

# A LIFE FOR SALE

BY SYDNEY HORLER

Twenty minutes later she was set down at the door of the small house in Peter Street, Westminster, where she had her rooms. The girl she hated and distrusted only spoke once during the motor-car journey. This was in parting, when she said: "Do not attempt to betray us in any way, or I will kill you myself."

Entering her sitting-room, she was surprised to find a man lolling in a chair near the window. Her father.

"Where have you been, Margery?" he asked brusquely.

She did not reply immediately. For one thing, she was astonished to find what ravages the last few months had made in her father. The estrangement that had sprung up between them shortly after her dear mother's death had been characterized by intense bitterness on the part of the man standing before her. Her father had acted in a most cruel and unnatural way, and she had been forced to leave him. Yet, even in the moments when grief clutched her most tightly, she tried to excuse him in her own mind by attaching the blame, not to the man himself, but to his secret vice of reckless gambling. It was this which had changed her father's whole nature and been the direct cause of her mother's death. What curious kink was it that could cause such a clever man as her father to be so weak-minded in this respect?

"Why have you come to see me, father?" she now asked, ignoring his question because she did not know what reply to make to it. Love suddenly welled up in her breast. "Are you ill, father? Is that why you have come to see me after so long?"

Hathway Steers made an impatient gesture.

"Ill! he ejaculated fiercely; "no, I am not ill. Why should I be ill?"

A dull pain stabbed her.

This man was still the unreasonable being she had found it impossible to live with. His voice had so blunted his finer instincts that she was scarcely able to recognize in him the father she formerly adored.

"I asked you where you had been, Margery," her father harshly repeated. "Lord Belshaven rang me up this morning to know if you were ill."

She thought quickly.

"I had to go away suddenly to see someone," she invented. Now that the crucial time had come, she was afraid to ask her father the vital question—afraid because the truth of the terrible accusation made against him by that hugely built man who had had her kidnapped was written, she feared, in the ravaged features of the Treasury official.

"I shall be able to explain to Lord Belshaven," she went on. Then, looking him straight in the face, she asked: "Was it merely anxiety for me that made you come here to-night, father?"

Hathway Steers twisted in his chair.

"Of course," he replied; and then: "That was the principal reason," he added. His manner had become confused.

Margery waited, and the expected revelation came.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear," said her father. "I

am a little short of money at the moment. Some investments in which I have placed great faith have turned out very badly. I strongly dislike being forced to ask my own daughter for a loan, but—can you let me have fifty pounds, Margery?"

The girl's face went white. A sense of nausea almost choked her.

"Yes, I will let you have fifty pounds, father," she replied in a dull, dead tone. "It is practically all the money I have been able to save since leaving home, but you shall have it." While her father squirmed uncomfortably in his chair, she spoke again: "Father, what I am going to say I want you to remember; never forget it, because it is very serious. You have an enemy in the Treasury, a man who watches and spies on you. So far as I can understand, everything you do is known to this man—everything, you understand."

Hathway Steers sprang from his chair.

"Where did you get this ridiculous notion from?" he stormed. "Who is the man? You must tell me!"

She made a little despairing gesture with her hand.

"I do not know. All I can tell you, father, is that you are being watched, and that—"

Her father raised his clenched fists.

"Give me that fifty pounds!" he raved. "I am desperate, don't you hear?"

With her heart feeling like a leaden weight, she wrote out the cheque. Immediately he had it in his hand, her father picked up his hat and left the house without so much as kissing her.

Fear had Margery under its cruel rack for the remainder of the night. Her father's manner had convinced her that the damning charge made against him by the Seeker of Secrets was true—at least, there must be some semblance of truth in it: her father had flinched and a hectic flush had come into his sunken cheeks when she had said the words. The rage into which he had flung himself had been a rage of crazed terror rather than of honest indignation.

What was she to do? Where was she to turn for help?

After Luigo had left him, Martin Creighton tried to occupy himself with the modest lunch he had ordered. But his eyes kept wandering to the other side of the restaurant. That girl! What was she doing with a Cabinet Minister? And if she had such a powerful friend as the Foreign Secretary, why had she displayed such terror in that house two nights before? And what was she doing there at all? Why, above all things, if she was the same girl as he believed, had she been reduced to such panic that she had uttered that strangling cry of help through the telephone?

These were bewildering questions, and when he saw the Foreign Secretary rise and, with an evident few words of apology, leave the restaurant, Creighton, acting on an irresistible impulse, crossed the floor.

The girl had been reading what appeared to be some typewritten documents placed beside her plate, and she did not notice his approach until he stood by the table.

Creighton was so certain

mined that his voice sounded almost sharp as he spoke.

"Please excuse me," he said, "but I met you in very peculiar circumstances two nights ago, you will remember. I made up my mind then to offer you my help, and I repeat that offer now. It is impossible for us to talk here. I know, but will you please tell me where I can see you alone as soon as possible?"

A short, startled cry burst from the girl's lips. Those seated turned round. Creighton realized he was in a most embarrassing position, but he stuck to his guns.

"I am offering you help—all the help that I can possibly give you," he repeated earnestly; "there is no need for you to be frightened."

But the girl was frightened—almost agonizedly frightened.

"Go away!" she breathed tensely. "How dare you speak to me! Go away!"

Before Creighton could think of any response, he felt his arm seized. A man with the face of an old-time fox-hunting squire was glaring at him in a bellicose fashion.

"Confound you, sir! what do you mean by molesting this lady?" demanded this chivalrous, but mistaken, individual.

Martin shook off the restraining arm. He was conscious that the crowded and fashionable restaurant was in a state of commotion, and that every eye was upon him.

Through the throng came two figures. One was Luigo and the other Lord Belshaven.

He had to extricate himself with as good a grace as possible.

"I mistook this lady for someone I thought I knew," he explained to Lord Belshaven. "Will you please accept on her behalf my most profound apologies?"

Unable to remain in the place, he went to the cloak-room, picked up hat and stick, and hurriedly walked out of the restaurant.

Was he going mad? Was the whole world going mad? For a moment he wondered whether he could possibly have made a mistake; but then he recalled the look of recognition which had dawned in the girl's face directly he spoke to her. This recognition had caused her to view him with horror, it was true, but there could be no possible doubt that she had remembered him.

And this, of course, only added to the amazing perplexity of the whole thing.

CHAPTER IX

The morning after Bunny Chipstead had received the anonymous typewritten message of warning, he called at that imposing building on the Embankment known to the world as Scotland Yard. His ostensible reason for doing so was to pay a visit to the famous Black Museum, that storehouse of grizzly mementoes of celebrated crimes. He was received with every courtesy by the officials, was shown over the Black Museum, and was afterwards informed that the Deputy Commissioner Mr. Jarvis Stark, would very much like to have a word with him in his private room before he left.

A few minutes later Bunny found himself shaking hands with the man whose name was popularly supposed to strike terror into the minds of even the most hardened and desperate criminals.

Mr. Jarvis Stark had risen to his present high position through sheer ability. Starting as an ordinary constable, he had worked his way up, until now practically the whole of that vast crime-thwarting organization moved to his will. His was an enormous responsibility, but the efficiency with which the

various departments under his control worked was the best testimony to his ability.

Chipstead, whose own line of work had not brought him previously in touch with the Deputy Commissioner, regarded Mr. Jarvis Stark with considerable interest. The man who rose from his chair to greet him looked anything but a successful tracker of criminals. He was tall, loose-jointed, had an awkward frame, and a pale, almost flabby, face, whose natural expression appeared to be one of intense lugubriousness. The likeness to the type of chapel deacon burlesqued on the music-hall stage was increased by a pair of extremely pale blue eyes and a psalm-singing voice, very much in keeping with Mr. Jarvis Stark's melancholy expression.

Bunny might secretly have smiled had he not known from Stark's record that the man standing before him was resolute, and possessed of an iron determination in the discharge of his duties.

"I felt I could not allow you to leave the building, Mr. Chipstead, without enjoying the pleasure of making your acquaintance," stated Stark in a sing-song tone, extending a huge, bony hand in greeting. "Although our work lies along somewhat different lines, yet essentially we are toilers in the same field. Let me extend to you, Mr. Chipstead, a very hearty welcome to Scotland Yard. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Chipstead smiled in acknowledgment of the friendly words.

"I don't think so, Mr. Deputy Commissioner," he replied. "Having half an hour to spare this morning, I thought I would drop in to see your wonderful Black Museum. The inspector-in-charge was very kind."

"Brownrigg is an excellent fellow," stated the Deputy Commissioner, who now, somewhat to Chipstead's surprise, sighed. "It is very hot in here this morning; do you notice it?" The speaker pulled out a handkerchief and wiped a forehead which had become bedewed with perspiration.

Bunny did not reply. He was slightly startled by the remark. As a matter of fact, he had thought that the room, perhaps owing to the poor fire, was distinctly on the chilly side.

Then came an explanation.

"I have not been well lately," stated the Deputy Commissioner, "and I am tremendously overworked—tremendously. But"—breaking off—"I must not burden you, Mr. Chipstead, with my misfortunes. May I offer you some hospitality—a glass of wine or a whisky-and-soda? I am a teetotaler myself, but I shall be pleased to join you in a cigaret."

Bunny had his whisky-and-soda. A collector of curios, human and otherwise, this skilled Chief of Scotland Yard interested him more every minute. As he put down his glass, he realized that the pale blue eyes of the Deputy Commissioner were regarding him intently.

"And why have you come to London, Mr. Chipstead?" inquired the Deputy Commissioner pleasantly.

Bunny gave one of his rare smiles.

"I felt I wanted a holiday," he said, "and of all the places I know in which to spend a holiday I prefer London."

"You being such a cosmopolitan, Mr. Chipstead, that is a compliment which every true Londoner will appreciate."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

den bird's eggs, and have become meteor hunters.

The cause was a meteor which sailed into the sky over Pueblo recently and as it came within a few feet of the round, exploded with a blinding flash.

And, incidentally, there is a meteorite polishing laboratory at Palmer Lake, Colo., 75 miles from here, where there's a standing offer to purchase meteorites.

FIND INDIAN HAMMER

Lamar, Colo.—(UP)—Diggers, excavating for a well, unearthed a splendid Indian relic. The work-

men, assisting C. G. Bennett at the digging, had reached a depth of 17 feet, when they struck an Indian hammer. The weapon, carved out of rock, weighed about two pounds, measured six inches the long way of the head, three inches the other.

Harrisburg, Pa.—(UP)—Practical training in homemaking was given 6,400 Pennsylvania high school girls during the last school term. The state education department estimated 10,000 different home making projects were conducted in the schools.

WORTH REMEMBERING

A six months old calf vaccinated for blackleg is not apt to be immune for life, and the safe procedure is to vaccinate at least once more at 1 year old.

BIRTH OF A NATION

London—When a woman gives birth to a fourth set of twins, it is worthy of note. If they happen to be triplets, that something in the way of a worldwide news event. And that what happened to a Mrs. Kerr, of Kilrossanty, County Waterford. The father, it is rumored, is getting a new hat—he's tired of having his old one enlarged.

SPEAKING OF HOARDING—

Gold hoardings in India are such that no one can accurately estimate the amount. The common estimate, however, sets it at more than 5 billion dollars.

Pueblo Youths Turn From Eggs to Meteors

Pueblo, Colo.—(UP)—Pueblo's small boys have abandoned the search for lost golf balls and hid-

sky, and others. Trotsky, who was commander-in-chief of all the Red forces at that time, is not mentioned.

The film will thus be in line with the histories of that period taught here. Trotsky's pre-eminent leadership is slighted, or not mentioned at all.

Soviet Snubs Trotsky in New War Film

Moscow.—(UP)—An ambitious motion picture dealing with the civil wars of 1918-21 is being prepared here, in which the outstanding leaders of those wars, Leon Trotsky, will not appear at all.

An initial announcement of the film declares that Soviet leaders prominent in the fighting will be characters in the action. It then lists as examples Stalin, Lenin, Kalinin, Molotov, Bubnov, Petrov-

## MAY CHANGE BIBLE STORIES

### Yale Expedition Makes Valuable Finds in Asia Minor

New Haven, Conn.—(UP)—Conceptions of such biblical events as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, David's conquest of Goliath and the resurrection may be altered by recent excavations at Dura, Asia Minor, by Yale archaeologists.

Discovery of a Christian chapel probably built about 200 A. D., on the walls of which were well-executed paintings of the biblical incidents was announced to Yale authorities by Professor Clark Hopkins, field manager of the Yale-French Academy of Inscriptions expedition.

Military Center

Another important discovery was a military center in which documents were found which scholars believe may throw light on how Rome marshaled its forces against the Eastern power.

These excavations, made during the expedition's fifth year in Syria, are regarded by Professor Michael I. Rostovtzeff, Sterling Professor of Ancient History and Classical Archaeology, as "surprisingly rich results."

Reporting upon the excavations, Professor Rostovtzeff revealed how the archaeologists became interested in a thick mud wall built inside the stone fortifications of the ancient fortress and caravan city, scraping away the mud, the party discovered a small Christian church — "to the great astonishment" of Professor Hopkins.

Mud Coating

As the scientists eagerly scraped away the coated mud, a series of remarkable mural paintings was revealed to them. "Inside the concha of the apse-baptismal font stands the Good Shepherd and His twelve sheep, and beneath this scene Adam and Eve near the tree," reports Professor Rostovtzeff.

"On the entrance door the worshippers saw young David raising triumphantly his sword over the enormous prostrate body of Goliath, the two names being written near the corresponding figures." Other scenes depict Christ healing the sick, Christ walking on the water, and the resurrection of Christ.

Professor Rostovtzeff believes the pictures may revise present conceptions of the biblical events since they date beyond much of the material on which present versions of the stories are based.

## Michigan Expedition Finds Ancient City

Ann Arbor, Mich.—(UP)—An expedition of Michigan archaeologists has reported the discovery of a fortress-like building among the ruins of Dime, an ancient city in Egypt.

The structure, believed to be a temple of ancient Rome, contained vaulted subterranean chambers. The rooms are paneled in hardwoods, according to Professor Arthur E. Boak, director of the expedition.

In a report to his sponsors here, Boak said members of the expedition also have found Roman coins of Cleopatra and Actavianus.

Once the site of a flourishing city, Dime is now just a great mound on the edge of the desert. The expedition obtained permission to excavate from the Egyptian government.

SMALL GRAIN.

Oh the golden grain which nature yields So bountifully from shimmering fields For toil and strife a rich reward Life through the winter it doth afford

We hasten afield at the first urge of spring When the air is still chill, but the robins sing We cover choice seeds in Mother Earth's breast; Sweet rain and sunshine will do the rest.

Soon the green blades reach toward the sky; While a fleecy cloud's shadow drifts lazily by. The lark from a fence post sings a sweet song; The breeze sort of tarries then hurries along.

Spring is now over, summer is here; With storms of violence and drought to fear. The sun's ray are hot, the rust may appear But the grain's heading out so we are of good cheer.

A sparkling dewdrop clings to each blade. The field gently ripples in brightness and shade. When the wakening breeze sets a dainty pace With the ripening heads in a light embrace.

The thrasher's hum is soon joy to our ears. The culmination of hopes and fears. The battle's over and the toll and din. When the last heavy wagon rolls home to the bin.

—A. E. Wickett.

## Jail Before Matrimony

For swindling twenty-five fiancées in five years, Michael Obradovich, at Belgrade, Yugoslavia, was sentenced to that term at hard labor and ordered to pay back every cent. Several of his victims offered to pay his fine if he would keep his promise to marry, but he chose the five-year stretch.

## Requisites

Grandma (to granddaughter engaged to be married)—You are young, dear. Do you feel you are fitted for married life? Granddaughter—Perfectly, grandma, I have seventeen gowns and three costumes.—London Tit-Bits.

## Skywards

Ticket Agent—Yes, sir, we can sell you a ticket to anywhere. Wise Guy—How about a ticket to heaven? Ticket Agent—Yes, sir—right down at the redemption window.

## Prefers Big Cities

Twelve per cent of the people of this country live in cities with a population of 1,000,000 and over.

A man continually forgets; so that, if he does not continually learn, he will know less and less.

## 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 many years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Powdered Sandalite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

## Illiteracy in City Less Than in the Country

The city lad is smarter than his country cousin, according to figures made public by the Department of Commerce.

The percentage of illiteracy in the city population shown in the census for 1930 ranged from three-tenths of 1 per cent for persons ten to fourteen years of age to 7.4 per cent for those sixty-five years and over. In the rural population the comparative percentages were 2.5 and 15.11.

The census bureau defines as illiterate any person who is not able to read and write either in English or any other language. The latest figures show 4,283,733 persons returned as illiterates or 4.3 per cent of the 98,723,947 individuals ten years old and over.

## The Best Treatment for Falling Hair

Dandruff and itching scalp. Rub your scalp lightly with **Cuticura Ointment**; after a time shampoo with **Cuticura Soap**. They tend to free the scalp from minor eruptions and establish a permanent condition of hair health.

Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 37, Malden, Mass.

## The Pendulum Clock

A pendulum clock gained, owing to the increase of gravity with latitude, about one minute and twenty seconds a day when taken from Ottawa to the mouth of Mackenzie river, Northwest territories, by an official of the Dominion observatory, department of the interior, in connection with gravity work. Taken to a height of about 5,000 feet up a mountain side in British Columbia, it lost about 13 seconds daily.


## You Figure It Out

Colleges should teach their students to "think without thinking," believes Dr. Edgar Odell Lovett, president of the Rice institute at Houston, Texas. He explains, "By thinking I mean, that powers of perceiving, remembering and reasoning should be so trained to the will that those powers come promptly into play with the efficiency and precision of a smooth-running machine."

## His Poetry Popular

A sixteen-year-old shoemaker-poet has recovered his job at Frosinone, Italy, with liberty to write verse on the inside of women's footwear. The boy had been discharged when his employers learned that women's shoes were going to the market with bits of sentimental poetry inscribed on the inner leather. Customers convinced the employers that the poetry was making the footwear more popular.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



## Cried Herself to Sleep

All worn out . . . splitting headaches make life hideous every month. She needs a tonic . . . Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieves cramps.

**Jail Before Matrimony**

**Requisites**

**Skywards**

## Prefers Big Cities

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 60 cent Jar at Drugstores.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drugstores. Hiseox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Sioux City Ptg. Co., No. 36-1932.