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himself had the locks put on, for he feared that his poor sister would throw herself down into the courtyard, which is paved with stone and where she would certainly have been killed. She was very bad some days, poor dear. I was most glad when they took her away, for the thought of her made me nervous. I will in the morning open the windows and air the room well for you."  
"That will do nicely," I assented as carelessly as I could. I knew that I had chanced upon a new development, though I could not in the least guess its bearing. "What do you ask for the apartment?"  
"Ten dollars the week, monsieur," she answered, eying me narrowly.  
I knew it was not worth so much and, remembering my character, repressed my first inclination to close the bargain.  
"That is a good deal," I said hesitatingly. "Haven't you a cheaper room, Mme. Jourdain?"  
"This is the only one we have now vacant, monsieur," she assured me.  
I turned back toward the door with a little sigh.  
"I fear I can't take it," I said.  
"Monsieur does not understand," she protested. "That price, of course, includes breakfast."  
"And dinner?"  
She hesitated, eying me again.  
"For \$1 additional it shall include dinner."  
"Done, madame!" I cried. "I pay you for a week in advance." And I suited the action to the word. "Only," I added, "be sure to air the room well tomorrow. It seems very close. Still, Bethune was right to make sure that his sister could not harm herself."  
"Yes," she nodded, placing the money carefully in an old purse, with the true miserly light in her eyes. "Yes; she broke down most sudden. It was the departure of her mother, you know, monsieur."  
I nodded thoughtfully.  
"When they first came, six weeks ago, she was quite well. Then her mother a position of some sort secured and went away. She never left her room after that, just sat there and cried or rattled at the doors and windows. Her brother was heartbroken about her. No one else would be permitted to attend her. But I hope that she is well now, poor child, for she is again with her mother."  
"Her mother came after her?" I asked.  
"Oh, yes; ten days ago, and together they drove away. By this time they are again in the good France."  
I pretended to be inspecting a wardrobe, for I felt sure my face would betray me. At a flash I saw the whole story. There was nothing more Mme. Jourdain could tell me.  
"Yes," I repeated, steadying my voice, "the good France."  
"M. Bethune has himself been absent for a week," she added, "on affairs of business. He was not certain that he would return, but he paid us to the 15th."  
I nodded. "Yes—tomorrow—I will take possession then."  
"Very well, monsieur," she assented. "I will have it in readiness."  
For an instant I hesitated. Should I use the photograph? Was it necessary? How explain my possession of it? Did I not already know all that Mme. Jourdain could tell me? I turned to the stair.  
"Then I must be going," I said. "I have some business affairs to arrange," and we went down together.  
The place was filling with a motley crowd of diners, but I paused only to exchange a nod with M. Jourdain and then hurried away. The fugitives had taken the French line, of course, and I hastened on to the foot of Morton street, where the French line pier is. A ship was being loaded for the voyage out, and the pier was still open. A clerk directed me to the sailing schedule, and a glance at it confirmed my guess. At 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 3, La Savole had sailed for Havre.  
"May I see La Savole's passenger list?" I asked.  
"Certainly, sir," and he produced it.  
I did not, of course, expect to find Miss Holladay entered upon it; yet I felt that a study of it might be repaid, and I was not mistaken. A Mrs. G. R. Folsom and two daughters had occupied the cabine de luxe, 436, 438, 440. On the company's list which had been given me I saw bracketed after the name of the youngest daughter the single word "invalid."  
"La Lorraine sails day after tomorrow, I believe?" I asked.  
"Yes, sir."  
"And is she full?"  
"No, sir; it is a little early in the season yet." And he got down the list of staterooms, showing me which were vacant. I selected an outside double one and deposited half the fare in order to secure it.

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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 & Wertham.  
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**The Holladay Case**  
A Mystery Of Two Continents  
By **BURTON E. STEVENSON**  
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**CHAPTER XII.**  
**FIFTY-FOUR** West Houston street, just three blocks south of Washington square, was a narrow four story and basement building of gray brick with battered brown stone trimmings, at one time perhaps a fashionable residence, but with its last vestige of glory long since departed. In the basement was a squalid cobbler's shop, and the restaurant occupied the first floor. Dirty lace curtains hung at the windows, screening the interior from the street, but when I mounted the step to the door and entered I found the place typical of its class. I sat down at one of the little square tables and ordered a bottle of wine. It was M. Jourdain himself who brought it—a little fat man, with trousers very tight and a waistcoat very dazzling. The night trade had not yet begun in earnest, so he was for the moment at leisure, and he consented to drink a glass of wine with me. I had ordered the "superieur."  
"You have lodgings to let, I suppose, on the floors above?" I questioned.  
He squinted at me through his glass, trying with French shrewdness to read me before answering.  
"Why, yes, we have lodgings. Still, a man of monsieur's habit would scarcely wish—"  
"The habit does not always gauge the purse," I pointed out.  
"That is true," he smiled, sipping his wine. "Monsieur then wishes a lodging?"  
"I should like to look at yours."  
"You understand, monsieur," he explained, "that this is a good quarter, and our rooms are not at all the ordinary rooms. Oh, no; they are quite superior to that. They are in great demand. We have only one vacant at this moment. In fact, I am not certain that it is yet at liberty. I will call my wife."  
She was summoned from behind the counter, where she presided at the money drawer, and presented to me as Mme. Jourdain. I filled a glass for her.  
"Monsieur, here, is seeking a lodging," he began. "Is the one on the second floor back at our disposal yet, Celle?"  
His wife pondered the question a moment, looking at me with sharp little eyes.  
"I do not know," she said at last. "We shall have to ask M. Bethune. He said he might again have need of it. He has paid for it until the 15th."  
My heart leaped at the name. I saw that I must take the bull by the horns—assume a bold front—for if they waited to consult my pursuer I should never gain the information I was seeking.  
"It was through M. Bethune that I secured your address," I said boldly. "He was taken ill this morning. His heart, you know," and I tapped my chest.  
They nodded, looking at me, nevertheless, with eyes narrow with suspicion.  
"Yes, monsieur, we know," said Jourdain. "The authorities at the hospital at once notified us."  
"It is not the first attack," I asserted, with a tamerly dose of necessity. "He has had others, but none so serious as this."  
They nodded sympathetically. Plainly they had been considerably impressed by their lodger.  
"So," I continued brazenly, "he knows at last that his condition is very bad, and he wishes to remain at the hospital for some days until he has quite recovered. In the meantime I am to have the second floor back, which was occupied by the ladies."  
I spoke the last word with seeming nonchalance, without the quiver of a lash, though I was inwardly a-quake, for I was risking everything upon it. Then in an instant I breathed more freely. I saw that I had hit the mark and that their suspicions were gradually growing less.  
"They, of course, are not coming back," I added, "at least not for a long time. So he has no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth. I can take possession tomorrow."  
They exchanged a glance, and Mme. Jourdain arose.  
"Very well, monsieur," she said. "Will you have the kindness to come and look at the room?"  
I followed her up the stair, giddy at my good fortune. She opened a door and lighted a gas jet against the wall.  
"I am sure you will like the apartment, monsieur," she said. "You see, it is a very large one and most comfortable."  
It was indeed of good size and well furnished. The bed was in a kind of alcove, and beyond it was a bath—unlooked for luxury! One thing, however, struck me as peculiar. The windows were closed by heavy shutters, which were barred upon the inside, and the bars were secured in place by padlocks.  
"I shall want to open the windows," I remarked. "Do you always keep them barred?"  
She hesitated a moment, looking a little embarrassed.  
"You see, monsieur, it is this way," she explained at last. "M. Bethune

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(To be Continued.)  
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