

The Secret Adversary

By Agatha Christie

(Copyright Dodd, Mead & Co.)
(Continued from last week.)

The doctor stared.
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hereshimer. I thought you understood."
"Understood what?"
"That Miss Vandemeyer is no longer under my care."
Julius sprang up.
"What? When did she leave?"
"Let me see. Today is Monday, is it not? It must have been last Wednesday—why, surely, yes, it was the same evening that you—fell out of my tree."
"That evening? Before, or after?"
"Let me see—oh, yes, afterward. A very urgent message arrived from Mrs. Vandemeyer. The young lady and the nurse who was in charge of her left by the night train."
Julius sank back again into his chair.
"Nurse Edith—left with a patient—I remember," he muttered. "My G—d, to have been so near!"
Doctor Hall looked bewildered.
"I don't understand. Is the young lady not with her aunt, after all?"
Tuppence shook her head. She was about to speak when a warning glance from Sir James made her hold her tongue. The lawyer rose.
"I'm much obliged to you, Hall. We're very grateful for all you've told us. I'm afraid we're now in the position of having to track Miss Vandemeyer again. What about the nurse who accompanied her? I suppose you don't know where she is?"
The doctor shook his head.
"We've not heard from her, as it happens. I understood she was to remain with Miss Vandemeyer for a while. But what has happened? Surely the girl had not been kidnapped."
"That remains to be seen," said Sir James gravely.
The other hesitated.
"You do not think I ought to go to the police?"
"No, no. In all probability the young lady is with other relations."
The doctor was not completely satisfied, but he saw that Sir James was determined to say no more. Accordingly, he wished them good-by, and they left the hotel. For a few minutes they stood by the car talking.
"How meddling," cried Tuppence.
"To think that Julius must have been actually under the same roof with her for a few hours."
"I was a damned idiot," muttered Julius gloomily.
"You couldn't know," Tuppence consoled him. "Could he?" She appealed to Sir James.
"I should advise you not to worry," said the latter kindly. "No use crying over spilt milk, you know. You might advertise for the nurse who accompanied the girl. That is the only course I can suggest, and I must confess I do not hope for much result. Otherwise there is nothing to be done."
"Nothing?" said Tuppence blankly.
"And—Tommy?"
"We must hope for the best," said Sir James. "Oh, yes, we must go on hoping."
But ever her downward head his eyes met Julius', and almost imperceptibly he shook his head. Julius understood. The lawyer considered the case hopeless. The young American's face grew grave. Sir James took Tuppence's hand.
"You must let me know if anything further comes to light. Letters will always be forwarded."
Tuppence stared at him blankly.
"You are going away?"
"I told you. Don't you remember? To Scotland."
"Yes, but I thought—" The girl hesitated.
Sir James shrugged his shoulders.
"My dear young lady, I can do nothing more. I fear. Our clues have all ended in thin air. You can take my word for it that there is nothing more to be done. If anything should arise, I shall be glad to advise you in any way I can."
His words gave Tuppence an extraordinarily desolate feeling.
"I suppose you're right," she said. "Anyway, thank you very much for trying to help us. Good-by."
Julius was bending over the car. A momentary pity came into Sir James' keen eyes, as he gazed into the girl's downcast face.
"Don't be too desolate, Miss Tuppence," he said in a low voice. "Remember, holiday time isn't always all playtime. One sometimes manages to put in some work as well."
Something in his tone made Tuppence glance up sharply. He shook his head with a smile.
"No, I shouldn't say any more. Great mistake to say too much. Remember that. Never tell all you know—not even to the person you know best. Understand? Good-by."
He strode away. Tuppence stared after him. She was beginning to understand Sir James' methods. Once before he had thrown her a hint in the same careless fashion. Was this a hint? What exactly lay behind those last brief words? Did he mean that, after all, he had not abandoned the case; that, secretly, he would be working on it still while—
Her meditations were interrupted by Julius, who adjured her to "get right in."
"You're looking kind of thoughtful," he remarked as they started off. "Did the old guy say anything more?"
Tuppence opened her mouth impulsively, and then shut it again. Sir James' words sounded in her ears: "Never tell all you know—not even to the person you know best." And like a flash there came into her mind another memory. Julius before the safe in the flat, her own question and the pause before his reply. "Nothing." Was there really nothing? Or had he found something he wished to keep to himself? If he could make a reservation, could she.
"Nothing particular," she replied.
She felt rather than saw Julius throw a sideways glance at her.
"Oh, shall we go for a spin in the car?"

"If you like."
For a while they ran on under the trees in silence. It was a beautiful day. The keen rush through the air brought a new exhilaration to Tuppence.
"Say, Miss Tuppence, do you think I'm ever going to find Jane?"
Julius spoke in a discouraged voice. The mood was so alien to him that Tuppence turned and stared at him in surprise. He nodded.
"That's so. I'm getting down and out over the business. Sir James today hadn't got any hope at all, I could see that. I don't like him—we don't see together somehow—but he's pretty cute, and I guess he wouldn't quit if there was any chance of success—now, would he?"
Tuppence felt rather uncomfortable, but clinging to her belief that Julius also had withheld something from her, she remained firm.
"He suggested advertising for the course," she reminded him.
"Yes, with a 'foreign hope' flavor to his voice? No—I'm about fed up. I've half a mind to go back to the States right away."
"Oh, no!" cried Tuppence. "We've got to find Tommy."
"I sure forgot Heresford," said Julius contritely. "That's so. We must find him. But after—well, I've been day-dreaming ever since I started on this trip—and these dreams are rotten poor business. I'm quit of them. Say, Miss Tuppence, there's something I'd like to ask you."
"Yes?"
"You and Heresford. What about it?"
"I don't understand you," replied Tuppence with dignity, adding inconsequently: "And, anyway, you're wrong."
"Not got a sort of kindly feeling for one another?"
"Certainly not," said Tuppence with warmth. "Tommy and I are friends—nothing more."
"Now, let's get down to this. Supposing we never find Heresford—and—"
"All right—say it! I can face facts. Supposing he's dead! Well?"
"And all this business fiddles out. What are you going to do?"
"I don't know," said Tuppence forlornly.
"You'll be damned lonesome, you poor kid."
"I shall be all right," snapped Tuppence with her usual resentment of any kind of pity.
"What about marriage?" inquired Julius. "Got any views on the subject?"
"I intend to marry, of course," replied Tuppence. "That is, if—she paused, knew a momentary longing to draw back, and then stuck to her guns bravely—"I can find someone rich enough to make it worth my while. That's frank, isn't it? I dare say you despise me for it."
"I never despise business instinct," said Julius. "What particular figure have you in mind?"
"Figures?" asked Tuppence, puzzled.
"Do you mean tall or short?"
"No. Sum—Income."
"Oh, I—I haven't worked that out."
"What about me?"
"You?"
"Sure thing."
"Oh, I couldn't!"
"Why not?"
"It would seem so unfair."
"I don't see anything unfair about it. I tell you that, that's all. I admire you immensely, Miss Tuppence, more than any girl I've ever met. You're so darned plucky. I'd just love to give you a real, rattling good time. Say the word, and we'll run round right away to some high-class jeweler, and fix up the ring business."
"I can't," gasped Tuppence.
"Because of Heresford?"
"No, no, no!"
"Well, then?"
Tuppence merely continued to shake her head violently.
"You can't reasonably expect more dollars than I've got."
"Oh, it isn't that," gasped Tuppence with an almost hysterical laugh. "But thinking you very much, and all that, I think I'd better say no."
"I'd be obliged if you'd do me the favor to think it over until tomorrow."
"It's no use."
"Still, I guess we'll leave it like that."
"Very well," said Tuppence meekly. Neither of them spoke again until they reached the Ritz.
Tuppence went upstairs to her room. She felt morally battered to the ground after her conflict with Julius' vigorous personality. Sitting down in front of the glass, she stared at her own reflection for some minutes.
"Fool," murmured Tuppence at length, making a grimace. "Little fool. Everything you want—everything you've ever hoped for, and you go and bleed out 'no' like an idiot little sheep. It's your one chance. Why don't you take it? Grab it? Snatch at it? What more do you want?"
"Oh, in answer to her own question, or now fell on a small snapshot of Tommy that stood on her dressing-table in a shabby frame. For a moment she struggled for self-control, and then abandoning all pretense, she held it to her lips and burst into a fit of sobbing.
"Oh, Tommy, Tommy," she cried. "I do love you so—and I may never see you again."
At the end of five minutes Tuppence sat up, blew her nose, and pushed back her hair.
"That's that," she observed sternly. "Let's look facts in the face. I seem to have fallen in love—with an idiot of a boy who probably doesn't care two straws about me." Here she paused. "Anyway," she resumed, as though arguing with an unseen opponent, "I don't know that he does. He'd never have dared to say so. I've always jumped on sentiment—and here I am being more sentimental than anybody. What idiots girls are! I've always thought so. I suppose I shall sleep with his photograph under my pillow, and dream about him all night. It's dreadful to feel you've been false to your principles."
Tuppence shook her head sadly, as she reviewed her backsliding.
"I don't know what to say to Julius. I'm sure. Oh, what a fool I feel! I'll have to say something—be's so American and thorough, he'll insist upon having a reason. I wonder if he did find anything in that safe—"

...puppence's meditations went off on another tack. She reviewed the events of last night carefully and persistently. Somehow, they seemed bound up with Sir James' enigmatic words. Suddenly she gave a great start—the color faded out of her face. Her eyes, fascinated, gazed in front of her, the pupils dilated.
"Impossible!" she murmured. "Impossible! I must be going mad even to think of such a thing."
Monstrous—yet it explained everything.
After a moment's reflection she sat down and wrote a note, weighing each word as she did so. Finally she nodded her head as though satisfied, and slipped it into an envelope, which she addressed to Julius. She went down the passage to his sitting-room and knocked at the door. As she had expected, the room was empty. She left the note on the table.
A small page-boy was waiting outside her own door when she returned to it.
"Telegram for you, Miss."
Tuppence took it from the salver, and tore it open carelessly. Then she gave a cry. The telegram was from Tommy!
CHAPTER X
Tommy and Annette.
From a darkness punctuated with throbbing stabs of fire, Tommy dragged his senses slowly back to life. He was vaguely aware of unfamiliar surroundings. Where was he? What had happened? He blinked feebly. This was not his room at the Ritz. And what the devil was the matter with his head?
"D—n!" said Tommy, and tried to sit up. He had remembered. He was in that sinister house in Soho. He uttered a groan and fell back. Through his almost-closed lids he recognized carefully.
"He is coming to," remarked a voice very near Tommy's ear. He recognized it at once for that of the bearded and efficient German, and lay artistically inert. Painfully he tried to puzzle out what had happened. Obviously somebody must have crept up behind him as he listened and struck him down with a blow on the head. They knew him now for a spy, and would in all probability give him short shrift. Nobody knew where he was, therefore he need expect no outside assistance, and must depend solely on his own wits.
"Well, here goes," murmured Tommy to himself, and repeated his former remark.
"D—n!" he observed, and this time succeeded in sitting up.
In a minute the German stepped forward and placed a glass to his lips, with the brief command, "Drink." Tommy obeyed. The potency of the draft made him choke, but it cleared his brain in a marvelous manner. He was lying on a couch in the room in which the meeting had been held. On one side of him was the German, on the other the villainous-faced doorkeeper who had let him in. The others were grouped together at a little distance away. Rgt Tommy missed one face. The man known as Number One was no longer of the company.
"Feel better?" asked the German, as he removed the empty glass.
"Yes, thanks," returned Tommy cheerfully.
"Ah, my young friend, it is lucky for you your skull is so thick. The good Conrad struck hard." He indicated the evil-faced doorkeeper by a nod. The man grinned.
Tommy twisted his head round with an effort.
"Oh," he said, "so you're Conrad, are you? It strikes me the thickness of my skull was lucky for you too. When I look at you I feel it's almost a pity I've enabled you to cheat the hangman."
"Have you anything to say before you are put to death as a spy?"
"Simply lots of things," replied Tommy with urbanity.
"Do you deny that you were listening at that door?"
"I do not. I must really apologize—but your conversation was so interesting that it overcame my scruples."
"How did you get in?"
"Dear old Conrad here," Tommy smiled deprecatingly at him. "I hesitate to suggest penning off a faithful servant, but you really ought to have a better watchdog."
Conrad snarled impotently, and said sullenly, as the man with the beard swung round upon him:
"He gave the word. How was I to know?"
"Yes," Tommy chimed in. "How was he to know? Don't blame the poor fellow. His hasty action has given me the pleasure of seeing you face to face."
He fancied that his words caused some discomposure among the group, but the watchful German stifled it with a wave of his hand.
"Dead men tell no tales," he said evenly.
"Ah," said Tommy, "but I'm not dead yet!"
(Continued next week.)

Foal and Dam Need Care
Foaling season is here and both the mare and foal need care, says Dr. B. T. Simms, veterinarian of the experiment station. If possible and the weather conditions permit the mare should be allowed to foal outside. In case the mare must foal inside, the stall should be well bedded and kept absolutely clean. The stump of the naval cord should not be tied off. As soon as the animal is born the cord should be treated with tincture of iodine and then some antiseptic powder applied.

SEMPSONS
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Wiedewitsch, Plaintiffs,
vs.
F. W. Phillips and Carrie Phillips, his wife, Melissa J. Jackson, Phillis Shearer, and W. E. Shearer, her husband, Ellen Vickers and Grafton Vickers, her husband, Alice E. Ford, Phillips W. Phillips and Anna Phillips, his wife, Charles W. Phillips, E. A. Ives, Rosa Caughtry and Robert Caughtry, her husband, L. J. Stewart and George Stewart, her husband, Herbert Smith and Clara Smith, his wife, Nettie Williams and Charles Williams, her husband, Tompkins and Robert Tompkins, her husband, Ray Smith and Agnes Smith, his wife, Benjamin Smith, her husband, Carel Hall, Mildred Hall, Clara Loveland and Fred Loveland, her husband, Mary Sanders and George Sanders, her husband, W. D. Phillips, Emma J. Patton and William Patton, her husband, Thomas, his wife, Defendants.
To Clara Loveland and George Loveland, her husband, George W. Phillips and Anna Phillips, his wife, of the County of Washington, Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you, or show cause why you should not be bound as follows: to-wit:
Beginning at a point 51 1-2 rods south 43 degrees 27 minutes 27 seconds east and 1569.00 feet north, 6 degrees, 25 minutes east to the southwest corner of the William McLain D. L. C. No. 46 in township 33 North, Range 6 East, of the Willamette Meridian and running thence south 83 degrees, 67 minutes 20 seconds, east 41 chains, thence

North 0 degrees, 25 minutes, east 7475 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 11 chains, more or less, to a point named north of the above described 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 north-west corner of the land formerly owned by G. L. Doane in said Donation Land Claim, deed for which is recorded in Deeds for Wash. of Deeds, page 54; thence south about 1 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 1 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 void and of no effect, and that the said D. T. Phillips and Martha Phillips, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said D. T. Phillips and Martha Phillips, all the land last above described.

Second: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about June 25, 1902, by Emma J. Patton and William Wiedewitsch, and recorded on or about May 22, 1907, in Book 12, 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 after the date of said execution and delivery of said deed as aforesaid, and that said deed be decreed to be void and of no effect, and that the real estate therein conveyed to A. L. Thomas, his wife, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said A. L. Thomas, all the land above described.

Third: For a decree that that certain deed of conveyance executed and delivered on or about March 12, 1909, by Bertha Wiedewitsch and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said A. L. Thomas, all the land above described, 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, and that said deed be decreed to be void and of no effect, and that the real estate therein conveyed to A. L. Thomas, his wife, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, his wife, and F. W. Phillips 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 12, 1909, by A. L. Thomas, his wife, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said A. L. Thomas, all the land above described, 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, and that said deed be decreed to be void and of no effect, and that the real estate therein conveyed to A. L. Thomas, his wife, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, her husband, and L. G. Wiedewitsch, his wife, and F. W. Phillips to said A. L. Thomas, 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 vested;

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 or to any said premises or any part or parcel thereof adverse to the title of plaintiffs therein said; and that the 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. Casley, Justice of the Peace, dated Feb. 9, 1924, at Hillsboro, Oregon.

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

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington
In the matter of the Estate of Geo. N. Klein and Vallie Klein, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as the administrator of the estate of Geo. N. Klein and Vallie Klein, deceased, has filed his final accounts and reports in the office of the County Clerk of Washington County, Oregon, for said estates, and that the 31st day of March, 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.
Dated and first published, March 7, 1924.
Last publication, March 23, 1924.
G. W. STITT, Administrator of the estate of Geo. N. Klein, deceased, and Vallie Klein, deceased.
ALLEN & ROBERTS, Attorneys for Administrator, 714 Sweetland Building, Portland, Oregon.

Henry (Coming home drunk)—Hello, my (hic) dear.
Wife—You'd ought to go crawl in some dark hole and hide yourself!
Henry—You're right, m' dear; just give (hic) me the (hic) key to the winecellar.

W. E. Pegg
Undertaker and Embalmer
Grange Building
BEAVERTON, OREGON

USE SULPHUR TO HEAL YOUR SKIN
Broken Out Skin and Itching Eczema Helped Over Night
For unsightly skin eruptions, rash or blotches on face, neck, arms or body, you do not have to wait for relief from torture or embarrassment, declares a noted skin specialist. Apply a little Mentho-Sulphur and improvement shows next day.
Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation. The moment you apply it healing begins. Only those who have had unsightly skin troubles can know the delight this Mentho-Sulphur brings. Even fiery, itching eczema is dried right up.
Get a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

SAMPLE FREE Send us your name and address, a post card will do, and we will mail free and postpaid, a sample copy of **Popular Mechanics** MAGAZINE
the most wonderful magazine published. It contains the never ending story of the Events of the World and **400 PICTURES**
1500 Illustrated Pages every month, that will entertain every member of the family. There is a special department for the Radio fans for the Handy Man and Farmer who like to use tools, for the Amateur who wants tips on how to do and make things, and Women are delighted with the "Household Tools" pages. Each issue contains something to interest everybody. You do not obligate yourself in any way by asking for a free sample copy. If you like it you can buy a copy every month from any Newsdealer or send us your subscription—\$2.50 for one year.
Popular Mechanics Company
220-224 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
WE PAY the largest commission to subscription Agents and want one in every community. Send for AGENTS' FREE COPY. FIT. Name two references.

Home-Made Pies
Pastries to Order
WHITEHALL CAFE
Opposite Post Office Beaverton, Oregon

Your Carpenter
will tell you that we always have the kind of Lumber you want—dependable grades and sizes. That is why he has passed judgement on the products of the
J. Haulenbeck Lbr. Co.
Opposite S. P. Depot BEAVERTON, OREGON

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Do Rats Talk to Each Other?
Asks Mr. M. Batty, R. I.
"I got five cakes of Rat-Snap and three pieces around feed store. Got about half a dozen dead rats a day for two solid weeks. Suddenly they were fewer. Now we haven't any. Who told them about Rat-Snap? Rats dry up and leave no smell. Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by
Dean's Drug Store, Beaverton, O.

Do Rats Talk to Each Other?
Asks Mr. M. Batty, R. I.
"When I went into our barn and found my best cow dead, I bought one cake of Rat-Snap and killed six big rats. Foultry raisers should use Rat-Snap. Comes in cakes, no mixing. No smell from dead rats. These rats, Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by
Dean's Drug Store, Beaverton, O.

Why Mr. N. Windsor (R. I.) Put Up with Rats for Years
"Years ago I got some rat poison, which nearly killed our fine wash dog. We put up with rats until a friend told me about Rat-Snap. It surely kills rats, these house rats won't touch it. Rats dry up and leave no smell. Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by
Dean's Drug Store, Beaverton, O.

Mapes & Son
BILLIARD PARLORS
Cigars
Tobaccos
Confections
Soft Drinks
Cady Building
Watson Street

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK
When Mixed With Sulphur It Brings Back Its Beautiful Lustre At Once
Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advanced age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur entitles its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Myrtle's Sage and Sulphur Compound." It is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully. Besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application on two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Fordson
Make this a Fordson Year
Have dependable Fordson Power ready when the fields are first ready for breaking.
Through all the year, use its steady, versatile power for bigger profits on every farm task that requires power.
To be sure of this, however, we must have your order now. Spring with its peak load of Fordson buying orders is almost here.
Don't wait. Order today. Make this a Fordson year.
Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan