

Albany-Brownsville Stage Line

Daily Schedule

Brownsville hotel, Brownsville		St. Francis hotel, Albany	
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
2:10	8:00	11:45	5:45
2:35	8:25	11:20	5:20
2:45	8:25	11:10	5:10
3:00	8:50	10:55	4:55
3:25	9:15	10:30	4:30

Stages arriving at Albany connect for Portland stages.
Stages leaving Albany connect with Portland stages.

Look at the dust. Thick. Not a sign of a footmark.
They wandered round the deserted house. Everywhere the same tale. Thick layers of dust apparently undisturbed.
"We'll go over it again tomorrow," said Tommy. "Perhaps we'll see more in the daylight."



He Gave a Sudden Cry, and Stooping, Picked Something Up From Among the Leaves.

On the morning they took up the search once more, and were reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the house had not been invaded for some considerable time. They might have left the village altogether but for a fortunate discovery of Tommy's. As they were retracing their steps to the gate, he gave a sudden cry, and stooping, picked something up from among the leaves, and held it out to Julius. It was a small gold brooch.
"That's Tuppence's!"
"Are you sure?"
"Absolutely. I've often seen her wear it."
Julius drew a deep breath.
"I guess that settles it. She came as far as here, anyway. We'll make that our headquarters, and raise hell round here until we find her. Somebody must have seen her."

Forthwith the campaign began. Julius wired to town for his car, and they scoured the neighborhood daily with unflagging zeal. Julius was like a hound on the leash. He followed up the slenderest clue, but, as day succeeded day, they were no nearer to discovering Tuppence's whereabouts. So well had the abduction been planned that the girl seemed literally to have vanished into thin air.

And another preoccupation was weighing on Tommy's mind.
"Do you know how long we've been here?" he asked one morning as they sat facing each other at breakfast. "A week! We're no nearer to finding Tuppence, and next Sunday is the 29th! Today's the 23rd, and time's getting short. If we're ever going to get hold of her at all, we must do it before the 29th—her life won't be worth an hour's purchase afterward. The hostage game will be played out by then. We've wasted time and we're no for-warder."

"I'm with you there. We've been a couple of mutts, who've bitten off a bigger bit than they can chew. I'm going right back to London to put the case in the hands of your British police. Scotland Yard for me! I guess the professional always scores over the amateur in the end. Are you coming along with me?"
Tommy shook his head.
"What's the good? One of us is enough. I might as well stay here and nose round a bit longer. Something might turn up. One never knows."

"Sure thing. Well, so long. I'll be back in a couple of shakes with a few inspectors along. I shall tell them to pick out their brightest and best."
But the course of events was not to follow the plan Julius had laid down. Later in the day Tommy received a wire:
"Join me Manchester Midland hotel."

Important news—Julius.
At 7:30 that night Tommy alighted from a slow cross-country train. Julius was on the platform.
Tommy grasped him by the arm.
"What is it? Is Tuppence found?" Julius shook his head.
"No. But I found this waiting in London. Just arrived."

He handed the telegraph form to the other. Tommy's eyes opened as he read:
"Jane Finn found. Come Manchester Midland hotel immediately—Peel Edgerton."
Julius took the form back and folded it up.
"Queer," he said thoughtfully. "I thought that lawyer chap had quit."

CHAPTER XII

Jane Finn

"My train got in half an hour ago," explained Julius, as he led the way out of the station. "I reckoned you'd come by this before I left London, and wired accordingly to Sir James. He's booked rooms for us, and will be round to dine at eight."
Sir James arrived punctually at eight o'clock, and Julius introduced Tommy. Sir James shook hands with him warmly.
Immediately the first greetings were over Julius broke out into a flood of eager questions. How had Sir James managed to track the girl? Why had he not let them know that he was still working on the case? And so on.

Sir James stroked his chin and smiled. At last he said:
"Just so, just so. Well, she's found. And that's the great thing, isn't it? Eh! Come now, that's the great thing!"
"Sure it is. But just how did you strike her trail? Miss Tuppence and I thought you'd quit for good and all. But I guess I can take it if we were wrong."
"Well, I don't know that I should go so far as to say that. But it's certainly fortunate for all parties that we've managed to find the young lady."
"But where is she?" demanded Julius, his thoughts flying off on another tack. "I thought you'd be sure to bring her along?"
"That would hardly be possible," said Sir James gravely.
"Why?"
"Because the young lady was knocked down in a street accident, and has sustained slight injuries to the head. She was taken to the infirmary, and on recovering consciousness gave her name as Jane Finn."

"She's not seriously hurt?"
"Oh, a bruise and a cut or two. Her state is probably to be attributed to the mental shock consequent on recovering her memory."
"It's come back?" cried Julius excitedly.
"Undoubtedly, Mr. Hershelmer, since she was able to give her real name. I thought you had appreciated that point."

"And you just happened to be on the spot," said Tommy. "Seems quite like a fairy tale."
But Sir James was far too wary to be drawn.
"Coincidences are curious things," he said dryly.
Nevertheless Tommy was now certain of what he had before only suspected. Sir James' presence in Manchester was not accidental. Far from abandoning the case, as Julius supposed, he had by some means of his own successfully run the missing girl to earth. The only thing that puzzled Tommy was the reason for all this secrecy.

Julius was speaking.
"After dinner," he announced, "I shall go right away and see Jane."
"That will be impossible, I fear," said Sir James. "It is very unlikely they would allow her to see visitors at this time of night. I should suggest tomorrow morning about ten o'clock."
Julius flushed. There was something in Sir James which always stirred him to antagonism.
"All the same, I reckon I'll go round there tonight and see if I can't ginger them up to break through their silly rules."
"It will be quite useless, Mr. Hershelmer."

The words came out like the crack of a pistol, and Tommy looked up with a start. Julius was nervous and excited. The hand with which he raised his glass to his lips shook slightly, but his eyes held Sir James defiantly. For a moment the hostility between the two seemed likely to burst into flame, but in the end Julius lowered his eyes, defeated.
"For the moment, I reckon you're the boss."

"Thank you," said the other. "We will say ten o'clock then?" With consummate ease of manner he turned to Tommy. "I must confess, Mr. Beresford, that it was something of a surprise to me to see you here this evening. The last I heard of you was that your friends were in grave anxiety on your behalf. Nothing had been heard of you for some days, and Miss Tuppence was inclined to think you had got into difficulties."
"I had, sir!" Tommy grinned reminisciently. "I was never in a tighter place in my life."
Helped out by questions from Sir James, he gave an abbreviated account of his adventures. The lawyer looked at him with renewed interest as he brought the tale to a close.
"You got yourself out of a tight place very well," he said gravely. "I congratulate you. You displayed a great deal of ingenuity and carried your part through well."
Tommy blushed, his face assuming a prawn-like hue at the praise.
"And since then? What have you been doing?"

For a moment, Tommy stared at him. Then it dawned on him that of course the lawyer did not know.
"I forgot that you didn't know about Tuppence," he said slowly.
The lawyer laid down his knife and fork sharply.
"Has anything happened to Miss Tuppence?" His voice was keen-edged.
"She's disappeared," said Julius.
"When?"
"A week ago."
"How?"
Sir James' questions fairly shot out. Between them Tommy and Julius gave the history of the last week and their futile search.
Sir James went at once to the root of the matter.
"A wire signed with your name? They knew enough of you both for that. They weren't sure of how much you had learnt in that house. Their kidnapping of Miss Tuppence is the counter-move to your escape. If necessary they could seal your lips with a threat of what might happen to her."

"That's just what I thought, sir," Sir James looked at him keenly. "You had worked that out, had you? Not bad—not at all bad. The curious thing is that they certainly did not know anything about you when they first held you prisoner. You are sure that you did not in any way disclose your identity?"
Tommy shook his head.
"That's so," said Julius with a nod. "Therefore I reckon some one put them wise—and not earlier than Sunday afternoon."
"Yes, but who?"
"That almighty omniscient Mr. Brown, of course!"
There was a faint note of derision in the American's voice which made Sir James look up sharply.
"You don't believe in Mr. Brown, Mr. Hershelmer?"
"No, sir, I do not," returned the young American with emphasis. "Not as such, that is to say. I reckon it out that he's a figurehead—just a bogey name to frighten the children with. The real head of this business is that Russian chap Kramenin."

"I disagree with you," said Sir James shortly. "Mr. Brown exists." He turned to Tommy. "Did you happen to notice where that wire was handed in?"
"No, sir, I'm afraid I didn't."
"H'm. Got it with you?"
"It's upstairs, sir, in my kit."
"I'd like to have a look at it sometime. You've wasted a week. We'll deal with Miss Jane Finn first. Afterward, we'll set to work to rescue Miss Tuppence from bondage. I don't think she's in any immediate danger."
The other two assented, and, after making arrangements for meeting on the morrow, the great lawyer took his leave.
At ten o'clock, the two young men were at the appointed spot. Sir James had joined them on the doorstep. He alone appeared unexcited. He introduced them to the doctor.
"Mr. Hershelmer—Mr. Beresford—Dr. Roylance. How's the patient?"
"Going on well. Evidently no idea of the flight of time. Asked this morning how many had been saved from the Lusitania. She seems to have something on her mind, though."
"I think we can relieve her anxiety. May we go up?"
"Certainly."
Tommy's heart beat sensibly faster as they followed the doctor upstairs. Jane Finn at last! The long-sought, the mysterious, the elusive Jane Finn! How wildly improbable success had seemed! And here in this house, her memory almost miraculously restored, lay the girl who held the future of England in her hands. A half grown broke from Tommy's lips. If only Tuppence could have been at his side to share in the triumphant conclusion of their joint venture! Then he put the thought of Tuppence resolutely aside.
His confidence in Sir James was growing. There was a man who would unerringly ferret out Tuppence's whereabouts. In the meantime Jane Finn! And suddenly a dread clutched at his heart. It seemed too easy. . . . Suppose they should find her dead. . . . Stricken down by the hand of Mr.

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face, as Julius stepped forward and took her hand.
"How do, Cousin Jane?" he said lightly.
"But Tommy caught the tremor in his voice.
"Are you really Uncle Hiram's son?" she asked wonderingly.
Her voice seemed vaguely familiar to Tommy, but he thrust the impression aside as impossible.
"Sure thing."
A shadow passed over the girl's face.
"They've been telling me things—dreadful things—that my memory went, and that there are years I shall never know about—years lost out of my life. It seems to me as though it were no time since we were being hustled into those boats. I can see it all now." She closed her eyes with a shudder.
Julius looked across at Sir James, who nodded.
"Don't worry any. It isn't worth it. Now, see here, Jane, there's something we want to know about. There was a man aboard that boat with some mighty important papers on him, and the big guns in this country have got a notion that he passed on the goods to you. Is that so?"
The girl hesitated, her glance shifting to the other two. Julius understood.
"Mr. Beresford is commissioned by the British government to get those papers back. Sir James Peel Edgerton is an English member of parliament, and might be a big gun in the cabinet if he liked. It's owing to him that we've ferreted you out at last. So you can go right ahead and tell us the whole story. Did Danvers give you the papers?"

"Yes. He said they'd have a better chance with me, because they would save the women and child in first."
"Just as we thought," said Sir James.
"He said they were very important—that they might make all the difference to the Allies. But, if it's all so long ago, and the war's over, what does it matter now?"
"I guess history repeats itself, Jane. First there was a great hue and cry over those papers, then it all died down, and now the whole caboodle's started all over again—for rather different reasons. Then you can hand them over to us right away?"
"But I can't. I haven't got them."
"You haven't—got them?" Julius punctuated the words with little pauses.
"No—I hid them. I got uneasy. People seemed to be watching me. It scared me—badly." She put her hand to her head. "It's almost the last thing I remember before waking up in the hospital."
"Go on," said Sir James, in his quiet penetrating tones. "What do you remember?"
"It was at Holyhead. I came that way—I don't remember why. . . ."
"That doesn't matter. Go on."
"In the confusion on the quay I slipped away. Nobody saw me. I took a car. Told the man to drive me out of the town. I watched when we got on the open road. No other car was following us. I saw a path at the side of the road. I told the man to wait."
She paused, then went on. "The path led to the cliff, and down to the sea between big yellow gorse bushes—they were like hidden flames. I looked round. There wasn't a soul in sight. But just level with my head there was a hole in the rock. It was quite small—I could only just get my hand in, but it went a long way back. I took the oldskin packet from round my neck and shoved it right in as far as I could. Then I tore off a bit of gorse—My! but it did prick—and plugged the hole with it so that you'd never guess there was a crevice of any kind there. Then I marked the place carefully in my

own mind, so that I'd find it again. There was a queer boulder in the path just there—for all the world like a dog sitting up begging. Then I went back to the road. The car was waiting, and I drove back. I just caught the train. I was a bit ashamed of myself for fancying things maybe, but, by and by, I saw the man opposite me wink at a woman who was sitting next to me, and I felt scared again, and was glad the papers were safe. I went out in the corridor to get a little air. I thought I'd slip into another carriage. But the woman called me back, said I'd dropped something, and when I stooped to look, something seemed to hit me—here." She placed her hand to the back of her head. "I don't remember anything more until I woke up in the hospital."

(To be continued)
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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
WM. HOFLICH

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. "Stude" 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 at 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.

First gar ge going north. Tires, accessories, oils, gasoline, repair work.
W. H. HULBERT.

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, stoves ranges. Funeral directors. 437-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

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

MAGNETO ELECTRIC CO. All kinds of electric apparatus repaired. Conservative prices. All work fully guaranteed. 119-121 W. Second.

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 465. First and Lyon

Murphy Motor Co. Buick and Chevrolet automobiles. Tires and accessories. Albany, Oregon. Phone 200.

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

ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE, the WINCHESTER STORE. 322 W. First St.

S. S. GILBERT & SON. Jewellery and gift shop. Albany

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

STIMSON THE SHOE DOCTOR. Second street, opposite Hamilton's store. "Sadd" "Shoe Service."

Waldo Anderson & Sons, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chrysler, Essex, Hudson & Hudson. Accessories, Supplies. 1st & Bro.

ALBANY Metzger's SHOE SERVICE OREGON. Shoes that cost less per month of wear

WANTED Sheep on Shares 60 OR 65 HEAD. M. E. STONE. Twin Buttes—Halsey Postoffice.

Made in Oregon A Home Product That is in Good Demand

According to Alfred A. Aya, vice-president and sales manager of the Columbia Tire corporation, the motoring public is swinging back to the buying of better grade tires. Mr. Aya has had exceptional opportunities to study this phase of the tire business during the last few months, as he has covered 12,000 miles throughout the Northwest calling on dealers who handle C-T-C tires, the product of his company.

"During the last three or four years," says Mr. Aya, "there has been a marked tendency for the motorist to 'try out' one make of cheap tire after another in his effort to dodge the rising prices of that tin. Now, partly because he is 'fed up' and partly because the prices have reduced somewhat he is gradually returning to the practice of buying quality tires. We feel that the C-T-C, a tire bidding for popularity on quality alone, although no higher than any other good tire in price, will ride into immediate demand on this wave of better tire buying. The Columbia Tire corporation has practically completed its distribution in Oregon, and has, as well, strong dealer connections in almost every large city from San Diego to Seattle."

It has also been announced that the Canal Tire company, one of the largest tire houses in Seattle, has discontinued three nationally known tire lines to handle the C-T-C tires exclusively. Since the sales development work of the Columbia Tire corporation has been carried on less than a year, this wide distribution and the complete "coverage" of the territory is regarded as a splendid achievement by local merchandising authorities. Mr. Aya states that there are 328 dealers in Oregon alone who are looking forward to a big year in 1924 for this new product of Portland.

Gansle Brothers proprietors of the Arrow Garage have secured the agency to distribute C-T-C tires in Halsey. Tire buyers are learning to recognize the great margin of quality permitted by the western manufacture of these tires, due to savings on transportation, power and overhead.

Special Road Taxes. Petitions from electors of 17 of Linn county's 37 road districts for special road district meetings for the purpose of voting special tax have been filed with the county court. Petitions have been granted and elections ordered, district 2, at Oakville community house November 24; district 15, at Scio, November 17, and district 20, at Lebanon, November 24. District No. 2 is asking for \$1,000 and the other two for \$1,500 each.

Other districts having petitions and the amount each is asking are: No. 3, \$2,000; No. 27, \$1,200; special No. 1, \$500; No. 25, \$2,500; No. 23, \$6,000; No. 24, \$5,000; No. 22, \$2,000; No. 21, \$4,000; No. 14, \$600; No. 8, \$700; No. 16, \$1,000; No. 17, \$1,000; No. 19, \$2,000; No. 26, \$3,000; No. 27, \$5,000; No. 28, \$500; No. 29, \$3,000; No. 33, \$1,000.

Special District No. 1, which is asking for \$500, will use the money if voted for building a road to the Quartzville mines. If the district votes the money, the county must match the amount.

Miss Vivian Whistler and Vette Pratt visited and had Sunday dinner at A. C. Armstrong's.



She'll Accept Your Gift Gladly if it's a box of our delicious candy. It is as wholesome as it is delicious, and after eating it you'll want more. Every one dates upon our choice confections, they are always so pure, fresh and delicious.

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