

THE HOLLADAY CASE

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door to look for him when he did not come. She seemed very uneasy about him.

"That was one point in our favor certainly."

"And when the news of her father's death reached her how did she bear it?"

"She didn't bear it at all, sir," answered the maid, catching her breath in choke back a sob. "She fainted dead away. Afterward she seemed to be in a kind of daze till the doctor came."

"That is all. Have you any questions to ask the witness, Mr. Royce?"

"Only one," said my chief, leaning forward. "I know what it was and had my breath, wondering whether it were wise to ask it. 'Do you remember the gown your mistress wore yesterday afternoon?' he questioned."

"Oh, yes, sir." And the witness brightened. "It was a dark red broad cloth, made very plain, with only a little narrow black braid for trimming."

CHAPTER III

FROM the breathless silence that followed her answer she saw that she had somehow dealt her mistress a heavy blow, and the sobs burst out beyond control, choking her. I could see how my chief's face turned livid. He had driven another rivet in the chain—just the one it needed to hold it firmly together. My head was whirling. Could it be possible, after all, that this gentle, cultured girl was really such a fiend at heart that she could strike down— I put the thought from me. It was monstrous, unbelievable!

The coroner and the district attorney were whispering together, and I saw the former glance from the blood stained handkerchief on the desk before him to the sobbing woman on the stand. It needed only that—her identification of that square of cambric—to complete the evidence. He hesitated a moment, said another word or two to Singleton, then straightened up again in his chair. Perhaps he thought the chain was strong enough; perhaps he saw only that the witness was in no condition to go on.

"Anything further, Mr. Royce?" he asked.

"Not at present, sir," answered our junior hoarsely. "I think he was just beginning fully to realize how desperate our case was."

"We will dismiss the witness, then, temporarily," said the coroner. "We shall probably recall her later on."

The maid was led back to the witness room on the verge of hysteria, and Goldberg looked over the papers on his desk.

"We have one more witness," he said at last, "Miss Holladay's concubine, and perhaps a little testimony in rebuttal. If you wish to adjourn for lunch, Mr. Royce, I'm quite ready to do so."

"Thank you, sir," said my chief, welcoming an opportunity to pull himself together and prepare a plan of defense. "I do wish it."

"Very well, then. We'll adjourn till 2 o'clock," and he pushed back his chair.

"May I have one word with you, sir?" asked Mr. Royce.

"Certainly."

"I should like to see Miss Holladay a few moments in private. We wish, of course, to arrange our rebuttal."

The coroner looked at him for a moment with eyes in which just a tinge of curiosity flickered.

"It'll be very glad to allow you to see her in private," he answered readily. "I regret greatly that we couldn't find you last night, so that you could have opportunity to prepare for this hearing. I feel that in a way we haven't been quite fair to you, though I don't see how delay could have altered matters, and in a case of this kind prompt action is important. I had no intention of placing Miss Holladay on the witness stand, so I thought it best to proceed at once with the inquest. You must admit, sir, that as the case stands there's only one course open to me."

"I fear so," assented the other sadly. "It's a most incomprehensible case. The chain of evidence seems absolutely complete, and yet I'm convinced—as every sane man must be—that there is in it some fatal flaw, which, once discovered, will send the whole structure tottering. It must be my business to find that flaw."

"Strange things happen in this world, Mr. Royce," observed Singleton, with a philosophy born of experience.

"The impossible never happens, sir!" retorted our junior. "I hope to show you that this belongs in that category."

"Well, I hope you will," said the district attorney. "I'd be glad to find that some one else is guilty."

"I'll do my best." And Mr. Royce turned to me. "Lester, you'd better go and get some lunch. You look quite done up."

"Shall I bring you something?" I asked. "Or, better still, have a meal ready for you in half an hour? Royce's is just around the corner."

He would have refused, I think, had not the coroner interfered.

"You'd better go, Mr. Royce," he said. "You're looking done up yourself. Perhaps you can persuade Miss Holladay to eat something. I'm sure she needs it."

"Very well, then. Have two meals ready in half an hour, Lester," he said, "and a lunch we can bring back with us. I'll go to Miss Holladay now and then go direct to Royce's."

them of news was the Holladay case, and I grew hot with anger as I saw how unquestioningly, how complacently it accepted the theory of the daughter's guilt. Still, I asked myself, was it to blame? Was any one to blame for thinking her guilty after hearing the evidence? How could one escape it? Why, even I—

Preposterous! I tried to reason calmly; to find an opening in the net, yet how complete it was! The only point we had gained so far was that the mysterious visitor had asked for Mr. Holladay, not for her father, and what an infinitesimal point it was! Supposing there had been a quarrel, an estrangement, would not she naturally have used those very words? After all, did not the black eyes, the full lips, the deep colored cheeks bespeak a strong and virile temperament, depth of emotion, capacity for swift and violent anger? But what cause could there be for a quarrel so bitter, so fierce, that it should lead to such a tragedy? What cause? And then suddenly a wave of light broke in upon me. There could be only one. Yes, but there could be one! Capacity for emotion meant capacity for passion. If she had a lover, if she had clung to him despite her father! I knew his reputation for severity, for cold and relentless condemnation. Here was an explanation, certainly!

And then I shook myself together angrily. Here was I reasoning along the theory of her guilt, trying to find a motive for it! I remembered her as I had seen her often, driving with her father; I recalled the many stories I had heard of their devotion; I reflected how her whole life, so far as I knew it, pointed to a nature singularly calm and self controlled, charitable and loving. As to the lover theory, did not the light in her eyes which had greeted our junior disprove that at once and forever? Certainly, there was some fatal flaw in the evidence, and it was for us to find it.

I leaned my head back against the wall with a little sigh of relief. What a fool I had been! Of course we should find it. Mr. Royce had spoken the words; the district attorney had pointed out the way. We had only to prove an alibi, and the next witness would do it. Her coachman had only to tell where he had driven her, at what place she had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street, so the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross examination.

"It is a most extraordinary affair," said a voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see that the chair just behind me had been taken by a man who was also reading an account of the crime. He laid the paper down and caught my eye. "A most extraordinary affair!" he repeated, appealing to me.

I nodded, merely glancing at him, too preoccupied to notice him closely. I got an impression of a florid face, of a stout, well dressed body, of an air unmistakably French.

"You will pardon me, sir," he added, leaning a little forward. "As a stranger in this country, I am much interested in your processes of law. This morning I was present at the trial. I perceived you there. It seemed to me that the young lady was in what you call a tight place."

He spoke English very well, with an accent of the slightest. I glanced at him again and saw that his eyes were very bright and that they were fixed upon me intently.

"It does seem so," I admitted, loath to talk, yet not wishing to be discourteous.

"The ver' thing I said to myself!" he continued eagerly. "The—what you call—co-existence of the dress now."

I did not answer. I was in no humor to discuss the case.

"You will pardon me," he repeated persuasively, still leaning forward, "but concerning one point I should like much to know. If she is thought guilty what will occur?"

"She will be bound over to the grand jury," I explained.

"That is, she will be placed in prison?"

"Of course."

"But, as I understand your law, she may be released by bondsmen."

"Not in a capital case," I said; "not in a case of this kind, where the penalty may be death."

"Ah, I see," and he nodded slowly. "She would then not be again released until after she shall have been proved innocent. How great a time would that occupy?"

"I can't say—six months—a year, perhaps."

"Ah, I see," he said again, and drained a glass of absinth he had been toying with. "Thank you, ver' much, sir."

Continued

The English Village of Today. This indictment of the English village as it exists today appeared in a prominent London newspaper: "The English village is remarkable for its imperfect drainage, contaminated wells and bad lighting, the unpractical teaching of its children, the vice connected with its public houses and the more or less entire absence of cottage hospital, reading rooms, clubs, bath or wash-house, flower show, telephone, oftentimes its telegraph, and all that makes life enjoyable and healthy."

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The Frightful Rush of Life In America

By JOSEPH H. CHOATE, Ex-Ambassador to Great Britain



THE rush of life seems to have grown much more intense than it was when I left America seven years ago as ambassador to Great Britain. The strain of nerve, mind, brain and body seems to have been growing STRONGER AND STRONGER every year. We were going at a tremendous pace when I went away. Now we have set upon A PACE THAT KILLS. How mind and body and nerve and brain can stand it remains to be seen.

It seems to me that we, as a people, could do well to imitate a little of the repose and relaxation that prevail in certain other countries. Let me tell you what the difference is between the life of a lawyer in New York and one in London.

When I was hard at work practicing law here the judges and the lawyers were busy from the first week in October to the last Friday in June, with no interval but a few days around Christmas. On the other side they have learned to MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE a great deal more than here.

The courts in London open on Oct. 24, and the lawyers and judges work for a period of eight weeks. Then comes a Christmas holiday of two weeks. Then they go back for eight weeks more and work until Easter, when another rest comes; then eight weeks more of labor until another period of rest. Eight weeks more brings them to the summer vacation of ten weeks, and that completes the round of legal service.

There never was a time when the young men of America had such magnificent opportunities AS THEY HAVE TODAY. The old men need them for their help and support. And when fathers and mothers complain how hard it is to find places for their sons I wonder whether it is the fault of the fathers and the mothers in having taken TOO MUCH CARE of their sons, or whether the sons have relied too much on the fathers and mothers. Or shall I say that these young men are born blind to the opportunities that surround them?

There is not a business, there is not a profession, there is not a public service that is not on the lookout at every moment for CAPABLE AND WILLING YOUNG MEN to do the work that is waiting to be done.

When I returned from abroad I had an opportunity to notice the wonderful growth and expansion of the city of New York, of which we are all proud. When I first saw this city it was four miles long, ending at Forty-second street and having a population of 500,000. Now I am told it embraces a territory of 300 square miles and holds nearly 4,000,000 people.

I often hear New York and London compared. London increases its permanent population 100,000 a year. But it will be a very close march between New York and London if you take the next twenty years into account. And what else have I seen?

I HAVE FOUND THAT WE ARE NOW CITIZENS OF A COUNTRY GRANDER BY FAR THAN IT WAS BEFORE, A COUNTRY THAT HAS BEEN GAINING IN THE ADMIRATION, WHOLESOME RESPECT AND THE AFFECTION OF EVERY OTHER NATION IN THE WORLD.

The Prevalence of Graft In College Athletics

By Dr. HENRY C. KING, President of Oberlin College

THE spirit of graft which seems to have pervaded the country has made its way EVEN INTO COLLEGES and universities. This graft in some colleges has shown itself in the handling of large funds by athletic boards and other organizations. There seems to be great looseness, and in many instances NO PROPER ACCOUNTING ever has been made. I think, however, just as there has come a revival in municipal affairs, so there has been an awakening in colleges, and old conditions are being corrected.

Tainted money, too, is receiving general attention. Some say money should be taken FROM THE DEVIL HIMSELF as long as it can be converted into proper uses. Personally I cannot say I am entirely clear upon the subject. I do believe, however, that if an institution which accepts this money takes the PROPER stand there can be no harm in it. I acknowledge, however, that there is a tendency among those who accept money from certain sources to feel under obligation.

IT IS A SORT OF BRIBE, BY WHICH THE COLLEGE AGREES TO REFRAIN FROM SHOWING ANTAGONISM TO CERTAIN INTERESTS.

The City Child's Advantages Over the Country Child

By Dr. L. H. GULICK, Director of Physical Training in the New York City Schools

THE child of the city now averages even a better chance for good health than his country cousin. He gets better food than the country boy, and in our day of inspected milk the milk of the city is EVEN PURER than that of the country barnyard.

Again, the farmer's life is becoming, as somebody has said, "sedentary," due to power machinery that has taken the place of the hand work of years past, when he mowed and raked by hand. The boy with the city playground and his physical exercises in school has even a better chance for PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT than a boy in the country.

As to avoiding disease, the city child has far more advantages, due to the fact that through the board of health and other scientific bodies the great aim is to PREVENT disease.

New York city has done more than any other city in the world in this matter of building up the health of the pupils in its schools. In the matter of playgrounds it exceeds all. BUT WE NEED MORE.



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