

cant proved to be a rude-looking c... well coated with mud.

"Well, my good fellow, what is it?" asked Tommy.

"Might this be for you, sir?" The carter held out a very dirty folded note, on the outside of which was written: "Take this to the gentleman at the Inn near Astley Priors. He will give you ten shillings."

The handwriting was Tuppence's. Tommy appreciated her quick-wittedness in realizing that he might be staying at the Inn under an assumed name. He unfastened it.

"Dear Tommy:

"I knew it was you last night. Don't go this evening. They'll be lying in wait for you. They're taking us away this morning. I heard something about Wales—Holyhead, I think. I'll drop this on the road if I get a chance. Annette told me how you'd escaped. Buck up.

"Yours, TWOPENCE."

Tommy raised a shout for Albert. "Pack my bag! We're off!"

"Yes, sir." The boots of Albert could be heard racing upstairs.

Holyhead? Did that mean that, after all—Tommy was puzzled.

The boots of Albert continued to be active on the floor above.

Suddenly a second shout came from below.

"Albert! I'm a d-d fool! Unpack that bag!"

"Yes, sir."

Tommy smoothed the note thoughtfully.

"Yes, a d-d fool," he said softly. "But so's some one else! And at last I know who it is!"

CHAPTER XV

Julius Takes a Hand.

In his suite at Claridge's, Kramenin reclined on a couch and dictated to his secretary in sibilant Russian.

Presently the telephone at the secretary's elbow purred, and he took up the receiver, spoke for a minute or two, then turned to his employer.

"Some one below is asking for you."

"Who is it?"

"He gives the name of Mr. Julius P. Hershimmer."

"Hershimmer," repeated Kramenin thoughtfully. "I have heard that name before."

"His father was one of the steel kings of America," explained the secretary, whose business it was to know everything. "This young man must be a millionaire several times over."

"A millionaire several times over," murmured Kramenin. "Bring him up, my dear Ivan."

The secretary left the room and returned escorting Julius.

"Monsieur Kramenin?" said the latter abruptly.

The Russian, studying him attentively with his pale venomous eyes, bowed.

"Pleased to meet you," said the American. "I've got some very important business I'd like to talk over with you, if I can see you alone." He looked pointedly at the other.

"My secretary, Monsieur Grieber, from whom I have no secrets."

"That may be so—but I have," said Julius dryly. "Send him round to a store to buy a penworth of penicils."

"Very good, Ivan. I shall not require you again this evening. Go to the theater—take a night off."

The secretary bowed and departed. Julius stood at the door watching his retreat. Finally, with a satisfied sigh, he closed it, and came back to his position in the center of the room.

"Now, Mr. Hershimmer, perhaps you will be so kind as to come to the point."

"I guess that won't take a minute," drawled Julius. Then, with an abrupt change of manner: "Hands up—or I shoot!"

For a moment Kramenin stared blindly into the big automatic, then, with almost comical haste, he flung up his hands above his head. In that instant Julius had taken his measure. The man he had to deal with was an abject physical coward—the rest would be easy.

"This is an outrage," cried the Russian in a high hysterical voice. "An outrage! Do you mean to kill me?"

"Not if you keep your voice down. Don't go edging sideways towards that bell. That's better."

"What do you want? Money?"

"No. I want Jane Finn."

"Jane Finn? I—never heard of her!"

"You're a damned liar! You know perfectly well who I mean."

"I tell you I never heard of the girl."

"And I tell you," retorted Julius,

"that Little Willie here is just hopping mad to go off!"

"You wouldn't dare—"

"Oh, yes, I would, son!"

Kramenin must have recognized something in the voice that carried conviction, for he said sullenly:

"Well? Granted I do know who you mean—what of it?"

"You will tell me now—right here—where she is to be found."

"I daren't. You ask an impossibility."

"Afraid, eh? Of whom? Mr. Brown? Ah, that tickles you up! There is such a person, then. I doubted it. And the mere mention of him scares you stiff!"

"I have seen him," said the Russian slowly. "He is a man to fear."

"He'll never know," said Julius.

"He knows everything—and his vengeance is swift."

"Then you won't do as I ask you?"

"You ask an impossibility."

"Sure that's a pity for you," said

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"And I Tell You," Retorted Julius, "That Little Willie Here is Just Hopping Mad to Go Off."

Julius cheerfully. "But the world in general will benefit." He raised the revolver.

"Do not shoot. I will do all you wish."

Julius lowered the revolver.

"Where is the girl?"

"At Gatehouse, in Kent. Astley Priors, the place is called."

"What about the other girl, the one you decry away over a week ago?"

"She's there too," said the Russian sullenly.

"That's good," said Julius. "Isn't it all panning out beautifully? And a lovely night for the run?"

"What run?" demanded Kramenin, with a stare.

"Down to Gatehouse, sure. I hope you're fond of motoring?"

"What do you mean? I refuse to go."

"Now, don't get mad. You must see I'm not such a kid as to leave you here. You'd ring up your friends on that telephone first thing! Ah! He observed the fall on the other's face.

"You see, you'd got it all fixed. No, sir, you're coming along with me. This your bedroom next door here? Walk right in. Little Willie and I will come behind. Put on a thick coat, that's right. Fur lined! And you a Socialist! Now we're ready. We walk

downstairs and out through the hall into where my car's waiting. And don't you forget I've got you covered every inch of the way. I can shoot just as well through my coat pocket."

Together they descended the stairs and passed out to the waiting car.

The Russian was shaking with rage. The hotel servants surrounded them. A cry hovered on his lips, but at the last minute his nerve failed him. The American was a man of his word.

When they reached the car, Julius breathed a sigh of relief. The danger zone was passed. Fear had successfully hypnotized the man by his side.

"Get in," he ordered. "George!"

The chauffeur turned his head.

"I want to go to Gatehouse in Kent. Know the road at all?"

"Yes, sir; it will be about an hour and a half's run."

"Make it an hour. I'm in a hurry."

"I'll do my best, sir." The car shot forward through the traffic.

Julius ensconced himself comfortably by the side of his victim. He kept his hand in the pocket of his coat, but his manner was urbane to the last degree.

Slowing down, the chauffeur called over his shoulder that they were just coming into Gatehouse. Julius bade the Russian direct them. His plan was to drive straight up to the house. There Kramenin was to ask for the two girls. Julius explained to him that Little Willie would not be tolerant of failure. Kramenin, by this time, was as putty in the other's hands.

The car swept up the drive, and stopped before the porch. The chauffeur looked round for orders.

"Turn the car first, George. Then ring the bell, and get back to your place. Keep the engine going, and be ready to scoot like h—l when I give the word."

"Very good, sir."

The front door was opened by the butler. Kramenin felt the muzzle of the revolver against his ribs.

"Now," hissed Julius. "And be careful!"

The Russian beckoned. His lips were white, and his voice was not very steady.

"It is I—Kramenin! Bring down the girl at once! There is no time to lose!"

Whittington had come down the steps. He uttered an exclamation of astonishment at seeing the other.

"We have been betrayed! Plans must be abandoned. We must save our own skins. The girl! And at once! It's our only chance."

Whittington hesitated, but for hardly a moment.

"You have orders—from him?"

"Naturally! Should I be here otherwise? Hurry! There is no time to be lost. The other little fool had better come too."

Whittington turned and ran back into the house. The agonizing minutes went by. Then—two figures hastily huddled in cloaks appeared on the steps and were hustled into the car. The smaller of the two was inclined to resist and Whittington shoved her

in unceremoniously. Julius leaned forward, and in doing so the light from the open door lit up his face. Another man on the steps behind Whittington gave a startled exclamation. Concealment was at an end.

"Get a move on, George," shouted Julius.

The chauffeur slipped in his clutch, and with a bound the car started.

The man on the steps uttered an oath. His hand went into his pocket. There was a flash and a report. The bullet just missed the taller girl by an inch.

"Get down, Jane," cried Julius. "Flat on the bottom of the car. Are you all right, Tuppence?"

"Of course I am. Where's Tommy? What made them let us go?" demanded Tuppence.

"I reckon Monsieur Kramenin here asked them so prettily they just couldn't refuse!"

This was too much for the Russian. He burst out vehemently:

"Curse you—curse you! They know now that I betrayed them. My life won't be safe for an hour in this country."

"That's so," assented Julius. "I'd advise you to make tracks for Russia right away."

"Let me go, then," cried the other. "I have done what you asked."

"Sure thing. Pull up, George. The gentleman's not making the return trip. If I ever come to Russia, Monsieur Kramenin, I shall expect a rousing welcome, and—"

But before Julius had finished his speech, and before the car had finally halted, the Russian had swung himself out and disappeared into the night.

"Annette and I didn't know what was going to happen to us," said Tuppence. "Old Whittington hurried us off. We thought it was lambs to the slaughter."

"Annette," said Julius. "Is that what you call her?"

His mind seemed to be trying to adjust itself to a new idea.

"It's her name," said Tuppence, opening her eyes very wide.

"Shucks!" retorted Julius. "She may think it's her name, because her memory's gone, poor kid. But it's the one real and original Jane Finn we've got here."

"What—?" cried Tuppence. "But she was interrupted. With an angry spurt, a bullet embedded itself in the upholstery of the car just behind her head."

"Down with you," cried Julius. "It's an ambush. Push her a bit, George." The car fairly leapt forward. Three more shots rang out, but went happily wide. Julius raised his hand to his cheek.

"You are hurt?" said Annette quickly.

"Only a scratch."

The girl sprang to her feet.

"Let me out! Let me out, I say! Stop the car. It is me they are after. I'm the one they want. You shall not lose your lives because of me. Let me go." She was fumbling with the fastenings of the door.

Julius took her by both arms, and looked at her. She had spoken with no trace of foreign accent.

"Sit down, kid," he said gently. "I guess there's nothing wrong with your memory. Been fooling them all the time, eh?"

The girl looked at him, nodded, and then suddenly burst into tears. Julius patted her on the shoulder.

"There, there—just you sit tight. We're not going to let you quit."

Through her sobs the girl said indistinctly:

"You're from home. I can tell by your voice. It makes me homesick."

"Sure I'm from home. I'm your cousin—Julius Hershimmer. I came over to Europe on purpose to find you—and a pretty dance you've led me."

The car slackened speed. George spoke over his shoulder:

"Cross-roads here, sir. I'm not sure of the way."

The car slowed down till it hardly moved. As it did so a figure climbed suddenly over the back, and plunged head first into the midst of them.

"Sorry," said Tommy, extricating himself. "Was in the bushes by the drive. Hung on behind. Couldn't let you know before at the pace you were going. It was all I could do to hang on. Now then, you girls, get out! There's a station just up that road. Train due in three minutes. You'll catch it if you hurry."

"What the devil are you driving at?" demanded Julius. "Do you think you can fool them by leaving the car?"

"You and I aren't going to leave the car. Only the girls."

Tommy turned to Tuppence.

"Get out at once, Tuppence. Take her with you, and do just as I say. Take the train to London. Go straight to Sir James Peel Edgerton. Mr. Carter lives out of town, but you'll be safe with him."

"Darn you!" cried Julius. "You're mad. Jane, you stay where you are."

With a sudden swift movement, Tommy snatched the revolver from Julius' hand, and leveled it at him.

"Now will you believe I'm in earnest? Get out, both of you, and do as I say—or I'll shoot!"

Tuppence sprang out, dragging the unwilling Jane after her.

"Come on, it's all right. If Tommy's sure—he's sure. Be quick. We'll miss the train."

They started running.

Julius' pent-up rage burst forth.

"What the h—l—"

The linotype operator sometimes mixes things up when he tries to translate the editor's manuscript into Roman letters. Last week in one item he called A. J. Hill A. I. Hill and J. C. Walton J. C. Dalton.

## 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**, Radio sets, Electric wiring, Delco Light products. GLENN WILLARD WM. HOFELICH.

**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**, "Studebaker" 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

**DR. C. FICQ** DENTIST Albany, Oregon 312 West Second street

**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 garage 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.

**FOR CHRISTMAS** Your photograph Clifford's Studio 333 West First street

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

**Furniture** Furniture Co., furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, ranges. Funeral directors. 417-433 west First street, Albany, Oregon.

**Hill's Floral and Music Shop** Good service and prompt delivery on cut flowers and floral designs. Albany Phone 166J

**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 65 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. PIPE, Albany State Bank Building.

**ROSCOE AMES HARDWARE,** the WINCHESTER STOKES 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's store. "Sudden Service"

**Waldo Anderson & Son**, distributors and dealers for Maxwell, Chalmers, Essex, Hudson & Hupmobile cars. Accessories, Supplies, 1st & Broadalbin.

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

New and used **FURNITURE AND FARM MACHINERY** bought, sold and exchanged at all times **BEN T. SUDETELL** Phone 76-R, 123 N. Broadalbin st., Albany

Why suffer from headache? Have your eyes examined **S. T. FRENCH** Optometrist, with **F. M. FRENCH & SONS** JEWELERS—OPTICIANS Albany, Oregon

**Jots and Tittles** (Continued from page 1) There were twenty weddings and three divorces in Linn county last month.

Several windows have been cleaned that would have waited longer if the boys had been less active Halloween.

Percy Taylor of Peoria and Miss Millie Ione Smith of Albany were married Thursday. They will live on a Peoria farm.

R. H. Delaney of Myrtle Creek and Joe De Freese of Wilbur, Wash., were arrested for picking up a pouch which J. V. Shanks had laid on a stool in the Elite canteen at Albany Friday.

When Shanks missed it they were followed and arrested in the act of tearing up some valuable papers it had contained. They lay in jail over night, but were released, as the papers had not been seriously damaged. They were lucky.

There are grapes on the market that came from California, but that isn't because Oregon cannot grow her own, and we need not go to southern Oregon to find them flourishing either.

Plenty of them grow around Halsey. A bunch brought in by F. M. Bond the other day were reminders that beauty and flavor in grapes are as attainable here as in "sunny California." By the way California has not had the edge on us very much in the way of sunshine this fall.

(Continued on page 4)

**Play Fair** The Enterprise, in accordance with the usual practice of weekly newspapers, is sent to subscribers in the county for a reasonable time after expiration of subscription, in the supposition that the subscriber wishes it.

While following this practice, I send notices about the 1st of each month, to all whose subscriptions expire within that month, in order that they may notify this office if they do not wish a continuance. I do not desire to send the paper to anybody who is not willing to pay \$1.50 a year, which is less than the price of any other weekly in the county.

If you received any other commodity which you had not paid for the law would require you to pay for all you received. Under common law, which holds good in most of the states, this rule applies to newspapers.

Unscrupulous publishers sometimes send papers without authorization and then collect the price. In Oregon, to prevent this, a special statute was enacted which outlaws such accounts. In some quarters it is claimed that this law of Oregon goes farther and makes illegal a claim for papers continued after the expiration of a genuine subscription. This is a manifest injustice. When a paper is sent in good faith under the impression that the party desires it and intends to pay for it, the claim ought to be as readily enforceable by law as if it were for a sack of flour which had been sent, accepted and used.

If you are a subscriber to the Enterprise and receive a notice that your time has expired and a request for notification if you do not desire a continuance, in common decency and fairness, please notify the publishers. A notification to the carrier or the postmaster is sufficient, if you do not feel like investing one cent in a postal card and sending it to the publisher. The government supplies the postmaster with blanks on which to forward your notice to the publisher.

I find very few in Halsey who have the meanness of spirit to receive the paper for months or a year and then refuse to pay for it. Very few are like Harry Stewart, who received the paper, without making a sign, for a year or two, and then wrote to a collector in whose hands his bill had been placed:

"When I subscribed for the Halsey Enterprise I paid \$1.50 cash in advance for one year and one year only, and because they failed to stop sending me the paper when my time expired is not my fault, and I do not intend to pay bills wished onto me by newspaper editors or any one else, without my consent."

If you receive the Enterprise regularly, and do not intend to pay for it, please let me know.

Wm. H. WHEELER Publisher.

## American Eagle Fire Insurance Co.

Hay is worth just as much in storage as you might get for it in case of fire. The American Eagle Fire Insurance company will pay you 85% of the cash value in case of loss by fire.

C. P. STAFFORD, Agent