A Mystery Of Two Continents

BURTON E. STEVENSON

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He arose and went slowly out, and I noted the strength of his figure, the

short neck-The waiter came with bread and butter, and I realized suddenly that it was long past the half hour. Indeed, a glance at my watch showed me that nearly an hour had gone. I waited fifteen minutes longer, ate what I could, and, taking a box lunch under my arm, hurried back to the coroner's office. As I entered it I saw a bowed figure sitting at the table, and my heart fell as I recognized our junior. His whole attitude expressed a despair absolute, past redemption.

"I've brought your lunch, Mr. Royce," I said, with what lightness I could muster. "The proceedings will commence in haif an hour. You'd better eat something," and I opened the

He looker at it for a moment, and then began mechanically to eat.

"You look regularly done up," I ventured. "Wouldn't I better get you a glass of brandy? That'll tone you up." "All right," he assented listlessly,

and I hurried away on the errand. The brandy brought a little color back to his cheeks, and he began to

eat with more interest. "Must I order lunch for Miss Holla-

day?" I questioned.

"No," he said. "She said she didn't wish any."

He relapsed again into silence. Plain-

ly he had received some new blow during my absence. "After all," I began, "you know we've only to prove an alibi to knock

to pieces this whole house of cards." "Yes, that's all," he agree "But suppose we can't do it, Lester?

"Can't do it?" I faltered. "Do you mean"-"I mean that Miss Holladay posi-

tively refuses to say where she spent yesterday afternoon." "Does she understand the-the ne-

cessity?" I asked. "I pointed it out to her as clearly as

I could. I'm all at sea, Lester." Well, if even he were beginning to

doubt, matters were indeed serious! "It's incomprehensible!" I sighed, after a moment's confused thought. "It's"-

"Yes-past believing." "But the coachman"-

"The coachman's evidence, I fear, on't help us much-rather

I actually gasped for breath. I felt like a drowning man from whose grasp the saving rope had suddenly, unaccountably, been snatched.

"In that case"- I began and stopped. "Well, in that case?"

"We must find some other way out," I concluded lamely.

"Is there another way, Lester?" he demanded, wheeling round upon me fiercely. "Is there another way? If

there is I wish you'd show it to me!" "There must be!" I protested desperately, striving to convince myself. "There must be. Only, I fear, it will

take some little time to find." "And meanwhile Miss Holladay will be remanded! Think what that will

mean to her, Lester!" I had thought. I was desperate as he, but to find the flaw, the weak spot in the chain, required, I felt, a better brain than mine. I was lost in a whirl-

wind of perplexities. "Well, we must do our best," he went on more calmly after a moment. "I haven't lost hope yet-chance often directs these things. Besides, at worst I think Miss Holladay will change her mind. Whatever her secret, it were better to reveal it than to spend a single hour in the Tombs. She simply must change her mind! And thanks,

Lester, for your thoughtfulness. You have put new life into me." I cleared away the debris of the

lunch, and a few moments later the

He arose and went slowly out.

room began to fill again. At last the coroner and district attorney came in together, and the former rapped for or-

"The inquest will continue," he said.

with the examination or John Drooms Miss Holladay's coachman."

I can give his evidence in few words, His mistress had driven directly down the avenue to Washington square. There she had left the carriage, bidding him wait for her, and had continued southward into the squalid French | that confronted us? quarter. He had lost sight of her in a appeared. She had ordered him to drive home as rapidly as he could, and he had not stopped until he reached the house. Her gown? Yes, he had no-No, he had never before driven her to

Quaking at heart, I realized that only one person could extricate Frances Holladay from the coil woven about her. If she persisted in silence, there was no hope for her. But that she should still refuse to speak was inconceivable

unless "That is all " said the coroner. "Will you cross examine the witness, Mr.

My chief shook his head silently, and Brooks left the stand.

Again the coroner and Singleton whispered together. "We will recall Miss Holladay's

maid," said the former at last. She was on the stand again in a moment, calmer than she had been, but

deadly pale. "Are your mistress' handkerchiefs

marked in any way?" Goldberg asked as she turned to him. "Some of them are, yes, sir, with

her initials, in the form of a monogram. Most of them are plain." "Do you recognize this one?" and he

handed her the ghastly piece of evi-I held my breath while the woman looked it over, turning it with trem-

bling fingers. "No, sir!" she replied emphatically

as she returned it to him. "Does your mistress possess any

handkerchiefs that resemble this one?" "Oh, yes, sir. It's an ordinary cambric handkerchief of good quality, such as most ladies use."

I breathed a long sigh of relief. Here at least fortune favored us. "That is all. Have you any ques-

tions, Mr. Royce?" Again our junior shook his head.

"That concludes our case," added the coroner. "Have you any witnesses to summon, sir?"

What witnesses could we have? Only one, and I fancied that the jurymen were looking at us expectantly. If our client were indeed innocent, why should we hesitate to put her on the stand, to give her opportunity to defend herself, to enable her to shatter. in a few words, this chain of circumstance so firmly forged about her? If she were innocent, would she not naturally wish to speak in her own behalf? Did not her very unwillingness to speak argue-

"Ask for a recess," I whispered. "Go to Miss Holladay and tell her that unless she speaks"-

But before Mr. Royce could answer a policeman pushed his way forward from the rear of the room and handed a note to the coroner.

"A messenger brought this a moment ago, sir," he explained.

The coroner glanced at the superscription and handed it to my chief. "It's for you, Mr. Royce," he said. I saw that the address read:

> For Mr. Royce, Attorney for the Defense.

He tore it open and ran his eyes rapidly over the inclosure. He read it through a second time, then held out the paper to me with an expression of the blankest amazement. The note

The man Rogers is lying. The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of

CHAPTER IV.

STARED at the lines in dumb bewilderment. "The man Rogers is lying." But what conceivable motive could he have for lying? Besides, as I looked at him on the stand, I would have sworn that he was telling the truth, and very much against his will. I had always prided myself upon my judgment of human nature. Had I erred so egregiously in this instance? "The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green." Who was the writer of the note? How did he know the color of her gown? There was only one possible way he could know-he knew the woman. Plainly, too, he must have been present at the morning hearing. But, if he knew so much, why did he not himself come forward? To this, too, there was but one answerhe must be an accomplice. But then, again, if he were an accomplice, why should he imperil himself by writing this note, for it could very probably be traced? I found myself deeper in the mire, farther from the light, at

"Do you wish to summon any witnesses, Mr. Royce?" asked the coroner again. "I shall be glad to adjourn the hearing until tomorrow if you do."

Mr. Royce roused himself with an effort.

at wan cie." he enid. "I may asi

ness room.

I wish to recall Mr. Rogers." 'Very well," said the coroner. And Rogers was summoned from the wit-

you to do that later on. Just at present

I looked at him attentively, trying to fathem his thoughts, to read behind his eyes; but, look as I might, I could see nothing in his face save concern and grief. He had grown gray in Holladay's office, he had proved himself a hundred times a man to be relied on, he had every reason to feel affection and gratitude toward his employer, and I was certain that he felt both. He received a liberal salary, I knew, and was comfortably well to do.

That he himself could have committed the crime or been concerned in it in any way was absolutely unthinkable. Yet why should he lie? Above all, why should he seek to implicate his employer's daughter? Even if he wished to implicate her, how could he have known the color of her gown? What dark, intricate problem was this

In the moment that followed I saw moment and had driven slowly about that Mr. Royce was studying him, too; for more than two hours before she re- was straining to find a ray of light for guidance. If we falled now-

I read the note through again - "a gown of dark green." And suddenly, by a kind of clairvoyance, the solution ticed that it was a dark red. He had of the mystery leaped forth from it. I not seen her face, for it was veiled. leaned over to my chief, trembling with eagerness.

> "Mr. Royce," I whispered hoarsely, "I believe I've solved the puzzle. Hold Rogers on the stand a few moments until I get back."

> He looked up at me astonished, then nodded as I seized my hat and pushed my way through the crowd. Once outside the building, I ran to the nearest dry goods house-three blocks away it was, and what fearfully long blocks they seemed!-then back again to the courtroom. Rogers was still on the stand, but a glance at Mr. Royce told me that he had elicited nothing new.

> "You take him, Lester," he said as I at down beside him. "I'm worn out." Quivering with apprehension, I arose. It was the first time I had been given the center of the stage in so important a case. Here was my opportunity! Suppose my theory should break down,

after all! "Mr. Rogers," I began, "you've been having some trouble with your eyes,

haven't you?" He looked at me in surprise. "Why, yes, a little," he said. "Noth-

ing to amount to anything. How did you know?"

My confidence had come back again, I was on the right track then! "I did not know," I said, smiling for

the first time since I had entered the room, "but I suspected. I have here a number of pieces of cloth of different

colors. I should like you to pick out the one that most nearly approximates he color of the gown your visitor wore yesterday afternoon."

I handed him the bundle of samples, and as I did so I saw the district attorney lean forward over his desk with attentive face. The witness looked through the samples slowly, while I watched him with feverish eagerness. Mr. Royce had caught an inkling of my meaning and was watching him

"There's nothing here," said Rogers at last, "which seems quite the shade, but this is very near it."

He held up one of the pieces. With leaping heart, I heard the gasp of astonishment which ran around the room. The jurymen were leaning forward in their chairs.

"And what is the color of that piece?" asked.

"Why, dark red. I've stated that already.'

I gianced triumphantly at the coroner. "Your honor," I said as calmly as I

could, "I think we've found the flaw in the chain. Mr. Rogers is evidently color blind. As you see, the piece he has selected is a dark green."

The whole audience seemed to draw a deep breath and a little clatter of applause ran around the room. Ia could hear the scratch, scratch of the reporters' pencils. Here was a situation after their hearts' desire! Mr. Royce had me by the hand and was whispering brokenly in my ear.

"My dear fellow, you're the best of us all. I'll never forget it!"

But Rogers was staring in amazement from me to the cloth in his hand and back again.

"Green!" he stammered. "Color blind! Why, that's nonsense! I've never suspected it!"

"That's probable enough," I assented. The failing is no doubt a recent one. Most color blind persons don't know it until their sight is tested. Of course we shall have an oculist examine you, but I think this evidence is pretty conclusive."

Coroner Goldberg nodded, and the district attorney settled back in his chair.

"We've no further questions to ask this witness at present," I continued. "Only I'd like you to preserve this piece of cloth, sir," and I handed it to Goldberg. He placed it with the other exhibits on his desk, and I sat down again beside my chief. He had regained all his old time energy and keenness. He seemed another man.

"I should like to recall Miss Holladay's maid, if you please," he said, and the girl was summoned, while Rogers stumbled dazedly off to the witness

"You're quite sure your mistress wore a dark red gown yesterday afternoon?" he asked when the girl was on the stand again.

"Oh, yes, sir; quite sure."

"It was not dark green? Think carefully now." "I don't have to think!" she retorted sharply, with a toss of her head. "Miss Holladay hasn't any dark green gown, nor light one either. She never wears green. She doesn't like it. It

(To be Continued.)

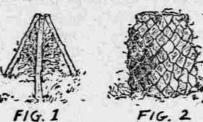


BUSH PROTECTION.

Shrubs, Raspberries Blackberries

Many of the roses and shrubs that make grounds attractive must have the morning and one at evening, and protection against the cold of winter, only one service to a cow. I believe The cuts from Farm Journal show a this plan insures a strong, healthy calf quick and effective means of giving at birth, provided the dam has been protection to separate bushes.

 Between these and over and around farm care, but I aim to allow them to them place a thick mat of straw. Wrap go dry at least two months previous to about this a short strip of wire poultry



PROTECTING ROSEBUSHES.

draw the top together and tie with a string. Keep these strips of netting for use each winter. Fig. 2 shows the work complete.

Another way of protecting roses (those that are planted in masses) is to bend each shoot carefully down to the ground and hold it in place with stakes. Then cover the whole bed with a foot of leaves or dry straw and place a piece of eighteen inch wide wire netting around the bed. Hold this netting in place with stakes and the mulch will not blow away.

In many localities raspberry and blackberry bushes must be tied up to prevent heavy snows from stripping off the new and tender shoots that will produce the fruit of the coming season.



SUPPORT FOR BERRY BUSHES.

The usual stakes and supports are in the way of the cultivator. Fig. 1 shows an excellent plan for supporting the bushes. Fig. 2 plainly shows a sectional view of the same stakes, wires and bushes. This method keeps the bushes erect and gives a clear, open space between rows for the cultivator and for the pickers.

Woolly Peaches and Rot.

The claim that fuzzy or woolly peaches are better able to resist rot than the smoother ones is, I believe, not well founded. Some years the one and other years the other suffers most. The Amsden rots badly every year. The Sneed is but very seldom affected. The Champion last year was en tirely free from rot, while this year we lost nearly all of them, and the Elberta is nearly rot proof. The very frequent showers kept the spray mixtures thoroughly washed off at the most critical time, so that we lost control of both insects and fungi. The insects not only ate the fruit full of holes, but I suppose actually inoculated it with the rot. There is an old belief that the curculio dislikes the woolly peach. I believe that insect is responsible for much of the spreading of the rot, concludes an Indiana correspondent in Rural New

Handsome "Mums."

Commenting on the annual chrysanthemum show of the bureau of plant industry at Washington, Gardening says: The giant of the lot is the yellow Lieutenant Colonel Ducrosit, which is indeed a mammoth and should commend itself for show purposes if for no other. Roi d'Italie, another yellow, has the appearance of being a very useful bloom for commercial purposes, and Jeanne Falconer is another that looks well. Donald McLeod is a yellow that shows the peculiarity of coming in different forms and shades. Some blooms are incurved and compact, while others are open with lanky petals. Amateur Conseil is a good red. Edgar Sanders is there and shows up in fine shape, as also does John K. Shaw.

The Old Garden.

Of all the scenes of childhood there is none to which memory turns oftener and clings more lovingly than "the old

garden." From the time in early spring where we heaped the brush on crackling bonfires, through the miracle of bursting bud and leaf, the gorgeousness of midsummer, the crisp, spicy days of autumn and even when winter covered all with its mantle of snow it was an ideal playground.

Chloroforming Plants.

A French experimenter, M. Leblanc, chloroformed some azaleas for fortyeight hours. Seventeen days later they were in full bloom. Other azaleas which had been grown under similar conditions, but not exposed to the chloroform vapor, did not bloom until a fortnight later.

Grapevines.

Grapevines are desirable and attractive for covering sides of buildings, barns or walls, and you need not be afraid that the vines will do the building or walls any harm. They will protect them. Plant grapevines for the health of your family and for their en-

Dahlia Roots.

Leave the dahlia roots in clumps, as, when dug in the fall, in the spring they will start to sprout and then should be severed by a sharp knife, for if they are torn apart some will be destroyed.

RAISING MILK CATTLE.

Selection of Sire and Care of Dam. Feeding the Calt.

My care of a calf begins with the stre before the cow is served, writes a Pennsylvania farmer in American Agriculturist. I prefer a sire two years old at least. I keep him thrifty and vigorous. During the service season he is limited to two services a day, one in properly fed and cared for during preg-Drive three stakes as shown in Fig. nancy. My cows have only ordinary calving. I lose a little milk by giving netting, twist the end wires together, them so long a rest, but believe I make it up in the calf, if he is well enough bred to be worth raising at all. When a cow is about to calve I place

her in a comfortable box stall, using plenty of straw. After the calf is born I give the cow a pail of warm drink and leave the calf with her from twelve to twenty-four hours, or until he has nursed once or twice, to be sure that he gets well filled with the first milk. This is nature's provision for his first food, and I want to be sure that he gets it. He is then placed by himself and the cow is returned to her accustomed place with the rest of the herd. The calf is now fed new milk from a pail for a week or ten days, when I begin to put in part skim milk. At about two weeks old he is on his regular ration, which is four or five quarts skim milk, to which is added a tablespoonful of ground flaxseed. I prepare the flaxseed by putting it into an earthen dish and pouring a teacupful of boiling water upon it and allowing it to stand from one feeding time until the next, when it is stirred into the milk and more prepared for the

When the calf is about one month old he will begin to eat hay and grain. I feed him all he will eat of both, preferably clover hay. For grain I have had good results with one part, by measure, cornmeal, two parts oats and two parts bran. The above ration is fed for four or five months. The milk and flaxseed are then discontinued. As my calves come in the fall or early winter, they are ready to be placed on pasture. I would like to continue the grain feed, but find they do not care for it when they have plenty of grass.

Good Cows Hard to Get.

When you find it difficult to procure a good cow you should remember that a cow of this class is seldom for sale. She fills her place so perfectly that the owner naturally refuses to part with her. The "breachy" or otherwise defective kind are always on the market, but the wise owner is loath to let go of a good thing.



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SEWER NOTICE

Corvellis, Or., Jan. 20, 1906. Notice is hereby given that the universimed have been appointed viewers by the common council of the city of Corvallis to estimate the proportionale stars of the cast of the sewer to be constructed by the city of Corvallis under and by virtue of ordinance No 189 through the middle of the ks numbered 14 15 and 16 N. B. and P., Avery's addition to the city of corvailis to be assessed to the several owners of the property benefitted thereby. The district be refitted by the said sewer is all of tots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of block 14 and all of blocks 15 and 16 in N. B., and P. Avery's addition to the city of Corvallis.

Corvallis.

That said viewers will meet at the office of the Police Judge of the city of Corvallis on the 5th day of February, 1906, at the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of estimating the respect-P. M., for the purpose of estimating the respective share of the cost to be paid by the property owners in constructing said sewer, and all persens interested and owners of said property may appear before the viewer; to be heard in the matter of making said estimates.

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ment to the throat. Mrs. A. Vliet, New Cast'e, Colo., writze March 19, 1902; "I think Ballard's Horehound Syrup ia wonderful remedy. and so pleasant to take. Sold by Graham and Wortham.

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Gazette

for Job Work.