

A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"That must be Miss Steers," announced Lord Belshaven, artistically applying a finishing stroke to the head of an obstinate adversary. "Come along, boys."

He led the way, racing up a flight of stone steps, at the top of which was a half-open door. One glance through this, and he was inside the circular-shaped room which had been Margery Steer's prison.

"Help him!" A girl, who was shaking with fear, and who seemed on the verge of collapse, pointed to the writhing mass of men, forming what might have been a Rugby scrum, in the center of the room.

The foreign Secretary proved once again to be a man of quick decision. Whenever a head showed he hit it, and by the time that Chipstead and some of the others had arrived his loaded stick had brought him quite a respectable "bag."

Out of the crush crawled a young man, breathing uneasily. It was Martin Creighton.

At the sight of Bunny Chipstead he drew back, putting himself, spent though he was, into an attitude of defense.

"It's all right, Creighton"—Lord Belshaven's tone was reassuring—"we're friends here, not enemies. Let's hope your troubles are over now."

The words seemed too much for Creighton.

He put his hand up to his forehead, as though trying to bring relief to his troubled brain. Then, with a few muttered, indistinguishable words, he slipped to the floor.

"Those brutes nearly killed him."

Stooping beside Creighton, Margery drew the man's head to rest on her knees. The look in her face convinced Lord Belshaven of the truth of his former surmise.

"Give him some of this, Miss Steers," the politician said. He drew a spirit flask from his pocket and passed it to the girl.

"Now, Chipstead, you can carry on yourself. These two people represent my department. I will stay here and see that no one else bothers them. Come back when you've finished."

The room had been cleared by this time, and with Chipstead and his men gone, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs drew a kitchen chair to the door, which he proceeded to guard. Lord Belshaven had lost his collar, his tin hat was askew, there was a great rent in his coat, his aristocratic face was streaked with blood and dust, but he looked what he was—a very happy man. His back was turned to the two young people he had rescued.

Behind him Margery Steers and Martin Creighton became lost to every other consideration but that Fate had brought them together once again. The girl's arms were supporting the injured man, whose head was upon her breast.

"Martin! Martin! . . . I always knew you would save me. I prayed. . . ."

The words came in little sobs of thankfulness.

"I was lucky," explained Creighton. "I was being taken by Juhl's men to one of the dungeons when their attention was attracted to sounds of a scrap up above. In answer to a shout for help, two of my warders rushed off. I managed to get away from the other two. Then I thought of you, and"—lamely—"you know the rest."

For reply she kissed him on the lips.

It was ten minutes later. The heat and the tumult had somewhat died down.

"I was beginning to get the cramp," Lord Belshaven rose and stretched himself. He looked at Chipstead, who entered at that moment. "What's the news?"

"Well, from what I can understand, there was a previous schmelz here to-night. The dungeons below are full of men. Apparently—turning to Creighton—a party of crooks, led by your old friend who called himself 'Jones,' but whose real name is Juhl, called here earlier in the evening and did the dirty on the original garrison. Then we happened along, and have thus been able to bring off a double haul."

Creighton stretched out a hand.

"Lord Belshaven has been telling us about you, Mr. Chipstead. I am most awfully grateful—"

"And I was awfully lucky." Chipstead smilingly made his confession. "Our friend the dwarf"—he affected not to see Margery Steers shudder—"was not as careful as [he might have been. In his former laboratory at Highgate he left a screwed-up scrap of paper which turned out to be part of a letter. On this were the two words 'Wild-wood' and 'Castle.' That's why I came here to-night."

"You mentioned Juhl just now," broke in Martin; "where is he? That man's dangerous, and he's 'planted' on me a charge of murder. I must get hold of him."

Chipstead looked grave.

"I quite realize the importance of finding Juhl," he replied, "but so far we haven't been successful in tracing either him or the dwarf."

"Have you tried the laboratory?" At the mention of that word Margery Steers uttered a sharp cry.

"Thank God, you escaped!" She turned to Creighton and caught hold of his arm.

Martin patted her shoulder encouragingly.

"Hush, darling! That is all over now. You must promise me not to worry any more." Leading the girl to a chair, he then turned to Chipstead. "We must destroy that beastly place," he said tensely. "Come with me."

A few minutes later he stood, with Lord Belshaven and Bunny Chipstead, outside the room which he knew, from bitter experience, contained a grizzly secret.

"It's locked. But we must get in."

Chipstead nodded before placing a revolver to the lock, which he proceeded to blow out.

With the door thrust open, the three sprang in. The room with white tiles was in complete darkness.

"The lights! Switch on the lights!" ordered Chipstead; something has happened here!

When the place was flooded with electric light, the truth of Bunny's words was apparent. Two men were in the laboratory, but neither of them moved.

"That's Juhl," said Creighton, pointing.

On the floor was the figure of the Colossus. One glance told them that Oscar Juhl had committed his last crime. The color had gone from his striking face, which was so distorted that two out of the three watchers turned away. Only Chipstead had the necessary nerve to examine the gaping wound in the man's neck.

"Murdered, without a

doubt," commented the Secret Service free-lance.

He turned at an exclamation from Lord Belshaven. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was pointing to a figure huddled over a littered glass bench.

"The dwarf!" exclaimed Creighton; "he, too, must be dead. What does it mean?"

Chipstead waved his two companions aside. Then, without touching anything, he made a rapid examination.

"He committed suicide, probably after killing Juhl." The speaker stretched forward and picked up a tiny glass phial. "Cyanide of potassium. . . . He knew the quickest way."

Creighton felt beads of perspiration running down his face. Although the dwarf had planned to kill him in a horrible fashion, the significance of this tragedy aroused his deep compassion. Zoab, the outcast, one of the most abhorred of all God's creatures, had had his hour. Uplifted out of himself, he had loved—loved with a fervor that vanquished everything else. In his heart he must always have known the hopelessness of his dream, and so, when Fate had declared its resolute decision, rather than face the world again he had taken that swift certain way out of his misery.

A lump rose in Creighton's throat as he murmured a respectful obsequy over the still form of the man who had been, in his life, his luckless rival.

He leaned across and touched Chipstead's shoulder.

"Miss Steers must not know of this; it would upset her terribly."

The other nodded. He did not understand, of course, what was at the back of Creighton's words, but realized that the girl upstairs must be saved any further distress.

CHAPTER XXXVI Dawn was breaking when the principals in the Wildwood Castle drama returned to Roughmoor. As the car swung in through the wide gates, Lord Belshaven turned to Margery Steers and the man by her side, and said:

"My dear young friends, I want you to feel that you are coming home."

The phrase was so apt, it so typified what was in the girl's mind, that she smiled through a mist of happy tears.

This comfortable old house was, indeed, a home, a veritable haven of rest after the tumultuous events of the past few hours. Lord Belshaven was the kindest of hosts, and at his bidding Roughmoor was soon humming with activity.

Sleep was impossible, everyone felt. After bathing, food was the first essential, and within an hour a substantial English breakfast was ready.

It was during the course of this meal—the happiest Margery had ever known—that the Foreign Secretary, looking at his three guests with a kindly, affectionate glance, made one of those little impromptu speeches for which he was so famous.

"I count myself," he said, "a very fortunate man this morning, inasmuch as I have the pleasure of having beneath my roof the three persons who have saved the nation from a very real and terrible peril. On behalf of the country, I thank you—Margery, Creighton, and you, Chipstead—for all that you have done. I shall make it my business to see that the information reaches official quarters."

In that sweet-scented garden nothing broke the blessed peace but the cawing of the rooks in the tall elms, and the gentle sigh of the wind as it whispered an accompaniment to the voices of the lovers.

Margery was now speaking. "I always felt, all through

those dreadful days and nights, that my prayers would be answered—that you would come again to me. Martin, say that you have forgiven me for so misjudging you." She looked up into his face, her sweet lips quivering.

Creighton stooped. There was only one thing, he felt, that could stop those nervous tremors: with his arms about her, holding this precious argosy, he kissed her.

"There is nothing to forgive, darling; worried as you were, it was only natural that you should suspect me." Then he loosened his arms and drew back. "It is I who must ask forgiveness," he went on; "I haven't a penny in the world, and yet I have dared to kiss you."

The confession did not seem to perturb the girl. On the contrary, she clapped her hands like a happy child.

"It is shameless of me, I suppose, but I like you to kiss me." She looked at him roguishly. "If you stand so far away, how can I tell you my news?"

"What news?" "I can only whisper it." Even then Martin kept himself in hand. What right had he to make love to this wonderful girl?

"Lord Belshaven— isn't he a dear?—has promised to get you a job good enough—"

Dizzy with happiness, Creighton pretended to be stupid.

"Good enough for—what?" he inquired.

"You—you had better ask Lord Belshaven."

Now he was by her side, drawing her to him in that swift, impetuous way she discovered was so enchanting.

"I prefer you to tell me, Margery."

"Are you sure—quite sure that you love me?" Creighton supplied the only really satisfactory answer.

"I feel sure in my own mind that a thousand a year is sufficient to get married on, said Margery Steers, a minute later. . . . But here's Lord Belshaven himself, Martin! He mustn't see you kissing me."

Creighton broke into what he felt to be the first real laugh of his life.

"Rot!" he roared; "if he isn't careful, I'll kiss him too."

They dined alone with their host that night. Chipstead had gone up to Town by the morning train. He had to consult, he told Lord Belshaven, the British Secret Service authorities.

"What about Scotland Yard?" asked the Foreign Secretary.

Bunny gave a fugitive smile.

"I still prefer to leave the police out of it," he replied. At ten o'clock Lord Belshaven looked across at the girl.

"You must be tired, my dear."

"I am—dreadfully. If you will excuse me, I think I will go to bed."

He held the door open with that gracious courtesy so familiar to her.

"Tell Carter if there is anything you require."

Closing the door, the Foreign Secretary mixed two whiskies-and-sodas.

"To your future happiness, my boy." He smiled as he raised his glass.

Martin shifted in his chair. "You have been most awfully kind, sir. But there is one thing I am afraid we have all forgotten."

"And that?" "The police are still wanting me, no doubt, on a charge of murdering Sir Simon Baste."

His host pushed a blazing log into position on the wide hearth.

PAMPERING OF THUGS DECRIED

Swansea, England —(UP)— The real causes of crime in this country are: Greed, anger, jealousy, vanity, lust, and automobile negligence, according to the Hon. Mr. Justice Sir Henry McCardie, who made this analysis when charging a jury at the Glamorganshire Assizes, here.

Drink and gambling, he said, are only minor causes.

The judge attacked the glorification of the criminal. "I believe that very serious injury is being done by the notion which some people attempt to spread, that crime is some form of disease," he declared. "It is not. I am satisfied that emotional tendencies are being shown in some quarters today which are doing serious injury. The sufferings of victims are entirely overlooked in misplaced sympathy for the criminal."

He declared that the main object of punishment is:

(1) To deter the criminal himself.

(2) To deter others as well, who may be tempted.

(3) To reform the criminal if possible.

(4) To satisfy the public demand for the vindication of the law by the infliction of appropriate penalties.

"Finally—and this I feel is the object too often overlooked—to protect the public for an adequate period of time from further offenses by those convicted of theft, robbery, and other types of crime."

Florida Society U- s Aerial Taxis T- is Season

Miami, Fla. —(UP)— "Taking the air" means more than filling the lungs with sweet ozone in Florida this season.

Society at the Miami Biltmore Country Club, for example, is taking it daily from the luxurious cabin of the first club aerial taxicab in the world as part of the elaborate private transportation system initiated for members of the Florida Year Round Clubs.

The aerial hansom is a five-place autogyro plane, first of its type to be placed in regular service, which is operating between the club and the Caban Sun Club, on the ocean, 14 miles distant. Running time between the two resorts is seven minutes.

Veterans of Foreign Wars Add New Posts

Kansas City, Mo. —(UP)— Within the first three months of the 1932-33 fiscal year, more than 109 new posts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars have been organized in the campaign to establish 750 new units before the 1933 encampment in Milwaukee, national headquarters here announced.

The campaign will take on new life for full speed ahead after the first of the year, headquarters reported. The program is under the direction of Joseph H. Hanken, Revere, Mass national chief of staff.

GERMAN LEADERS IN BRAZIL From the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Brazil's recently suppressed revolt had as leader Gen. Bertholdo Klingner-Hofer, whose name brings to mind the part played by Germans in the development of the southern part of Brazil. General Klingner-Hofer is Brazilian-born but his name indicates his ancestry. In fact, Germans have been active in Brazil since the Seventeenth century when the first Jesuit missionaries from South Germany adventured up the Paraguay river.

An example of what a flourishing German colony can be is offered among others, by the state of Rio Grande do Sul, which contains at least 400,000 Germans or people of German descent, of whom 40,000 live in the capital, Porto Alegre. German customs and traditions are strengthened and maintained by a number of unions, fellowships and fraternal organizations, as well as by the church, school and press. Celebrations of anniversaries are frequent. Last year the Deutsche Volkblatt celebrated its sixtieth anniversary, the Neue Deutsche Zeitung its fiftieth and the German Evangelical Fellowship its seventy-fifth.

School life expands in the good old German way, and it has been the policy of the home country to pay close attention to the development of German education and culture abroad. Due to the World war and its aftermath, German colonies in South America have not grown as in prewar days, but there is no doubt that as soon as world conditions improve these groups of intelligent and industrious people will be influential factors in Brazil.

HE PAYS AND PAYS

London — A Roscommon laborer who jilted his sweetheart may have to pay a long time, but the payments are not so demanding. The fine imposed by the court would equal, in American money, about \$1,000, but he has to pay it in installments of about 50 cents a week. If the girl lives for 40 years she might receive all the damages.

Chemistry Students May Use "Talkie"

Austin, Tex. —(UP)— Talking pictures may be used in chemistry instruction at the University of Texas to explain "Oxidation and Reduction" and the "Molecular Theory of Matter."

Two films of these titles recently have been completed by the University of Chicago. It was announced here, and efforts will be made to obtain usage of the pictures for Texas University instruction.

EDDIE, THE AD MAN

MARY BICKEN KOOP SEZ SINCE HE PUT IN THAT AD ABOUT FRESH LAID FARM EGGS, HIS HENS HAVE BEEN COMPELLED TO LAY TWO EGGS PER DAY EACH, TO KEEP ORDERS FILLED!



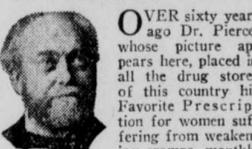
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GOOD NIGHT!

Company had come to spend the evening and the children had been sent up to bed. Suddenly the patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs, and mother raised her hand and said to the visitors: "Listen—they're going to tell you good-night."

There was a moment of silence; then the announcement came, in a shrill whisper: "Mamma, Billie's killed two more."

A FAMOUS MAN



OVER sixty years ago Dr. Pierce, whose picture appears here, placed in all the drug stores of this country his Favorite Prescription for women suffering from weakening cramps, monthly sickness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes. Women of all ages testify to its merits. What it has done for others, it should do for you. Try it now! This is one of Nature's remedies composed of roots and herbs and contains no alcohol.

If you want free medical advice, write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

Suggestion for Writers

"Will You Love Me When I'm Fat?" might also be a theme song.

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 hurts 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. Tear this out. Get a large bottle of SINASIPTEC from your druggist and use it in warm water as directed. Say it—Sina-sip-tec.

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Garfield Tea A NATURAL LAXATIVE DRINK

GROUPS WANT KAISER BACK

Berlin —(UP)— In order to coordinate their propaganda and general activities, working toward a restoration of the Hohenzollern monarchy, nine royalist groups lately have banded together in a "Working Community of the Monarchist Movement."

Chairman of the new federation

is Lt.-Gen. Waechter, a leading figure in monarchist circles. General Waechter recently voiced an urgent appeal to his co-workers to grasp every existing opportunity to further their aim.

"If the time has not yet come to call back the Kaiser," he asked, "how long must we wait? Until another election? Or until the Kaiser himself has passed away from us? Now is the time, and it must be made use of."

The various groups which hitherto have been working separately, but which are represented in the

parent organization, are: The National Association of German Officers, the League for Furthering the Hohenzollern Movement, the National Association of German Cadets, the Pan-German Baltic League, the Patriotic League of Ex-Combatants, the Standard of the Black-White-Red, the Prussian League, the League of the Righteous, and the Chief Association of Conservatives.

These all are organizations which, from the very day of the revolution, have devoted them-

selves to keeping the traditions of the old Empire alive.

HERE'S A GAME ONE

El Paso, Tex. — Luis Barcla, 12-year-old boy who recently had part of his throat and the top of his left lung blown away by a shotgun, is sure a game kid. For a while it was feared he was beyond help, but Dr. Jessen L. Stowe fixed him up with a rubber hose and oxygen tank for breathing. The boy recently dispelled the fear that his vocal chords had been affected by speaking to his nurse. He receives his food by injection.