

# CASTORIA

Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been used for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

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*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

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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There was nothing more to be done that night, for a glance at my watch showed me the lateness of the hour. As I emerged from the pier I suddenly found myself very weary and very hungry, so I called a cab and was driven direct to my rooms. A bath and dinner set me up again, and finally I settled down with my pipe to arrange the events of the day.

Certainly I had progressed. I had undoubtedly got on the track of the fugitives; I had found out all that I could reasonably have hoped to find out. And yet my exultation was short lived. Admitted that I was on their track, how much nearer success had I got? I knew that they had sailed for France, but for what part of France? They would disembark at Havre. How was I, reaching Havre two weeks later, to discover which direction they had taken? Suppose they had gone to Paris, as seemed most probable, how could I ever hope to find them there? Even if I did find them, would I be in time to checkmate Martigny?

For a time I paused, appalled at the magnitude of the task that lay before me—in all France to find three people! But, after all, it might not be so great. Most probably these women were from one of the towns Holladay and his wife had visited during their stay in France. Which towns they were I, of course, had no means of knowing, yet I felt certain that some means of discovering them would present itself. That must be my work for the morrow.

A half hour passed, and I sat lost in speculation, watching the blue smoke curling upward, striving vainly to penetrate the mystery. For I was as far as ever from a solution of it. Who were these people? What was their aim? How had they managed to win Miss Holladay over to their side, to persuade her to accompany them, to flee from her friends—above all, from our junior partner? How had they caused her change of attitude toward him? Or had they really abducted her? Was there really danger of foul play; danger that she would fall a victim as well as her father? Who was Martigny? And, above all, what was the plot? What did he hope to gain? What was he striving for? What was this great stake for which he risked so much?

To these questions I could find no reasonable answer. I was still groping aimlessly in the dark, and at last in sheer confusion I put down my pipe, turned out the light and went to bed.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GRAHAM'S congratulations next morning quite overwhelmed me.

"I never expected such complete and speedy success, Mr. Lester," he said warmly. "You've done splendid work."

I pointed out to him that, after all, my success was purely the result of accident. Had I been really clever I should have instantly suspected what that sudden seizure on the station platform meant. I should have hurried back to the scene and followed Martigny—as I still called him in my thoughts—as to the hospital on the chance of securing his real address. Instead of which, I dawdled and sat musing.

me. I should have been as far as ever from a solution of the mystery. I trembled to think upon what a slender thread my victory had hung.

But my chief would not listen. He declared that a man must be judged by his achievements and that he judged me by mine.

"Let us find out how our friend is," I said at last, so the hospital was called up. We were informed that the patient was stronger, but would not be able to leave his bed for two or three days.

"The Jourdain may tell him of my call," I said. "They'll suspect something when I don't return today, yet they may wait for me a day or two longer—they have my money—and one day is all I want. It's just possible that they may keep silent altogether. They have nothing to gain by speaking—it's plain that they're not in the conspiracy. Anyway, tomorrow I'll be out of reach."

Mr. Graham nodded.

"Yes—that's plainly the next step. You must follow them to France—but where in France will you look for them? I didn't think of that before. Why, the search is just beginning! I thought it impossible to accomplish what you have accomplished, but that seems easy now beside this new problem."

"Yes," I assented. "Still it may not be so hard as it looks. We must try to find out where the women have gone, and I believe Rogers can help us. My theory is that they're from one of the towns which the Holladays visited when they were abroad, and Mr. Holladay must have kept in touch with his office, more or less, during that time."

My chief sprang up and seized his hat.

"The very thing!" he cried. "There's no luck about that bit of reasoning, Mr. Lester. Come, I'll go with you."

"Only," I added as we went down together, "I very much fear that the search will lead to Paris, for Martigny is undoubtedly a Parisian."

"And to find a person in Paris"—I did not answer. I only shut my teeth together and told myself for the hundredth time that I must not fail.

Rogers had been carrying on the routine work of the business since his employer's death and was supervising the settlement of accounts and the thousand and one details which must be attended to before the business could be closed up. We found him in the private office and stated our errand without delay.

"Yes," he said, "Mr. Holladay kept in touch with the office, of course. Let me see—What was the date?"

"Let us look for the first six months of 1876," I suggested.

He got down the file covering that period and ran through the letters.

"Yes, here they are," he said after a moment. "In January, he writes from Nice, where they seem to have remained during February and March. About the middle of April they started north—here's a letter dated Paris, April 19—and from Paris they went to a place called Etretat. They remained there through May, June and July. That is all the time covered by this file. Shall I get another?"

"No," I answered, "but I wish you'd make an abstract of Mr. Holladay's whereabouts during the whole time he was abroad and send it to our office not later than this afternoon."

"Very well, sir," he said, and we left the room.

"But why didn't you let him go farther?" asked Mr. Graham as we left the building.

"Because I think I've found the place, sir," I answered. "Did you notice the time they stayed at Etretat covers the period of Miss Holladay's birth, with which, I'm convinced, these people were in some way concerned. We must look up Etretat."

A map at the office showed us that it was a little fishing hamlet and seaside resort on the shore of the English channel not far north of Havre.

"My theory is," I said, "that when the time of her confinement approached Mr. Holladay brought his wife to Paris to secure the services of an experienced physician perhaps, or perhaps a nurse or linen, or all of them. That done, they proceeded to Etretat, which they may have visited before and knew for a quiet place with a bracing atmosphere and good climate—just such a place as they would naturally desire. Here the daughter was born, and here, I am convinced, we shall find the key to the mystery, though I'm very far from guessing what that key is. But I have a premonition—you may smile if you wish—that I'll find the clew I'm seeking at Etretat. The name has somehow struck an answering chord in me."

The words, as I recall them now, seem more than a little foolish and



A map showed us that it was on the shore of the English channel.

self assured; yet, in light of the request—well, at any rate, my chief showed no disposition to smile, but sat for some moments in deep thought.

"I don't doubt that you're right, Mr. Lester," he said at last. "At any rate I'm ready to trust your experience, since I have absolutely none in this kind of work. I don't need to say that I have every confidence in you. I'll have a letter of credit prepared at once, so that you may not want for money. Shall we say five thousand to start with?"

I stammered that I was certain that would be more than enough, but he silenced me with a gesture.

"You'll find foreign travel more expensive than you think," he said. "It may be, too, that you'll find that money will help you materially with your investigations. I want you to have all you may need—don't spare it. When you need more don't hesitate to draw on us."

I thanked him and was about to take my leave, for I had some packing to do and some private business to arrange, when a message came from Dr. Jenkinson. Mr. Graham smiled as he read it.

"Royce is better," he said; "much better. He's asking for you, and Jenkinson seems to think you'd better go to him, especially if you can bring good news."

"Just the thing!" I cried. "I must go to bid him goodbye, in any event." And half an hour later I was admitted to our junior's room. He was lying back in a big chair and seemed pale and weak, but he flushed up when he saw me and held out his hand eagerly.

"I couldn't wait any longer, Lester," he began. "It seems an age since I've seen you. I'd have sent for you before this, but I knew that you were working."

"Yes," I smiled; "I was working."

"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded. "All about it—every detail."

(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 satisfaction and led to alleviate my pains. March 24, '02, John C. Duggan, Kingston, Ills. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Graham & Wortham.

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BALED HAY FOR SALE INQUIRE P. O. box 344 or Ind. phone 429. Corvallis, Oregon. 23 lf.

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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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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; engravings made to order; cleaning and repairing done neatly; save agent's commission. Shop North Main St., Frank Vanhoosen, Prop., 92lf

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FOR PAINTING AND PAPERING SEE W. E. Paul, Ind. 480. 14lf

### 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 & Wortham.

Have your job printing done at the Gazette office.

### Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Benton County, administrator of the estate of Henry Holroyd, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the office of J. F. Yates properly verified as by law required, at Corvallis, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 13th day of February, 1906.

W. S. McFADDEN,  
Administrator of the Estate of Henry Holroyd, deceased.

### Cured Consumption.

Mrs. B. W. Evans, Clearwater, Kan., writes: "My husband lay sick for three months. The doctors said he had quick consumption. We procured a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and it cured him. That was six years ago and since then we have always kept a bottle in the house. We cannot get it without it. For coughs and colds it has no equal. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Graham & Wortham.

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Herbine is a boon for sufferers from anaemia. By its use the blood is quickly regenerated and the color becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor is diminished. Health, vigor and tone predominate. New life and happy activity result. Mrs. Belle H. Shriel, Middleborough, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint and poor blood, and have found nothing to benefit me like Herbine. I hope never to be without it. I have wished that I had known of it in my husband's life time." 50c. at Graham & Wortham.