

GOOD ROADS,
GOOD HOMES,
BEST CHEESE

CLOVERDALE COURIER.

The Nestucca Valley First,
Last and all the
Time.

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PEARL of the ARMY

By GUY W. McCONNELL



A Story of "America First," Unmasking America's Secret Foes

Novelized From the Motion Picture Serial of the Same Name Released by Pathé

SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Ralph Payne, U. S. A., is given secret plans of defense to deliver to Panama. He attends a ball at the Granada embassy with Colonel Dare's daughter, Pearl. As a climax to a series of mysterious incidents he is arrested for treason. The ambassador of Granada is found dead and the plans missing from Payne's coat. Major Brent, Payne's rival, enters into suspicious negotiations with Bertha Bonn. Pearl Dare follows a burglar from her home; is drugged and left in a field, and later overhears plotters, who almost capture her. Payne is sentenced to life imprisonment. A train carrying Pearl, Bertha Bonn and Payne on his way to prison is wrecked and Pearl sees Payne's lifeless body at her feet. She meets a mysterious stranger who offers her his services to trace the traitors. She learns that he has the plans. Pearl finds Adams in Washington and learns of his peculiar actions. Adams warns Senator Warfield that he is in danger from a ring of spies. While they talk the senator's office is attacked by conspirators. Bertha Bonn asks Pearl to hand Adams a package which proves to be the plans. Adams is made Colonel Dare's orderly. They are ordered South. The Granadians capture Pearl and Adams to get the plans. Pearl begs Adams to let her have his belt, which contains the missing plans.

SIXTH EPISODE

Major Brent's Perfidy.

Adams hesitated a moment. Then he removed the belt from his waist and fastened it on Pearl.

"It's yours by rights, anyhow. Promise me that you'll do nuthin' until you see me again, if I ever show up. And if I don't ever see you again, waal, jest keep it. D-do you promise that, g-girl?"

"I promise."

He gave the horse's bridle a twist, crying: "Go!"

In a second she was out of sight and he leaped into a clump of bushes. A bullet zipped close to his ears. He took deliberate aim at the moving shadows among the trees and discharged his carbine three times. An uncertain suspense ensued. Then he attempted to cross the open space to steal after Pearl.

He ran a little forward, firing repeatedly and successfully with each shot at horsemen galloping up and retreated to the edge of the declivity with a downward glance at the apparently sheer drop.

One loaded shell remained in the carbine. He hid his moment, fired and tossing the now useless weapon at his pursuers leaped into the air.

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stopped, watching him covertly.

"Yes'm?"

"Explain what you meant by saying that this belt properly belongs to me."

"That b-belt, ma'am," he replied, softly, after a long pause, "was the property of the—of Captain Payne."

She was greatly impressed. "So that's the secret!" she murmured, touching the belt reverently with her fingers. "And that explains why Major Brent wanted me to have it. Oh! I'm so glad for this explanation. That sets Thornton right."

She rose shortly and with a condescending good-night, assured him that she felt safe from harm in his care.

But Adams did not share her good opinion of Major Brent. An incident he saw during their flight from the Paso del Norte came to his mind during the lonely vigil now beginning.

It occurred after they had forded the Rio Granada and were climbing up the slope on the other side. The invaders on American soil were being routed, separating into groups and scattering in various angles, pursued by the relentless U. S. cavalry splendidly disciplined. A detachment under Major Brent was engaged in a brilliant clash with Bolero. The valorous major was putting up a superb fight, not sparing himself or reckoning the risk and was in a fair way to exterminate the notorious border menace, when he veered in his saddle and his horse began to rear and pitch.

This lost for the doughty officer the rare opportunity of dispatching Bolero with the sure shot of which he was capable and brought half a dozen of the erstwhile general's rogues upon his back.

Adams, surprised, looked for and found the cause of Brent's demoralization. There were two prisoners in Bolero's party. One was Pearl Dare's chauffeur, Toko. The other was Bertha Bonn, Brent, to whom the girl beckoned, ignored her plight, turned and dashed away. Adams experienced then as he did now, before the dying fire, a deep contempt for the major and a sense of pity for the girl. He rose and replenished the fire.

He became nervous and agitated. He opened the tent flap, peeped inside and partly entered. Pearl was sound asleep. He took the belt from her, closed the flap and stole away.

Pearl had a horrible dream that night. It pertained to a grotesque shadow which crept to the tent while she slept and substituted for the belt of Captain Payne a new one of similar design. When she awoke from this miracle of slumber she found that her dream had come true and a missile fastened in the new belt buckle. It was signed by T. O. Adams of Monk's Corner, Nebraska, and his words were:

"FORGIVE AND FORGET ME."

Adams had departed.

Meanwhile, in the overnight camp pitched by Bolero's retreating raiders, the two captives were kept under a close surveillance.

They were not roughly treated. In fact Bolero tried to make them feel as though they were honored guests forced for a time to accept his hospitality. Neither, however, was deceived by him. Both knew that escape was impossible and that the guerilla chieftain could afford to be magnanimous.

Bertha Bonn in a woman's way, quickly divined ulterior motives in the man. She bridled under his insinuating eye, but said nothing. Nor was her companion Toko unobservant.

They were seated in a niche in the rocks too uncertain of everything to think of sleep, when Toko suddenly spoke:

"Poor Miss Dare! But maybe she escape." Then he smiled a little. "I forgot," he concluded; "you no like Miss Dare."

"Why don't I like her?" she interrogated, marvelling.

"I have eyes. I see much—and far, silently. It is the nature of my race. I know nothing for why should Toko know anything. I not like Major Brent. I very sorry that Miss Dare does like him."

She shot a swift glance at this illuminating fellow sitting quietly beside her. "Perhaps you see too much," she intimated, sarcastically. "A little less mystery and more candor on your part please! What reason have you to even suspect an acquaintance between Major Brent and myself?"

"You were in Major Brent's room that night at the Hotel Wilton," he proceeded, inscrutably, looking at her wrists. "No marks on your arms now. The major, he didn't get locket, did he?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she tumbled, incoherently. A

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sudden fear of this discerning and unfathomable foreigner possessed her. She wondered how much more he knew.

"You tell me to speak out," he went on, imperturbably. "I speak out. You put the locket in hotel vault that night, eh? I hope that its secret will keep Major Brent from marrying my mistress."

"Then you don't know the secret inside of the locket?"

He looked at her open-eyed. "No. What is it?"

She sighed in infinite relief. "Yet you associate it with Major Brent, Miss Dare and myself?"

"An orderly—my friend—with the chief of general staff he tell me what he saw at Major Brent's room that night," said Toko, simply.

She looked at him in the superior way assumed by a lady when overbearing herself talked about among servants. Then Bolero joined them, boldly sitting close to Bertha and interrupted further conversation between them.

"La Bolero apparently never sleeps," said Bertha, assuming a cordiality she far from felt.

"Not wen zee company ees—what you say—fair and engaging, ees it not so?" he smirked. "Def only zee company did not be afraid of Bolero who harm no one."

She snapped her fingers in his face. "Ah!" exclaimed he, with a genuine laugh. "A queen would I make of her! Anything would I do to gain—what you say it—esteem? She has no fear!"

"A queen?" she emphasized, archly. "I said so!" was his sonorous reply.

"See here!" she dictated. "I have a business proposition to make to you." Into his features there crept the cunning of the criminal. He turned toward her fawning.

"What do you intend to do with us?"

"What does zee Senorita propose?" he fenced.

"Will you release this man," pointing to Toko; "holding me as hostage for his return within 24 hours?"

He eyed Toko suspiciously. "And then—he will bring zee gringos—no, Senorita!"

"On the contrary, a guide can accompany him to the American camp and back."

"To zee American camp—no, Senorita!"

"With a message, an important message, most illustrious Bolero. It does not concern you."

Bolero tried to read her thoughts.

"When he returns—" She paused and shrugged.

"When he returns?" repeated the bandit leader, his eyes gleaming.

"Then, perhaps, I may not be averse to becoming—your queen, Senor Bolero."

Bolero showed his weak side. "It ees my pleasure to agree and—remember," he replied with sentimental meaning.

Bertha laughed and turned to Toko who had been listening to their conversation in no little wonder.

"You dislike Major Brent and worship your mistress. Will you take a message to her and return telling me that she has received it? Then she whispered in his ear. "There will be a way to freedom afterwards. I do not fear this fellow."

Toko gave her a searching glance. "I go," he replied, simply.

Bertha immediately wrote her message on the back of one of her name cards. It read:

The man you trust most is your enemy. Do not let him fool you. I can tell you all—and will—soon.

An hour later Toko and a companion, outfitted for a long ride, dashed past the vigilant sentinels of the camarilla secluded in the border hills and struck out for open country. Toko's pony in leash. Toko rode awkwardly for he was blindfolded and tied in his saddle. His horse was stubborn and nervous, not accustomed to being led. They went along several miles, Toko knocking about in his seat until in sheer misery he told the guide to stop. He could not proceed farther under such a handicap.

While he and the guide were holding a parley, a bulky looking individual on a powerful horse suddenly appeared around a sharp bend in the trail galloping in their direction. The guide quickly cut Toko's thongs, removed his blindfold and released the pony as the only thing to do if both were to get away, concealment from the newcomer being impossible.

They urged their animals toward the approaching horseman and went



Bertha Bonn is Bolero's Prisoner.

by him like the wind disappearing in the chapparal before he could draw up and turn.

When they came again within the range of his observation, they were mere moving specks in the sand glittering under the moonlight.

Whereupon he made a discovery. In the road at his feet he saw something white. He dismounted and picked it up. It was a lady's visiting card.

Striking a light the man, who was a Mormon army scout, leaned against his horse and examined the card closely. An exclamation fell from his lips. He hid the card in a safe place on his person, remounted and rode off.

Had he lingered in that near neighborhood there is no telling how certain subsequent events might have arranged themselves. He would at least have beheld a remarkable sight. For shortly after his disappearance in the shrouded distance, two men in a grim

combat for mastery, struggling in each other's arms, thrashed out of a thicket into the open road.

Just how long they struggled is problematical. They were evenly matched and fought with the skill and strength of athletes to whom every trick of the wrestler was known, each determined to beat the other down. One wore the uniform of a private of the United States army and had any-

Continued on last page.