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HALSEY-STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

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Commercial and Savings accounts Solicited

down on the table with a bang. "You can count on me, if necessary, for one million dollars. Yes, sir, one million dollars!"

Sir James sat down and subjected Julius to a long scrutiny.

"Mr. Hershimmer," he said at last, "that is a very large sum. At the present rate of exchange it amounts to considerably over two hundred thousand pounds."

"That's so. Maybe you think I'm talking through my hat, but I can deliver the goods all right, with enough over to spare for your tea."

Sir James flushed slightly.

"There is no question of a fee, Mr. Hershimmer. I am not a private detective."

"Sorry. I guess I was just a mite hasty, but I've been feeling bad about this money question. I wanted to offer a big reward for news of Jane some days ago, but your trusted institution of Scotland Yard advised me against it. Said it was undesirable."

Sir James considered for a moment.

"There is no time to be lost. The sooner we strike the better." He turned to Tuppence. "Is Mrs. Vandemeyer dining out tonight, do you know?"

"Yes, I think so, but she will not be out late. Otherwise, she would have taken the latchkey."

"Good. I will call upon her about ten o'clock. What time are you supposed to return?"

"About nine-thirty or ten, but I could go back earlier."

"You must not do that on any account. It might arouse suspicion if you did not stay out till the usual time. Be back by nine-thirty. I will arrive at ten. Mr. Hershimmer will wait below in a taxi perhaps."

"He's got a new Rolls-Royce car," said Tuppence with vicarious pride.

"Even better. If I succeed in obtaining the address from her, we can go there at once, taking Mrs. Vandemeyer with us if necessary. You understand?"

"Yes," Tuppence rose to her feet with a skip of delight. "Oh, I feel so much better!"

"Don't build on it too much. Miss

Tuppence. Go easy."

Julius turned to the lawyer.

"Say, then, I'll call for you in the car round about nine-thirty. Is that right?"

"Perhaps that will be the best plan. It would be unnecessary to have two cars waiting about. Now, Miss Tuppence, my advice to you is to go and have a good dinner, a really good one, mind. And don't think ahead more than you can help."

He shook hands with them both, and a moment later they were outside.

"Isn't he a duck?" inquired Tuppence ecstatically, as she skipped down the steps. "Oh, Julius, isn't he just a duck?"

"Well, I allow he seems to be the goods all right. And I was wrong about his being useless to go to him. Say, shall we go right away back to the Ritz?"

"I must walk a bit. I think I'll meet you at the Ritz at seven."

Tuppence walked briskly along towards the Serpentine, first glancing at her watch. It was nearly six o'clock. She remembered that she had had no tea, but felt too excited to be conscious of hunger. She walked as far as Kensington gardens and then slowly retraced her steps, feeling infinitely better for the fresh air and exercise. It was not so easy to follow Sir James' advice, and put the possible events of the evening out of her head. As she drew nearer and nearer to Hyde park corner, the temptation to return to South Audley mansions was almost irresistible.

At any rate, she decided, it would do no harm just to go and look at the building. Perhaps, then, she could resign herself to waiting patiently for ten o'clock.

South Audley mansions looked exactly the same as usual. What Tuppence had expected she hardly knew, but the sight of its red brick stolidity slightly assuaged the growing and entirely unreasonable uneasiness that possessed her. She was just turning away when she heard a piercing whistle, and the faithful Albert came running from the building to join her. He was purple with suppressed emotion.

"I say, miss, she's a-going!"

"Who's going?" demanded Tuppence sharply.

"The crook. Ready Rita. Mrs. Vandemeyer. She's a-packing up, and she's just sent down word for me to get her a taxi. I thought maybe as you didn't know about it."

"Albert," cried Tuppence, "you're a brick. If it hadn't been for you we'd have lost her."

Albert flushed with pleasure at this tribute.

"There's no time to lose," said Tuppence, crossing the road. "I've got to stop her. At all costs I must keep her here until—" She broke off. "Albert, there's a telephone here, isn't there?"

The boy shook his head.

"The flats mostly have their own. But there's a box just around the corner."

"Go to it, then, at once and ring up the Ritz hotel. Ask for Mr. Hershimmer, and when you get him tell him to get Sir James and come on at once, as Mrs. Vandemeyer is trying to hook it. If you can't get him, ring up Sir James Peel Edgerton, you'll find his number in the book, and tell him what's happening. You won't forget the names, will you?"

Albert repeated them glibly. "You trust to me, miss, it'll be all right. But what about you? Aren't you afraid to trust yourself with her?"

"No, no, that's all right. But go and telephone. Be quick."

Drawing a long breath, Tuppence entered the mansions and ran up to the door of No. 20. How she was to detain Mrs. Vandemeyer until the two men arrived, she did not know, but somehow or other it had to be done, and she must accomplish the task single-handed. What had occasioned this precipitate departure? Did Mrs. Vandemeyer suspect her?

Tuppence pressed the bell firmly. She might learn something from the cook.

Nothing happened, and, after waiting some minutes, Tuppence pressed the bell again, keeping her finger on the button for some little while. At last she heard footsteps inside, and a moment later Mrs. Vandemeyer herself opened the door. She lifted her eyebrows at the sight of the girl.

"You?"

"I had a touch of toothache, ma'am," said Tuppence glibly. "So thought it better to come home and have a quiet evening."

Mrs. Vandemeyer said nothing, but she drew back and let Tuppence pass into the hall.

"How unfortunate for you," she said coldly. "You had better go to bed."

"Oh, I shall be all right in the kitchen, ma'am. Cook can—"

"Cook is out," said Mrs. Vandemeyer, in a rather disagreeable tone. "I sent her out. So you see you had better go to bed."

Suddenly Tuppence felt afraid. There was a ring in Mrs. Vandemeyer's voice that she did not like at all. Also, the other woman was slowly edging her up the passage. Tuppence turned to bay.

"I don't want—"

Then, in a flash, a rim of cold steel touched her temple, and Mrs. Vandemeyer's voice rose cold and menacing.

"You d—d little fool! Do you think I don't know? No, don't answer. If you struggle or cry out, I'll shoot you like a dog."

The rim of steel pressed a little harder against the girl's temple.

"Now, then, march," went on Mrs. Vandemeyer. "This way—into my room. In a minute, when I've done with you, you'll go to bed as I told you to. And you'll sleep—oh, yes, my little spy, you'll sleep, all right!"

There was a sort of hideous gentility in the last words which Tuppence did not at all like. For the moment there was nothing to be done, and she walked obediently into Mrs. Vandemeyer's bedroom. The pistol never left her forehead. The room was in a state of wild disorder, clothes were flung about right and left, a suitcase and a hatbox, half-packed, stood in the middle of the floor.

Tuppence pulled herself together with an effort. "Come, now," she said. "This is nonsense. You can't shoot me. Why everyone in the building would hear the report."

"I'd risk that," said Mrs. Vandemeyer cheerfully. "But, as long as you don't sing out for help, you're all



In a Flash the Cold Steel Touched Her Temple.

right—and I don't think you will. You're a clever girl. You deceived me, all right. I hadn't a suspicion of you! So I've no doubt that you understand perfectly well that this is where I'm on top and you're underneath. Now, then—sit on the bed. Put your hands above your head, and if you value your life don't move them."

Tuppence obeyed passively. Her good sense told her that there was nothing else to do but accept the situation, and every minute of delay gained was valuable.

(To be continued)

In Los Angeles there are 206,600 dwellings, more than 36 per cent of which are owned by the occupants. The figures for other large cities give Cleveland 85.1 per cent owned by the tenants; Cincinnati 28.7, Pittsburg 38.3, San Francisco 26.4, St. Louis 28.8 and Boston 18.5. Home ownership goes with real prosperity. Los Angeles is the most rapidly growing city on the coast, if not in the United States.

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Albany Directory

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ALBANY GARAGE. "Studebaker" and "Star" automobiles. General repairing and supplies. G. T. Hockensmith.—Lloyd Templeton.

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Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

Did the Indian ever have a more glorious summer than this year.

Queues of loaded wheat wagons have waited at Halsey warehouses daily for a couple of weeks.

H. E. Davis has traded for 100 acres at the C. C. Jackson place and expects to get settled there this month.

Miss Delora Wells is here from Junction city to live with her grandmother, Mrs. L. A. Pray, and attend school.

Miss Frost Bass and Eldon Bonar of Corvallis were married in Albany Sunday. Their home will be in Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, who have been visiting at A. E. Whitbeck's, left Thursday for their home in Oakland, Cal.

W. L. Jackson of the Albany Democrat has been appointed to the state parole board by Governor Pierce. Hope he will go slow about joining in paroling chronic criminals.

A fine crop of clover seed has been harvested this fall. J. H. Vannice took 3800 pounds from an eight-acre field which had already yielded a heavy crop of hay earlier in the season.

Carl Robnett and Claude Howell of Shedd were arrested at that place Sunday, charged with having moonshine in their auto, both inside and outside of themselves, and with illegally having a pair of pheasants.

E. Firebau of the Albany bakery has bought, for \$28,000, the lot on the Willamette river between Ferry and Broadalbin streets and will build a big one-story fireproof warehouse.

R. W. Tripp and family are back in Albany after their long eastern auto trip, having spent much time in Minneapolis and in Fort Dodge, Ia., Mr. Tripp's old home. They traveled 12,000 miles.

A. A. Tussing has leased the T. P. Patton dwelling on West I street and expects Mrs. Tussing over from Brownsville, which has been their home for nearly a third of a century, to reside here after this month.

The Irish Bend ferry boat, doing substitute duty at Peoria in the absence of a promised new one, has what the Harrisburg Bulletin calls "sinking spells," in one of which it lay on the river bottom for some time the other day.

"Lost lake," which the state stocked with fish six years ago and then was unable to find, has been discovered, full of landlocked salmon. It is seven miles southeast of Cascoada. The Democrat is of the opinion that young salmon were planted for trout.

There are those who have made a profit in raising wheat this year. Their land has been so managed in the past that it is as fertile as ever. They prepared it properly for the seed. They sowed clean seed of an improved variety. They had it so far advanced that those hot days did not shrivel the kernels much. They used brains.

At the thirty-third annual convention of the county W. C. T. U. at Oakville Friday Mrs. Emma Archibald was re-elected president. Other officers are Mrs. D. H. Bodine vice-president, Mrs. D. G. Clark recording secretary, Mrs. Frank Pearson corresponding secretary, Mrs. Cecil Wilhelm treasurer and Mrs. John Owen Y. P. B. secretary.

R. M. Boedeker and Ralph Trask of Lyons owned an airplane that did a passenger business at the county fair. Friday night it was wrecked and Boedeker and his pilot, F. De Fiore, late of the army air service, were considerably bruised and scratched and the latter lost several teeth as they crashed through a trapset.

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