

PEARL OF THE ARMY

(Continued from first page)

officer.

This had a composing effect on Adams who immediately straightened up and begged the judge's pardon.

Order being restored the judge advocate-general asked Bertha this question: "There is a personal reason, therefore, why you shield Major Brent?"

Bertha nodded brightly. "Not shield—defend."

"Has Miss Pearl Dare to whom Major Brent paid court known of your prior acquaintance with him?"

At that Brent winced, but Bertha promptly answered: "He desired to inform her on many occasions. I would not have it so until after the unmasking of the Silent Menace."

"One more question, Miss Bonn. Since you know Major Brent so intimately, can you inform the court whether it is true that the Silent Menace or his thugs dragged Major Brent and stole from him the chemical wafers necessary to interpret the secret canal defense plans on the night Miss Dare entrusted their return to you and you in turn saw Colonel Dare give them to the major to be guarded against loss?"

"I can answer that question," replied Bertha Bonn, looking T. O. Adams squarely in the face as she spoke. "Major Brent was not drugged by anyone except himself. I forced him to return the chemical wafers to me. It was and is his only offense for which I alone am responsible. I was in honor bound to return those wafers to the person from whom they were originally received."

"Let me understand that clearly!" the judge advocate-general exclaimed leaning forward, for here was a matter of vital importance. "These wafers were delivered to Miss Pearl Dare by T. O. Adams in the cellar of the Chemical building on the night the Foreign Alliance abducted her in order to obtain possession of them. Who gave them to T. O. Adams?"

"I did," confessed Bertha with a smile.

"From whom did you receive them?"

"I had them manufactured by a chemist on a prescription which T. O. Adams gave to me."

The room was in an instant uproar and Bertha was hastily and finally excused by the judge advocate-general who whispered to her with a smile full of meaning: "I'm beginning to believe that you and Major Brent will be married before the day is over, Miss Bonn. Indeed, I hope so!" And no one could mistake the sincere admiration in the look he gave the girl as he again established order, calling to the stand the chief of the army staff.

"General," began he, assuming that tone of deference due the highest military official in the land whose distinguished figure held everyone amid a sudden and respectful silence, "who invented the secret canal defense plans?"

"A mysterious person who disappeared apparently off the face of the earth leaving no name nor trace."

"Who invented the chemical wafers?"

"The same person."

"Who possesses the manufacturer's prescription for those wafers?"

"That is a secret we have never been able to solve."

The judge advocate-general now ordered Adams to stand upright. To the witness: "Does Adams resemble the mysterious inventor?"

A bright light dawned in the eyes of the chief of staff. Without looking at Adams who stood still as stone, his face inscrutable, the aged general clapped his palm upon his knee in the first excitement he had ever shown in a public place. "The inventor wore a reddish beard. Otherwise Adams is his exact double. I really think the fellow stammered!"

The witness was discharged and Adams was recalled. By this time the room was charged with suppressed excitement. Pearl Dare was bewildered, shocked and uncertain of her feelings toward the man mounting the witness box who appeared to be a perfect stranger one moment, Adams the next. Senator Vendre of Granadian memories the next and again someone else, she knew not who. Her father was as stupefied as she.

"Adams!" exclaimed the judge advocate-general, focusing his whole attention upon the witness who was the only person at ease in the room. "Have you ever worn a beard?"

"I hey," Adams nodded and smiled at his inquisitor.

"Was it reddish?"

"Sort o-of."

"When did you have it shaved off?"

"I did it myself with my barber tools on the d-day after the canal defense plans got into the hands of t-that there Silent Menace."

"Why did you shave it off?"

"I wanted to get the plans back and had to disguise myself to do it."

"You wanted to get the plans back? Explain that!"

"They belonged to me."

"So T. O. Adams was the mysterious

inventor, after all?" insinuated the judge advocate-general, his eyes gleaming in triumph.

Had a bomb been exploded at that moment in the room it is doubtful whether anyone would have been much frightened so spellbound were they in the suspense preceding Adams' reply.

"T. O. Adams was the mysterious inventor, judge," was the simple and snuffing confession from the witness.

It was out at last! A sigh of relief escaped from one and all. Pearl Dare gazed upon her acknowledged lover in a totally new and not unpleasant interest. Brent uttered an ejaculation indicative of keen disappointment in which Bertha Bonn shared.

"Why have you not made this confession before?" inquired the judge advocate-general not without a little awe of this man.

"Because, judge, because—" a vein of melancholy tinged his voice. "—I gave my word to the man who died in my arms at the railroad wreck that I would not get at the bottom of this here Silent Menace business. It was due him, judge." And after some hesitation: "It was due Captain Payne, judge."

"Payne?" murmured half a dozen voices, including that of the presiding officer.

"It was due him and m-me," the witness, reiterated, dully.

For several moments the court was completely flabbergasted.

"Did Miss Bertha Bonn know this?" the judge advocate-general asked, pulling himself together, determined to bring the case to a speedy end.

"No, sir," Adams broke into a little laugh. "Miss Bertha Bonn thinks that I'm t-the Silent Menace. So does Major Brent, p-probably for the same reason."

"But you are not the Silent Menace?"

"I certainly a-am not."

"Nor is Major Brent?"

"He certainly a-ain't!"

Then again his auditors held their breath. "Who is the Silent Menace, Adams?"

Adams looked at the judge advocate-general with the candor of a child.

"I don't exactly know, judge, b-but I got a notion. I don't w-want to do no one any harm and now that you know s-something about me, I reckon you can trust me a little m-more, can't you? I g-got an idea that we can bag the man we want before m-morning, if you give me enough r-rope."

This utterance, delivered in a mild and wholly undramatic manner, brought every person to their senses.

"Where?" demanded the judge.

"Here in Washington."

The judge advocate-general hastily excused Adams and requested Major Brent to rise. "Not guilty!" he decreed with a pleasant nod to the relieved officer.

Brent turned impulsively to the chief of staff. "General!" he exclaimed, emotionally. "I desire here and now to tender my resignation in the sincere feeling that I have dishonored the service which has so honored me!"

"Tut, tut, Major Brent!" brusquely returned the gray-haired ranking officer. "The circumstances are extenuating, sir. You will be all the better soldier after this. Don't talk tommyrot when the thing for you to do is to go look up a minister of the gospel," he concluded with a shrewd twinkle and a wave of the hand toward blushing Bertha Bonn who with Pearl Dare and her father had joined the group and were laughing at the discomfited officer.

Brent saluting, flashed a merry look upon them all, took Bertha's arm and paraded her out of the room. There was no question but that the general's suggestion would be immediately adopted.

Adams now stepped up to Colonel Dare. "I guess my resignation goes, colonel, even if t-the major's don't," he drawled, rather soberly for Adams.

A slight constraint fell among his hearers. It was broken by the chief of staff chuckling to himself: "Who ever heard of a private resigning!"

"That's a subject for future discussion, Adams," rejoined the colonel, officiously, with a side glance at his daughter standing nervously a little apart. "Meanwhile you will take Miss Dare home. After that you may be free as long as you wish."

Adams touched his hat and politely saluted Miss Dare.

"I am ready," said she in a queer voice as though she were addressing a stranger for the first time.

The colonel and his companions in silence watched them depart. "If he weren't so infernally ignorant!" groaned the colonel, voicing a common sentiment. "But he's all there, gentlemen. He's all man!"

Pearl and Adams stood a moment on the War building steps before descending to the street. It was nearly dusk. The street was full of people homeward bound after a hot and sultry day in office and store.

"Shall I call a taxi?" Adams inquired, ill at ease alone with her.

"One moment, please," Pearl motioned him to step aside out of the line of people passing in and out of

the building. Now that she was alone with Adams her reserve rapidly melted, although the disclosures of the past hour still troubled her.

"You must tell me the truth, for my own peace of mind—and yours. Our future is at stake. There are still several unanswered questions."

"Name them, g-girl," he requested trying to be calm under her piercing eye, yet inwardly quaking.

"That night on the Granadian frontier—was it you or was it Major Brent with whom Toko fought and thought to be the Silent Menace?"

"It was m-me. But Major Brent did mask himself later on as Toko affirmed. He d-did it to try and fool the Silent Menace so as to capture him." He sighed in a relieved way, indulging in the hope that her other questions would be equally simple to answer.

"No wonder Toko was suspicious of you after that!"

"No wonder," admitted Adams, grimly. "Next!"

"How were you able to impersonate the Silent Menace on the munition ship of the Foreign Alliance? Who put me in the box with the bomb?"

Adams smiled in an apologetic way. "I've gotten near t-the bottom of that. In the first place I g-gave you chloroform so's to keep you quiet while I s-sneaked off to notify the colonel. Then I hid you in a s-safe place in the hold of the ship. When I got back you were gone. I m-mighty near lost my nerve then, girl. I was rummaging around t-trying to find you, nearly crazy, when I heard and s-saw the Silent Menace. He saw me at the same time and b-bent it and the next thing I knew the munition manufacturers arrived and I had t-to play the part. When you stepped out of that b-box with the bomb in your hand I was never more taken back in m-my life." He paused reminiscently.

"But who put me there?" she insisted.

He looked at her curiously. "Think h-hard, girl. There's only o-one person on earth could have put you there."

"The Silent Menace?"

He shook his head. "He couldn't and d-didn't." Then with a little laugh: "You did it yourself. D-don't you remember anything about it?"

Pearl gasped. "I remember a terrible sleepiness . . . getting partly awake and crawling out of a dark hole . . . of hearing noises and hiding myself . . . somewhere . . . someone approaching close . . . then I fell asleep again."

Adams chuckled. "By golly! You must have crawled into that b-box and

the Silent Menace shut the lid on you without knowing you were in it! What's your n-next question, girl?"

She looked at him in amusement. "Is your stammer a natural one?"

"No," was his laconic response.

"Then for goodness sake stop it!" she exclaimed, vexatiously. "You are not an ignorant man, are you?"

"No."

"You are college bred, aren't you?"

"Very much so," He laughed.

"Who is Senora Vendre and what is your relationship there? Is your real name Senor Vendre?"

This question took him back to the incidents on the Granadian frontier and a soft light came into his eyes. "Senora Vendre is a woman with a heart to whom I told my life story. She agreed to help me. Her two sons are a celebrated diplomat and a chemist abroad. I merely posed in the place of one in order to obtain admission to the secret council of the Foreign Alliance posing you as the other in an effort to obtain possession of the canal defense plans."

She looked up quickly. "Those plans? Were you really responsible for them—and the wafers?"

"I was the party, Miss Dare—Pearl."

"But you are not a barber, or a telegraph operator, or a waiter in a restaurant, or any of those common things you have pretended to be; are you?"

"I guess not."

"Or cowboy?"

"Never!"

"Is your name really T. O. Adams? Do you come from Monk's Corner, Neb.?" She placed her hand on his shoulder looking earnestly into his eyes. "Who is the Silent Menace? I am positive that you know."

Adams was about to answer these leading questions, when for the first time they observed a large and turbulent crowd of citizens and soldiers collecting with loud outcries and oaths. All stood with faces toward the front peak of the building. Pearl and Adams ran down the steps to see what the excitement was about.

They took one look. A man was climbing up the flag pole, one hand outstretched toward the emblem fluttering in the evening breeze. His face was covered with a thick black muffer.

"The Silent Menace!" fell from the lips of both Pearl and Adams.

They flew into the building, mounted to the roof and raced across the intervening space, followed by a number of uniformed attendants.

"Drop!" cried Adams, levelling his revolver at the man on the pole. And then they saw that the outstretched hand which had grasped the flag in a frantic effort to tear and destroy it belonged to a broken arm carried in a sling.

Bullets from below whizzed around the man on the pole. The Silent Menace lost his hold and tumbled in a heap on the roof, dragging the flag with him.

"The flag must pay!" he snarled like a madman as Adams and Pearl pounced upon him and started to tear off his mask. "The upstart flag!"

(END OF FOURTEENTH 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. HUSEBECK, Proprietor.

Dining Room run on Family Style

Meals 25c.

Rooms 50 and 75 Cents, Special Rates by the Week.

Who Is the Silent Menace?

the Silent Menace shut the lid on you without knowing you were in it! What's your n-next question, girl?"

She looked at him in amusement. "Is your stammer a natural one?"

"No," was his laconic response.

"Then for goodness sake stop it!" she exclaimed, vexatiously. "You are not an ignorant man, are you?"

"No."

"You are college bred, aren't you?"

"Very much so," He laughed.

"Who is Senora Vendre and what is your relationship there? Is your real name Senor Vendre?"

This question took him back to the incidents on the Granadian frontier and a soft light came into his eyes.

"Senora Vendre is a woman with a heart to whom I told my life story. She agreed to help me. Her two sons are a celebrated diplomat and a chemist abroad. I merely posed in the place of one in order to obtain admission to the secret council of the Foreign Alliance posing you as the other in an effort to obtain possession of the canal defense plans."

She looked up quickly. "Those plans? Were you really responsible for them—and the wafers?"

"I was the party, Miss Dare—Pearl."

"But you are not a barber, or a telegraph operator, or a waiter in a restaurant, or any of those common things you have pretended to be; are you?"

"I guess not."

"Or cowboy?"

"Never!"

Is your name really T. O. Adams? Do you come from Monk's Corner, Neb.?" She placed her hand on his shoulder looking earnestly into his eyes.

"Who is the Silent Menace? I am positive that you know."

Adams was about to answer these leading questions, when for the first time they observed a large and turbulent crowd of citizens and soldiers collecting with loud outcries and oaths.

All stood with faces toward the front peak of the building. Pearl and Adams ran down the steps to see what the excitement was about.

They took one look. A man was climbing up the flag pole, one hand outstretched toward the emblem fluttering in the evening breeze.

His face was covered with a thick black muffer.

"The Silent Menace!" fell from the lips of both Pearl and Adams.

They flew into the building, mounted to the roof and raced across the intervening space, followed by a number of uniformed attendants.

"Drop!" cried Adams, levelling his revolver at the man on the pole. And then they saw that the outstretched hand which had grasped the flag in a frantic effort to tear and destroy it belonged to a broken arm carried in a sling.

Bullets from below whizzed around the man on the pole. The Silent Menace lost his hold and tumbled in a heap on the roof, dragging the flag with him.

"The flag must pay!" he snarled like a madman as Adams and Pearl pounced upon him and started to tear off his mask. "The upstart flag!"

(END OF FOURTEENTH 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. HUSEBECK, Proprietor.

Dining Room run on Family Style

Meals 25c.

Rooms 50 and 75 Cents, Special Rates by the Week.

Who Is the Silent Menace?

the Silent Menace shut the lid on you without knowing you were in it! What's your n-next question, girl?"

She looked at him in amusement. "Is your stammer a natural one?"

"No," was his laconic response.

"Then for goodness sake stop it!" she exclaimed, vexatiously. "You are not an ignorant man, are you?"

"No."

"You are college bred, aren't you?"

"Very much so," He laughed.

"Who is Senora Vendre and what is your relationship there? Is your real name Senor Vendre?"

This question took him back to the incidents on the Granadian frontier and a soft light came into his eyes.

"Senora Vendre is a woman with a heart to whom I told my life story. She agreed to help me. Her two sons are a celebrated diplomat and a chemist abroad. I merely posed in the place of one in order to obtain admission to the secret council of the Foreign Alliance posing you as the other in an effort to obtain possession of the canal defense plans."

She looked up quickly. "Those plans? Were you really responsible for them—and the wafers?"

"I was the party, Miss Dare—Pearl."

"But you are not a barber, or a telegraph operator, or a waiter in a restaurant, or any of those common things you have pretended to be; are you?"

"I guess not."

"Or cowboy?"

"Never!"

Is your name really T. O. Adams? Do you come from Monk's Corner, Neb.?" She placed her hand on his shoulder looking earnestly into his eyes.

"Who is the Silent Menace? I am positive that you know."

Adams was about to answer these leading questions, when for the first time they observed a large and turbulent crowd of citizens and soldiers collecting with loud outcries and oaths.

All stood with faces toward the front peak of the building. Pearl and Adams ran down the steps to see what the excitement was about.

They took one look. A man was climbing up the flag pole, one hand outstretched toward the emblem fluttering in the evening breeze.

His face was covered with a thick black muffer.

"The Silent Menace!" fell from the lips of both Pearl and Adams.

They flew into the building, mounted to the roof and raced across the intervening space, followed by a number of uniformed attendants.

"Drop!" cried Adams, levelling his revolver at the man on the pole. And then they saw that the outstretched hand which had grasped the flag in a frantic effort to tear and destroy it belonged to a broken arm carried in a sling.

Bullets from below whizzed around the man on the pole. The Silent Menace lost his hold and tumbled in a heap on the roof, dragging the flag with him.

"The flag must pay!" he snarled like a madman as Adams and Pearl pounced upon him and started to tear off his mask. "The upstart flag!"

(END OF FOURTEENTH 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. HUSEBECK, Proprietor.

Dining Room run on Family Style

Meals 25c.

Rooms 50 and 75 Cents, Special Rates by the Week.

Who Is the Silent Menace?

the Silent Menace shut the lid on you without knowing you were in it! What's your n-next question, girl?"

She looked at him in amusement. "Is your stammer a natural one?"

"No," was his laconic response.

"Then for goodness sake stop it!" she exclaimed, vexatiously. "You are not an ignorant man, are you?"

"No."

"You are college bred, aren't you?"

"Very much so," He laughed.

"Who is Senora Vendre and what is your relationship there? Is your real name Senor Vendre?"