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## HALSEY STATE BANK

Halsey, Oregon

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The hand she lifted was cold as ice. Mrs. Vandemeyer would never speak now. Her cry brought the others. A very few minutes sufficed. Mrs. Vandemeyer



Mrs. Vandemeyer Was Dead.

was dead—must have been dead some hours. She had evidently died in her sleep.

"If that isn't the cruellest luck," cried Julius in despair.

The lawyer was calmer, but there was a curious gleam in his eyes.

"If it is luck," he replied.

"You don't think—but, say, that's plumb impossible—no one could have got in."

"No," admitted the lawyer. "I don't see how they could. And yet—she is on the point of betraying Mr. Brown, and—she dies. Is it only chance?"

"But how—"

"Yes, how! That is what we must find out." He stood there silently, gently stroking his chin. "We must find out," he said quietly, and Tuppence felt that if she was Mr. Brown she would not like the tone of those simple words.

Julius glanced toward the window.

"The window's open," he remarked.

"Do you think—"

Tuppence shook her head.

"The balcony only goes along as far as the balcony. We were there."

"He might have slipped out—" suggested Julius.

But Sir James interrupted him.

"Mr. Brown's methods are not so crude. In the meantime we must send for a doctor, but before we do so, is there anything in this room that might be of value to us?"

Hastily, the three searched. A charred mass in the grate indicated that Mrs. Vandemeyer had been burning papers on the eve of her flight. Nothing of importance remained, though they searched the other rooms as well.

"There's that," said Tuppence suddenly, pointing to a small, old-fashioned safe set into the wall. "It's for jewelry, I believe, but there might be something else in it."

The key was in the lock, and Julius swung open the door, and searched inside. He was some time over the task.

"Well," said Tuppence impatiently. There was a pause before Julius answered, then he withdrew his head and shut the door.

"Nothing," he said.

In five minutes a brisk young doctor arrived, hastily summoned. He was deferential to Sir James, whom he recognized.

"Heart failure, or possibly an overdose of some sleeping-draught." He sniffed. "Rather an odor of chloral in the air."

Tuppence remembered the glass she had upset. A new thought drove her to the washstand. She found the little bottle from which Mrs. Vandemeyer had poured a few drops.

It had been three parts full. Now—it was empty.

### CHAPTER IX

#### A Consultation.

Nothing was more surprising and bewildering to Tuppence than the ease and simplicity with which everything was arranged, owing to Sir James's skilful handling. The doctor accepted quite readily the theory that Mrs. Vandemeyer had accidentally taken an overdose of chloral. He doubted whether an inquest would be necessary. Sir James and his young friends had been paying a call upon her, when she was suddenly stricken down and they had spent the night in the flat, not liking to leave her alone. Did they know of any relatives? They did not, but Sir James referred him to Mrs. Vandemeyer's solicitor.

Shortly afterward a nurse arrived to take charge, and the others left the ill-omened building.

"And what now?" asked Julius, with a gesture of despair. "I guess we're down and out for good."

Sir James stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"No," he said quietly. "There is still the chance that Doctor Hall may be able to tell us something. The chance is slight, but it must not be neglected. I think I told you that he is staying at the Metropole. I should suggest that we call upon him there as soon as possible."

It was arranged that Tuppence and Julius should return to the Ritz, and call for Sir James in the car. This program was faithfully carried out, and a little after eleven they drew up before the Metropole. They asked for Doctor Hall, and a page-boy went in search of him. In a few minutes the little doctor came hurrying toward them.

"Can you spare us a few minutes, Doctor Hall?" said Sir James pleasantly. "Let me introduce you to Miss Cowley. Mr. Herahelmer, I think, you already know. Can we have a word with you in private?"

"Certainly. I think there is a room here where we shall be quite undisturbed."

He led the way, and the others followed him. They sat down, and the doctor looked inquiringly at Sir James.

"Doctor Hall, I am very anxious to find a certain young lady for the purpose of obtaining a statement from her. I have reason to believe that she has been at one time or another in your establishment at Bournemouth. I hope I am transgressing no professional etiquette in questioning you on the subject?"

"I suppose it is a matter of testimony?"

Sir James hesitated a moment, then he replied: "Yes."

"I shall be pleased to give you any information in my power. What is the young lady's name? Mr. Herahelmer asked me, I remember—"

He half turned to Julius.

"The name," said Sir James bluntly, "is really immaterial. She would be almost certainly sent to you under an assumed one. But I should like to know if you are acquainted with a Mrs. Vandemeyer?"

"Mrs. Vandemeyer of 20 South Audley Mansions? I know her slightly."

"You do not know that Mrs. Vandemeyer is dead?"

"Dear, dear, I had no idea of it. When did it happen?"

"She took an overdose of chloral last night."

"Purposely?"

"Accidentally, it is believed. I should not like to say myself. Anyway, she was found dead this morning."

(Continued on page 4)

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LAWYER AND NOTARY

HALSEY, OREGON

## Albany Directory

This is good advice: "If you live in Albany, trade in Albany; if you live in some other town, trade in that town." But in these automobile days many residing elsewhere find it advisable to do at least part of their buying in the larger town. Those who go to Albany to transact business will find the firms named below ready to fill their requirements with courtesy and fairness.

**Albany Bakery**, 321 Lyon street, Best one-pound loaf of bread made. 5 cents. Wedding cakes to order.

**Albany Electric Store**, Delco Light products W. M. NOFLICH.

**Albany Floral Co.** Orders filled carefully for everywhere or any time. Flowers, wire anywhere in U. S. or Canada. Flower phone 458-J.

**ALBANY GARAGE**, "Student-baker" and "Star" automobiles. General repairing and supplies. G. T. Hockensmith.—Lloyd Templeton.

**Blue Bird Restaurant**, 309 Lyon street. Eat here when in Albany. Open from 6 to 2 and 5 to 8. Mrs. Blount.

**BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS** WOODWORTH'S

**Eastburn Bros.**—Two big grocery stores, 212 W. First and 225 South Main. Good merchandise at the right prices.

**Films developed and printed.** We mail them right back to you. Woodworth Drug Company, Albany, Oregon.

**Flood's dry goods store** is the best place in Albany to buy dry goods, furnishings and notions. Service is our motto.

**FORD SALES AND SERVICE** Tires and accessories Repairs KIRK-POLLAK MOTOR CO.

**Fortmiller Furniture Co.**, furniture, rugs, linoleum, stove ranges. Funeral directors. 427-433 West First street, Albany, Oregon.

**Hub Cleaning Works, Inc.** Cor. Fourth and Lyon Master Dyers and Cleaners Made-To-Measure Clothes

**Men and money are best when busy.** Make your dollars work in our savings department. ALBANY STATE BANK. Under government supervision.

**Miller Motor Sales** Oakland and Jewett cars Supplies and accessories First and Baker Sts. Albany, Oregon

**Morton & Speer Service Company** Headquarters for good tires Phone 65 First and Lyon

**Murphy Motor Co.** Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 260.

**Real estate. Money to loan.** All kinds of insurance written. Call on J. V. PIPE, Albany State Bank Building.

**ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE**, the WINCHESTER STORES 322 W. First st.

**S. S. GILBERT & SON** Chinaware and gift shop 330 West First Albany

**STENBERG BROS.** groceries, fruits, produce, 235 Lyon street. We sell groceries and buy cream. Phone 263R

**STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR** Second street, opposite Hamilton stores. "Sudden Service."

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## Jots and Titles

(Continued from page 1)

Linn took the first prize on county exhibits at the State fair.

The local prune dryer has been running day and night shifts.

T. J. Dacus won the first prize on senior shorthorn bull at the State fair.

Search our advertisements, for in them ye have words of eternal economy.

Pavement is completed from Portland to Harrisburg, but the county has a week or two of work to do on a bridge between Shedd and Tangent.

R. E. Crawford of Albany, who was thought to have been fatally injured when he fell from a scaffold where he was working in Los Angeles, is recovering.

At the State fair J. C. Brown & Son of Shedd took second on a senior yearling bull. T. F. Gibson & Son of Halsey were awarded second on a two-year old bull and J. M. Dickson & Son of Shedd placed a yearling heifer third.

Mrs. Ruffli of Crawfordville, who was hurt in an auto accident last week, suffered a fracture of the skull and her chance for recovery is slight. She was taken to Portland for surgical treatment after a preliminary operation at Brownsville.

W. L. Jackson of the Albany Democrat was in town Saturday and visited the Enterprise office. The Halsey editor was civil to him, for he is a bloated office holder and the editor may come before the parole board of which Mr. Jackson is a member, if he goes to the pen for libel or other crime.

Linn county's blue ribbon exhibit, which won first place against keen competition from Willamette valley counties at the state fair, and which won fourth place in the entire state, will be shown at the Pacific International Livestock exposition at Portland in November.

The one man in the Enterprise office worked eighteen hours Thursday and yet was unable to set in type all the news received after the last mail by which copy could be sent to the linotype for the week's paper. Only by the cooperation of the people can the Enterprise be made as good a newspaper as it ought to be, and the editor appreciates that cooperation. Send us the news as early as you can.

Miss Goldie Wells has been making a lecture tour of the northwest. A letter from John Standish at Wenatchee, Wash., received after the Enterprise of the 27th went to press, stated that she was to come there from Spokane to lecture in the Christian church on the 28th. The pastor of that church is Rev. Mr. Bell, an old schoolmate of Miss Wells and of Rev. Mr. Crabb, son-in-law of Mrs. Daugherty, well known here.

Aided only by County Agent A. C. Heyman and his secretary, who were able to spare but little of their time, and with a bare \$300 at his disposal, Leonard Gilkey of the Scio district alone gathered together an exhibit, took it to the state fair, and in competition with 13 other counties that had spent thousands of dollars upon their exhibits, eclipsed all but three others in the state and surpassed all in the Willamette valley.

Seve Yvancovich, the successor to the late George Thompson as king of all American gypsies at a gathering of hundreds of people to see him crowned at Los Angeles, Sunday, renounced the throne and stated that Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson had restored his health through prayer and converted him to Christianity. Twenty gypsy chiefs, from various parts of America, then announced that they, too, had become Christians. It was at Mrs. McPherson's meetings that Dr. Price was converted to the healing faith and it is her school that H. D. Mitzner and wife and Miss Bond are attending.

(Continued on page 4)

## The Secret Adversary

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

(Copyright Dodd, Mead & Company)

(Continued)

"Lock the door on the outside, please, Miss Tuppence, and take out the key. There must be no chance of anyone entering that room."

The gravity of his manner impressed them, and Tuppence felt less ashamed of her attack of "nerves."

"Now, Miss Tuppence," said Sir James, "you know this place better than I do. Where do you suggest we should take up our quarters?"

Tuppence considered for a moment or two.

"I think Mrs. Vandemeyer's boudoir would be the most comfortable," she said at last, and led the way there.

Sir James looked round approvingly.

"This will do very well, and now, my dear young lady, do go to bed and get some sleep."

Tuppence shook her head resolutely.

"I couldn't, thank you, Sir James. I should dream of Mr. Brown all night!"

"But you'll be so tired, child."

"No, I shan't. I'd rather stay up—really."

The lawyer gave in.

Tuppence related her adventures.

"There's one thing I don't get clearly," said Julius. "What put her up to clearing out?"

"I don't know," confessed Tuppence.

Sir James stroked his chin, thoughtfully.

"The room was in great disorder. That looks as though her flight was unpremeditated. Almost as though she got a sudden warning to go from some one."

"Mr. Brown, I suppose," said Julius scoffingly.

The lawyer looked at him deliberately for a minute or two.

"Why not?" he said. "Remember, you yourself have once been worsted by him."

Julius flushed with vexation.

"I feel just mad when I think of how I handed out Jane Finn's photograph to him like a lamb. Gee, if I ever lay hands on it again, I'll freeze on to it like—like h—!"

"That contingency is likely to be a remote one," said the other dryly.

"I guess you're right," said Julius frankly. "And, in any case, it's the original I'm out after. Where do you think she can be, Sir James?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"Impossible to say. But I've a very good idea where she has been. At the scene of your nocturnal adventures, the Bournemouth hospital."

"There? Impossible. I asked."

"No, my dear sir, you asked if anyone of the name of Jane Finn had been there. Now, if the girl had been placed there it would almost certainly be under an assumed name."

"Perhaps the doctor's in it too," suggested Tuppence.

Julius shook his head.

"I don't think so. I took to him at once. No, I'm pretty sure Doctor Hall's all right."

"Hall did you say?" asked Sir James. "That is curious—really very curious."

"Why?" demanded Tuppence.

"Because I happened to meet him

this morning. I've known him slightly on and off for some years, and this morning I ran across him in the street. Staying at the Metropole, he told me. He turned to Julius. "Didn't he tell you he was coming up to town?" Julius shook his head.

"Curious," mused Sir James. "You did not mention his name this afternoon, or I would have suggested your going to him for further information, with my card as introduction."

"I guess I'm a mutt," said Julius, with unusual humility. "I ought to have thought of the false name stunt."

A silence settled down over the party. Little by little the magic of the night began to gain a hold on them. There were sudden creaks in the furniture, imperceptible rustlings in the curtains. Suddenly Tuppence sprang up with a cry.

"I can't help it. I know Mr. Brown's somewhere in the flat! I can feel him."

"Sure, Tuppence how could he be? This door's open into the hall. No one could have come in by the front door without our seeing and hearing him."

"I can't help it. I feel he's here!" She looked appealingly at Sir James, who replied gravely:

"With due deference to your feelings, Miss Tuppence (and mine as well, for that matter), I do not see how it is humanly possible for anyone to be in the flat without our knowledge."

The girl was a little comforted by his words.

"Sitting up at night is always rather jumpy," she confessed.

The hours drew on. With the first faint glimmerings of dawn, Sir James drew aside the curtains. Somehow, with the coming of the light, the dreads and fancies of the past night seemed absurd. Tuppence's spirits revived to the normal.

"Hooray!" she said. "It's going to be a gorgeous day. And we shall find Tommy. And Jane Finn. And everything will be lovely. I shall ask Mr. Carter if I can't be made a Dame!"

At seven o'clock Tuppence volunteered to go and make some tea. She returned with a tray, containing the teapot and four cups.

"Who's the other cup for?" inquired Julius.

The prisoner, of course. Perhaps you'd both come, in case she springs on me, or anything. You see, we don't know what mood she'll wake up in."

Sir James and Julius accompanied her to the door.

"Where's the key? Oh, of course, I've got it myself."

She put it in the lock, and turned it, then paused.

"Supposing, after all, she's escaped?" she murmured in a whisper.

"Plumb impossible," replied Julius reassuringly.

But Sir James said nothing.

Tuppence drew a long breath and entered. She heaved a sigh of relief as she saw that Mrs. Vandemeyer was lying on the bed.

"Good morning," she remarked cheerfully. "I've brought you some tea."

Mrs. Vandemeyer did not reply. Tuppence put down the cup on the table by the bed and went across to draw up the blinds. When she turned, Mrs. Vandemeyer still lay without a movement. With a sudden fear clutching at her heart, Tuppence ran to the bed.

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