

### Hungarian Vetch Seed

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Cash paid for grain.  
Grain chopping and cleaning done at any time.

Hungarian vetch is well suited to the soils a little too heavy, or too sour, or to cold or wet for common vetch. The Hungarian vetch stands the more severe winter conditions in the lower Willamette valley counties.

The dairy industry should be the foundation on which a diversified farming system is built in Oregon. Poultry, swine, farm flocks of sheep, legume seed, breeding stock, fruits and vegetables, constitute important secondary features of such a program.

## Suits for Men and Young Men

This fall we have an extra large number of suits for young men and men. Plain or sport models, in plain or fancy materials. Stripes are very popular.

**\$24.75** and up

We specialize in boys' clothing

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PORTLAND OREGON Nov. 3-10

900,000 in Premiums  
GREATER AND GRANDER THAN EVER

Largest livestock exposition under one roof in America. 10 acres of purebred and fancy beef and dairy cattle, horses, swine, sheep and goats. Combining the Western Winter Poultry and Rabbit Show; Western Dairy Products Show; Manufactures and Land Products Show; Northwest Hay and Grain Show; Night Horse Show; Industrial Exhibits.

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Don't fail to read "The Brown Mouse"

## Pacific International Live Stock Exposition

A huge building! It covers ten acres of ground. It takes a lot of time to walk all over ten acres, but the Pacific International is so full of interesting and fascinating exhibits that nobody gets tired. Or if they do, it's a "happy tiredness."

Not only is it the largest building of its kind in the world, but its arrangement is ideal. The great arena where the judging is done in the daytime and the horse show held at night, is in the center. In front is the beautiful Industrial Exhibits divisions, 728 feet long and 120 feet wide—filled with a bewildering number of exquisite displays. On the other sides of the arena are ranged the beef cattle, sheep and goat department, poultry, horses, with two big auction sales rings in the corners.

The Pacific International Live Stock Exposition is recognized by livestock men everywhere as one of the most important institutions of its kind in the world. It is held in Portland, Or., November 3-10 inclusive. People come across the continent to see its attractions—the finest livestock in the world. This is an opportunity to visit and learn and enjoy, close at home. You could travel all over the United States and see no better exposition.

The pride we take in the Pacific International is justified. It is ours, and it indicates what kind of people we are—the best.

The Plain City (O.) Advocate says of "The Brown Mouse": "The several high schools in and about Plain City will do well to require this story as supplementary reading in connection with their agricultural courses. This will be no new thing, as this same story in book form has been made a sort of text book in a number of agricultural colleges throughout the country."

## Peoria Pointers

(Too late for last week)  
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ellsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Harris Ellsworth drove to Portland Wednesday and returned Thursday. The Ellsworths opened the sawmill and business called them to Portland.

Ralph Wade has purchased a new Star car.  
Dalton Gibbs of Albany visited in Peoria Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gump and family are staying at Mr. Logan's while looking for a place to locate. They are from near The Dalles.

Jess Liggett of Portland was a business visitor in Peoria Saturday.

Clara Carothers, who attends high school in Tangent, visited her parents over the week end.

J. G. Githens of Corvallis spent Sunday at the Smith home. He came out to hunt pheasants.

Edgar Kitchen, who goes to Corvallis high school, visited his father in Peoria.

Rev. Mr. White went to Lake Creek Sunday to preach.

F. W. Robinson of Junction City was in town the first of the week.

## FARM LOANS

I can make both FARM and CITY LOANS at a very low rate of interest from 5 to 10 years. Write me for particulars. G. W. LAFLAR, Salem, Ore. 410 Oregon Bldg.

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Halsey and Harrisburg  
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Best and largest line of

## Used Furniture,

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\$1 per square yard.

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## DELBERT STARR

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer  
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Lady Attendant.  
Brownsville, Oregon

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE  
of Hearing of Final Account  
Notice is hereby given that the final account of the estate of Mary E. Schedler, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Linn County, State of Oregon, and that the 19th day of November, 1923, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., has been duly appointed by said Court for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.  
Dated and first published Oct. 18, 1923.  
J. F. SCHEDLER,  
Administrator aforesaid,  
AMOR A. TUSSING, Atty. for Admr.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of W. H. Kirkpatrick, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate with the county clerk of Linn County, Oregon, and the county judge has set Monday, the 5th day of November, 1923, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the time, and the county courtroom of said county as the place, for hearing objections to said final account, if any, and the settlement of said estate.  
F. M. GRAY, Administrator,  
L. L. SWAN, Atty. for Admr.

# The Secret Adversary



By AGATHA CHRISTIE

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(Continued)  
CHAPTER XI  
The Telegram.

Baffled for the moment, Tommy strolled into the restaurant, and ordered a meal of surpassing excellence. His four days' imprisonment had taught him anew to value good food.

He was in the middle of conveying a particularly choice morsel to his mouth, when he caught sight of Julius entering the room. At the sight of Tommy, Julius' eyes seemed as though they would pop out of his head.

"Holy snakes!" he ejaculated. "Is it really you? Say, man, don't you know you've been given up for dead? I guess we'd have had a solemn requiem for you in another few days."

"Who thought I was dead?" demanded Tommy.  
"Tuppence."  
"Where is Tuppence?"  
"Isn't she here?"  
"No, the fellows at the office said she'd just gone out."

"Gone shopping, I guess. But, say, can't you shed that British calm of yours, and get down to it? What on God's earth have you been doing all this time?"

"If you're feeding here," replied Tommy, "order now. It's going to be a long story."  
Julius drew up a chair to the opposite side of the table, summoned a hovering waiter, and dictated his wishes. Then he turned to Tommy.

"Fire ahead. I guess you've had some few adventures."  
"One or two," replied Tommy modestly, and plunged into his recital. Julius listened spell-bound. At the end he heaved a long sigh.

"Bully for you. Reads like a dime novel!"  
He, in his turn, assumed the role of narrator. Beginning with his unsuccessful reconnoitering at Bourne-mouth, he passed on to his return to London, the buying of the car, the growing anxieties of Tuppence, the call upon Sir James, and the sensational occurrences of the previous night.

"But who killed her?" asked Tommy. "I don't quite understand."  
"The doctor kidded himself she took it herself," replied Julius dryly.  
"And Sir James? What did he think?"

"Being a legal luminary, he is like wise a human oyster," replied Julius. "I should say he 'reserved judgment.' He went on to detail the events of the morning.

"Lost her memory, eh?" said Tommy with interest. "By Jove, that explains why they looked at me so queerly when I spoke of questioning her. Bit of a slip on my part, that! But it wasn't the sort of thing a fellow would be likely to guess."

"There was a moment's pause, and then Tommy reverted to Mrs. Vandemeyer's death.  
"There's no doubt it was chloral! Let's go round to the scene of the crime. I wish we could get hold of Tuppence. The Ritz would enjoy the spectacle of the glad reunion."

"Inquiry at the office revealed the fact that Tuppence had not yet returned.  
"All the same, I guess I'll have a look round upstairs," said Julius. "She might be in my sitting-room." He disappeared.

Suddenly a diminutive boy spoke at Tommy's elbow:  
"The young lady—she's gone away by train, I think, sir," he murmured shyly.

"What?" Tommy wheeled round upon him.  
"The taxi, sir. I heard her tell the driver Charing Cross and to look sharp."

Tommy stared at him, his eyes opening wide in surprise. Emboldened, the small boy proceeded: "So I thought, having asked for an A.B.C. and a Bradshaw—"  
Tommy interrupted him:  
"When did she ask for an A.B.C. and a Bradshaw?"  
"When I took her the telegram, sir."  
"A telegram?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"When was that?"  
"About half-past twelve, sir."



"I Heard Her Tell the Driver Charing Cross to Look Sharp."

his hand for the letter, but Julius folded it up and placed it in his pocket. He seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"I guess this is nothing to do with it. It's about something else—something I asked her that she was to let me know about. See here, I'd better put you wise. I asked Miss Tuppence to marry me this morning."

"Oh!" said Tommy mechanically. He felt dazed. Julius' words were totally unexpected. For the moment they benumbed his brain.

"I'd like to tell you," continued Julius, "that before I suggested anything of the kind to Miss Tuppence, I made it clear that I didn't want to butt in in any way between her and you—"

Tommy roused himself.  
"That's all right," he said quickly. "Tuppence and I have been pals for years. Nothing more." He lit a cigarette with a hand that shook ever so little. "That's quite all right. Tuppence always said that she was looking out for—"

He stopped abruptly, his face crimsoning, but Julius was in no way discomposed.  
"Oh, I guess it'll be the dollars that'll do the trick. Miss Tuppence put me wise to that right away. There's no humbug about her. We ought to go along together very well."

Tommy looked at him curiously for a minute, as though he were about to speak, then changed his mind and said nothing. Tuppence and Julius! Well, why not? Had she not lamented the fact that she knew no rich men? Had she not openly avowed her intention of marrying for money if she ever had the chance? Why blame her because she had been true to her creed?

Nevertheless, Tommy did blame her. He was filled with a passionate and utterly illogical resentment. Tuppence was utterly cold-blooded and selfish, and he would be delighted if he never saw her again! And it was a rotten world!

Julius' voice broke in on these meditations.  
"Yes, we ought to be glad along together very well. I've heard that a girl always refuses you once—a sort of convention."

Tommy caught his arm.  
"Refuse? Did you say refuse?"  
"Sure thing. Didn't I tell you that? She just rapped out a 'no' without any kind of reason to it. But she'll come round right enough. Likely enough, I hustled her some—"

But Tommy interrupted regardless of decorum.  
"What did she say in that note?" he demanded fiercely.  
The obliging Julius handed it to him. The note, in Tuppence's well-known schoolboy writing, ran as follows:  
"Dear Julius:  
"It's always better to have things in black and white. I don't feel I can be bothered to think of marriage until Tommy is found. Let's leave it till then."

"Yours affectionately."  
"TUPPENCE."

Tommy handed it back, his eyes shining. His feelings had undergone a sharp reaction. He now felt that Tuppence was all that was noble and disinterested. Had she not refused Julius without hesitation? True, the note betokened signs of weakening, but he could excuse that. It read almost like a bribe to Julius to spur him on in his efforts to find Tommy, but he supposed she had not really meant it that way. Darling Tuppence, there was not a girl in the world to touch her! When he saw her—his thoughts were brought up with a sudden jerk.

"As you say," he remarked, pulling himself together, "there's not a hint here as to what she's up to. Hi—Henry!"  
The small boy came obediently.  
"One thing more. Do you remember what the young lady did with the telegram?"

Henry gasped and spoke.  
"She crumpled it up into a ball and threw it into the grate, and made a sort of noise like 'Whoop!' sir."

They hurried upstairs. Tuppence had left the key in her door. The room was as she had left it. In the fireplace was a crumpled ball of orange and white. Tommy disentangled and smoothed out the telegram.  
"Come at once, Most House, Ebury, Yorkshire, great developments—TOMMY."  
They looked at each other in stupefaction. Julius spoke first:  
"I'd swear no one's passed this way."

"I guess it means the worst. They've got her."  
"What?"  
"Sure thing! They signed your name, and she fell into the trap like a lamb."

"My G-d! What shall we do?"  
"Get busy, and go after her! Right now! There's no time to waste. It's almighty luck that she didn't take the wire with her. If she had we'd probably never have traced her. But we've got to hustle. Where's that Bradshaw?"

The energy of Julius was infectious. Left to himself, Tommy would probably have sat down to think things out for a good half hour before he decided on a plan of action. But with Julius Hershimmer about, hustling was inevitable.

"Here we are, Ebury, Yorks. From King's Cross. Or St. Pancras. (Boy must have made a mistake. It was King's Cross, not Charing Cross) 12:50, that's the train she went by. 2:10, that's gone. 8:20 is the next."

"I say, Julius, what do they want her for, anyway?"  
"Eh? I don't get you?"  
"What I mean is that I don't think it's their game to do her any harm," explained Tommy, puckering his brow with the strains of his mental processes. "She's a hostage, that's what she is. As long as they've got her, they've got the whip hand on us. See?"

"Sure thing," said Julius thoughtfully. "That's so."  
"Besides," added Tommy, as an afterthought, "I've great faith in Tuppence."

The journey was wearisome, with many stops, and crowded carriages. Ebury was a deserted station with a solitary porter, to whom Tommy addressed himself:  
"Can you tell me the way to the Most house?"

"The Most house? It's a tidy step from here. The big house near the sea, you mean?"  
Tommy assented bracingly. After listening to the porter's meticulous but perplexing directions, they prepared to leave the station. It was beginning to rain, and they turned up the collars of their coats as they trudged through the splash of the road. Suddenly Tommy halted.

"Wait a moment." He ran back to the station and tackled the porter anew.  
"Look here, do you remember a young lady who arrived by an earlier train, the 12:50 from London? She'd probably ask you the way to the Most house."

He described Tuppence as well as he could, but the porter shook his head. Several people had arrived by the train in question. He could not call to mind one young lady in particular.

Tommy reined Julius, and explained. Depression was settling down on him like a leaden weight. He felt convinced that their quest was going to be unsuccessful. The enemy had over three hours' start. Three hours was more than enough for Mr. Ebury. He would not ignore the possibility of the telegram having been found.

The way seemed endless. It was past seven o'clock when a small boy told them that "T Most house" was just past the next corner.  
A rusty iron gate swinging daily on its hinges! An overgrown drive thick with leaves. There was something about the place that struck a chill to both their hearts.

A turn of the drive brought them in sight of the house. That, too, seemed empty and deserted. Was it in need to this desolate spot that Tuppence had been decoyed? It seemed hard to believe that a human footstep had passed this way for months. Julius jerked the rusty bell handle. A jangling peal rang discordantly, echoing through the emptiness within. No one came. They rang again and as again—but there was no sign of life. Then they walked completely round the house. Everywhere silence, and shattered windows.

"Nothing doing," said Julius.  
They retraced their steps slowly to the gate.  
"There must be a village handy," continued the young American. "We'd better make inquiries there. They'll know something about the place, and whether there's been any one there lately."

"Yes, that's not a bad idea." Proceeding up the road, they soon came to a little hamlet. On the outskirts of it, they met a workman swinging his bag of tools, and to Tommy stopped him with a question.  
"The Most house? It's empty. I been empty for years. Mrs. Sweeney's got the key if you want to go over it—next to the post office."

Tommy thanked him. They soon found the post office, and knocked at the door of the cottage next to it. A clean, wholesome-looking woman handed the key of the Most house.  
"Though I doubt if it's the kind of place to suit you, sir. In a terrible state of repair. Ceilings leaking and all. 'Twould need a lot of money spent on it."

"That's all right. We'll have a look around this evening, anyway. By the way, you've not had a young lady here asking for this key today?"  
The woman shook her head.  
"No one's been over the place for a long time."

"Thanks very much." They retraced their steps to the Most house. As the front door swung back on its hinges, protesting loudly, Julius struck a match and examined the floor carefully. Then he shook his head.  
"I'd swear no one's passed this way,"