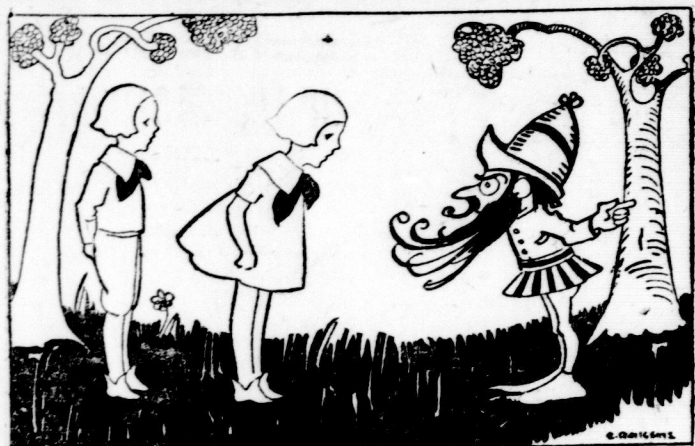


# KING VERDO'S PALACE

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"Will you tell us which of the buildings is King Verdo's palace?"

Nick asked one of the queer people.

THE white dove flew ahead and Nancy and Nick followed along the blue-green path. The sky was blue and birds were singing everywhere. It did seem as though the spell of evil magic woven over the city of King Verdo's Palace, the wicked old sorcerer, was broken.

At last they came in sight of a city which was just as green as Cobalt Town had been blue.

"Yonder is Verdure Ville," called back the dove. "That is where King Verdo of the green beard lives. All of his subjects, called the Korsknotts, have green beards, too. It shall soon be decided which is the handsomer, King Verdo of the green beard, king of the Korsknotts, or King Indig of the blue hair, king of the Diddyevers."

The Twins thought that the white dove's voice was sadder than ever as he spoke.

"And the one who wins is to marry beautiful Princess Therna, isn't he?" asked Nancy.

"Yes," answered the dove in a voice so low they could scarcely hear.

Funny people began to appear on the road—all of them staring hard at the strangers, with queer, greenish eyes, and having beards as green as wire-grass.

"Will you tell us which of the buildings is King Verdo's palace?" Nick asked one of the queer people.

"It's the handsomest house on the handsomest street in the handsomest city of the handsomest country in the world," was the modest reply. "Go right ahead. You can't mistake it."

So the three of them kept on. Beauty is all a matter of opinion, but if anyone had asked the Twins what they thought of Verdure Ville when they came to it, they would have said it was the ugliest city in the world and that King Verdo's palace was the ugliest house in it.

(To Be Continued.)  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"Both?" They stared at him. Thayer nodded, still looking at the floor, his tongue sticking suddenly dry lips.

"Yeh, both of 'em. One brought on the other. Mrs. Renaud and John Corbin—they called him Tom Langdon back east."

### CHAPTER XXI

It was staggering in its unexpectedness. A gasp came from the lips of Barry Houston. He whirled excitedly and grasped the nearest onlooker.

"Go get Madame Robinette. Hurry! Tell her that I have found the proof. She'll understand."

Then, struggling to reassure himself, he turned again to the prisoner. Two hours later, in the last glint of day, the door opened, and a woman came to his side, where he was finishing the last of many closely-written sheets of paper. He looked up at her, boyishly, happily. Without waiting for her permission, he grasped her hand, and then, as though eager for her to hear, he turned to the worn-faced man, now slumped dejectedly in his chair.

"You understand, Thayer, that this is your written confession?"

"And you are willing to sign it?"

"I want to know what I was signing."

"Certainly. I intend to read it to you—the all witnesses may hear it. It is then to be filed with the district attorney."

A pause. At last: "My name is Fred Thayer. Until a year ago I had been employed by the Empire Lake Mill and Lumber Company as superintendent, beginning with it when it was first started by Mr. Houston of Boston."

"I tried two or three times to get him to sell out to me, but we couldn't get together on the terms. He always wanted cash, and I couldn't furnish it. About this time a nephew of his named Thomas Langdon came out here, under the name of John Corbin. He had been a black sheep and was now wandering about the country."

"Then a woman came out here, an Agnes Jierdon, a stenographer, on her vacation. I met her and learned that she was from Boston."

A slight pressure exerted itself on Houston's arm. He glanced down to see Madame Robinette's hand, clasped tight. "She spent nearly the whole summer here, and I made love to her. I asked her to marry me, and she told me that she would. I wanted to use her—to get her in Houston's office. I wanted to find out what was going on, so that I would know in advance. At the end of her vacation, she went back to Boston and got a job with Houston as office clerk. Almost the first thing that she wrote me was that the old man was thinking about selling out to some concern back east."

"It made me desperate. Then I thought of Baptiste Renaud. 'Ah!' The word was accompanied by a sharp intake of breath as the big French-Canadian moved closer to hear again the story of a murder. But the sheriff motioned him back. The emotions of the old trapper were not to be trusted. The recital went on."

"Everybody around this country had always talked about how rich he was. There was a saying that he didn't believe in banks and that he kept more than a hundred thousand dollars in his little cabin. At this time, both he and his son were away at war, and I thought I could steal this money, place it in other hands, and then work things so that if I did get hold of the mill, people around here would merely think I had borrowed the money and bought the mill with it. By this time, a cousin of Miss Jierdon's, a fellow named Jenkins, had gotten a job with Houston and was working with her, and, of course, I was hearing everything that went on. It looked like the deal was going through, and it forced me to action. One night I watched Mrs. Renaud and saw her leave the house. I thought she was going to town. Instead, after I'd gotten into the cabin, she came back, surprising me. I killed her with a revolver."

"Easy, Baptiste. That's the way you gave it to me, isn't it Thayer?"

"Yes."

Again the door of the tiny lobby opened and closed, and a form edged forward—Blackburn, summoned from his mill.

"When I found the deed box, there was only ten thousand dollars in it instead of the fortune that I had supposed was there. I was about to take it out and stuff it into my pocket, when I heard a noise outside the window. I pushed the box under my coat and ran out the back door. The next day, Corbin—or Langdon—came to me and demanded his share of what I had stolen. He said that he had seen me at the deed

box after I had killed the woman. He threatened me again—and then, suddenly, one day disappeared. I learned that he had left for Boston. I knew what was up then: he was going back to tell Old Man Houston and try to step into my shoes when I was arrested. But I beat him there, going over the range in an automobile, and taking an earlier train for Boston. I picked him up when he arrived and trailed him to young Houston's office. After that I saw them go to a cafe, and from there to a prize fight. I had my gun with me. I had made up my mind to kill them both. I thought Langdon had told. After the fight, they started out, myself in the rear. Young Houston had gotten a mallet from the timekeeper. Then they got in a quarrel, and my chance came. Houston ran. When he was well out of sight I crept up behind Langdon and clubbed my revolver, hitting him on the head with it. He fell—dead—and I knew I was safe, that Houston would be accused."

Barry looked earnestly at the man before him.

"That's all true, isn't it, Thayer?"

"I haven't made any objection, have I?" came surlily.

"I merely wanted to be sure. But to go on: When I thought of a way to get what I wanted from Miss Jierdon. Anyway, it ended with her testifying at the trial in a sort of negative way. I didn't care about that—it was something else I wanted. I wanted her to switch some papers on young Mr. Houston for me, and she bucked against it. Then I told her that she had done worse things, that she had perjured herself. She got her cousin to help her in the transfer of the papers; it was a lease and stamper contract. The thing was illegitimate, of course. Shortly after that, young Houston came out here again, and I got her to come, too."

"I had dodged marrying her, promising that I would do it when the mill was mine. In the meantime, I had hooked up with this man Blackburn, and he had started a mill for me."

"I guess Miss Jierdon had gotten

THE clever girl who chooses such a charming dancing frock as this could turn into almost any sort of flower—excepting, of course, a wallflower.

It's one of the daintiest of evening dresses with its slightly bloused bodice and the long panel panels that are rounded at the bottom instead of being pointed as they were last season.

The modest V-shaped décolletage is most flattering to one's shoulders and the gown is sleeveless, of course, for evening wear.

Pleat edging on the neck and panels is the only finishing needed, unless one wants a single gorgeous flower to splash across the side. Taffeta is the best material just for the charm of its rustling buoyancy.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

RADISHES

WASH radishes have the real food value in a muscle building way they do have a distinct place among the mineral and salt foods. The constituents of the radish are much the same as the turnip.

If you would make radish posies to serve with the salad at a "party," here is the way to do it.

Choose round red radishes, not too big. Wash carefully and cut off the tops to within three-eighths inch from the radish. Make six cuts from the root end of the radish almost to the stem end. Cut just through the red skin and be sure that the incisions meet at the root end. Peel each petal-shaped section back as far as the cut extends.

Put in very cold water for two hours. The petals will spring out and curl back. Serve on the salad plate with an olive.

An early variety of white radish is very sweet and crisp, and makes delicious sandwiches.

Radish Sandwiches. Wash the long white radish carefully and scrape lightly with a sharp knife. Let stand in very cold water for two hours. Drain and slice very thin. Sprinkle lightly with salt and put between thin slices of white bread and butter. These sandwiches are excellent to serve with a fish salad or a lettuce salad with a Russian or cheese dressing.

Creamed Radishes. Three cups round red radishes, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3/4 cup milk, 4 tablespoons water. Radishes were cooked in 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons buttered crumbs.

Wash radishes carefully and cut off every bit of stem. Cover with boiling water and cook for 10 minutes. Drain and mix with the other ingredients. Serve hot.

"CERTAINLY, I INTEND TO READ IT TO YOU—SO THAT ALL WITNESSES MAY HEAR IT."

To thinking a little of Houston, after all, because when I forced her to the final thing of telling some lies about him to a young woman, she did it, but went away mad at me and threatening never to see me again. Our relations, while she had been at the Houston camp, hadn't been exactly what they should have been. Miss Jierdon is dead—she had stayed in a little cabin in the woods. I had lived with her there. About ten days ago the baby died, while I was laid up at camp with a sprained hip. To-day I went there to find her dead, and while I was there, Renaud and young Houston caught me. This is all I know. I make this statement of my own free will, without coercion, and I swear it to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

The little lobby milled and buzzed, drowning the scratching of the pen as a trembling man signed the confession, page by page. "The came the clink of handcuffs. Houston straightened, to find a short, bulky form beside him, Henry Blackburn.

"Well," questioned that person. "I guess it's up to me. I-I haven't got much chance against that."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," and the bulky Blackburn drew a nervous, sweating hand across his brow. "I ain't above dealing with crooks. I'll admit that. But I kind of draw the line at murder. I'm in your hands, Houston. I've got a mill up there and it ain't worth the powder to blow it up to me, anyway. But with you, it's different. If you want to make me a fair offer, say the word, and I'll go more than halfway. What say?"

"Is tomorrow time enough?"

"Tomorrow—or the next day. Suits me."

Then he went on, leaving only three figures in the lobby—the bent, silent form of Baptiste Renaud, grave, but rewarded at last in his faithful search; the radiant-eyed Houston, free with his freedom that he hardly believed could exist; and a girl who walked to the window and stood looking out a moment before she turned to him. Then impetuously she faced him, her eyes searching his, her hands tight clasped, her whole being one of supplication.

"I'm sorry," she begged. "Can you—will you forgive me?"

Boyishly Barry Houston reached forward and drew away a strand of hair that had strayed from place, a spirit of venture in his manner, a buoyant tone in his voice.

"Say it again. I like it!"

"But I am—don't you believe me?"

"Of course. But then—I—I—"

Then he caught her hands. "Will you go with me while I telegraph?" he asked in sudden earnestness. "I want to wire to the papers back in Boston and tell them that I've been vindicated. Will you—?"

"I'll be glad to."

They went out the door together, Houston beaming happily downward, the girl close beside him, her arm in his. And it was then that the features of Baptiste Renaud lost their gravity and sorrow. He looked after them, his eyes soft and contented. Then his big hands parted slowly. His lips broke into a smile of radiant happiness.

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## A Flower-Like Charm To Petal Frocks



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(THE END.)

## Radio Radiations

Amateurs are requested to make their queries as brief as possible to facilitate the publication and answering of the questions. Address your communications to the Radio Editor, The London Advertiser.

By the Radio Editor.

ONE of the best radio receiving sets obtainable is the short wave regenerative set with a two-step amplifier.

With this set greater distance can be covered in receiving, and greater signal strength obtained.

Its cost ranges from \$210 up. But any amateur can assemble the set himself by purchasing the parts.

If he doesn't want to make them, at a cost of less than \$110. This includes the price of batteries, tubes, phones and everything from the antenna down to the ground.

The Hook-Up.

Rig up, according to the diagram follows:

No. 1—Primary of the vario-coupler.

transformers with a core, primary and secondary windings. But they are, of course, much smaller in size.

The three tubes depend upon the "A" battery for their filament current supply. Since each tube draws approximately one ampere of current it would be well to have at least a 90-ampere-hour battery.

One "B" battery is used for the detector tubes, while both "B" batteries or 45 volts are used for the amplifying tubes—this is due to the differences in the vacuum of the tubes themselves.

The vario-coupler, variometers and condensers can be made as explained in previous articles.

When completed this set should be as good as any sold by the leading companies.

HOOK-UP OF SHORT WAVE REGENERATIVE RECEIVING SET WITH TWO-STEP AMPLIFIER.

No. 2—Secondary.

No. 3—Variable condenser in series with the antenna.

No. 4—Grid variometer.

No. 5—Grid condenser and grid leak.

No. 6—Detector tube.

No. 7—Plate variometer or tickler.

No. 8—"A" battery rheostat controlling current flowing to the filament.

No. 9 and No. 12—Audio frequency transformers.

No. 10 and No. 13—Amplifying vacuum tubes.

No. 11 and No. 14—Rheostats controlling filament current in amplifying tubes.

No. 15—Head phones shunted by fixed condenser.

No. 16 and No. 17—22½ volt "B" battery.

No. 18—"A" six-volt storage or "A" battery.

This receiving set with vacuum tube detector and two-step amplifier should be mounted in a cabinet about eight inches high, 34 inches long and 7 inches deep.

How It Works.

Even if you build part of this set yourself, do not try to construct the transformers, tubes, tube sockets, head phones or rheostat. It is cheaper to buy these parts.

The transformers are similar in construction to the large power

### RADIO PRIMER

CYCLE—In case of an alternating current, each complete change of direction is called a cycle. For instance, ordinary lighting current is known as a 60-cycle current, that is, it goes through 60 cycles of change in one second. Each cycle consists of a rise in positive voltage to the maximum, a fall to zero, further drop in negative voltage to the lowest point and return to zero.

Radio Editor—I have two variometers having 54 turns of No. 24 wire wound on centers 3½ inches in diameter. My variocoupler has 80 turns on the primary tapped every ten turns. The secondary has 50 turns of No. 22 wire wound on a ball three inches in diameter. Will my set receive Toronto concerts, and what is its wave length range?

M. C. H.

With your outfit the primary tuning depends on the size of your aerial. The secondary circuit of your tuner should give a range from about 200 meters to 750 meters. Yes, your set, when used in connection with a good antenna detector and two step amplifier, might bring in Toronto concerts, which are broadcast on the 450 meter wave length.

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