

PEARL OF THE ARMY

Continued from first page

one obtained a clear glimpse of his face during these rapid contortions and ever changing postures, Adams would have been recognized for it was he. The other man's face was not exposed even to Adams himself. But the resemblance was to Toko, who in reality it was. He had lost the card, evaded his guide and returning to the scene ran squarely into the colonel's mysterious orderly.

Adams resisted his opponent stubbornly and valiantly, but by a trick was finally laid low. The noise of his fall and the sound of a pistol shot occurred simultaneously. He lay for a moment stunned. When he struggled to his feet he caught sight of a horse and rider speeding toward cover and then, blinking his eyes, he found Pearl Dare confronting him pointing a revolver at his head.

Without removing his eyes from the barrel of the weapon, he felt for the



Adams and Pearl Plan to Escape.

belt smiling slowly when his hand came in contact with it. Then he yawned, stretched his limbs and pointedly ignoring her threatening attitude, bent the dust out of his clothes with his hat. As he stood upright, the rim of a blood red sun emerged upon the horizon and night fled before the rapid approach of a new day.

"Want, little lady, w-what hev I got that gun against me f-for? You're not going to s-save my skin one minute and shoot me t-the next, are you?" he asked, perplexed.

"I don't know exactly what I'm going to do with you until I ask a few questions," she began sharply, keeping him covered. "Who was that man?"

"That's what I n-mighty near found out," he replied, ruefully. "I don't know w-what he was fight'n' me fer. You came just in the n-nick of time." He tapped the belt. "Mebbe this."

"Naturally," she replied with irony. "Everybody seems to want that belt—you more than anyone else. Why did you present me with it and while I was asleep steal it from me? If it is true that it belonged to Captain Payne, which you aver, it must conceal some mystery in connection with the crime of which his guilt has never been made clear to me,—and I am determined to know its secret!"

He looked at her steadily. "This ain't no t-time to talk about s-such things."

"Don't equivocate!" she exclaimed, irritably. "If I can't make you speak, I can make you do something else. Come—the belt—let me have it."

"Now's not a s-safe time," he reasoned. He pointed in exasperation to a cloud of sand just ahead. "Come on!" Grasping her by the arm, he started to pull her into the bushes.

In an uncontrollable stubbornness Pearl broke away from him and, before he knew what she was doing, faced with rash courage a band of armed Granadians swooping down upon them. She realized her mistake immediately. But it was too late. They received the shots from her revolver much as they would have regarded a rain of pebbles and before Adams could interfere they overpowered and sped away with the girl in their possession. He plunged headlong, but uselessly, after them for a while. Then he stopped and swept the horizon with anxious eyes. His expression of alarm instantly changed to an almost boyish eagerness. For high over the arid waste in those Granadian dunes among which the marauders disappeared with his ward, he beheld a familiar bird-like shape. An army air scout was on the hunt for Pearl.

He waved his hat, yelled, mounted to an elevation and vainly endeavored to attract the flyer's attention.

The bird-man had located the raiders. Aware only that he had discovered and in turn been discovered by them and unaware of the imminent peril to which he was exposing the

colonel's daughter of whom he saw no trace, he hurled a torrent of destruction earthward.

Riders, wild-eyed and pallid with terror, dashed about helter-skelter, some toppling. Here and there both horses and men were stricken down by the flying death. In a twinkling those escaping had fled the spot.

Then came the climax and Adams stood transfixed. A bullet from a Granadian rifle more steady than the rest struck the aviator, wounding him mortally. The machine glided to the ground and its occupant lunged out of the seat in a dying condition.

Pearl came running up from behind some boulders. She did not hesitate. Adams knew that she was an accomplished flier and when he saw her quickly don the dead man's goggles and ear-mufflers and invest herself in his coat her intentions needed no explanations to him.

Showing himself to her for the first time, he grasped the unexpected chance and gave the machine a push. Involuntarily Pearl opened the levers and started the engine. In another moment she was soaring toward the American border.

Alone for the moment in a region infested with the lurking and rapacious border foe, Adams now did several queer things. From among the apparel of dead Granadians strewn about he collected a wardrobe and disappeared behind some bushes to change his clothes.

There was something startling in the change when he reappeared. Armed from the holster of one of the dead raiders and drawing the prized belt a little tighter around his waist, without looking to right or to left, he slunk out of view with the air of a person who knew what he was about, where he was going and at ease in the garments he wore.

An hour later after a dogged tramp through a changing landscape, he came upon a hut at an abandoned silver mine. He entered without hesitation. He swept the spare and dirty interior with a cold glance. In a corner crouched a hag of a frightened woman.

"Get up!" he ordered, bluntly. "I'm half starved!"

The aged Granadian tottered to her feet, cringing before a master.

Then came another surprise. His Granadian was faultless; nor now was there stammering in his speech.

After a breakfast of bacon and coffee, Adams had a long talk with the woman and sent her into another room commanding her to remain there until he called for her. He removed his belt when he was sure that he was alone and unobserved, and opening a secret compartment behind the buckle look out the Canal defense plans. He fell to studying and wondering over the blank sheet of paper for which chemicals to render it legible were lacking.

Midday arrived before his solitary meditations were concluded. During luncheon he had another long talk with the woman, the subject of which pertained to Bolero, his movements and the attitude of the people of that section toward his ambitions to overthrow the ruling party of Granada and seat himself in the presidential chair.

The woman was well informed. Her shack was in an isolated and sequestered location. It was a safe place for personages in any faction besetting that turbulent country to meet and hatch political schemes.

She was a Castilian. She had been very beautiful in the gentle days. The noble Diaz of Mexico had often said so to her.

She told Adams of remote and picturesque things, of laces and ruffles, of loves, of valor; and his volatill imagination dwelt pleasantly in the courts and gardens of a ghostly royalty, when out of these stirring shadows of long ago there loomed upon the threshold a flesh and blood figure of today.

Major Brent stood there, his eyes dilating.

"Hands up, Orderly Adams!" cried Brent, covering him. "Drop that gun! You have exposed yourself at last and are under arrest!"

Adams held his nerve. "I may be under arrest and I w-won't resist you," he said, lowering his weapon; "but I'm n-net going along with you. I g-guess you're going t-to give me ten minutes alone, Major Brent." And he indicated to the officer to step inside, motioning the woman to retire.

Something in the face of Adams made Brent resent to that ten minutes' interview. He came in and closed the door with a bang.

Adams opened the conversation. "What's t-that locket of Bertha Bonn's containing your photy w-worth to you?"

"What locket—what photograph?" demanded Brent with sudden fear.

"Try that s-stuff out on Miss Dare!" exclaimed Adams, laughing in his face. "You can't put it o-over on me. I g-got your number, Major Brent. What will you pay m-me for it?"

At the expiration of the ten minute interview Major Brent left the shack alone. He carried with him the supposed belt of the late Captain Payne

and the prized Canal defense plans with which Adams had successfully bartered for his freedom.

Toward nightfall after hard riding Brent and his detachment, by none of whom had Adams been seen, forded the Rio Granada and arrived at the gates of Fort Granada.

The major felt a sense of disappointment and uneasiness in not finding Pearl Dare there to meet him. It had been so arranged when upon her exciting return in the air machine, he, seeing his opportunity to play upon her emotions in a spectacular manner, had volunteered to head the force hastily dispatched in search of the colonel's orderly upon the information conveyed to her father in the amazing experiences she related.

He wondered why she was not on the look-out. His vanity was hurt. Moreover his conscience, none too easy during the homeward dash, pricked him unmercifully.

Assembling his little command of tired and dusty men upon the drill

grounds, he hastily reviewed, thanked and dismissed them. They rode eagerly to the stables, surrounded at once by comrades asking a volley of questions which they, knowing nothing, could not answer. Major Brent, turning his horse over to a stableman, walked across the intervening space to the commandant's quarters. There he announced himself in the customary way. A moment later he presented himself to Colonel Dare, who was closeted with Pearl and the Mormon army scout.

He saw at once that something was wrong and fear chilled his heart. The scout slouched away upon a word from the colonel who sat at the commandant's desk ignoring Brent, not even acknowledging his presence. His attention was fixed upon a lady's visiting card. It was Bertha's.

Brent shot a swift glance at Pearl. Her back was turned toward him.

He advanced irresolutely, exhibiting to them the evidence of the success of his undertaking.

Presently the colonel lifted his eyes and soberly regarded Brent. "Major," said he, finally; "I wish you would read this card before we proceed to hear your report."

Brent stepped forward and took the card from the colonel. His frigid reception had schooled him for the unexpected and his composure was perfect. He read the words penciled thereupon. The colonel and Pearl had their eyes fixed on him.

"These words are true, whoever the woman that wrote them may be," said Brent, steadily, raising his eyes to theirs. "For Miss Dare's sake I am very sorry indeed, and also for your own colonel. You both trusted the fellow implicitly."

Both the colonel and his daughter turned and gazed at him curiously. Then Pearl, a tinge of sarcasm in her voice, exclaimed:

"To whom do you refer? I trust you more than any man on earth except father!"

"I shall hold you to that," he responded, gravely. "For one foolish moment I was absurd enough to think that you, like the card, referred to the insufferable Adams."

To his superior officer in a formal way he concluded:

"Adams, sir, I beg to report is a Granadian spy and is still at large. There, however, are the Canal defense plans!" He deposited the document and also the belt on the desk and stood at attention.

Chagrin and apology were written upon their faces. He smiled good humoredly.

That night Major Brent and Miss Dare were dispatched to Washington with the recovered military papers. The president himself had telegraphed Pearl to accompany the major so that he might hear her story from her own lips.



Pearl Pulls Revolver on Adams.

She started away with a countenance hiding a full and sorrowful heart. Could she longer refuse to accept the seemingly irrefutable evidence of the guilt of Captain Payne with the discovery within his own army belt? She wondered whether, after all, the existence of a foreign

alliance making of Payne their dupe was a myth, a mental fantasy of her own. Furthermore, her disappointment in the character of Adams was more personal than she cared to let herself believe. The man had got a strange hold upon her.

And now again entered into the lives and careers of these two people that invisible evidence of a dominating and controlling destiny so often before in crucial moments revealed. Ere the train had proceeded many miles it was attacked and held up while crossing the Rio Granada. The major was slightly wounded and unable to render any assistance to Pearl who with the paper in her possession was abducted.

When Pearl collected her scattered wits, she missed the paper at once and found herself in an automobile which was racing along a desert trail. The driver wore wet clothes. On the floor near her feet a wet black muffler lay. She picked it up—recognizing it as the one used on such occasions by the Silent Menace. Then she caught sight of her companion's face.

"Toko!" she exclaimed in utter astonishment; for it was her chauffeur. Toko turned a grim visage toward her.

END OF SIXTH EPISODE

TAKE THE WHITE AUTO STAGE

FOR Tillamook-Cloverdale

AND All Way Points

Safe and Comfortable
Leave Cloverdale daily at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Tillamook at 10 a. m.—in time for morning train to Portland.
Leave Tillamook at 3 p. m., arriving at Cloverdale at 5 p. m.
J. M. TRAXLER, Prop.

The Todd Hotel

Tillamook, Ore.
L. S. HUSBECK, Proprietor.

Dining Room run on Family Style
Meals 25c.
Rooms 50 and 75 Cents, Special Rates by the Week.

Tillamook Undertaking Co.
R. N. HENKEL, Proprietor.

Night and Day calls promptly attended.
Sixth Street at Second Avenue East
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

Get the habit. Read the story now running in the Courier, then see the show on Saturday night.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Tillamook Abstracting Co
THOS. COATES, PRESIDENT.
COMPLETE SET OF ABSTRACT BOOKS OF TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON.
TILLAMOOK CITY, OREGON.

T. H. GOYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Conveyancing, Etc.
Opp. Court House, Tillamook, Ore.

F. R. BEALS
REAL ESTATE
Write for Literature.
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

A. C. EVERSON
TILLAMOOK, ORE.
Money to Loan
Real Estate Agency
See me for realty deals.

Office Ground Floor Bell Phone 53-J
National Bldg., P. O. Box 147
With Rollie Watson
Abstracts on Short Notice by the

PACIFIC ABSTRACT CO.
L. V. EBERHARD, Manager.
Complete Set of Abstracts of the Records of Tillamook County, Oregon.
TILLAMOOK, OREGON

OLD PEYTON GRAVELY MADE THE FIRST PLUG OF TOBACCO THAT EVER WAS MADE

NO MAN EVER MADE AS GOOD

GRAVELY'S CELEBRATED Chewing Plug

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH GRAVELY PLUG TOBACCO MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION. NOW THE PATENT POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD. A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELY IS ENOUGH AND LASTS LONGER THAN A BIG CHEW OF ORDINARY PLUG.

J. B. Gravelly Tobacco Co. Danvers, Vt.

TAKE IT FROM BILLY POSTER. HIS BILLBOARDS ARE SPREADING THE GOOD NEWS