The Secret Adversary

by Agatha Christie

(Continued from last week.)

"You soon will be, my young friend," said the German.

An assenting murmur came from the others.

"Can you give us any reason why we should not put you to death?" asked the German.

"Several," replied Tommy. "Look here, you've been asking me a lot of questions. Let me ask you one for a change. Why didn't you kill me off at once before I regained consciousness?"

The German hesitated, and Tommy seized his advantage.

"Because you didn't know how much I knew—and where I obtained my knowledge. If you kill me now, you never will know. How did I get into this place? Remember what dear old Conrad said—with your own password, wasn't it? How did I get hold of that? You don't suppose I came up those steps haphazard and said the first thing that came into my head?"

"That is true," said the working man suddenly, "Comrades, we have been betrayed!"

An ugly murmur arose. Tommy smiled at them encouragingly.

"That's better. How can you hope to make a success of any job if you don't use your brains?"

"You will tell us who has betrayed us," said the German. "But that shall not save you—oh, no! You shall tell us all that you know. Boris, here, knows pretty ways of making people speak!"

"Bah!" said Tommy scornfully, fighting down a singularly unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach. "You will neither torture me nor kill me."

"And why not?" asked Boris.

"Because you'd kill the goose that lays the golden eggs," replied Tommy quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean?" parried Tommy, searching desperately in his own mind.

Suddenly Boris stepped forward, and shook his fist in Tommy's face.

"Speak, you swing of an Englishman—speak!"

"Don't get so excited, my good fellow," said Tommy calmly. "That's the worst of you foreigners. You can't keep calm. Now, I ask you, do I look as though I thought there were the least chance of your killing me?"

He looked confidently round, and was glad they could not hear the persistent beating of his heart which gave the lie to his words.

"No," admitted Boris at last sullenly, "you do not."

"Thank God, he's not a mind reader," thought Tommy. Aloud he pursued his advantage:

"And why am I so confident? Because I know something that puts me in a position to propose a bargain."

"A bargain?" The bearded man took him up sharply.

"Yes—a bargain. My life and liberty against—" He paused.

"Against what?"

The group pressed forward. You could have heard a pin drop.

Slowly Tommy spoke.

"The papers that Danvers brought over from America in the Lusitania."

The effect of his words was electrical. Everyone was on his feet. The German waved them back. He leaned over Tommy, his face purple with excitement.

"Himmel! You have got them, then?"

With magnificent calm Tommy shook his head.

"You know where they are?" persisted the German.

Again Tommy shook his head. "Not in the least."

"Then—then—" angry and baffled the words failed him.

Tommy looked round. He saw anger and bewilderment on every face but his calm assurance had done its work—no one doubted but that something lay behind his words.

"I don't know where the papers are—but I believe I can find them. If I produce the papers—you give me my life and liberty in exchange. Is it a bargain?"

"And if we refuse?" said the German quietly.

Tommy lay back on the couch.

"The 29th," he said thoughtfully, "is less than a fortnight ahead—"

For a moment the German hesitated. Then he made a sign to Conrad.

"Take him into the other room."

For five minutes Tommy sat on the bed in the dingy room next door. His heart was beating violently. He had risked all on this throw. How would they decide?

At last the door opened, and the German called imperiously to Conrad to return.

The German was seated once more behind the table. He motioned to Tommy to sit down opposite to him.

"We accept," he said harshly, "on terms. The papers must be delivered to us before you go free."

"Idiot!" said Tommy amiably. "How do you think I can look for them if you keep me tied by the leg here?"

"What do you expect, then?"

"I must have liberty to go about the business in my own way."

The German laughed.

"Do you think we are little children to let you walk out of here leaving us a pretty story full of promises? One of our number will carry out your instructions minutely. If the operations are complicated, he will return to you with a report and you can instruct him further."

"You're tying my hands," complained Tommy. "It's a very delicate affair, and the other fellow will muff it up as likely as not, and then where shall I be? I don't believe one of you has got an ounce of tact."

"Those are our terms. Otherwise, death!"

Tommy leaned back wearily.

"I like your style. Curt, but attractive. So be it, then. But one thing is essential—I must see the girl."

"What girl?"

"Jane Finn, of course."

The other looked at him curiously for some minutes, then he said slowly, and as though choosing his words with care:

"Do you not know that she can tell you nothing?"

Tommy's heart beat a little faster. Would he succeed in coming face to face with the girl he was seeking?

"I shall not ask her to tell me anything," he said quietly. "Not in so many words, that is."

"Then why see her?"

Tommy paused.

"To watch her face when I ask her one question," he replied at last.

Again there was a look in the German's eyes that Tommy did not quite understand.

"She will not be able to answer your question."

"That does not matter. I shall have seen her face when I ask it."

The German looked at him searchingly. "I wonder whether, after all, you know as much as we think?" he said softly.

Tommy felt his ascendency less sure than a moment before. His hold had slipped a little. But he was puzzled. What had he said wrong? He spoke out on the impulse of the moment.

"There may be things that you know which I do not. I have not pretended to be aware of all the details of your show. But equally I've got something up my sleeve that you don't know about. And that's where I mean to score. Danvers was a d—d clever fellow—" He broke off as if he had said too much.

The German's face had lightened a little.

"Danvers," he murmured. "I see—" He paused a minute, then waved to Conrad. "Take him away. Upstairs—you know."

"Wait a minute," said Tommy. "What about the girl?"

"We will see about it. Only one person can decide that."

"Who?" asked Tommy. But he knew the answer.

"Mr. Brown—"

"Shall I see him?"

"Perhaps."

"Come," said Conrad harshly.

Tommy rose obediently. Outside the door his jailer motioned to him to mount the stairs. He himself followed close behind. On the floor above Conrad opened a door and Tommy passed

"We Accept," He Said Harshly, "on Terms. The Papers Must Be Delivered to Us Before You Go Free."

into a small room. Conrad lit a hissing gas burner and went out. Tommy heard the sound of the key being turned in the lock.

He set to work to examine his prison. It was a smaller room than the one downstairs, and there was something peculiarly airless about the atmosphere of it. Then he realized that there was no window. He walked round it. The walls were filthily dirty, as everywhere else. Four pictures hung crookedly on the wall representing scenes from "Faust." Marguerite with her box of jewels, the church scene, Siebel and his flowers, and Faust and Mephistopheles. The latter brought Tommy's mind back to Mr. Brown again. In this sealed and closed chamber, with its close-fitting heavy door, he felt cut off from the world, and the sinister power of the arch-criminal seemed more real. Shout as he would, no one could ever hear him. The place was a living tomb. . . .

With an effort Tommy pulled himself together. He sank onto the bed and gave himself up to reflection. His head ached badly; also, he was hungry. The silence of the place was dispiriting.

"Anyway," said Tommy, trying to cheer himself, "I shall see the chief—the mysterious Mr. Brown, and with a bit of luck in bluffing I shall see the mysterious Jane Finn also. After that—"

After that Tommy was forced to admit the prospect looked dreary.

The troubles of the future, however, soon faded before the troubles of the present. And of these, the most immediate and pressing was that of hunger. Tommy had a healthy and vigorous appetite. He regretfully recognized the fact that he would not make a success of a hunger strike.

He prowled aimlessly about his prison. Once or twice he discarded dignity, and pounded on the door. But nobody answered the summons.

Finally a bright idea flashed across his brain. Conrad was undoubtedly the tenant of the house. The others, with the possible exception of the bearded German, merely used it as a rendezvous. Therefore, why not wait in ambush for Conrad behind the door, and when he entered bring down a chair, or one of the decrepit pictures, smartly onto his head. One would, of course, be careful not to hit too hard. And then—and then, simply walk out. If he met anyone on the way down, well— Tommy brightened at the thought of an encounter with his fists. Such an affair was infinitely more in his line than the verbal encounter of this afternoon. Intoxicated by his plan, Tommy gently unhooked the picture of the Devil and Faust, and settled himself in position. His hopes were high. The plan seemed to him simple but excellent.

Time went on, but Conrad did not appear. Night and day were the same in this prison room, but Tommy's wrist-watch, which enjoyed a certain degree of accuracy, informed him that it was nine o'clock in the evening. Tommy reflected gloomily that if supper did not arrive soon it would be a question of waiting for breakfast. At ten o'clock hope deserted him, and he flung himself onto the bed to seek consolation in sleep. In five minutes his woes were forgotten.

The sound of the key turning in the lock awoke him from his slumbers. Not belonging to the type of hero who is famous for awaking in full possession of his faculties, Tommy merely blinked at the ceiling and wondered vaguely where he was. Then he remembered.

The door swung open. Too late, Tommy remembered his scheme of obliterating the unprepossessing Conrad. A moment later he was glad that he had, for it was not Conrad who entered, but a girl. She carried a tray which she set down on the table.

In the feeble light of the gas burner Tommy blinked at her. He decided at once that she was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. There was a wild-rose quality about her face. Her eyes, set wide apart, were hazel, a golden hazel that again recalled a memory of sunbeams.

A delirious thought shot through Tommy's mind.

"Are you Jane Finn?" he asked breathlessly.

The girl shook her head wonderingly.

"My name is Annette, monsieur."

She spoke in a soft, broken English.

"Oh!" said Tommy, rather taken aback. "Francaise?" he hazarded.

"Oui, monsieur. Monsieur parle francaise?"

"Not for any length of time," said Tommy. "What's that? Breakfast?"

The girl nodded. Tommy dropped off the bed and came and inspected the contents of the tray. It consisted of a loaf, some margarine, and a jug of coffee.

"The living is not equal to the Ritz," he observed with a sigh. "But for what we are at last about to receive the Lord has made me truly thankful. Amen."

He drew up a chair, and the girl turned away to the door.

"Wait a sec," cried Tommy. "There are lots of things I want to ask you, Annette. What are you doing in this house?"

"I do the service, monsieur."

"I see," said Tommy. "You know what I asked you just now. Have you ever heard that name?"

"I have heard people speak of Jane Finn, I think."

"You don't know where she is?"

Annette shook her head.

"She's not in this house, for instance?"

"Oh, no, monsieur. I must go now—they will be waiting for me."

She hurried out. The key turned in the lock.

"I wonder who 'they' are," mused Tommy, as he continued to make inroads on the loaf. "With a bit of luck, that girl might help me to get out of here. She doesn't look like one of the gang."

At one o'clock Annette reappeared, with another tray, but this time Conrad accompanied her.

That evening Tommy sat on the bed, and cogitated deeply. Would Conrad again accompany the girl? If he did not, should he risk trying to make an ally of her? He decided that he must leave no stone unturned. His position was desperate.

At eight o'clock the familiar sound of the key turning made him spring to his feet. The girl was alone.

"Shut the door," he commanded. "I want to speak to you."

She obeyed.

"Look here, Annette, I want you to help me get out of this."

She shook her head.

"Impossible. There are three of them on the floor below."

"Oh!" Tommy was secretly grateful for the information. "But you would help me if you could?"

"No, monsieur."

"Why not?"

The girl hesitated.

"I dare not, monsieur; I am afraid of them."

She turned away.

"Wouldn't you do anything to help another girl?" cried Tommy. "She's about your age, too. Won't you save her from their clutches?"

"You mean Jane Finn?"

"Yes."

(Continued next week.)

SUMMONS

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

L. G. Wiedewitsch and Bertha Wiedewitsch, his wife,
Plaintiffs,
vs
F. W. Phillips and Carrie Phillips, his wife, Melissa J. Jackson, Millie Shearer and W. S. 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 7-35 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 1-3 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 1-3 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. 12, 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 13, 1910, in Book 91 at page 341 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. 9, 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

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 28, 1924.

G. W. STITT,
Administrator of the estate of Geo. N. Klein, deceased, and Vallie Klein, deceased.
ALLEN & ROBERTS,
714 Swetland Building,
Portland, Oregon,
Attorneys for Administrator.

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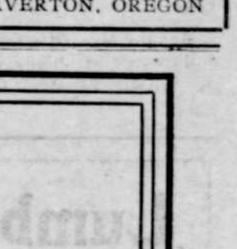

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