

Hershelmer to a few friends on the evening of the 30th will long be remembered in catering circles.

The list of guests was small and select. The American ambassador, Mr. Carter, who had taken the liberty, he said, of bringing an old friend, Sir William Baresford, with him, Archdeacon Cowley, Dr. Hall, those two youthful adventurers, Miss Prudence Cowley and Mr. Thomas Baresford, and last, but not least, as guest of honor, Miss Jane Finn.

To most people the 29th, the much-heralded "Labor Day," had passed much as any other day. Speeches were made in the Park and Trafalgar square. Straggling processions, singing the "Red Flag," wandered through the streets in a more or less aimless manner. Newspapers which had hinted at a general strike, and the inauguration of a reign of terror, were forced to hide their diminished heads.

Tommy had been right in his forecast of the situation. It had been a one-man show. Deprived of their chief, the organization fell to pieces. Kramelnik had made a precipitate return to Russia, leaving England early on Sunday morning. The gang had fled from Astley Priors in a panic, leaving behind, in their haste, various damaging documents which compromised them hopelessly.

But the cabinet knew by how narrow a margin they had escaped utter disaster. And burnt in on Mr. Carter's brain was the strange scene which had taken place in the house in Soho the night before.

England was saved!

And now, on the evening of the 30th, in a private room at the Savoy, Mr. Julius P. Hershelmer was receiving his guests.

Soon the supper party was in full swing, and with one accord Tommy was called upon for a full and complete explanation.

"Tommy's been the goods this trip! And, instead of sitting there as dumb as a fish, let him banish his blushes, and tell us all about it."

"Hear! hear!"

"There's nothing to tell," said Tommy, acutely uncomfortable. "I was an awful mug—right up to the time I found that photograph of Annette, and realized that she was Jane Finn. Then I remembered how persistently she had shouted out that word 'Marguerite'—and I thought of the pictures, and—well, that's that. Then of course I went over the whole thing to see where I'd made an ass of myself."

"Go on," said Mr. Carter, as Tommy showed signs of taking refuge in silence once more.

"That business about Mrs. Vandemeyer had worried me when Julius told me about it. On the face of it, it seemed that he or Sir James must have done the trick. But I didn't know which. Finding that photograph in the drawer, after that story of how it had been got from him by Inspector Brown, made me suspect Julius. Then I remembered that it was Sir James who had discovered the false Jane Finn. In the end, I couldn't make up my mind—and just decided to take no chances either way. I left a note for Julius, in case he was Mr. Brown, saying I was off to the Argentine, and I dropped Sir James' letter with the offer of the job by the desk so that he would see it was a genuine stunt. Then I wrote my letter to Mr. Carter, and rang up Sir James. And then I got a bogus note from Tuppence—and I knew!"

"But how?"

Tommy took the note in question from his pocket and passed it round the table.

"It's her handwriting all right, but I knew it wasn't from her because of the signature. She'd never spell her name 'Tuppence,' but anyone who'd never seen it written might quite easily do so. Julius had seen it—he showed me a note of hers to him once—and Sir James hadn't! After that everything was plain sailing. I sent off Albert post-haste to Mr. Carter. I pretended to go away, but doubled back again. When Julius came bursting up in his car, I felt it wasn't part of Mr. Brown's plan—and that there would probably be trouble. Unless Sir James was actually caught in the act, so to speak, I knew Mr. Carter would never believe it at him on my unsupported word."

"I didn't," interposed Mr. Carter, ruefully.

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"It's Her Handwriting, All Right."

"That's why I sent the girls off to Sir James. I was sure they'd fetch up at the house in Soho sooner or later. I threatened Julius with the revolver, because I wanted Tuppence to repeat that to Sir James, so that he wouldn't worry about us. The moment the girls were out of sight I told Julius to drive like hell for London, and as we went along I told him the whole story. We got to the Soho house in plenty of time and met Mr. Carter outside. After arranging things with him we went in and hid behind the curtain in the recess. The policemen had orders to say, if they were asked, that no one had gone into the house. That's all."

whom is due the thanks and gratitude of two great countries!"

CHAPTER XIX

And After.

"That was a mighty good toast, Jane," said Mr. Hershelmer, as he and his cousin were being driven back in the Rolls-Royce to the Ritz.

"The one to the Joint Venture?"

"No—the one to you. There isn't another girl in the world who could have carried it through as you did. You were just wonderful!"

Jane shook her head. "I don't feel wonderful. At heart I'm just tired and lonesome—and longing for my own country."

"That brings me to something I wanted to say. I heard the ambassador telling you his wife hoped you would come to them at the embassy right away. That's good enough, but I've got another plan. Jane—I want you to marry me! Don't get scared and say no at once. You can't love me right away, of course, that's impossible. But I've loved you from the very moment I set eyes on your photo—and now I've seen you I'm simply crazy about you! If you'll only marry me, I won't worry you any—you shall take your own time. Maybe you'll never come to love me, and if that's the case I'll manage to set you free. But I want the right to look after you and take care of you."

"Oh, Julius!"

"Well, I don't want you to hurry, Jane, but there's no sense in waiting about. Don't be scared—I shan't expect you to love me all at once."

But a small hand was slipped into his.

"I love you now, Julius," said Jane Finn. "I loved you the first moment in the car when the bullet grazed your cheek. . . ."

In the meantime the Young Adventurers were sitting bolt upright, very stiff and ill at ease, in a taxi.

They sat very straight and forebore to look at each other.

At last Tuppence made a desperate effort.

"Rather fun, wasn't it?"

"Rather."

"Another silence."

"I like Julius," essayed Tuppence, again.

Tommy was suddenly galvanized into life.

"It has been fun, hasn't it, Tommy? I do hope we shall have lots more adventures."

"You're insatiable, Tuppence. I've had quite enough adventures for the present."

"Well, shopping is almost as good," said Tuppence, dreamily. "Think of buying old furniture, and bright carpets, and futuristic silk curtains, and a polished dining table, and a divan with lots of cushions—"

"Hold hard," said Tommy. "What's all this for?"

"Possibly a house—but I think a flat."

"Whose flat?"

"You think I mind saying it, but I don't in the least! Ours, so there!"

"You darling!" cried Tommy, his arms tightly round her. "I was determined to make you say it. I owe you something for the relentless way you've squashed me whenever I've tried to be sentimental."

Tuppence raised her face to his. The taxi proceeded on a course round the north side of Regent's park.

"You haven't really proposed now," pointed out Tuppence. "Not what our grandmothers would call a proposal. But after listening to a rotten one like Julius's, I'm inclined to let you off."

"You won't be able to get out of marrying me, so don't you think of it."

"What fun it will be," responded Tuppence. "Marriage is called all sorts of things, a haven, and a refuge, and a crowning glory, and a state of bondage, and lots more. But do you know what I think it is?"

"A sport!"

"And a d—d good sport, too," said Tommy. [THE END.]

WHO WILL PRESENT COW?

Who will present cow No. 8 to the Children's Farm Home at Corvallis?

Have you ever stopped to think what an absolute necessity milk is for the growing child and have you ever realized how much milk it would take to properly nourish forty-six children? This is the number now being cared for at the Children's Farm Home.

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Suppose you sit down and consider the quantity of milk required for this family. The answer to this is cows, cows and then more cows for there will be twenty-five more children in the Home in a few weeks. Realizing this the Orangemen of Oregon City asked fifty cents of each member and with that purchased a fine Jersey with \$150.00 and sent a delegation to present her ladyship to the Farm Home. A few days later Mrs. C. S. Jackson of the Portland Journal, who was interested in the Home to the extent of a big heart and one thousand dollars invested in the Portland cottage now under construction, visited the Home and realizing the barrels of milk needed told the big Journal family on her return and a second cow found its way through their gifts to the farm to delight the boys, who have each and all a big ambition to learn to learn to milk. That these cows will be groomed to the queens taste goes without saying.

There are little children there who did not know the taste of milk when they arrived. The complexions of some vied with strong coffee which had been their daily beverage. These are fading out into attractive blonds under the use of milk. Not only this but their tired hungry eyes are flashing with vigor and their muscles hardening with health with this child's necessary food. Who wants to send another cow? It will be welcome and receive such care as cows seldom have.

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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 towns. 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. HOPFLICH

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

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

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Jots and Tittles

(Continued from page 1)

J. W. Stephenson went to Eugene Sunday for Armistice Day.

E. S. Hayes has gone to the Alea country to take a summer vacation in the fall.

Nobody can have the front to complain of rain after the weather we have had all fall.

For the first time since 1920 Linn county warrants on the general fund are being cashed as presented.

Linn county egg producers will meet in Albany Nov. 20 in the interests of the co-operative marketing of eggs in New York.

The federal department of agriculture says there are 57,000 wild deer in Oregon and the largest herd in the state is in the Santiam national forest.

Clarence Williams of Lake creek has the winning White Leghorn hens in the county for September in the egg-laying competition. His 300 hens averaged 17.66 eggs a piece for the month.

All the county courts in counties carrying on agricultural extension work through county agents, with a single exception, have made provision for continuation of the program. The single exception was Linn county.

A large attendance of teachers is expected at the district institute at the Halsey high school building next Saturday. J. F. Burches of O. A. C. will deliver two addresses and much good is hoped for from the gathering.

That noise on the streets the night after the election was made by the Harrisburg hooters. Their own home city was not large enough to hold all their exuberant joy and they spread it by autos all the way to the county seat.

At O. A. C. Kenneth Cross is out for freshman basketball. Cross is one of 71 shooters who appeared in basketball clothes for the first practice of the year. When the active season starts the squad will be reduced to about 20 men.

Foley Swyter, bootlegger with free board awaiting in the Linn county jail and sundry other similar institutions while on the way to Portland from Corvallis in charge of an officer from the latter city made his escape in Albany and is, as usual, "wanted" by the police.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor, who recently bought the Harry Nebergall property in Sunrise, have moved here to make their home. They have been residing near Halsey and their son, Percy O. Taylor, whose wedding was an event of last week, will live on the farm.—Albany Herald.

A number of Halsey votes were turned against the bridge bonds by the circulation of the false assertion that the state would build the bridges if the counties did not contribute. Defeat of the bonds would have left Linn county the disgrace of having the only ferry to delay traffic on the Pacific highway.

The leading headline in the Enterprise Thursday evening said: "Income Tax Wins." Most of the other papers that day and the next proclaimed that the measure had been defeated. There was a majority of the counted vote against it, but all of Portland's vote had been counted and the Enterprise had faith that the "cow counties" would destroy the city majority. They did.

The identity of "Mr. Brown" is revealed in our story this week. Mrs. Vandemeyer had virtually admitted that she knew him and feared him, and was afraid, when she agreed to sell her secret to Tuppence. That his mysterious efficiency would discover her perfidity. Now you can see why she was stricken with terror and collapsed when, looking over Tuppence's head, she saw Sir James and Mr. Hershelmer and why, after drinking from a glass that had passed through the hands of Sir James, she went to sleep and never awoke.

It is now known beyond a doubt that certain sections of Linn county believe Albany has been selfish and un-mindful of the welfare of all but herself. * * * It is to be hoped Albany has acquired the "Put-yourself-in-his-place" spirit that will work for the benefit not only of the outside communities but also of Albany herself. * * * Success of the bridge bond measure, and the campaign that preceded it, have had much to do with breaking down barriers that had always stood in the way of a unified Linn county.—Albany Democrat.