfectly circular. For a while there was a long, narrow aperture with deep embrasures. Looking at this, the still half-conscious girl noticed that the walls of this singular room must be at least two feet thick.

And that monotonous surge! . . .

She rose unsteadily and walked to the narrow slit. Between the beginning of the wide ledge and the glass frame was two feet of space.

A foot away from the glass were two stout iron bars fixed horizontally in the masonry. These not only precluded any thought of escape, but interfered with her vision of what might be immediately below.

Looking beyond, she was able to see a wide expanse of grey, tossing sea; this new prison of hers must be perched on a cliff.

Stunned and bewildered by the fresh twist in her affairs, she did not hear the door opening until, turning suddenly, she saw the dwarf grimacing at her. Instantly she questioned him.

"What is this place? Why have you brought me here?" The dwarf looked at her with burning eyes. He made a curious, deep obeisance.

"I have brought you here to be my bride," he said in a thick, guttural tone. "I love you—I loved you from the first moment that I saw you. I am ugly, despised, shunned, penniless, now, but soon—his voice rising almost to a scream—"I shall be a king—the man wielding the greatest power in the world. Riches will be mine in abundance, and I shall place them all at your little feet."

He paused, as though expecting some reply, but Margery was too paralyzed by astonishment to speak.

"You shrink from me. I am used to that." He paused again, while a gust of emotion shook his misshapen body. "Let me explain," he went on, "why I was forced to drug you on the journey here. I knew that you would not come of your own accord. You are the most beautiful living thing—beautiful enough to be Queen of the World. And that is what I am going to make you . . . for soon, quite soon now, I shall be the Emperor of the World. Yes, I, Guillemez Zoab. My dear, you must look beyond this ugly body of mine and see into my heart—he thumped his left breast with a curiously beautiful hand—"that heart which, because of my love for you, is big and splendid."

He looked at her as she still shrank away from him, huddled against the wall, and then made another deep obeisance. "I will leave you now, sacred treasure of my heart." Margery noticed as he turned away that his eyes, deep-set in that repulsive face, were like a faithful dog's, and that they brimmed with tears.

CHAPTER XVII Straight from leaving the girl, Zoab went to another room in that curious new residence of his. He was about to give audience to three very powerful men, all of whom were multi-millionaires.

It did not matter to the ex-Professor of Toledo University that these men were utterly unscrupulous, and that they intended to use him as their tool for the most damnable plot yet conceived by man. These three, Schriner, Zundt, and Wilowski, international financiers, represented money to the bacteriologist, and, because of the girl he had just left, Zoab wanted money badly. This unholy confederacy had promised him an initial payment of ten thousand pounds when his work was complete. This would not take him much longer. Another week, a fortnight at most, . . .

Guillemez Zoab had become a changed man. Like Victor Hugo's immortal character, he had fallen in love with a beautiful human flower.

still whistling. "I'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You."

**Orders Increase**  
Coal Field Optimism  
Kemmerer, Wyo. — (UP) — Increased optimism prevails in the Kemmerer coal field due to the recent increase in orders.

An increase of 40 per cent in August over July was announced by the Kemmerer Coal Company and an even larger increase was anticipated for September. Mines that operate on a one-

Meeting Margery Steers had effected a complete transformation. For many months previous his consuming ambition had been to extract a terrible vengeance upon mankind for the indignities he had been made to suffer. Like another, but more terrible, Nero, he would have glutted himself upon the spectacle of a ravaged and panic-stricken world being decimated by a new disease so contagious and ruthless that thousands would die from it every day.

That he was penniless had not affected him then. All he lived for was bringing that loathsome germ to fruition. While he was doing so, he had food to eat and clothes of a sort to wear.

The first night that Margery Steers had been brought to the house of Juhl, Zoab, in looking at her, had had a new vision; he almost forgot his lust for vengeance in the suddenly born wish to take this girl away to a secret place and devote the rest of his life to adoring her.

Reflection had made him realize that this desire was impossible without one thing. He must have money—money to buy this girl dresses, jewels, everything which the heart of woman could desire. He must place her in a shrine that was fitting in every way; and this was only possible through the possession of wealth.

For some time he had nursed this passion in secret; and then, unable to keep it in control any longer, he had approached Juhl, making a bold demand for no less a sum than ten thousand pounds. His mind, used always to abject penury, could not conceive a greater amount than this; it represented illimitable riches.

The Colossus had been staggered. For some moments he was literally stricken dumb. The thought of this shambling wretch of a man desiring money—and such an amount of money—and then turned him into a raging volcano.

"I will not give you a penny," he stormed; "you must be mad. Remember all that I have done for you already. Do you wish to be whipped again, Zoab?"

The dwarf drew away. Although Juhl did not realize it, that unthinking and callous remark had made Zoab swear to kill him. Already the bacteriologist did not like the idea of Juhl forcing him to work for an unknown man—a man whose face he had never seen, but whose voice filled him with dread.

Affecting contrition, he had shuffled away. But that night, when the envoy of the unholy confederacy had approached him, he had been only too willing to listen. Who the masters of this man were, what they wished him to do—these were matters of indifference; the only thing that counted was that the man had promised him wealth, great wealth.

So, with the picture of the girl always filling his mind, he had conducted those secret negotiations which had brought him now to the meeting in that heavily paneled room, perched high over the surging sea.

An ordinary man would have been repelled by looking into the faces of the three who awaited his coming. All had reptilian eyes; these were creatures who had sold their souls to the devil in return for financial power. Although each was already possessed of enormous wealth, they spent their lives plotting, sometimes against each other, to secure more millions. In the present cast, it pleased them to unite their forces. Schriner was to operate in Europe, Zundt in America, and Wilowski in the East. Once this powerful weapon was placed in their hands by the bacteriologist, they intended to bring the whole

day-a-week basis during the summer months have increased their working time to three days a week.

**Reverend Performs His First Wedding**  
Loveland, Cal. — (UP) — When a blushing pair sought the services of Rev. M. F. Amelung to make their man and wife, neither was as frightened as the minister himself.

Although the Rev. Amelung has

world to their feet, cornering markets through the sense of awful terror that was bound to ensue.

Schriner was the spokesman.

He stood up as the dwarf entered, holding out a package.

"Here is the money you were promised," he said; and while Zoab tore open the thick envelope excitedly and commenced counting the notes of heavy denominations, the speaker continued: "You will be quite safe here to continue your research work. We have bought this derelict castle, constructed a laboratory, and you stand no risk of interference. What we wish you now to tell us is how quickly you consider you can complete your investigations. We should like to have from you a description of this particular poison germ and its effect—"

Zoab, his eyes shining fanatically, launched into details.

CHAPTER XVIII Mrs. Perkins, standing in the doorway, looking inquisitively at her lodger.

"Two men have called, Mr. Creighton," she said; "they have funny-looking hats on, and I don't like their faces. They say they want to see you particularly."

Martin Creighton sprang up. He was tired of mysterious calls.

"I'll go out and see them, Mrs. Perkins," he replied; and putting action to words, he walked quickly down the small passage that led to the front door.

Standing at the end of this passage and inside the front door, which was closed, were two broad-shouldered men. They had "detective" stamped all over them.

"You want to see me?" asked Creighton brusquely.

One of the men stepped forward.

"Are you Martin Creighton?" he demanded.

"I am Martin Creighton."

"Then, Martin Creighton, I hold a warrant for your arrest on a serious charge." Creighton felt a sudden stab of dismay. What fresh devil's trick was this? With an effort he kept his voice steady; no good would come of making himself a fool.

"What is the charge?" he asked.

The man who had been spokesman throughout produced an official-looking document.

"You are charged with the murder of Sir Simon Baste on the night of the fourteenth instant. I have to warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."

"The fourteenth was last night," commented the accused. "Of course, the charge is ridiculous. I have never met Sir Simon Baste, although I knew he was a well-known financier. You haven't a shred of evidence against me. On what grounds do you dare to come here?"

"I am not free to say anything in reply to your questions," returned the detective; "I have to take you at once to the nearest police station, where you will be informally charged with the crime."

"All right," he snapped, "but I warn you that the police are making fools of themselves. You are barking up the wrong tree, and the consequences may be serious." The detective remained unmoved.

"The authorities know their own business best," he replied stolidly. "As this is a most serious charge, Mr. Creighton, I must ask you to hold out your hands."

"You mean to handcuff me?"

"I must do my duty."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Immune.  
From Tit-Bits.  
"I consider kissing very unhealthy."  
"Well, I've never been—"  
"Kissed?"  
"No—!!!"

been a pastor of the Lutheran church for six years, he never has performed the marriage ceremony. Rev. Amelung believes his record is unequalled.

"Folks just didn't get married in the churches where I was assigned," he explained.

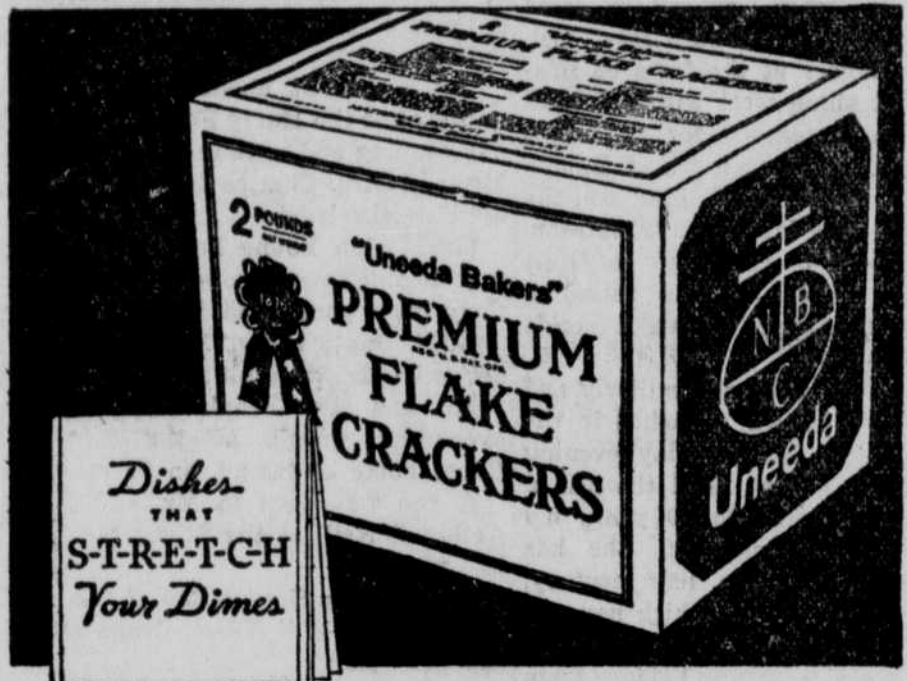
FIRST SILK "MAKER"

Joseph Wilson Swan, an Englishman, took out the first patent for making artificial silk, in 1833, by squirting a pulp of wood and cotton through small holes.



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This big two-pound box of Premiums and these recipes and menus are planned to help you cut down meal costs: They're helping your friends and neighbors. Let them help you, too, today.

**CHOCOLATE BANANA PUDDING**  
Mix 24 Premium Flake Crackers, crumbled fine, with 1 cup vanilla-flavored chocolate sauce and 2 chopped bananas. Set in refrigerator to chill. Serve in individual glasses topped with whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored. 6-8 portions.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## Uneda Bakers

**Talented**  
"Has Doris had a good musical education?"  
"I'll say she has. Just tell her the name of a song, and she'll tell you what's on the other side of the record."—American Mutual Magazine.

**Washington's Money Chest**  
A money chest, once the property of George Washington, is owned by Jewel Dodd in Batesville, Ark. The chest is twelve inches long, five

inches wide and three inches deep. It is hand made of red wood and is decorated with brass nails. It is covered with well-worn walrus hide.

**Concrete Work**  
"Beaver are reported in the Boulder Dam country."  
"Probably went to get some pointers about dams."

Some men are too slow to make successful palbearers.

## Relief From Neuralgia In Few Minutes



Quick Dissolving Property of BAYER ASPIRIN Starts Relief 3 or 4 Minutes After Taking

Think of a headache going in three or four minutes. The pains of neuralgia, neuritis or rheumatism being eased, often, in that little space of time!

Due to important, scientific developments in the famous Bayer Aspirin laboratories, millions of people are enjoying this almost unbelievably quick relief from pain.

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saves this is to busy people. Remember it is Genuine BAYER Aspirin which provides this unique property. So see that you get the real article when you buy. See that these three words "Genuine Bayer Aspirin" are on any box or bottle of aspirin that you buy. And that the name "Bayer" is stamped in the form of a cross on any tablet that you take.

Remember that when you buy. And remember, too, that Genuine Bayer Aspirin cannot harm the heart. Take care you get the genuine.

NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

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**Whistling Street Car Rider Is a Bandit**  
Fort Worth, Texas — (UP) — Whistlers, who ride on the street car piloted by Fred Parker, trill at their own risk these days.

A well-dressed young man boarded Parker's street car. He was whistling "I'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You."

Parker felt a 38 pistol in the small of his back. He was "re-lieved" of \$17 in cash and \$3 in tokens.

The robber left the street car