

CASTORIA

Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been used for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but pernicious trills with and endanger the health of infants and children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pareic, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms, allays Feverishness, It cures Diarrhoea and Wind ic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. Fletcher

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

Copyright, 1903, by Henry Holt and Company

"Oh, yes; I understand."
"And then it would be the natural thing for you to look him up as soon as you learned he was ill. To avoid him will be to confess that you suspect him."

"But his name isn't on the passenger list. If I hadn't happened to see him as he came on board I'd probably not have known it at all."

"Perhaps he saw you at the same time."

"Then the fat's in the fire," I said. "If he knows I know he's on board, then he also knows that I suspect him. If he doesn't know, why, there's no reason for him to think that I'll find it out, unless he appears in the cabin, which doesn't seem probable."

"Perhaps you're right," she admitted. "There's no use taking any unnecessary risks. The thing appealed to me. I think I should enjoy a half hour's talk with him, matching my wits against his."

"But yours are brighter than mine," I pointed out. "You've proved it pretty effectually in the last few minutes."
"No, I haven't. I've simply shown you that you overlooked one little thing. And I think you're right about the danger of going to Martigny. Our first duty is to Miss Holladay. We must rescue her before he can warn his confederates to place her out of our reach."

"The unstudied way in which she said 'our' filled me with an unreasonable happiness."

"But why should they bother with a prisoner at all? They didn't shrink from striking down her father."

"And they may not shrink from striking her down at a favorable moment," she answered calmly. "It will be easier in France than in New York."

My hands were trembling at the thought of it. If we should really be too late!

"But I don't believe they'll go to such extremes, Mr. Lester," continued my companion. "I believe you're going to find her and solve the mystery. My theory doesn't solve it, you know; it only makes it deeper. The mystery, after all, is: Who are these people? Why did they kill Mr. Holladay? Why have they abducted his daughter? What is their plot?"

"Yes," I assented. And again I had a moment of confused perplexity.

"But after you find her," she asked, "what will you do with her?"

"Do with her? Why, take her home, of course."

"But she'll very probably be broken down, perhaps even on the verge of hysteria. You must bring her to us at Paris, Mr. Lester."

I saw the wisdom of her words. "That's very kind of you," I said. "I am sure Mr. Royce will agree. But we have first to find her."

I was glad for my own sake too. The parting of tomorrow would not, then, be a final one.

She left me presently, and for an hour or more I sat there and looked, in every aspect, at the theory she had suggested. Certainly there was nothing to disprove it, and yet, as she had said, it merely served to deepen the mystery. Who were these people. I asked

myself again, who dared to play so bold and desperate a game? The illegitimate daughter might, of course, impersonate Miss Holladay, but who was the elder woman—her mother? Then the liaison must have taken place in France—her accent was not to be mistaken—but in France Mr. Holladay had been always with his wife. Besides, the younger woman spoke English perfectly. True, she had said only a few words—the hoarseness might have been affected to conceal a difference in voice—but how explain the elder woman's resemblance to Hiram Holladay's daughter? Could they both be illegitimate? But that was nonsense, for Mrs. Holladay had taken her into her life, had loved her—

And Martigny? Who was he? What was his connection with these women? That the crime had been carefully planned I could not doubt, and it had been carried out with surprising skill.

Doubtless it was Martigny who had arranged the plot, who had managed its development. And with what boldness! He had not feared to be present at the inquest or even to approach me and discuss the case with me. I tried to recall the details of our talk, impatient that I had paid so little heed to it. He had asked, I remembered, what would happen to Frances Holladay if she were found guilty. He had been anxious, then, to save her. He had—yes, I saw it now—he had written the note which did save her; he had run the risk of discovery to get her free!

But why? If I only had a clew—one thread to follow! One ray of light would be enough. Then I could see my way out of this hopeless tangle. I should know how to strike. But to stumble blindly onward in the dark—that might do more harm than good.

Yes, and there was another thing for me to guard against. What was to prevent him the moment he stepped ashore wiring to his confederates, warning them, telling them to flee? Or he might wait, watching us, until he saw that they were really in danger. In either event they must easily escape. Miss Kemball had been right when she pointed out that our only hope was in catching them unprepared.

The impulse was too strong to be resisted. In a moment I was on my feet. But no! To surprise him would be to make him suspect. I called a steward.

"Take this card up to M. Martigny," I said, "in 375, and ask if he is well enough to see me."

As he hurried away a sudden doubt seized me. Horrified at my hardihood, I opened my mouth to call him back. But I did not call. Instead I sank back into my chair and stared out across the water.

"M. Martigny," said the steward's voice at my elbow, "answers that he will be most pleased to see M. Lester at once."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARTIGNY was lying back in his berth smoking a cigarette, and as I entered he motioned me to a seat on the locker.

"It was most kind of you to come," he said, with his old smile.

"It was only by accident I learned you were on board," I explained as I sat down. "You're getting better?"

"I believe so; though this physician is—what you call—an alarmist. Most of them are, indeed. The more desperate the illness the more renowned the cure! Is it not so? He has even forbidden me cigarettes, but I prefer to die than to do without them. Will you not have one?"

"Thank you," I said, selected one and lighted it. "Your cigarettes are not to be resisted. But if you are so ill why did you attempt the voyage?"

"A sudden call of business," he explained airily. "Unexpected, but—what you call—imperative."

"The doctor—it was he who mentioned your name to me. It was not on the sailing list!"

"No." He was looking at me sharply. "I came on board at the last mo-



He motioned me to a seat.

ment—the need was very sudden, as I have said. I had not time to engage a stateroom."

"That explains it. Well, the doctor told me that you were bed fast."

"Yes; since the voyage began I have not left it."

I watched him as he went through the familiar motion of lighting a second cigarette from the first one. In the half light of the cabin I had not at first perceived how ill he looked.

"But you, M. Martigny," he was saying. "How does it occur that you also are going to France? I did not know you contemplated it."

"No," I answered calmly, for I had seen that the question was inevitable, and I even welcomed it, since it gave

me opportunity to get my guns going. "No; the last time I saw you I didn't contemplate it, but a good deal has happened since then. Would you care to hear?"

Oh, how I relished tantalizing him! "I should like very exceedingly to hear," he assured me and shifted his position a little so that his face was in the shadow. "The beams of light through the shutter makes my eyes to hurt," he added.

So he mistrusted himself; so he was not finding the part an easy one either! The thought gave me new courage.

"You may remember," I began, "that I told you once that if I ever went to work on the Holladay case I'd try first to find the murderer. I succeeded in doing it the very first day."

"Ah!" he breathed. "And after the police had failed! That was, indeed, remarkable. How did you accomplish it?"

"By the merest chance; by great good fortune. I was making a search of the French quarter, house by house, when, on Houston street, I came to a restaurant, the Cafe Jourdain. A bottle of superior set Jourdain's tongue to wagging. I pretended I wanted a room. He dropped a word, the merest hint, and in the end I got the whole story. It seems there was not only one woman—there were two."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and a man whose name was Betuny, or Bethune, or something like that. But I didn't pay much attention to him. He doesn't figure in the case. He didn't even go away with the women. The very day I set out on my search he was picked up on the streets somewhere suffering with apoplexy and taken to a hospital, so nearly dead that it was a question whether he would recover. So he's out of it. The Jourdain told me that the women had sailed for France."

"You will pardon me," said my hearer, "but in what way did you make sure that they were the women you desired?"

"By the younger one's resemblance to Miss Holladay," I answered, lying with a glibness which surprised myself. "The Jourdain maintained that a photograph of Miss Holladay was really one of their lodgers."

"Ah, yes," he said. "That was exceedingly clever. I should never have thought of that. That is worthy of M. Lecocq. And so you follow them to France; but surely you have some more definite address than that?"

"No," I said. "It seems rather a wild goose chase, doesn't it? But you could advise me, Mr. Martigny. Where would it be best for me to search for them?"

(To be Continued.)

Have your printing done at the Gazette office. We give you quick service and save you money.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right

SOON TO START.

A GRAND SERIAL

Treating of the Early Life of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

The Martyred President.

Lincoln's Youth and Early Manhood

By

WARD HILL LAMON,

His Friend, Intimate and Bodyguard.

This is a great story, historically correct, in which Lincoln's early life is portrayed most realistically. Lincoln's desolate birth-place is described. There is a chapter on the killing of his father by Indians. Lincoln's mother is described. Many of the "martyred" president's experiences are dwelt upon.

Interest, Facination, Romance, and History.

Soon to Run in the

CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

OUR JOB OFFICE

Is unusually well equipped to do all kinds of work. A First-class Job Printer always kept in the office and all work guaranteed to be strictly up-to-date.

Bring us the Work that You are particular about

PRICES MADE TO FIT.

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, 1/2 cent a word for each insertion.

For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and 1/2 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

WHITE SIDE OATS FOR SEPT. Inquire of William Ores, Corvallis, Ore. 27-9*

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

VETCH AND CLOVER HAY. FINE White Seed Oats, also one good Mouth Bronze Tom. T. A. I. gadon, Corvallis, Or. phone 55, Mt. View, 21, f

FARM AND CITY PROPERTY—S. L. Henderson, Corvallis, Ore. 20-28

PLASTERING

PLASTERING AND CEMENT WORK. Cement walls specialty. Work guaranteed. H. Bier & Co., Corvallis, Oregon. 12tf

ATTORNEYS

J. F. YATES, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office up stairs in Zierolf Building. Only set of abstracts in Benton County

R. BRYSON ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Post Office Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

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

A. 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

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 & Wirthman.

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. McFADDEY, Administrator of the Estate of Henry Holroyd, deceased.

Gives Health, Vigor and Tone.

Herbine is a boon for sufferers from anaemia. By its use the blood is quickly regenerated and the color becomes normal. The dropping strength is revived. The languor is diminished. Health, vigor and tone predominate. New life and happy activity results. Mrs. Belle H. Shriel, Middlesborough, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint and poor blood, and have found nothing to benefit me here. 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 & Wirthman.

A Lively Tassel.

With that old enemy of the race, Constipation, often ends in Appendicitis. To avoid all serious trouble with Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They perfectly regulate these organs, without pain or discomfort. 25c at Allen & Woodward's drugists.