The Secret Adversary

by Agatha Christie

(Continued from last week.)

"But the doctor shook his head. 'I'm afraid that, too, is impossible, Nurse Edith left with a patient tonight also.' 'I seem to be real unlucky,' I remarked. 'Have you Mr. Whittington's address in town? I guess I'd like to look him up when I get back.' 'I don't know his address, I can write to Nurse Edith for it if you like.' I thanked him. 'Don't say who it is wants it. I'd like to give him a little surprise.'

"That was about all I could do for the moment. Of course, if the girl was really Whittington's niece, she might be too cute to fall into the trap, but it was worth trying. My foot soon got all right. I said good-by to the little doctor chap, asked him to send me word if he heard from Nurse Edith, and came right away back to town. Say, Miss Tuppence, you're looking mighty pale?"

"It's Tommy," said Tuppence. "What can have happened to him?"

"Buck up; I guess he's all right really. Why shouldn't he be? See here, it was a foreign-looking guy he went off after. Maybe they've gone abroad—to Poland, or something like that?"

Tuppence shook her head. "I've seen that man, Boris something, since. He dined with Mrs. Vandemeyer last night."

"Mrs. Who?"

"I forgot. Of course you don't know all that."

"I'm listening," said Julius, and gave vent to his favorite expression. "Put me wise."

Tuppence thereupon related the events of the last two days. Julius' astonishment and admiration were unbounded.

"Bully for you! Fancy you a menial. It just tickles me to death!" Then he added seriously: "But say, now, I don't like it, Miss Tuppence. I sure don't. These crooks we're up against would as soon croak a girl as a man any day."

"Oh, bother me!" said Tuppence impatiently. "Let's think about what can have happened to Tommy. I've written to Mr. Carter about it," she added, and told him the gist of her letter.

Julius nodded gravely.

"I guess that's good as far as it goes. But it's for us to get busy and do something. I guess we'd better get on the track of Boris. You say he's been to your place. Is he likely to come again?"

"He might. I really don't know."

"I see. Well, I guess I'd better buy a car, a slap-up one, dress as a chauffeur and hang about outside. Then if Boris comes, you could make some kind of signal, and I'd trail him. How's that?"

"Splendid, but he mightn't come for weeks."

"We'll have to chance that. I'm glad you like the plan." He rose.

"Where are you going?"

"To buy the car, of course," replied Julius, surprised. "I'll be round in it in half an hour."

"You're awfully good, Julius. But I can't help feeling that it's rather a forlorn hope. I'm really pinning my faith to Mr. Carter. By the way, I forgot to tell you of a queer thing that happened this morning."

And she narrated her encounter with Sir James Peel Edgerton. Julius was interested.

"What did the guy mean, do you think?" he asked.

"I don't quite know," said Tuppence meditatively. "But I think that, in an ambiguous, legal, without prejudiceish lawyer's way, he was trying to warn me."

"Why should he? See here, we don't want any lawyers mixed up in this. That guy couldn't help us any."

"Well, I believe he could," reiterated Tuppence obstinately.

"Don't you think it. So long. I'll be back in half an hour."

Thirty-five minutes had elapsed when Julius returned. He took Tuppence by the arm, and walked her to the window.

"There she is."

"Oh!" said Tuppence with a note of reverence in her voice, as she gazed down at the enormous car.

Friday and Saturday passed uneventfully. Tuppence had received a brief answer to her appeal from Mr. Carter. In it he pointed out that the Young Adventurers had undertaken the work at their own risk, and had been fully warned of the dangers. If anything had happened to Tommy he regretted it deeply, but he could do nothing.

This was cold comfort. It seemed to the girl that, for the first time, she realized the sinister character of the mission they had undertaken so light-heartedly. It had begun like a page of romance. Now, shorn of its glamor, it seemed to be turning to grim reality. Tommy—that was all that mattered. Many times in the day Tuppence blinked the tears out of her eyes resolutely. "Little fool," she would apostrophize herself, "don't snivel. Of course you're fond of him. You've known him all your life. But there's no need to be sentimental about it."

In the meantime, nothing more was seen of Boris. He did not come to the flat, and Julius and the car waited in vain. Tuppence gave herself over to new meditations. Whilst admitting the truth of Julius' objection, she had nevertheless not entirely relinquished the idea of appealing to Sir James Peel Edgerton. Indeed, she had gone so far as to look up his address in the Red Book. Had he meant to warn her that day? If so, why? Tuppence decided, with her usual shake of the shoulders, it was worth trying, and try it she would. Sunday was her afternoon out. She would meet Julius, persuade him to her point of view, and they would beard the lion in his den.

When the day arrived Julius needed a considerable amount of persuading, but Tuppence held firm. "It can do no harm," was what she always came back to. In the end Julius gave in, and they proceeded in the car to Curlton House terrace.

The door was opened by an irreproachable butler. Tuppence felt a little nervous. She had decided not to ask if Sir James was "at home," but to adopt a more personal attitude.

"Will you ask Sir James if I can see him for a few minutes? I have an important message for him."

The butler retired, returning a moment or two later.

"Sir James will see you. Will you step this way?"

He ushered them into a room at the back of the house, furnished as a library. The collection of books was a magnificent one, and Tuppence noticed that all one wall was devoted to works on crime and criminology. There were several deep-padded leather arm-chairs, and an old-fashioned open hearth. In the window was a big roll-top desk strewn with papers at which the master of the house was sitting.

He rose as they entered.

"You have a message for me? Ah"—he recognized Tuppence with a

He Arose as They Entered.

smile—"It's you, is it? Brought a message from Mrs. Vandemeyer, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," said Tuppence. "In fact, I'm afraid I only said that to be quite sure of getting in. Oh, by the way, this is Mr. Hersheimmer, Sir James Peel Edgerton."

"Pleased to meet you," said the American, shooting out a hand.

"Won't you both sit down?" asked Sir James. He drew forward two chairs.

"Sir James," said Tuppence, plunging boldly, "I dare say you will think it is most awful cheek of me coming here like this. What I really want to know is what you meant by what you said to me the other day? Did you mean to warn me against Mrs. Vandemeyer? You did, didn't you?"

"My dear young lady, as far as I recollect I only mentioned that there were equally good situations to be obtained elsewhere."

"Yes, I know. But it was a hint, wasn't it?"

"Well, perhaps it was," admitted Sir James gravely.

"Well, I want to know more. I want to know just why you gave me a hint."

Sir James smiled at her earnestness.

"Well, without prejudice, then, if I had a young sister forced to earn her living, I should not like to see her in Mrs. Vandemeyer's service. It is no place for a young and inexperienced girl. That is all I can tell you."

"I see," said Tuppence thoughtfully. "Thank you very much. But I'm not really inexperienced, you know. I knew perfectly that she was a bad lot when I went there—as a matter of fact that's why I went—" She broke off, seeing some bewilderment on the lawyer's face, and went on: "I think perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story, Sir James. I've a sort of feeling that you'd know in a minute if I didn't tell the truth, and so you might as well know all about it from the beginning."

"Yes, tell me all about it," said Sir James.

Thus encouraged, Tuppence plunged into her tale, and the lawyer listened with close attention.

"Very interesting," he said as she finished. "A great deal of what you tell me, child, is already known to me. I've had certain theories of my own about this Jane Finn. You've done extraordinarily well so far, but it's rather too bad of—what do you know him as?—Mr. Carter to pitchfork you two young things into an affair of this kind. By the way, where did Mr. Hersheimmer come in originally? You didn't make that clear."

Julius answered for himself.

"I'm Jane's first cousin," he explained, returning the lawyer's keen gaze.

"Ah!"

"Oh, Sir James," broke out Tuppence, "what do you think has become of Tommy?"

"H'm." The lawyer rose, and paced slowly up and down. "When you arrived, young lady, I was just packing up my traps. Going to Scotland by the night train for a few days' fishing. But there are different kinds of fishing. I've a good mind to stay, and see if we can't get on the track of that young chap."

"Oh!" Tuppence clasped her hands ecstatically.

"All the same, as I said before, it's too bad of—of Carter to set you two babies on a job like this. Now, don't get offended, Miss—er—"

"Cowley. Prudence Cowley. But my friends call me Tuppence."

"Well, Miss Tuppence, then, as I'm certainly going to be a friend. Now, about this young Tommy of yours. Frankly, things look bad for him. He's been butting in somewhere where he wasn't wanted. Not a doubt of it. But don't give up hope."

"And you really will help us? There, Julius! He didn't want me to come," she added by way of explanation.

"H'm," said the lawyer, favoring Julius with another keen glance. "And why was that?"

"I reckoned it would be no good worrying you with a petty little business like this."

"I see." He paused a moment. "This petty little business, as you call it, bears directly on a very big business, bigger, perhaps, than either you or Miss Tuppence know. If this boy is alive, he may have very valuable information to give us. Therefore, we must find him. There's one person quite near at hand who in all probability knows where he is, or at all events where he is likely to be—Mrs. Vandemeyer."

"Yes, but she'd never tell us."

"Ah, that is where I come in. I think it quite likely that I shall be able to make Mrs. Vandemeyer tell me what I want to know."

"How?" demanded Tuppence, opening her eyes very wide.

"Oh, just by asking her questions," replied Sir James easily. "That's the way we do it, you know."

He tapped with his finger on the table, and Tuppence felt again the intense power that radiated from the man.

"And if she won't tell?" asked Julius suddenly.

"I think she will. I have one or two powerful levers. Still, in that unlikely event, there is always the possibility of bribery."

"Sure. And that's where I come in!" cried Julius, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "You can count on me, if necessary, for one million dollars. Yes, sir, one million dollars!"

Sir James sat down and subjected Julius to a long scrutiny.

"Mr. Hersheimmer," he said at last, "that is a very large sum. At the present rate of exchange it amounts to considerably over two hundred thousand pounds."

"That's so. Maybe you think I'm talking through my hat, but I can deliver the goods all right, with enough over to spare for your fee."

Sir James flushed slightly.

"There is no question of a fee, Mr. Hersheimmer. I am not a private detective."

"Sorry. I guess I was just a mite hasty, but I've been feeling bad about this money question. I wanted to offer a big reward for news of Jane some days ago, but your crusted institution of Scotland Yard advised me against it. Said it was undesirable."

Sir James considered for a moment.

"There is no time to be lost. The sooner we strike the better." He turned to Tuppence. "Is Mrs. Vandemeyer dining out tonight, do you know?"

"Yes, I think so, but she will not be out late. Otherwise, she would have taken the latchkey."

"Good. I will call upon her about ten o'clock. What time are you supposed to return?"

"About nine-thirty or ten, but I could go back earlier."

"You must not do that on any account. It might arouse suspicion if you did not stay out till the usual time. Be back by nine-thirty. I will arrive at ten. Mr. Hersheimmer will wait below in a taxi perhaps."

"He's got a new Rolls-Royce car," said Tuppence with vicarious pride.

"Even better. If I succeed in obtaining the address from her, we can go there at once, taking Mrs. Vandemeyer with us if necessary. You understand?"

"Yes." Tuppence rose to her feet with a skip of delight. "Oh, I feel so much better!"

"Don't build on it too much, Miss Tuppence. Go easy."

Julius turned to the lawyer.

"Say, then. I'll call for you in the car round about nine-thirty. Is that right?"

"Perhaps that will be the best plan. It would be unnecessary to have two cars waiting about. Now, Miss Tuppence, my advice to you is to go and have a good dinner, a really good one, mind. And don't think ahead more than you can help."

He shook hands with them both, and a moment later they were outside.

"Isn't he a duck?" inquired Tuppence ecstatically, as she skipped down the steps. "Oh, Julius, isn't he just a duck?"

"Well, I allow he seems to be the goods all right. And I was wrong about its being useless to go to him. Say, shall we go right away back to the Ritz?"

"I must walk a bit, I think. I'll meet you at the Ritz at seven."

(Continued next week.)

NOTICE

Union Bible Conference and Evangelical Campaign will be held at the First Baptist Church of Hillsboro from February 24th to March 7th. They will be conducted by Dr. Ironside of Oakland, California. Whosoever will may come.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Weidewitsch, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs
F. W. Phillips and Carrie Phillips, his wife, Melissa J. Jackson, Millie Shearer and W. R. Shearer, her husband, Ellen Vickers and Grafton Vickers, her husband, Alice E. Foord, George W. Phillips and Anna Phillips, his wife, Charles W. Phillips, E. A. Ives, Rosa Caughtry and Robert Caughtry, her husband, Lulu Stewart and George Stewart, her husband, Herbert Smith and Clara Smith, his wife, Nettie Williams and Charles Williams, her husband, Vivian Tompkins and Robert Tompkins, her husband, Ray Smith and Agnes Smith, his wife, Benjamin Hall, Willis Hall, Carrol Hall, Mildred Hall, Clara Loveland and —— Loveland, her husband, Mary Sanders and George W. Sanders, her husband, W. D. Phillips, Emma J. Patton and William Patton, her husband, A. L. Thomas and —— Thomas, his wife,
Defendants.

To Clara Loveland and —— Loveland, her husband, George W. Phillips and Anna Phillips, his wife, of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the the order for publication of this summons, to-wit:

On or before the expiration of six weeks, next from and after the date of first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication thereof being on Feb. 15, 1924, and set forth by way of answer any claim you may have to the real property hereinafter described, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in their said complaint, to-wit:

First: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about June 2, 1903, by D. T. Phillips and Martha Phillips, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to Emma J. Patton, and recorded on or about Oct. 4, 1905 in Book 71 at page 68 thereof, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, be reformed and corrected so as to express the true intentions and contract of the parties thereto, prior to and on the date of said execution and delivery of said deed as aforesaid, by describing the real estate therein conveyed to Emma J. Patton as being situated in Washington County, State of Oregon and more particularly described and bounded as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 51 7-25 rods south, 89 degrees, 07 minutes, 30 seconds east and 1560.00 feet north, 0 degrees, 25 minutes east of the southwest corner of the William McLin D. L. C. No. 40 in township one south of range three west of the Willamette Meridian and running thence south 89 degrees, 07 minutes, 30 seconds, east 14 chains; thence north 0 degrees, 25 minutes, east 7.675 chains to the south line of the Southern Pacific right of way; thence following the south line of said right of way north 89 degrees, 42 minutes west 14 chains, more or less, to a point due north of the place of beginning; thence south to the place of beginning, containing 10 1-2 acres, more or less;

Also commencing in the center of the Base Line Road at the northwest corner of the land formerly owned by O. L. Doane in said Donation Land Claim, deed for which tract is recorded in Vol. 62 of Deeds, page 64; thence south about 8 1-2 rods to the right of way of the Southern Pacific railroad; thence west about 31 1-2 rods, to the southeast corner of a tract of land formerly owned by Henry Weinhard; thence north about 8 1-2 rods to the center of the Base Line Road; thence east 31 1-2 rods, more or less to the place of beginning, containing 1 1-2 acres, more or less, in Washington County, Oregon,

and that said deed be decreed to be a deed and to have conveyed from said D. T. Phillips and Martha Phillips, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said Emma J. Patton all the land last above described.

Second: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about Jan. 28, 1907, by Emma J. Patton and William Patton, her husband, to Bertha Wiedewitsch, and recorded on or about May 22, 1907, in Book 76 at page 177 thereof, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, be reformed and corrected so as to express the true intentions and contract of the parties thereto prior to and on the date of said execution and delivery of said deed as aforesaid, by describing the real estate therein conveyed to Bertha Wiedewitsch, as above described, and that said deed be decreed to be a deed to and to have conveyed from said Emma J. Patton and William Patton, her husband to said Bertha Wiedewitsch, all the land above described.

Third: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about March 13, 1909, by Bertha Wiedewitsch and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, to A. L. Thomas, and recorded on or about Dec. 17, 1910, in Book 91 at page 342 thereof, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, be reformed and corrected so as to express the true intentions and contract of the parties thereto, prior to and on the date of said execution and delivery of said deed as aforesaid, by describing the real estate therein conveyed to A. L. Thomas, as above described, and that said deed be decreed to be a deed to and to have conveyed from said Bertha Wiedewitsch and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, to said A. L. Thomas, all the land above described.

Fourth: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about March 13, 1909, by A. L. Thomas to L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Wiedewitsch, his wife, and recorded on or about Dec. 12, 1910, in Book 91 at page 343 thereof, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, be reformed and corrected so as to express the true intentions and contract of the parties thereto, prior to and on the date of said execution and delivery of said deed as aforesaid, by describing the real estate therein conveyed to L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Wiedewitsch, his wife, as above described, and that said deed be decreed to be a deed to and to have conveyed from said A. L. Thomas to said L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Wiedewitsch, his wife, all the land above described.

Fifth: For a decree adjudging and decreeing plaintiffs herein to be the absolute owners in fee simple of all of said real estate above described; and that the title of plaintiffs to said property be absolutely quieted; and that it be decreed that you, and each of you, and all persons claiming by, through or under you or either of you be forever barred and precluded from claiming or attempting to assert, any interest, right, title, claim or lien, in, to or upon said premises or any part or parcel thereof adverse to the title of plaintiffs therein and thereto; and that plaintiffs have such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication in The Beaverton Review by order of Hon. George R. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated Feb. 5, 1924, at Hillsboro, Oregon.

M. B. Bump,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
M. B. Bump, Residence and Post Office address, Hillsboro, Oregon.
Adv C 11-17

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Valentine Nehrbauer, deceased, has filed his final account in the office of the County Clerk of Washington County, Oregon, and that the 25th day of February, A. D., 1924 at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. in the forenoon of said day, in the County Court room of said Court has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Date of First publication: January 25 A. D., 1924.

Date of Last publication: February 22 A. D., 1924.

W. F. DESSINGER,
Administrator.
[illegible] & ROBERTS,
Attorneys for Administrator.

DR. SAMUEL SORENSEN

Dr. Samuel Sorenson, D. V. S.
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BEAVERTON REVIEW

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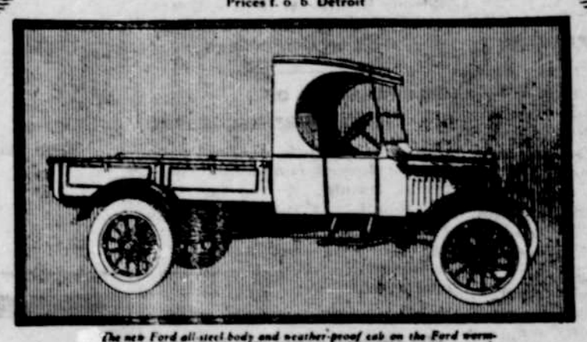

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