



The Secret Adversary

by Agatha Christie

(Continued from last week.)

For a moment, Tommy stared at him. Then it dawned on him that of course the lawyer did not know. "I forgot that you didn't know about Tuppence," he said slowly.

The lawyer laid down his knife and fork sharply.

"Has anything happened to Miss Tuppence?" His voice was keen-edged.

"She's disappeared," said Julius.

"When?"

"A week ago."

"How?"

Sir James' questions fairly shot out. Between them Tommy and Julius gave the history of the last week and their futile search.

Sir James went at once to the root of the matter.

"A wire signed with your name? They knew enough of you both for that. They weren't sure of how much you had learnt in that house. Their kidnapping of Miss Tuppence is the counter-move to your escape. If necessary they could seal your lips with a threat of what might happen to her."

"That's just what I thought, sir." Sir James looked at him keenly.

"You had worked that out, had you? Not bad—not at all bad. The curious thing is that they certainly did not know anything about you when they first held you prisoner. You are sure that you did not in any way disclose your identity?"

Tommy shook his head.

"That's so," said Julius with a nod. "Therefore I reckon some one put them wise—and not earlier than Sunday afternoon."

"Yes, but who?"

"That almighty omniscient Mr. Brown, of course!"

There was a faint note of derision in the American's voice which made Sir James look up sharply.

"You don't believe in Mr. Brown, Mr. Hershelmer?"

"No, sir, I do not," returned the young American with emphasis. "Not as such, that is to say. I reckon it out that he's a figurehead—just a bogey name to frighten the children with. The real head of this business is that Russian chap Kramenin."

"I disagree with you," said Sir James shortly. "Mr. Brown exists. He turned to Tommy. 'Did you happen to notice where that wire was handed in?'"

"No, sir, I'm afraid I didn't."

"Hm. Got it with you?"

"It's upstairs, sir, in my kit."

"I'd like to have a look at it sometime. You've wasted a week. We'll deal with Miss Jane Finn first. Afterward, we'll set to work to rescue Miss Tuppence from bondage. I don't think she's in any immediate danger."

The other two assented, and after making arrangements for meeting on the morrow, the great lawyer took his leave.

At ten o'clock, the two young men were at the appointed spot. Sir James had joined them on the doorstep. He alone appeared unexcited. He introduced them to the doctor.

"Mr. Hershelmer—Mr. Brown—Dr. Roylance. How's the patient?"

"Going on well. Evidently no idea of the flight of time. Asked this

at his heart. It seemed too easy. . . . Suppose they should find her dead, stricken down by the hand of Mr. Brown?"

In another minute he was laughing at these melodramatic fancies. The doctor held open the door of a room and they passed in. On the white bed, bandages round her head, lay the girl. Somehow the whole scene seemed unreal. It was so exactly what one expected that it gave the effect of being beautifully staged.

The girl looked from one to the other of them with large wondering eyes. Sir James spoke first.

"Miss Finn," he said, "this is your cousin, Mr. Julius P. Hershelmer."

A faint flush flitted over the girl's face, as Julius stepped forward and took her hand.

"How do, Cousin Jane?" he said lightly.

But Tommy caught the tremor in his voice.

"Are you really Uncle Hiram's son?" she asked wonderingly.

Her voice seemed vaguely familiar to Tommy, but he thrust his impression aside as impossible.

"Sure thing."

A shadow passed over the girl's face. "They've been telling me things—dreadful things—that my memory went and that there are years I shall never know about—years lost out of my life. It seems to me as though it were no time since we were being hustled into those boats. I can see it all now." She closed her eyes with a shudder.

Julius looked across at Sir James, who nodded.

"Don't worry any. It isn't worth it. Now, see here, Jane, there's something we want to know about. There was a man aboard that boat with some mighty important papers on him, and the big guns in this country have got a notion that he passed on the goods to you. Is that so?"

The girl hesitated, her glance shifting to the other two. Julius understood.

"Mr. Hershelmer is commissioned by the British government to get those papers back. Sir James Peel Edgerton is an English member of parliament, and might be a big gun in the cabinet if he liked. It's owing to him that we've ferreted you out at last. So you can go right ahead and tell us the whole story. Did Danvers give you the papers?"

"Yes, he said they'd have a better chance with me, because they would save the women and children first."

"Just as we thought," said Sir James.

"He said they were very important—that they might make all the difference to the Allies. But, if it's all so long ago, and the war's over, what does it matter now?"

"I guess history repeats itself, Jane. First there was a great hue and cry over those papers, then it all died down, and now the whole caboodle's started all over again—for rather different reasons. Then you can hand them over to us right away?"

"But I can't. I haven't got them."

"You haven't—got them?" Julius punctuated the words with little pauses.

"No—I hid them. I got uneasy. People seemed to be watching me. It scared me—badly." She put her hand to her head. "It's almost the last thing I remember before waking up in the hospital. . . ."

"Go on," said Sir James, in his quiet penetrating tones. "What do you remember?"

"It was at Holyhead. I came that way—I don't remember why. . . ."

"That doesn't matter. Go on."

"In the confusion on the quay I slipped away. Nobody saw me. I took a car. Told the man to drive me out of the town. I watched when we got on the open road. No other car was following us. I saw a path at the side of the road. I told the man to wait."

She paused, then went on. "The path led to the cliff, and down to the sea between big yellow gorse bushes—they were like hidden flames. I looked round. There wasn't a soul in sight. But just level with my head there was a hole in the rock. It was quite small—I could only just get my hand in, but it went a long way back. I took the oilskin packet from round my neck and shoved it right in as far as I could. Then I tore off a bit of gorse—My! but it did prick—and plugged the hole with it so that you'd never guess there was a crevice of any kind there. Then I marked the place carefully in my own mind, so that I'd find it again. There was a queer boulder in the path just there—for all the world like a dog sitting up begging. Then I went back to the road. The car was waiting, and I drove back. I just caught the train. I was a bit ashamed of myself for fancying things maybe, but, by and by, I saw the man opposite me wink at a woman who was sitting next to me, and I felt scared again, and was glad the papers were safe. I went out in the corridor to get a little air. I thought I'd slip into another carriage. But the woman called me back, said I'd dropped something, and when I stooped to look, something seemed to hit me—here." She placed her hand to the back of her head. "I don't remember anything more until I woke up in the hospital."

There was a pause.

"Thank you, Miss Finn." It was Sir

James who spoke. "I hope we have not tired you."

"Oh, that's all right. My head aches a little, but otherwise I feel fine."

Julius stepped forward and took her hand again.

"So long, Cousin Jane. I'm going to get busy after those papers, but I'll be back in two shakes of a dog's tail, and I'll tote you up to London and give you the time of your young life before we go back to the States! I mean it—so hurry up and get well."

In the street they held an informal council of war. Sir James had drawn a watch from his pocket. "The boat train to Holyhead stops at Chester at 12:14. If you start at once I think you can catch the connection. I wish I could come with you. I am due to speak at a meeting at two o'clock. It is unfortunate."

The reluctance in his tone was very evident. It was clear, on the other hand, that Julius was easily disposed to put up with the loss of the other's company.

Ten minutes later the two young men were seated in a first-class carriage en route for Chester.

For a long time neither of them spoke. When at length Julius broke the silence, it was with a totally unexpected remark.

"Say," he observed thoughtfully, "did you ever make a darned lot of yourself over a girl's face?"

Tommy, after a moment's astonishment, searched his mind. "Can't say I have," he replied at last. "Not that I can recollect, anyhow. Why?"

"Because for the last two months I've been making a sentimental idiot of myself over Jane! First moment I chanced eyes on her photograph my heart old all the usual stunts you read about in novels. I guess I'm ashamed to admit it, but I came over here determined to find her and fix it all up, and take her back as Mrs. Julius P. Hershelmer!"

"Oh!" said Tommy, amazed.

Julius uncrossed his legs brusquely and continued:

"Just shows what an almighty fool a man can make of himself! One look at the girl in the flesh, and I was cured!"

Feeling more tongue-tied than ever, Tommy ejaculated "Oh!" again.

"No disparagement to Jane, mind you," continued the other. "She's a real nice girl, and some fellow will fall in love with her right away."

"I thought her a very good-looking girl," said Tommy, finding his tongue.

"Sure she is. But she's not like her photo one bit. At least I suppose she is in a way—must be—because I recognized her right off. If I'd seen her in a crowd I'd have said 'There's a girl whose face I know' right away without any hesitation. But there was something about that photo—"

Julius shook his head, and heaved a sigh—"I guess romance is a mighty queer thing."

At Holyhead, after consultation, with the aid of a road map, they were fairly well agreed as to direction, so were able to hire a taxi without more ado and drive out on the road leading to Trengdur bay. They instructed the man to go slowly, and watched narrowly so as not to miss the path. They came to it not long after leaving the town, and Tommy stopped the car promptly, asked in a casual way whether the path led down to the sea, and hearing it did paid off the man in handsome style.

A moment later the taxi was slowly chugging back to Holyhead. Tommy and Julius watched it out of sight, and then turned to the narrow path.

They went down in single file, Julius leading. Twice Tommy turned his head uneasily. Julius looked back.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I've got the wind up somehow. Keep fancying there's someone following us."

The path was now running along the side of the cliff, parallel to the sea. Suddenly Julius came to such an abrupt halt that Tommy cannoned into him.

"What's up?" he inquired.

(Continued next week.)

JOB PRINTING

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Baked Bananas—Peel 4 large bananas, not too ripe. Divide into quarters and cut each quarter across. Place in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with a little cinnamon and lemon juice. Put in a sauce pan ¼ cup of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, a pinch of salt. Mix well, then add ¾ cup boiling water, stirring constantly. Add 2 tablespoonfuls butter and 2 egg yolks well beaten. Cook until smooth, then pour the sauce over the bananas and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour or until the bananas look clear. When done cover with a meringue made of the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and brown in the oven. Serve hot or cold.

Moulded Veal Loaf—Cook a knuckle of veal and 1 pound of lean veal in boiling water until very tender. Drain and shred the meat fine. Reduce the liquor to 1 pt. and season with salt, pepper, and a little onion juice. Put the meat in buttered moulds or cups, pour over the liquor, press and chill, carefully turn the moulds of veal on a platter and keep cool until served.

Ham and Egg Timbales—Thoroughly oil the moulds with ham fat, then line them quickly with sliced, cooked ham, allowing 1 timbale to a person. Break an egg into each one, dust with salt and pepper and sprinkle the top with chopped ham. Set the mould in a pan of hot water and bake for 20 minutes. Serve on toast with cream sauce.

Mother's Muffins—Soak one cup of stale bread in one cup of rich butter-milk until soft. Add one cup of cooked rice, one well-beaten egg. One teaspoon each of salt, meat dripping and baking powder, a pinch of soda and flour to make a medium batter. Bake in a quick oven.

Oatmeal Raisin Cookies—Put 1½ cup of rolled oats thru the food chopper. Cream ½ cup of butter or fat, add 1 cup of sugar, 1 well beaten egg, ¾ cup of chopped raisins and the rolled oats. Mix thoroughly. Sift 1½ cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of salt and ½ teaspoon of cloves and allspice together and add to egg

mixture alternately with ½ cup of milk. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven 15 or 20 minutes. ½ cup of chopped nuts may be added with the raisins if desired. This makes about 30 cookies.

Flowers in Stocking Bag—Fold a yard square of cretonne and cut the ends off to make a perfect octagon. Cut another piece the same size of a pretty plain material and seam together leaving a small place open to turn right side out. Sew small brass ring on each corner and run a tape or ribbon matching the flowers in colors thru the rings. Smaller bags made in this way could be used for a number of different purposes about the house.

Mud Stains Removed—Before washing the white clothes that have been stained with mud, soak the spots all night in sour milk and water, then wash in the usual way.

For A Moist Cake—To make a layer cake deliciously moist

SAGE TEA DANDY TO DARKEN HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, say well-known druggists here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

W. E. Pegg

Undertaker and Embalmer
Grange Building
BEAVERTON, OREGON

Mapes & Son
BILLIARD PARLORS

Cigars
Tobaccos
Confections
Soft Drinks

Cady Building
Watson Street

brush lightly with cold water the upper surface of each inside layer just before spreading on frosting or filling.

SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY, BROKEN OUT SKIN

Any breaking out or skin irritation on face, neck or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings ease from the itching, burning and irritation.

Mentho-Sulphur heals eczema right up, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment or disfigurement. A little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be obtained at any drug store. It is used like cold cream.

Kamberger's Confectionery

LUNCHES - CANDIES
BREAD - PASTRY - TOBACCOS
SODAS AND LUNCH GOODS

Davidson's

IDEAL BREAD
WHITE CLOVER ICE CREAM

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which assists in improving the General Health.

Sold by druggists for over 40 Years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

MIKE PIENOWI
First Class Shoe Repairing
New Shoes at Reasonable Prices
BEAVERTON ORE.

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

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

2 bags for 15¢ 8¢ A BAG

You can roll 100 Cigarettes for 15 Cents

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

Beaverton Review

Big Cut Price Offer

You Get ALL FOUR of These Magazines and—

OUR NEWSPAPER

All 5 For \$1.98

One Year

Order now

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Ford

RUNABOUT

\$265

Star and Durable Rite 241 Extra

The Lowest Priced Two-Passenger Car

The Ford Runabout is the most economical car for personal transportation known.

Priced lower than any other motor car, its maintenance and running expenses are in keeping with its present low cost.

To salesmen and others who average a high daily mileage in business, the Runabout has a special appeal both for its operating economy and its convenience in making city and suburban calls.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

See the Nearest Authorized Ford Dealer

Ford

CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS



"How Do, Cousin Jane?" He said lightly.

morning how many had been saved from the Lusitania. She seems to have something on her mind, though."

"I think we can relieve her anxiety. May we go up?"

"Certainly."

Tommy's heart beat sensibly faster as they followed the doctor upstairs. Jane Finn at last! The long-sought, the mysterious, the elusive Jane Finn! How wildly improbable success had seemed! And here in this house, her memory almost miraculously restored, lay the girl who held the future of England in her hands. A half groan broke from Tommy's lips. If only Tuppence could have been at his side to share in the triumphant conclusion of their joint venture! Then he put the thought of Tuppence resolutely aside. His confidence in Sir James was growing. There was a man who would unerringly ferret out Tuppence's whereabouts. In the meantime Jane Finn! And suddenly a dread clutched

5 Passenger Sedan
Now \$1695
f.o.b. Toledo

Now you can afford to make that dream a reality! To own and drive this luxurious sedan, powered by the same type of engine used in Europe's finest cars. Silently gliding sleeve valves instead of hammering cams and clicking poppet valves. An engine that improves with use! An all-season car you'll want to drive season after season. For no Willys-Knight engine has ever been known to wear out.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

DALY & MARSH
BEAVERTON ORE.

Ford
RUNABOUT

\$265
Star and Durable Rite 241 Extra

The Lowest Priced Two-Passenger Car

The Ford Runabout is the most economical car for personal transportation known.

Priced lower than any other motor car, its maintenance and running expenses are in keeping with its present low cost.

To salesmen and others who average a high daily mileage in business, the Runabout has a special appeal both for its operating economy and its convenience in making city and suburban calls.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

See the Nearest Authorized Ford Dealer

Ford
CARS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS