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*Dr. H. Fletcher*  
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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By **BURTON E. STEVENSON**

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But what had been his part in the affair? For a moment I groped blindly in the dark, but only for a moment. Whatever his share in the tragedy, he had plainly been left behind to watch us; to make sure that we did not follow the fugitives; to warn them in case of danger. I understood now his solicitude for Miss Holladay—"in her I take such an interest!" It was important that he should know the moment we discovered her absence. And he had known; he knew that I was even at this moment commencing the search for her. My cheeks reddened at the thought of my indiscreetness; yet he was a man to command confidence. Who would have suspected him? And an old proverb which he had repeated one evening flashed through my mind.

"Silly is the sheep who to the wolf herself confesses," I had translated it, with that painful literalness characteristic of the beginner. Well, I had been the sheep and silly enough, heaven knows!

I had reached Broadway, and at the corner I paused to look at a display of men's furnishings in a window. Far down the street on the other side, almost lost in the hurrying crowd, Martigny was buying a paper of a newsboy. He shook it out and looked quickly up and down its columns, like a man who is searching for some special item of news. Perhaps he was a speculator; perhaps, after all, I was deceiving myself in imagining that he was following me. I had no proof of it; it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be in this part of the town. I must test the theory before accepting it. It was time I grew wary of theories.

I entered the store and spent ten minutes looking at some neckties. When I came out again Martigny was just getting down from a bootblack's chair across the street. His back was toward me, and I watched him get out his little purse and drop a dime into the bootblack's hand. I went on up Broadway, loitering sometimes, sometimes walking straight ahead; always, away behind me, lost in the crowd, was my pursuer. It could no longer be doubted. He was really following me, though he did it so adroitly, with such consummate cunning, that I should never have seen him, never have suspected him, but for that fortunate intuition at the start.

A hundred plans flashed through my brain. I had this advantage—he could not know that I suspected him. If I could only overmaster him in cunning, wrest his secret from him—and then, as I remembered the strong face, the piercing eyes, the perfect self control, I realized how little possible it was that I could accomplish this. He was my superior in diplomacy and deceit; he would not pause now at any means to assure the success of his plot.

Yes, I could doubt no longer that there was a plot, whose depths I had not before even suspected, and I drew back from the thought with a little shiver. What was the plot? What intricate, dreadful crime was this which he was planning? The murder of the father, then, had been only the first step. The abduction of Frances Holladay was the second. What would

the third be? How could we prevent his taking it? Suppose we should be unsuccessful? And, candidly, what chance of success could we have, fighting in the dark against this accomplished scoundrel? He had the threads all in his fingers; he controlled the situation; we were struggling blindly, snarled in a net of mystery from which there seemed no escaping. My imagination clothed him with superhuman attributes. For a moment a wild desire possessed me to turn upon him, to confront him, to accuse him, to confound him with the very certainty of my knowledge, to surprise his secret, to trample him down!

But the frenzy passed. No, he must not discover that I suspected him. I must not yield up that advantage. I might yet surprise him, mislead him, set a trap for him, get him to say more than he wished to say. That battle of wits would come later on—this very night perhaps—but for the moment I could do nothing better than carry out my first plan, yet he must not suspect the direction of my search. I must throw him off the track. Why, this was for all the world just like the penny dreadful of my boyhood. And I smiled at the thought that I had become an actor in a drama fitted for a red and yellow cover!

My plan was soon made. I crossed Broadway and turned into Cortlandt



He staggered and seemed to fall.

street, sauntering along it until the elevated loomed ahead; I heard the roar of an approaching train and stopped to purchase some fruit at the corner stand. My pursuer was some distance behind, closely inspecting the bric-a-brac in a peddler's cart. The train rumbled into the station, and, starting as though I had just perceived it, I bounded up the stair, slammed my ticket into the chopper and dashed across the platform. The guard at the rear of the train held the gate open for me for an instant and then closed it

snug. we were off with a jerk. As I looked back I saw Martigny rush out upon the platform. He stood staring after me for an instant; then, with a sudden grasping at his breast, staggered and seemed to fall. A crowd closed about him, the train whisked around a corner, and I could see no more.

But at any rate I was well free of him, and I got off at Bleecker street, walked on to the square and began my search. My plan was very simple. Beginning on the east side of West Broadway, it was my intention to stop at every house and inquire whether lodgers were kept. My experience at the first place was a pretty fair sample of all the rest.

A frowny headed woman answered my knock.

"You have rooms to let?" I asked. "Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered, with an expansive grin. "Step zis way."

We mounted a dirty stair, and she threw open a door with a flourish meant to be impressive.

"Zese are ze rooms, monsieur; zey are ver' fine."

I looked around them with simulated interest, smothering my disgust as well as I could.

"How long have they been vacant?" I asked.

"Since only two days, monsieur. As you see, zey are ver' fine rooms."

That settled it. If they had been vacant only two days, I had no further interest in them, and with some excuse I made my way out, glad to escape from that fetid atmosphere of garlic and onions. So I went from house to house, stumbling over dirty children, climbing grimy stairs, catching glimpses of crowded sweatshops, peering into all sorts of holes called rooms by courtesy, inhaling a hundred stenches in as many minutes, gaining an insight that sickened me into the squalid life of the quarter. Sometimes I began to hope that at last I was on the right track, but further inquiry would prove my mistake. So the morning passed, and the afternoon. I had covered two blocks to no purpose, and I turned eastward to Broadway and took a car downtown to the office. My assistants had reported again—they had met with no better success than I. Mr. Graham noticed my dejected appearance and spoke a word of comfort.

"I think you're on the right track, Lester," he said. "But you can't hope to do much by yourself—it's too big a job. Wouldn't it be better to employ half a dozen private detectives and put them under your supervision? You could save yourself this nerve trying work and at the same time get over the ground much more rapidly. Besides, experienced men may be able to suggest something that you've overlooked."

I had thought of that—I had wondered if I were making the best possible use of my opportunities—and the suggestion tempted me. But something rose within me—pride, ambition, stubbornness, what you will—and I shook my head, determined to hang on. Besides, I had still before me that battle of wits with Martigny, and I was resolved to make the most of it.

"Let me keep on by myself a day or two longer, sir," I said. "I believe I'll succeed yet. If I don't there will still be time to call in outside help. I fancy I've made a beginning, and I want to see what comes of it."

He shook me kindly by the hand. "I like your grit," he said approvingly, "and I've every confidence in you. It wasn't lack of confidence that prompted the suggestion. Only don't overdo the thing and break down as Royce has. He's better, by the way, but the doctor says that he must take a long vacation—a thorough rest."

"I'm glad he's better. I'll be careful," I assented, and left the office. While I waited for a car I bought a copy of the last edition of my paper, from force of habit more than anything, then, settling myself in a seat—still from force of habit—I turned to the financial column and looked it over. There was nothing of special interest there and I turned back to the general news, glancing carelessly from item to item. Suddenly one caught my eye which brought me up with a shock. The item read:

Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning a man ran up the steps of the Cortlandt street station of the Sixth avenue elevated in the effort to catch an uptown train just pulling out and dropped over on the platform with heart disease. An ambulance was called from the Hudson Street hospital and the man taken there. At noon it was said he would recover. He was still too weak to talk, but among other things a card of the Cafe Jourdain, 64 West Houston street, was found in his pocketbook. An inquiry there developed the fact that his name is Pierre Bethune, that he is recently from France and has no relatives in this country.

In a moment I was out of the car and running westward to the elevated. I felt that I held in my hand the address I needed.

(To be Continued.)

### Invaluable for Rheumatism.

I have been suffering for the past few years with a severe attack of rheumatism and found that Ballard's Snow Liniment was the only thing that gave satisfactory relief. It is available by mail. M. W. 24, 25, 26, 27, C. D. & Co., Kingston, N. Y. 25c per bottle \$1.00. Trial: 50c per bottle.

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### STEAMER POMONA

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H. A. HOFFMAN, Agt.

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**A Bright, Entertaining, Charming Story**

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

## FOR SALE

VETCH AND CLOVER HAY, ALSO one good Mammoth Bronze Tom. T. A. Logsdon, Corvallis, Or. phone 55, Mt View. 21tf

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## ATTORNEYS

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WANTED 500 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE GAZETTE and Weekly Oregonian at \$2.50 per year.

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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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## MARBLE SHOP.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS; curbing made to order; cleaning and repairing done neatly; see agent's commission. Shop North Main St., Frank Vanhoosen, Prop, 92tf

## House Decorating.

FOR PAINTING AND PAPERING SEE W. E. PAUL, Ind. 480 14tf

## The Best Cough Syrup.

S. L. Apple, ex Probate Judge, Ottawa County, Kan., writes: "This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Graham & Werthen.

## Ideal Keeping Apple.

The keeping quality of an apple appears to be influenced by the degree of maturity at which it is picked from the tree. The ideal keeping apple from the commercial standpoint must attain full size and a high degree of color on the tree, but is still firm when harvested. It then develops the most delicate aroma and finest quality and is most desirable to the consumer from every point of view. An apple picked immaturely appears to pass through the balance of its life history relatively faster than one that has reached its development on the tree and may arrive at the end of its life as quickly or even more so than the mature fruit. Immature apples are, furthermore, especially susceptible to injury from the scald and from the standpoint of the consumer are less desirable in every way.—G. H. Powell.

## The Ward Blackberry.

The Ward blackberry is standing up well under practical test. W. V. F. says in Rural New Yorker: Plants set in April, 1904, fruited this year with considerable freedom. The canes made a short and sturdy growth and were not in the least injured by the very severe winter. The berries are large, jet black and of best quality, with small, tender core. The market value of the berries has been demonstrated in this county by several years' experience. They carry well, not changing color after picking, and always bring top prices. We like the sturdy growth, healthy foliage and freedom from suckers. If the plants are able to resist disease, of which they have shown no trace, there is little doubt Ward will take place among our best commercial blackberries.