

# A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"He called at my lodgings to inquire what I was doing in your house on the night I have described. Thinking that he might have some connection with the man who called himself 'Jones,' and not wishing to implicate Miss Steers in any way, I refused to give him any information. He then seriously warned me, saying that I was in a position of very great danger. He added something about my being concerned in a State conspiracy, but at the time I did not know what he meant. After that he left, and I did not see him again until the night I was arrested. Then, to my surprise I found him at the police station with Mr. Jarvis Stark, the Deputy Commissioner of Scotland Yard. Naturally enough, I imagined at first that it was through him I had been taken, but—Excuse me, sir, would you mind telling me what sort of a man Mr. Stark is?"

"Mr. Stark Jarvis has done wonderful work at Scotland Yard," was the reply. "I understand that he has filled his responsible post with every credit to himself and to his department. Why do you ask?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I don't exactly know. I didn't like him—apart altogether, of course, from his charging me with a crime I did not commit."

"The Foreign Secretary apparently paid no heed to the words. His mind was on the main question."

"I intend to do a very unorthodox thing," he said; "I propose to keep you under cover here until this mystery is solved. As I have told you, if you were handed over to Scotland Yard you would be forced to undergo a very distressing experience, and in the absence of any rebutting evidence you might even be declared guilty and sent to the scaffold. I intend to return to London to-morrow, when I will make a point of seeing Mr. Chipstead and giving him my confidence. He is a man I can thoroughly trust, and no doubt will be able to give me some assistance, not only in your affair, but in the matter of Miss Steers' disappearance. What I propose is to engage you as an indoor servant. The fact of your being in my employ should save you from any suspicion. The other servants, no doubt, will present a little difficulty, but I will get the butler to warn them not to talk. Is this course agreeable to you?"

"To Martin Creighton it was as though he had been hauled from some engulfing quicksands."

"I can only thank you, Lord Belshaven, from the bottom of my heart," he replied.

"Very well, then. For some days I should not leave the house. It is better to be on the safe side. And"—very seriously—"I need scarcely warn you to keep your own counsel."

"Of course, sir."

The interview was ended.

## CHAPTER XXIII JUHL IS FRIGHTENED.

It was the morning following Martin Creighton's arrest.

In the sumptuous Mayfair house occupied by that picturesque and dangerous criminal, Oscar Juhl, everything was confusion. Plans so carefully laid had miscarried.

The girl Xavia had risen early with the intention of visiting Margery Steers in the latter's attic prison. A tigress at heart, Xavia had wished to feast her eyes upon the captive's discomfiture. It was this pate-chit of a child

with whom Martin Creighton, the man she herself desired, was in love. He must have fallen in love with her the first night he came to the house.

Xavia, mounting the stairs, snapped together two splendid rows of white teeth. Strange that she, who had had in her time so many men at her feet, should be despised by the very one she had selected as her mate. This tall, athletic young Englishman with the serene gray eyes had caused her heart to beat rapidly at the first moment of meeting. She had set herself out in her exotic fashion to win him. The passion for this man had grown daily until she felt herself willing even to cut adrift from Oscar Juhl, to leave, if needs be, her present life altogether. She, who had been used to spending many thousands of pounds a year, would have been content, she told herself, to live quite simply, even humbly, for this man, into whose eyes she had smiled without response.

Tssh! The small, immaculately manicured hands were clenched as she arrived outside the room to which Margery Steers had been taken the night before. This girl was her rival, her successful rival.

Fitting a key into the lock, she was astonished to find the door opening. The next moment she had burst into the room—to discover it empty! Although the bed was disturbed, it had evidently not been slept in.

The main thing however, was that the girl had gone! But how? She had taken it upon herself to lock the door the night before, and had placed the key on the dressing-table in her own room. It had been there when she awoke in the morning. Moreover, her own bedroom had been locked from the inside.

She hastened downstairs. Oscar Juhl, her immediate chief in this firm of blackmailers, was already seated at the breakfast table.

"That girl—she is gone!" Juhl sprang up, his face twitching.

"What do you mean? How can she have gone?" he demanded.

Xavia shrugged her shoulders.

"That is what I am asking you," she replied. "All I know is that when I went up to her room just now I found the door unlocked and the room empty."

The Colossus stood frowning for several seconds. Then he clenched his right fist.

"Zoab!" he roared. "Zoab!"

He rushed away, but when he reached the basement room that had been set apart for the dwarf's use when Zoab was called to the house, no answer came to his summons. This room also was empty.

The camp bed had not been slept in, but pinned to the pillow-case was a piece of paper. On this was written the message:

"Others will give the money I want, so I go to them.—G. Z."

The few words had the effect of sending the reader into a state of frenzy. For several moments Juhl acted like a madman. Everything breakable upon which he could lay his hands he smashed into fragments, cursing without cessation.

Sanity only returned when he thought of that masked man who was his master. What would The King say when he told him—as tell him he must? Zoab had been placed directly in his charge—and now he had allowed him to escape! Oscar Juhl

looker a craven as he speculated upon the consequences to himself.

Throughout the day the fear never left him, and when, at eleven o'clock that night, he kept the appointment at the Highgate house, he was in a highly nervous condition.

In uneasy tones he narrated what had happened.

"You realize what this means, of course, Juhl?" replied The King sternly. "Zoab is now working for someone else, and the greatest opportunity we shall ever have has passed out of our hands. I give you a week to retrieve your error. If at the end of that time Zoab is still missing, I shall destroy you!"

As Juhl left the room, he was white-faced and shaking.

## CHAPTER XXIV

"What is it, Brooks?" The pontifical figure standing in the doorway made a slight inclination of the body. Then coughed behind his hand.

"There is a person here, sir. He wishes to see you."

Bunny Chipstead laid down his cigar.

"You're priceless, Brooks! I suppose, even if another war came, you wouldn't lose your Middle-Ages outlook! Tell me, now—what is a 'person'?"

Brooks bore the expression of a martyr being hurried to the stake. He deeply resented the jocular familiarity of his employer, but that graven mask of a face conveyed no hint of the turmoil raging in his butler's breast. Instead his large, pale countenance carried a look of patient resignation.

"Perhaps I should have said a man, sir." Jove, when reminded that he had been caught in the act of nodding, might have used the same tone.

"Come, come! You're improving, Brooks. Looking at you now, I might almost imagine that you were human. But"—with a change of voice—"who is this man, and what does he want?"

Brooks slightly gave ground. His voice sank two distinct tones.

"Perhaps I had better be candid, sir—" he started to reply.

Chipstead looked at him curiously.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," he commented. Then, still regarding the man intently: "You seem to have something on your mind, Brooks."

The butler lost a little more of his perfect poise. He looked now something like a fish struggling to escape from the hook.

"The man is my nephew, sir. His name is Arthur Alpass, and"—the speaker hesitated—"he was in the service of Sir Simon Baste."

Chipstead rose.

"And he wants to see me? Show him in," he added decisively.

At the words Brooks evidenced increasing signs of agitation.

"Perhaps you will be kind enough, sir," he said, "to allow me to make a short explanation beforehand. This young man Alpass, two years ago, got into trouble. It caused all of us a great deal of anxiety. It would be very distressing if this affair was raked up again. May I rely upon your discretion, sir?"

In spite of his natural composure, the man was obviously distressed. Chipstead felt sorry for him.

"You needn't worry, Brooks. Now show the man in." The information that his caller had been in the service of the man whose recent murder was still the sensation of the country had excited his keenest interest.

Brooks left the room, to return, within a couple minutes, with a pale, sandy-haired, somewhat furtive-faced young man, who looked a typical specimen of the London manservant.

from Keats's friend, Charles Brown who had asked permission to include some material referring to her in a prospective biography.

"I fear the kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which unhappy circumstances have condemned him," wrote Fanny in one part. "Will the writings that remain of his rescue him from it? You can tell better than I, and are more impartial on the subject, for my wish has long been that his name his very name should be forgotten by every one

"This is Alpass, sir," the butler announced. Chipstead nodded.

"Thank you, Brooks; you may go."

Turning on his heel like the perfect automaton he had become once again, the butler left the room.

Bunny Chipstead had spent a good deal of time during his interesting life in interviewing men and women who, being possessed of certain important knowledge, desired, for the sake of their conscience, to relieve themselves of this burden. He recognized the unmistakable signs in Alpass immediately.

His manner was firm, but kind.

"Sit down, Alpass," he said, pointing to a chair; "perhaps you would like a cigaret and a drink?"

The caller had not anticipated such unconventional cordiality. Some of his nervousness left him.

"If you would be so kind, sir, I should like a drink, and that's a fact. I don't mind telling you, sir, that it took a bit of doing, coming here to-night. But then I thought of Brooks—that's my uncle, sir—"

"Here, drink this," Chipstead interrupted by placing a whisky-and-soda at the man's elbow. When the glass was half emptied and set down again, Chipstead resumed. "You have come to tell me something about the murder of Sir Simon Baste, I suppose?" he remarked in a conversational tone.

Into the white face of the caller crept a tinge of color. Alpass strained forward in his chair, his hands clutching the arms.

"Yes, sir. I know who did it. It wasn't that Mr. Creighton whom the police arrested. It was—" He stopped, and then went on in a quicker and more agitated tone. "Before I say anything though, sir, I want you to promise me to keep my name out of it. Since I'm here, I suppose I had better tell you that two years ago I got into some trouble. There was something said about my stealing some money—I was with Sir Archibald Luckless then—and the police—damn them!—put me quod for three months. That's why I've kept my mouth shut about this up till now. If I went to Scotland Yard, they'd be sure to rake up that affair again, and"—his voice was shaking with real terror—"they might even say that I had done this murder myself."

"If you tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth, Alpass, I promise you that you need have no undue fear concerning the police," Chipstead remarked.

The caller became slightly more reassured.

"Thank you for saying that, sir. I'm glad I came to you now. It took me some time to make up my mind, though. Then I thought of my uncle, as I've told you before, and I remembered that he worked for a gentleman who knew all about the police and their little ways. So I came along and saw Brooks, told him that I knew something about the Baste murder, and asked him if he thought you would be likely to help me. I'll say this for Brooks; although he's never liked me—especially after that affair of two years ago—he said he felt sure I ought to tell you what I knew."

"And what do you know, Alpass?"

The man hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cosmic rays bombard the earth with energies of some 40,000 million volts, which is about 40 times the highest energies usually assigned to the ultra-penetrating radiation, according to Dr. Thomas H. Johnson, of Franklin Institute, Swarthmore, Pa.

Colorado's most promising candidate is 22 year old Ed Prante, who stands 6 feet 5 inches and weighs 220 pounds, who has won 21 of 28 bouts by knockouts.

but myself. That I have often wished most intensely.

"To you publishing his poems addressed to me I do not see there can be any objection, after the subject has been once alluded to, if you think them worthy of him."

This letter, says Robert Lynd in the News Chronicle, was written "to the Brown to whom the dying Keats had written about her: 'My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate forever.'"

Pythons are generally sold to a zoo by the foot. A 25-foot python sells for about \$40 a foot.

## FIND TUNNEL IN MONTE ALBAN ZONE

Excavators Uncertain as to Its Uses.

Archaeologists who are clearing the ruins of Monte Alban, where an Indian treasure tomb was recently found, have come upon what appears to be a secret passageway in the ancient city.

A tunnel opening was located and an Indian penetrated it to a distance of about 250 feet. Within he found human bones and fragments of a curious pottery vessel thought to have been an incense burner. The tunnel entrance has been closed again until the next season's work, when its destination will be sought. It is possible that this was a secret passage connecting the Temple of the Tiger with the Hill of the Sacred Quetzal Bird.

Monte Alban is so vast a zone that generations of archeologists may find work there. The portion now being cleared is the vast North terrace, really the "acropolis" of Monte Alban. In the center of the North terrace is a sunken court where archeologists believe that secret funeral rites took place. Monte Alban is thought to have been a sacred cemetery city, and the entrance to the world beyond the grave, rather than an Indian metropolis.

On the right of the sunken court rises a pyramid which is faced with stone panels. On the left is another pyramid, with a buried temple in it. This temple was filled with stone and gold. Both pyramids were pedestal for other temples on their tops. Back of the sunken court are other mounds not yet excavated.

In clearing the terrace, six round stone trunks, like bases of giant columns have just been unearthed. They are more than six feet in diameter and are symmetrically placed at the top of a great stone stairway that led up from the ancient plaza.

The North terrace, with its sunken court and pyramids and mounds, is known to the laborers as the Temple of the Tiger. These laborers are Zapotec and Mixtec Indians from the villages on Monte Alban's flanks.

## Alpine Geyser

The Alps have just produced their first cold water geyser. It came into being during the course of sounding operations near the bath resort of Schuls-Tarasp. The geyser erupts regularly every fifteen minutes, the jet attaining a height of more than thirty feet.

Impatience is surely holding on till you get what you want.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. It removes wrinkles, use one ounce. Powdered flaxseed dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

## New Woolen Mill Cloth Pieces

Suitable for braided or woolen rugs 36 to 36 inches wide, about 54 inches long, variety of colors, 4 lbs. for \$1.00, we pay postage. NEW ENGLAND WASTE PROCESS CO. Fairfield - Maine

## Deaf Cruelly Condemned

So little was known of deafness in the golden age of Greece, that Aristotle taught that "the deaf have no souls and are little better than animals."

## Sinus Trouble

Makes Life Unbearable

Last year a prominent New York judge and his wife committed suicide because sinus trouble made life unbearable. Prevent sinus infection. If nose is stuffed, head lurches across the front, throat is lined with phlegm, use SINASIPTEC, the marvelous discovery of a St. Louis doctor. SINASIPTEC makes breathing easy, keeps head and throat clear and protects against colds, catarrh, hay fever and sinus infection. Treat this out. Get a large bottle of SINASIPTEC from your druggist and use it in warm water as directed. Say it:—Sin-asip-tec.

## Creoles

The word "Creole" is used in the United States in reference to the white persons descended from French and Spanish settlers of Louisiana and other Gulf states.

## WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples, sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR TO-NIGHT** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

## "TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

In-and-Out

Asker—What do you mean by saying that your wife is in and out all the time?

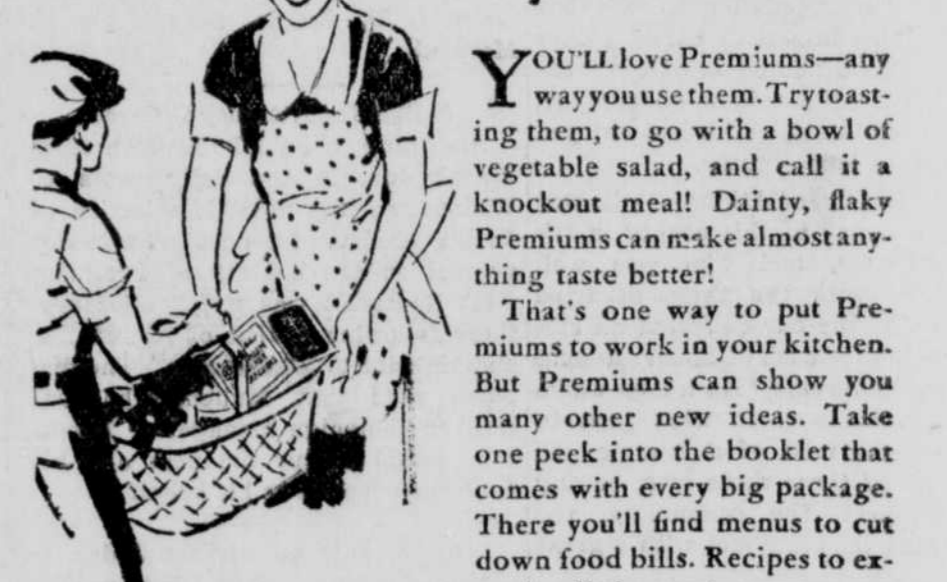
Teller—She's in a rage and out of funds.

Doubt is the shadow of truth.



FREE RECIPES—FREE MENUS—Don't worry about what you'll have for dinner. Let this money-saving box and this free booklet solve the problem. They're at your grocer's NOW.

Let fresh... dainty  
**PREMIUM FLAKES**  
save money on your meals



YOU'LL love Premiums—any way you use them. Try toasting them, to go with a bowl of vegetable salad, and call it a knockout meal! Dainty, flaky Premiums can make almost anything taste better!

That's one way to put Premiums to work in your kitchen. But Premiums can show you many other new ideas. Take one peck into the booklet that comes with every big package. There you'll find menus to cut down food bills. Recipes to extend a little meat, or eggs, or cheese into several more husky servings. This wonder-working booklet is free... packed with every box of Premiums. So ask your grocer today for the big money-saving box.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Uneda Bakers

OLD LITERARY MYSTERY SOLVED—From the Literary Digest  
Fanny could hardly go further. Fanny Brawne "inspired the passion of one of the very greatest poets that ever lived. And it is clear on the most charitable interpretation that she had not the slightest idea of his greatness, and was secretly rather ashamed of her association with it."

This conviction, arrived at by the discovery of a letter from Fanny Brawne, the object of John Keats's madman's adoration, is the solu-

tion of an age-old literary mystery. What were Fanny Brawne's reactions to the famous letters to which no answers have hitherto been known?

The London News Mhronic makes the above comment editorially, along with the letter upon which it is based, now deposited in the Keats Museum at Hampstead, near London.

The letter has apparently been unknown or unpublished for all these years, since it was written nine years after Keats's death in 1821. It was written in reply to one

from Keats's friend, Charles Brown who had asked permission to include some material referring to her in a prospective biography.

"I fear the kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which unhappy circumstances have condemned him," wrote Fanny in one part. "Will the writings that remain of his rescue him from it? You can tell better than I, and are more impartial on the subject, for my wish has long been that his name his very name should be forgotten by every one