

The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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want to be very sure of that identification. Will you tell me how she was dressed?"

The witness paused for a moment's thought.

"She wore a dress of very dark red," he said at last, "with some sort of narrow dark trimming—black, possibly. That's all I can tell you about it."

"And the hat?"

"I didn't notice the hat, sir. I only glanced at her."

"But in that glance, Mr. Rogers, did you see nothing unusual, nothing which suggested to your mind that possibly it might not be Miss Holladay?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Some change of demeanor, perhaps; of expression?"

The witness hesitated.

"I thought she was looking not quite so well as usual," he said slowly. "She seemed a little pale and worried."

"Ah! It was dark in the office, was it not, at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

"We had turned on the lights half an hour before, sir."

"Is your office well lighted?"

"I have a light over my desk, sir, and there's another on the wall."

"So you could not see your visitor's face with absolute clearness?"

"No, sir, but quite clearly enough to recognize her," he added doggedly.

"Yet you thought her looking pale and worried?"

"Yes, sir; that was my impression."

"And when she asked for Mr. Holladay did she use the words 'my father,' as your evidence would suggest?"

Again the witness hesitated in the effort at recollection.

"No, sir," he answered finally. "Her words, I think, were, 'Is Mr. Holladay engaged at present?'"

"It was Miss Holladay's voice?"

"I could not say, sir," answered the witness, again mopping the perspiration from his forehead. "I have no wish to incriminate Miss Holladay unnecessarily. I'm not sufficiently well acquainted with her voice to swear to it."

"Well, when you answered her question in the negative, did she hesitate before entering the private office?"

"No, sir; she went straight to it."

"Is there any lettering on the door?"

"Oh, yes, the usual lettering, 'Private Office.'"

"So that, even if she were not acquainted with the place, she might still have seen where to go?"

"Yes, sir; I suppose so."

"And you stated, too, I believe, that you could have heard no sound of an altercation in the private office had one occurred?"

"No, sir; I could have heard nothing."

"You have been with Mr. Holladay a long time, I believe, Mr. Rogers?"

"Over thirty years, sir."

"And you are intimately acquainted with his affairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Rogers, have you ever, in all these years, run across anything—any item of expenditure, any correspondence, anything whatever—which would lead you to think that Mr. Holladay was a victim of blackmail or that he had ever had a liaison with a woman?"

"No, sir," cried the witness. "No, sir! I'm willing to swear that such a thing is not possible. I should inevitably have found it out had it existed."

"That will do for the present," said Mr. Royce. "I shall want to recall the witness, however, sir."

The coroner nodded, and Rogers stepped down, still trembling from the effects of his last outburst. I confess that, for my part, I thought we were very deep in the mire.

The office boy was called next, but added nothing to the story. He had gone to the chute to mail some letters. The woman must have entered the office while he was away. He saw her come out again, but, of course, did not see her face. He had been employed recently and did not know Miss Holladay.

Then the physicians who had attended the dead man were called and testified that the knife blade had penetrated the left carotid artery and that he had bled to death—was dead, indeed, before they reached him. It would take perhaps ten minutes to produce such an effusion of blood as Rogers had noticed, certainly more than five minutes, so that the blow must have been struck before the woman left the inner office.

The policeman who had responded to the alarm testified that he had examined the windows and that they were both bolted on the inside, precluding the possibility of any one swinging down from above or clambering up from below. Nothing in the office had been disturbed. There was other evidence of an immaterial nature, and then Miss Holladay's maid was called.

"Was your mistress away from home yesterday afternoon?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir. She had the carriage ordered for 3 o'clock. She was driven away shortly after that."

"And what time did she return?"

"About 6, sir. Just in time to dress for dinner."

"Did you notice anything unusual in her demeanor when she returned?"

The maid hesitated, fearing doubtless that she might say too much.

"Miss Holladay had complained of a headache in the morning," she said, after a moment. "She was looking bad when she went out, and the drive made her worse instead of better. She seemed very nervous and ill. I advised her to lie down and not dress for dinner, but she would not listen. She always dined with her father and did not wish to disappoint him. She was in a great hurry, fearing that he'd get back before she was ready."

"There's no doubt in your mind that she was really expecting him?"

"Oh, no, sir! She even went to the door to look for him when he did not come. She seemed very uneasy about him."

That was one point in our favor certainly.

"And when the news of her father's death reached her how did she bear it?"

"She didn't bear it at all, sir," answered the maid, catching her breath to choke back a sob. "She fainted dead away. Afterward she seemed to be in a kind of daze till the doctor came."

"That is all. Have you any questions to ask the witness, Mr. Royce?"

"Only one," said my chief, leaning forward. I knew what it was and held my breath, wondering whether it were wise to ask it. "Do you remember the gown your mistress wore yesterday afternoon?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, sir!" And the witness brightened. "It was a dark red broadcloth, made very plain, with only a little narrow black braid for trimming."

CHAPTER III.

FROM the breathless silence that followed her answer she saw that she had somehow dealt her mistress a heavy blow, and the sobs burst out beyond control, choking her. I could see how my chief's face turned livid. He had driven another rivet in the chain—just the one it needed to hold it firmly together. My head was whirling. Could it be possible, after all, that this gentle, cultured girl was really such a fiend at heart that she could strike down—I put the thought from me. It was monstrous, unbelievable!

The coroner and the district attorney were whispering together, and I saw the former glance from the blood stained handkerchief on the desk before him to the sobbing woman on the stand. It needed only that—her identification of that square of fabric—to complete the evidence. He hesitated a moment, said another word or two to Singleton, then straightened up again in his chair. Perhaps he thought the chain was strong enough; perhaps he saw only that the witness was in no condition to go on.

"Anything further, Mr. Royce?" he asked.

"Not at present, sir," answered our junior hoarsely. I think he was just beginning fully to realize how desperate our case was.

"We will dismiss the witness, then, temporarily," said the coroner. "We shall probably recall her later on."

The maid was led back to the witness room on the verge of hysteria, and Goldberg looked over the papers on his desk.

"We have one more witness," he said at last, "Miss Holladay's coachman, and perhaps a little testimony in rebuttal. If you wish to adjourn for lunch, Mr. Royce, I'm quite ready to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said my chief, welcoming an opportunity to pull himself together and prepare a plan of defense. "I do wish it."

"Very well, then. We'll adjourn till 2 o'clock," and he pushed back his chair.

"May I have one word with you, sir?" asked Mr. Royce.

"Certainly."

"I should like to see Miss Holladay a few moments in private. We wish, of course, to arrange our rebuttal."

The coroner looked at him for a moment with eyes in which just a tinge of curiosity flickered.

"I'll be very glad to allow you to see her in private," he answered readily. "I regret greatly that we couldn't find you last night, so that you could have opportunity to prepare for this hearing. I feel that in a way we haven't been quite fair to you, though I don't see how delay could have altered matters, and in a case of this kind prompt action is important. I had no intention of placing Miss Holladay on the witness stand, so I thought it best to proceed at once with the inquest. You must admit, sir, that as the case stands there's only one course open to me."

"I fear so," assented the other sadly. "It's a most incomprehensible case. The chain of evidence seems absolutely complete, and yet I'm convinced—as every sane man must be—that there is in it some fatal flaw, which, once discovered, will send the whole structure tottering. It must be my business to find that flaw."

"Strange things happen in this world, Mr. Royce," observed Singleton, with a philosophy born of experience. "The impossible never happens, sir!" retorted our junior. "I hope to show you that this belongs in that category."

"Well, I hope you will," said the district attorney. "I'd be glad to find that some one else is guilty."

"I'll do my best." And Mr. Royce turned to me. "Lester, you'd better go and get some lunch. You look quite done up."

"Shall I bring you something?" I asked. "Or, better still, have a meal ready for you in half an hour? Rotin's is just around the corner."

He would have refused, I think, had not the coroner interfered.

"You'd better go, Mr. Royce," he said. "You're looking done up yourself. Perhaps you can persuade Miss Holladay to eat something. I'm sure she needs it."

"Very well, then. Have two meals ready in half an hour, Lester," he said, "and a lunch we can bring back with us. I'll go to Miss Holladay now and then go direct to Rotin's."

He hurried away after the coroner, and I walked slowly over to Rotin's to give the necessary orders. I chose a table in a snug corner, picked up a paper and tried to read. Its one great item of news was the Holladay case, and I grew hot with anger as I saw how unquestioningly, how complacently it accepted the theory of the daughter's guilt. Still, I asked myself, was it to blame? Was any one to blame for thinking her guilty after hearing the evidence? How could one escape it? Why, even I—

Preposterous! I tried to reason calmly; to find an opening in the net, yet how complete it was! The only point we had gained so far was that the mysterious visitor had asked for Mr. Holladay, not for her father, and what an infinitesimal point it was! Supposing there had been a quarrel, an estrangement, would not she naturally have used those very words? After all, did not the black eyes, the full lips, the deep colored cheeks bespeak a strong and virile temperament, depth of emotion, capacity for swift and violent anger? But what cause could there be for a quarrel so bitter, so fierce, that it should lead to such a tragedy? What cause? And then suddenly a wave of light broke in upon me. There could be only one. Yes, but there could be one! Capacity for emotion meant capacity for passion. If she had a lover, if she had clung to him despite her father! I knew his reputation for severity, for cold and relentless condemnation. Here was an explanation, certainly!

And then I shook myself together angrily. Here was I reasoning along the theory of her guilt, trying to find a motive for it! I remembered her as I had seen her often, driving with her father; I recalled the many stories I had heard of their devotion; I reflected how her whole life, so far as I knew it, pointed to a nature singularly calm and self-controlled, charitable and loving. As to the lover theory, did not the light in her eyes which had greeted our junior disprove that at once and forever? Certainly, there was some fatal flaw in the evidence, and it was for us to find it.

I leaned my head back against the wall with a little sigh of relief. What a fool I had been! Of course we should find it. Mr. Royce had spoken the words; the district attorney had pointed out the way. We had only to prove an alibi, and the next witness would do it. Her coachman had only to tell where he had driven her, at what place she had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street, so the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross examination.

"It is a most extraordinary affair," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see that the chair just behind me had been taken by a man who was also reading an account of the crime. He laid the paper down and caught my eye. "A most extraordinary affair!" he repeated, appealing to me.

I nodded, merely glancing at him, too preoccupied to notice him closely. I got an impression of a florid face, of a stout, well-dressed body, of an air unmistakably French.

"You will pardon me, sir," he added, leaning a little forward. "As a stranger in this country, I am much interested in your processes of law. This morning I was present at the trial. I perceived you there. It seemed to me that the young lady was in what you call a tight place."

He spoke English very well, with an accent of the slightest. I glanced at him again and saw that his eyes were very bright and that they were fixed upon me intently.

"It does seem so," I admitted, loath to talk, yet not wishing to be discourteous.

"The ver' thing I said to myself!" he continued eagerly. "The—what you call—co-evidence of the dress now."

I did not answer. I was in no humor to discuss the case.

"You will pardon me," he repeated persuasively, still leaning forward, "but concerning one point I should like much to know. If she is thought guilty what will occur?"

"She will be bound over to the grand jury," I explained.

"That is, she will be placed in prison?"

"Of course."

"But, as I understand your law, she may be released by bondsmen."

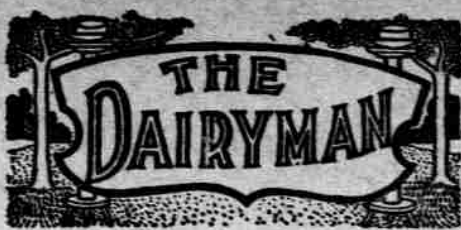
"Not in a capital case," I said; "not in a case of this kind, where the penalty may be death."

"Ah, I see," and he nodded slowly. "She would then not be agitated released until after she shall have been proved innocent. How great a time would that occupy?"

"I can't say—six months—a year, perhaps."

"Ah, I see," he said again, and drained a glass of absinth he had been toying with. "Thank you, ver' much, sir."

(To be Continued.)



In the new dairy barn recently completed at the Indiana experiment station farm there is a ventilating system which is especially commendable, says American Agriculturist. In a general way the system embodies the principles of the King system, but also has features not found in the King barns. The special feature is the manner in which the intakes of fresh air are distributed. The fresh air tubes, six in number on each side of the barn near the base

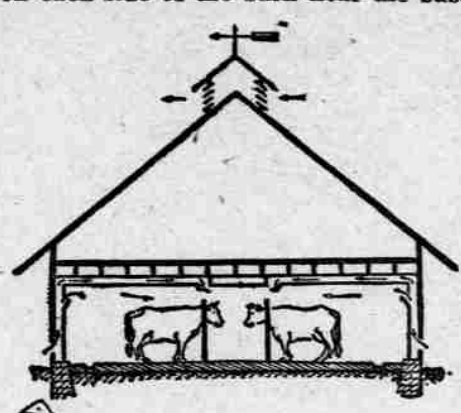


FIG. I—INTAKE SYSTEM.

line, pass between the walls nearly to the ceiling before opening at a vent controlled by a swing shutter. These are shown in Fig. 1. Each tube also passes on through the ceiling space and opens up a similar vent from the ceiling. This gives twenty-four different special air openings in the stable. There are also eight larger openings and four tubes for the removal of foul air, as shown in Fig. 2. The latter are all built in the side walls and in places constructed for that purpose. The amount of fresh air which is allowed to enter depends upon the direction of the wind and temperature of the outside air. This may be varied at pleasure by the use of the spring shutter over the intakes. Since the stable is heated entirely by the animals, a rapid change of air is not practical and unless particularly foul is not

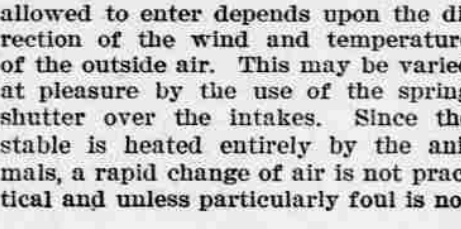


FIG. II—VENTILATING SYSTEM.

necessary, but with this system the impurities as well as the carbon dioxide gas are effectively removed by introducing the least amount of warm air. The room is particularly free from disagreeable odors, and this room is one of the cleanest to be found in any of the modern experiment station dairy barns.

Why Cows Should Be Tested.

A great many overlook the value of testing the milk of each cow in the herd, for the profits at the creamery depend more upon the percentage of butter fat contained in the milk than upon the amount of the flow.

Two cows in the same herd may serve as an illustration. One gives 600 pounds of milk during one month which tests only 3 per cent butter fat, while the other cow will only give 500 pounds, but the test shows 5 per cent butter fat. It can be easily seen which is the more profitable of the two.

A number of North Dakota creameries are insisting that their patrons make tests of the milk of each of their cows. They believe that if the dairy farmer is taught to keep profitable dairy cows they will be more satisfied with results and, as a matter of course, will remain patrons of the creamery longer than if they were dissatisfied. If the patron will not keep a tester of his own the creamery will provide him with separate cans for each cow's milk and will test the milk for him free of charge.

Apples as Cow Feed.

Apples make good feed for cows if fed in small quantities at first. Begin with three quarts at a feed and gradually increase, says H. G. Manchester in Rural New Yorker. In this way you can work the cow up to half a bushel at a feed without injury. If the cow is given all she will eat at one time she will bloat and go down. We call such a cow drunk, but the scientific men claim that intoxication is impossible from this cause. At any rate, the cow is very weary, stops giving milk and in some cases dies. When fed in small quantities the milk flow increases and the cow does well. We like to feed some cornmeal when feeding apples. Be careful not to feed large ones or the cow may choke.

Losses in Skimming.

It has been estimated that the losses of butter fat by the different methods of skimming the milk of twenty cows in a year amount to \$120 by the shallow pan setting, \$60 by the deep setting and \$15 by centrifugal separator. This is based on a price of 20 cents per pound for butter and an average loss of fat in the skim milk by each method.

When Heifers Freshen.

A cow is worth much more when her milking habit is well established. Special pains with cows that are fresh for the first time is for this reason important.

Milk and Butter Notes

A dustless milking room is desirable. Milk should not stand in the stable. If milk is aerated it should be done before cooling and in pure air. The sooner the milk is cooled after milking the better. Keep the milk as cold as possible when once cooled.

Skimming Milk.

Professor Farrington of the Wisconsin Dairy school sums up the different methods of skimming in the following brief manner:

"These methods are the shallow pans, the deep setting of cans of milk in cold water, the water or aquatic separator and the centrifugal separator."

"The water separator is so inferior a method that it is not used by the best dairymen at the present time. The other three methods are still in use, but the centrifugal separator is the most efficient of them all. The losses of butter fat in the skim-milk are greatest when milk is set in shallow pans. Deep setting in cold water is a little better, but the centrifugal separator may be run so as to leave only one-tenth per cent butter fat in the skim milk."

Influences on Butter.

A real lover of dairy work—and no other should ever engage in dairying—will not think it irksome to comply with the little details of neatness, says an Ohio dairyman in Farmers Advocate. This is a most important subject. How many milkers go direct from their stable work to milking with unwashed hands and soiled clothing! Many smoke while milking, and should part of the contents of the pipe get spilled into the milk pail, what of it? Much more bacteria than are necessary to ripening of cream will find their way into the milk pail unless proper care is taken of the udder and of the milkers' clothes, hands and habits.

Dairy Dots.

Milk separates best immediately after being drawn, while the natural heat is still in it.

The salt in butter will remain in grains, not being dissolved, if the butter is worked very dry.

The best time to skim is when the milk has thickened just a little at the bottom of the vessels.

Height of the Milking Stool.

The milking stool should be made to suit the person using it and be rather high—high enough so that when being used the milker's arm from the shoulder to elbow hangs nearly straight down. The weight of the arms then comes naturally on the shoulder, and it is not necessary to raise the whole arm when grasping the teats at each stroke. Moreover, it is much easier on the cow than when a low stool is used, for, in this case, the milker, after grasping the teat, rests the whole weight of his arm on the teat, and this, with the jerking, is not conducive to comfort for the cow. A stool of the proper height will enable most milkers to handle fully one-third more cows without fatigue than if the stool is too low.

Additional Local.

V. D. Schobert and wife, of Eugene, spent a few hours in this city yesterday while en route to Nashville, where they are to visit for a week. Mr. Schobert was a schoolmate of A. Gruntz, of this city, and his wife is a cousin of Miss Edna Gillett, of Corvallis.

Last Sunday evening the Catholic church was beautifully illuminated with electric lights for the first time. The new lights is an improvement much appreciated by the Catholic people and pastor. The lights are almost entirely the gift of Mr. W. D. Varney of the Independent Telephone Co., others also contributing for the work of wiring and a meter.

Imperfect Digestion.

Means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

SEWER NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed viewer by the council of the city of Corvallis to estimate the proportionate share of the cost of the sewer to be constructed by the city of Corvallis under and by virtue of ordinance No. 189 through the middle of blocks numbered 11, 15 and 16 N. B. and P. Avery's addition to the city of Corvallis to be assessed to the several owners of the property benefited thereby. The district benefited by the said sewer is all of lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of block 12 and all of blocks 15 and 16 in N. B. and P. Avery's addition to the city of Corvallis.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of B. B. Barnes, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Benton County, Oregon, his final account as administrator of said estate, and that Monday, the 5th day of February, 1906, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing of objections to said report and the settlement thereof. R. F. BARNES, Administrator of the Estate of B. B. Barnes, deceased. Dated January 2, 1906.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Prevents Croup

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS: Fifteen words or less, 25 cts for three successive insertions, or 50 cts per month; for all up to and including ten additional words, 1/2 cent a word for each insertion.

For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and 1/2 ct per word for each additional insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cents.

Lodge, society and church notices, other than strictly news matter, will be charged for.

FOR SALE

22 HEAD OF CATTLE FROM 1 TO 3 years past; 6 milk cows, fresh in February and March. Will sell right to right party. Wm. Bryans, Wren, Ore. 11 19*

ATTORNEYS

F. YATES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office First National Bank Building. Only set of abstracts in Benton County.

R. BRYSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

AUCTIONEER

P. A. KLINE, LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER, Corvallis, Or. P. A. Kline Line, Phone No. 1. P. O. address, Box 11. Pays highest prices for all kinds of live stock. Twenty years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WANTED

WANTED 600 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.55 per year.

BANKING.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Corvallis, Oregon, transacts a general conservative banking business. Loans money on approved security. Drafts bought and sold and money transferred to the principal cities of the United States, Europe and foreign countries.

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DR. E. E. JACKSON, VETERINARY Surgeon and Dentist. Permanently located here. Dr. Jackson is a post-graduate and thoroughly qualified in veterinary work. See him at Occidental Hotel. 1011t

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B. A. OATHEY, M. D., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Rooms 14, Bank Building. Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Residence: cor. 5th and Adams Sts. Telephone at office and residence. Corvallis, Oregon.

MARBLE SHOP.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS; curbing made to order; cleaning and repairing done neatly; save agent's commission. Shop North Main St., Frank Vanhoosen, Prop. 921f

LOST.

LOST—A TAN SHEPARD DOG, male, rather large, fairly shorthaired. White strip, one-half inch wide, in face. Will answer to name "Rube." Liberal reward. Return to W. W. Ireland's store, Corvallis. 11-13*

Cured Lumbago.

A. B. Gannon, Chicago, writes March 4, 1893, "Having been troubled with Lumbago, at different times and tried one physician after another, then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of sufferers." Sold by Graham &