

# A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

"My father is a highly respected Cicil Servant. He occupies an important position at the treasury. Your suggestion that he is dishonest is ludicrously absurd."

"Very well. I will not argue. I will simply say that I have proof—convincing and overwhelming proof—that your father has been helping himself to state funds for a number of years. A word of this in the proper quarter—"

The girl shivered. She felt the charge to be grotesquely false, and yet—who was this man, and how did he get such information?

The Colossus answered as though he could read her thoughts.

"No doubt you will wonder how I, a stranger to you—and, yes, to your father; I do not mind admitting that—I am able to make such a positive statement. I have not time to explain further now than to say I am seeker of secrets. The secret of your father's dishonesty has been brought to me—"

"The man who told you is a liar." But even as she said the words a lump came into her throat. Was it possible that her father, from whom, through no fault of her own, she had been estranged since her mother's death two years before, had become reckless through that secret falling of his? But, no; she couldn't realize this: it was too horrible.

"The man who brought me this information is absolutely reliable," was the unequivocal answer. "But I will not have any more of my time wasted," he went on, in a quick change of tone; "you have been brought here to obey a command—"

"I am not accustomed to obey commands from strangers. Once again let me warn you most seriously that unless I am allowed to leave this house immediately the police—"

A hand shot out. It seized her wrist.

"Sit down!" The Colossus roared the words. Feeling all her strength suddenly leave her, Margery was forced to comply.

"I will tell you briefly what I wish to do," said the man. Apparently he had ignored her threat. "Being the private secretary of Lord Belshaven, you are, of course, in his confidence. Isn't that so?"

She made no reply. Light was beginning to illumine her former darkness.

"Being in his confidence," went on the voice "you will naturally know where Lord Belshaven's private papers are kept. It is certain of those private papers that I want."

She laughed scornfully. "And do you think for a moment that you are going to obtain any of Lord Belshaven's private papers through me?"

The Colossus smiled ironically.

"I certainly do. In fact, I am sure of it. That is why I had you brought to me here to-night."

She sprang to her feet again.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

Again that ironical smile. "I have already told you. I am a seeker of secrets. That must suffice, I am afraid."

"You will not obtain any secrets through me. I absolutely refuse."

"We shall see. There will be a time-limit. If at the end of that time you are still

obstinate, the necessary proof of your father's guilt will be passed to Scotland Yard, where, I assure you, it will receive the most earnest and careful attention."

"You would be afraid to go to Scotland Yard, even if your information was true, which, of course, it is not. For you are a criminal," she said boldly.

"And naturally, while you are making up your mind you will remain here," said the Colossus finally, as if he had not heard her words. He walked to the door, unlocked it, stepped outside, and then slammed it again.

For a few moments Margery remained motionless, staring at the locked door. Then, realizing at last her hopeless position, she clenched her hands and turned away towards the window. But escape through that, barred as it was, was as impossible as by the locked door.

Then a thought came to her. That man to whom she had made that appeal for help through the telephone. He must have heard her.

Would he respond? It was a faint hope, yet it was the only one she had.

## CHAPTER IV

"You have offered to sell your life: I'm inclined to buy it."

The words, beating upon Martin Creighton's brain, made him want to laugh. There was such a ridiculously bizarre quality about them. It seemed almost inconceivable that they could have been soberly uttered.

Up till now he had not realized the position in which he had placed himself. His extraordinary action had prompted by a sardonic mood and in a fit of rebellion against life. The only thing he had left was his life. Well, he would sell that if he could find a buyer!

Now, as he looked at the man who had uttered the above arresting words, he felt his body tingling. This amazing scene was real: this man actually was offering to buy him, body and soul!

"Should you wish to go back upon your word, Mr. Creighton, of course—"

"I have no such wish." The contempt with which the words of the colossus had been edged to taunt him to quick and reckless reply.

"Very well. Now you will please listen to me: I will give you the sum you name—\$5,000. In return, you shall yourself absolutely and completely at my bidding for the period of at least twelve months. During that time you must obey unquestioningly any wish I may express. If I send you into danger—and I may—you will fulfill that particular duty to the best of your ability. In other words, you will regard me as your employer—but, remember, I shall be one to whom you cannot give notice! I admit that the agreement which I shall presently get you to sign would probably not be valid in a court of law, but there are other ways of enforcing the bargain. Naturally, I am not a fool."

Creighton did some rapid reflecting. He was about to plunge into very deep waters—his native common sense, as well as his knowledge of the world, told him that—and the probability also was that in doing so he would place himself outside the law. That was what the man had hinted; what else could his words about there being

regarding a legend of millions of dollars in gold, silver and diamonds sunk in the ocean off Cape Henlopen, Lewes, Del. While the query does not say so, it is intimated a group of Houston gold hunters are planning a search for the pirate gold.

Farrel has learned from the archives that in 1798, the brig, DeBraak, a Dutch ship converted into an English sloop-of-war, was heading up from the Spanish Main with a prize loot. The loot included gold, silver and diamonds

other ways of enforcing the bargain have meant?

There was still time for him to draw back from this fantastic arrangement. He had not yet committed himself definitely to anything.

"You are still weighing the chances, Mr. Creighton?"

This time it was the woman who spoke. Her curved, voluptuous lips were parted in a mocking smile; she blew a cloud of smoke in Creighton's direction. Plainly her eyes said: "\$5,000, and the pleasure of knowing me: isn't it worth a little risk?"

"I am not concerned with the chances," he replied; "I am prepared to take whatever may come."

"Well said," the woman replied, with a short laugh; "then, why are you hesitating? Believe me, my uncle is a most generous man to those who work for him."

"Exactly what work would you expect me to do?" Creighton asked, turning to the man.

The Colossus boomed: "Are you the buyer, Mr. Creighton? I am afraid I am not agreeable to answering too many questions at the moment. You either accept my terms—which, as my niece has pointed out, are somewhat generous—or you don't. If you do not, then you will be blindfolded again and taken back to the Cafe Rimini or wherever else you may choose. It is for you to say." He turned away, as though he were rapidly losing interest in an unsatisfactory subject.

This was a challenge to Creighton's manhood, and he accepted it. Having gone so far, his self respect would not allow him to draw back. What was more, he realized that if he left the house—which he would never be able to find again—he would lose trace inevitably of the girl who had made that mysterious and startling appeal to him for help. He could not utterly fail her; he had already promised himself that much.

"I have no further questions to ask or objections to raise," he said; "I realize my position perfectly. It is a case of Hobson's choice—and I accept."

The manner of his future employer changed.

"I am glad you have seen reason," he said, in a more friendly tone than he had yet used; "now, for the present, I shall want you to stay in this house. You need not be afraid that anything will happen to you—on the contrary, everything will be done to make you feel comfortable. I have work to do myself, but my niece, Xavia, will be pleased to entertain you." He turned abruptly, and walked out of the room.

"Do you play billiards, are you interested in wireless, or would you prefer to talk?"

The situation made him feel inclined to laugh, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"A game of billiards appeals to me—it is so long since I played," he added quickly. He would have liked to ask his companion a heap of questions, but he guessed it would be so much waste of time; not one of them would be answered to his satisfaction. Until he had been approved, no confidence would be reposed in him—he could scarcely expect it to be otherwise. The Colossus was no fool, as he had himself explained.

"Now that we are comrades, we must be good friends, yes?"

The woman, whose physical allure was so potent, smiled up into his face.

"Certainly," he replied. Mere politeness made him answer, but, in spite of himself, his voice broke a little. He could not fathom what this woman's game might be,

but she seemed determined to be pleasant. He guessed that being pleasant to men was an art which she practiced assiduously; but all the same, the spell of her made him bite his lip. It would be so easy to make a fool of himself in that direction.

Xavia—he did not ask her other name, and she did not supply the addition—handled a cue with wonderful skill for a woman. The billiards-room was splendidly appointed, and as he watched his companion compiling an admirable bread of forty-five Creighton found himself marveling more and more. What was the rest of the night to bring forth?

"I congratulate you," he said when, by missing a difficult run-through cannon, the break came to an end. There was invitation on her red lips as she smiled her thanks.

"Now that you have decided, there is no reason why you and I should not play more games of billiards," she replied.

Then a servant came to announce that supper was served.

Creighton heard the clock on the mantelpiece chime again. That must be half-past one. He turned once more in the bed.

That evening from 6:30 onward, had been so phantasmagoric that his brain refused to be pacified. Sleep simply would not come: he was forced to go over and over in his mind the astonishing events of the day.

There were so many questions to be answered. The first, of course, was: Was the girl who had appealed to him over the telephone staying in that house? Who was she, and why was she being ill-treated or detained against her will? What did the Colossus intend to do with her?

Lying there in the deep silence of the night, Creighton clenched his fists as the words of anguish which this girl had uttered returned to him. She had been in dire peril: there was the agonizing ring of it in her voice. A cultured voice, the words must have been literally wrung from her.

From the unknown girl, whom he swore to meet as soon as possible, his mind went to the remarkable man who had bought his life. However outrageous the phrase sounded, it was practically literally true: the Colossus had said in so many words that he would have the power of life and death over him, and that he intended to use it. Who was this man with the wonderful frame and the magnetic personality? What was his name, and what was the work he did? Something sinister, he felt convinced. Unless he were mistaken, he had allied himself to a dangerous if subtle criminal; perhaps a very king of the underworld. Yes, that must be it that was why, no doubt, Luigo, the head waiter at Rimini's, had given him that warning as he left the restaurant. Luigo knew everyone; he would have the faculty of singling out the crooks from the honest men among his patrons.

Martin felt his heart take on a quicker beat; whatever the future had in prospect for him, it certainly did not promise to be dull. Before he had heard that mystery-girl appeal for help over the phone that evening he had been desperate enough to turn crook himself. Now—He made another turn in the wide, comfortable bed, and, in doing so, he noticed the door slowly opening.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ional Submarine company of Philadelphia.

**IN SPITE OF THE DEPRESSION.** A recent ad—"We've glasses which almost defy detection. They're tinted pink and so, you see, Blend in with your complexion."

Mere man may keep his old time "Specks." But with each year that passes, More women folk will view the world Through those "rose tinted glasses." —Sam Page

# GLORIFYING YOURSELF

By Alicia Hart

©1932 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

## THERE'S ALWAYS ELBOW ROOM FOR BEAUTY

Elbowing your way to beauty means nothing to do with subway jams, or the manner in which you reach the bargain tables at a sale.

It refers merely to the beauty of an elbow as a feature of your arms. One thing is certain. You can't arm yourself for loveliness if you are going to let leather elbows spoil the picture. Your manicure may be radiant, your skin may be firm and white, but if that peculiar place in the anatomical structure of your arm, where one joint meets another, is rough and dark, the picture is spoiled.

First of all, cleanse your elbows. Use a good soap and a soft brush. Much of the loose rough skin will come off in this way. If the skin is too dark a little lemon juice and salt will whiten it. Use it every night for a week or two.

A cream massage will stimulate circulation as well as nourish your elbows. This service should be performed every night. A skin food that is applied with a rotary motion helps, too. And an astringent which is put on the next morning makes elbows take a more attractive view of the beauty situation.

If your elbows are freckled, don't laugh and say that it can't be helped. It can. The freckle remover that assists your neck and arms will be just as gracious about helping the elbows.

Sleeveless dresses are worn merely because arms are attractive enough to be seen. If your arms aren't lovely, cover them up until they get that way.

There are certain beauty grains which often help when you want to make your elbows show. They are effective in revivifying an elbow that has decided that it can't complete in the beauty line-up.

Don't forget that a foundation cream and powder add a luster to elbows. Make up your entire arm. Don't skip an inch. Especially if that inch is in the elbow area.

Now and then a woman whose elbows are unusually attractive adds a dash of rouge to her arm make-up. Unfortunately there aren't many elbows that are pretty enough to win honorable mention. Most of them are happy just to get by without casting a shadow on the arm.

## Gandhi Garb Barred For High School 'Frosh'

Woodland, Cal. —(UP)—Wearing of the Gandhi garb in Woodland high school must stop.

Such was the edict issued by school authorities, as nine upper-classmen stood suspended today for sending freshmen boys to school wearing loin cloths and safety pins.

To impress the new students with their status in school, the seniors forced them to undress. The edict followed.

## OLD DAYS ON THE RIVER

In connection with the impending revival of steamboat service on the lower Missouri river, it is recalled that the decade from 1850 to 1860 was the "golden era" on this important inland waterway, but the extent of the river traffic then is hardly realized. In 1857, according to one historian, about 60 steamboats regularly plied between Kansas City and St. Louis, while 30 or 40 "tramps" made occasional trips. In that year, it is said, more than 700 steamboats arrived at the port of Kansas City.

The wharf master in those days was one of the important city officials, being empowered by ordinance to "exercise complete supervision and control over the wharf, river bank, landing and front street." His duties included direction of where boats should land, registration of the date of arrival and departure of every water craft, "except wood and coal boats," collection of wharfage fees and supervision over wrecks in the harbor. Not many persons, perhaps, realize that Kansas City still has a wharf master. But he should assume something of his old importance as the river traffic revives.

## WISE JUSTICE

Houston — Julius J. Salmon, 82, feeble and almost deaf, walked before Judge Kennerly on a liquor charge. Questions put to him had to be shouted. "I am 82, judge," Salmon said, "and this is the first time I was ever arrested. I just sold a little whisky to get some bread and meat." The judge let him go after getting his promise to report back to court for an accounting next September.

## YEAR'S CURFEW FOR PAIR

Dedham, Mass. —(UP)—Curfew will ring nightly for the next year for two 18-year-old Norwood boys. When Thomas O'Day and John Conannon were arraigned on charges of disturbing the peace, Judge Clifford B. Sanborn suspended sentences, but ruled that the defendants must be in their homes not later than 9 p. m. for the next 12 months.

## Judge Rules Husband Can't Be Indian Giver

Oakland, Cal. —(UP)—Gifts are gifts, and may not be taken back, Superior Judge T. W. Harris ruled here recently.

He ordered Anthony Chaves who was sued for divorce by his wife, to return to her the diamond ring, the watch, and the bracelet he gave her before and during their marriage.

# 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. To remove wrinkles, use one ounce powdered Stalolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. A drug store.

## Find Appropriate Stone for Bjornson Memorial

After searching for two years among the forests and rock-strewn valleys of southern Norway, Herr Sjur Fedje, an octogenarian member of the Storting (parliament), has found a natural megalith of granite suitable for erection as a "bauta" stone for the Bjornson centenary celebrations this summer. In Viking times these "bauta" stones were set up to commemorate the illustrious dead, often being dragged for weeks on end to the chosen site. The stone measures about 23 feet wide, 18 inches thick, 15 feet high, and weighs seven tons. A portrait of the famous Norwegian poet is to be carved on the face of the stone found by Herr Fedje, after which it will be taken to Bjornson's estate at Aulestad, and erected in the grounds. Bjornson, massive and rugged in his person, as in his heart, could have desired no more fitting memorial.

# Reduced 30 Pounds Never Felt Better

Safe Way to Lose Fat

Take the case of Miss Madelone Crowley, for instance, who lives in Little Rock, Ark. Just read her letter:

"I have used Kruschen Salts for one year—when I started I weighed 140 pounds—now I weigh 110 pounds and never felt better in my life."

That's the big reason a host of men and women take Kruschen to lose weight—as the fat goes you gain in health—skin clears—eyes grow bright—activity replaces in-dolence.

Take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—cut down on fatty meats, potatoes and sweets—a jar of Kruschen costs but a trifle lasts 4 weeks—get it at any drugstore in the world—but for your health's sake demand and get Kruschen Salts.

## Too Smart

The late Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago philanthropist, said in an address in Roanoke before one of the 4,000 Rosenwald colored schools:

"Smartness is all right provided it is all right. Give me the straightforward smartness of John D. Rockefeller. I want none of the tricky smartness which resembles little Willie's. Willie's mother asked him as they left the picture palace,

"Yes'm," said Willie. "What did you do with all the sticky paper wrappings?" "I put 'em," said Willie, "in the coat pocket of the fat man on my left."

# Cuticura Talcum Cools and Comforts

Fine, soft and smooth as silk it keeps the skin comfortable twenty-four hours of the day. It also does much to prevent chafing and irritation.

Price 25c.

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

## Not Fully Dressed

Race horses are trained daily in a large field in front of five-year-old Billie's home. He watches them every day. One day he saw them blanketed after being unsaddled.

"Daddy, are those their coats?" he questioned.

"Yes, you might call them that," father replied.

"Where's their pants?" Billie asked.

# KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is sure death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Safe. Cheap. Guaranteed. More than 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

# PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

## Among Friends

Kathryn—Very Plain says that last season she was a mere society bud.

Kitty—And this season she's a full-blown wallflower. — Brooklyn Eagle.

# ALMOST FLAT ON HER BACK

Aching back! Will it never stop? She's nearly desperate. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has relieved "famine troubles" for over 50 years.



Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 31-1932

# TEXANS SEEK SEA TREASURE

Wilmington, Del. —(UP)—A prosaic inter-departmental correspondence of the United States department of domestic and foreign commerce has packed within it romance galore. John J. Ferrell, head of the Delaware office of the department, received a query from Houston, Tex.,

and in tow was the Spanish galleon, La Platte, from which the treasure had been taken.

As the ship was putting into Lewes for supplies, a sudden slew of wind laid her on her beam ends, she immediately filled and went down with part of the crew.

The earliest attempt to salvage the treasure was made in 1805 by Gilbert McCracken, a Delaware river pilot, who said the spot was a mile from the Lewes Breakwater. Another and more systematic effort was made in 1887 by the Interna-

regarding a legend of millions of dollars in gold, silver and diamonds sunk in the ocean off Cape Henlopen, Lewes, Del. While the query does not say so, it is intimated a group of Houston gold hunters are planning a search for the pirate gold.

Farrel has learned from the archives that in 1798, the brig, DeBraak, a Dutch ship converted into an English sloop-of-war, was heading up from the Spanish Main with a prize loot. The loot included gold, silver and diamonds

regarding a legend of millions of dollars in gold, silver and diamonds sunk in the ocean off Cape Henlopen, Lewes, Del. While the query does not say so, it is intimated a group of Houston gold hunters are planning a search for the pirate gold.