

The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Copyright, 1903, by Henry Holt and Company

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 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 half an hour. You'd better eat something," and I opened the box.

He looked 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 Holladay?" I questioned.

"No," he said. "She said she didn't wish any." He relapsed again into silence. Plainly 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 agreed. "But suppose we can't do it, Lester?" "Can't do it?" I faltered. "Do you mean?"

"I mean that Miss Holladay positively refuses to say where she spent yesterday afternoon." "Does she understand the necessity?" 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, won't help us much—rather the reverse."

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."

"With the examination of JOHN BROWN, 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 quarter. He had lost sight of her in a moment and had driven slowly about for more than two hours before she reappeared. 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 noticed that it was a dark red. He had not seen her face, for it was veiled. No, he had never before driven her to that locality.

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. Royce?" 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 evidence. I held my breath while the woman looked it over, turning it with trembling 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 questions, Mr. Royce?" "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 read: The man Rogers is lying. The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green.

you to do that later on. Just at present I wish to recall Mr. Rogers." "Very well," said the coroner. And Rogers was summoned from the witness room.

I looked at him attentively, trying to fathom 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 plot was this that confronted us?

In the moment that followed I saw that Mr. Royce was studying him, too; was straining to find a ray of light for guidance. If we failed now— I read the note through again—"a gown of dark green." And suddenly, by a kind of clairvoyance, the solution of the mystery leaped forth from it. I 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 sat 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. "Nothing 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 the 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 too.

"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?" I asked. "Why, dark red. I've stated that already." I glanced triumphantly at the coroner. "Your honor," I said as calmly as I could, "I think we've found the law 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. I 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 falling 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."

FRUIT-FLOWERS BUSH PROTECTION.

Roses, Shrubs, Raspberries and Blackberries. Many of the roses and shrubs that make grounds attractive must have protection against the cold of winter. The cuts from Farm Journal show a quick and effective means of giving protection to separate bushes.

Drive three stakes as shown in Fig. 1. Between these and over and around them place a thick mat of straw. Wrap about this a short strip of wire poultry netting, twist the end wires together,

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 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.

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 entirely 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 Yorker.

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 command 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 when we heaped the brush on crackling bonfires, through the miracle of bursting bud and leaf, the gorgeousness of mid-summer, 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 forty-eight 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 enjoyment.

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 Calf. My care of a calf begins with the sire 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 the morning and one at evening, and only one service to a cow. I believe this plan insures a strong, healthy calf at birth, provided the dam has been properly fed and cared for during pregnancy. My cows have only ordinary farm care, but I aim to allow them to dry at least two months previous to calving. I lose a little milk by giving 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. 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 next feed.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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, 3/4 cent a word for each insertion.

For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and 3/4 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 FULLBLOOD BARRED ROCK COCKS, \$1.00; two-year old cock (former cost \$3) now \$1.00. F. R. Barnes, Corvallis, Ore., R. F. D. 1. 12-16t

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, Oreg. 11-10*

PLASTERING PLASTERING AND CEMENT WORK. Cement works a specialty. Work guaranteed. H. Bier & Co., Corvallis, Oreg. 12tf

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

AUCTIONEER P. A. KLINE, LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER, Corvallis, Oreg. 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 500 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.

Veterinary Surgeon DR. E. E. JACKSON, V. S., WINEGAR & Snow livery barn. Give him a call. Phones, Ind., 328; Residence, 389 or Bell phone. 12tf

PHYSICIANS 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 Vanhousen, Prop. 92tf

Health. Means the ability to do a good day's work without undue fatigue and to find life worth living. You cannot have indigestion and constipation without its unsettling the liver and polluting the blood. Such a condition may be best and quickest relieved by Hebine, the best liver regulator that the world has ever known. Mrs. D. W. Smith writes, April 3, '12: "I use Hebine, and find it the best medicine for constipation and regulating the liver I ever used." 59c. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

The Gazette for Job Work.



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 order. "The inquest will continue," he said.