

The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents
By BURTON E. STEVENSON
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"Well, I'm going with you," he cried. "Why?" I stammered, startled by his silence. "Are you strong enough?" he asked. "I think you ought to be," he said. "It's not a bad idea," he said. "The rest and quiet more than anything else, and he's bound to get a bit of that on the water, which is more than he'll get here. I can't keep at brain of his still, wherever he is. I'd worry here, and with you he'll be contented. Besides," he added, "it's right to be along, for I believe the excitement is going to be successful!"

"I believed so, too, but I recognized in your words that fine optimism, which had done so much to make him a great doctor he was. I shook my head again in the joy of having him with me. As for him, he seemed quite transformed, and Jenkinson looked at him with a look of quiet assurance.

"You'll have to pack," I said. "Will you need my help?"

"No, nurse can do it, with the doctor to help us out," he laughed. "You have your own packing to do and odds and ends to look after. Besides, neither of us will need much luggage. Don't forget to reserve the other berth in that stateroom for me."

"No," I said and rose. "I'll come for you in the morning."

"All right; I'll be ready."

The doctor followed me out to give a word of caution. Mr. Royce was all far from well; he must not over-exert himself; he must be kept cheerful and hopeful, if possible; above all, was not to worry; quiet and sea air would do the rest.

I hurried back to the office to make a final report to Mr. Graham and to the abstract which Rogers had promised to have ready and which was waiting me on my desk. Mr. Royce was genuinely pleased when he learned that his junior was going with me, though his absence would mean a great deal of extra work for himself. The canvass of the city stables had been completed without result, but I expected now that Martigny himself had hired the carriage and had personally even acted as driver. Such an easy and obvious way to battle our result would hardly have escaped me.

I finished up some odds and ends of which I had left undone and finally bade Mr. Graham goodby and started for my rooms. My packing was soon finished, and I sat down for a final smoke and review of the situation.

There was one development of which before which I was baffled. I proved that there were indeed two men, and I believed them to be father and daughter, but I could not understand why the young one had so completely broken down over the departure of the elder with Mr. Holladay. I looked at this point in every side, but could find no reasonable explanation of it. It might indeed, that the younger one was training already to repeat her share of the conspiracy. There could be no question that it was she who had backed down Holladay in his office, that she had even refused to go farther in the plot, and that her companions had it necessary to restrain her, but she seemed to me too exceedingly improbable to believe, and as I went over the ground again I found myself becoming more and more to doubt the truth of Godfrey's theory, though I could formulate none to take its place. It became lost in a maze of conjecture, and at last I gave it up and went to bed.

I called for Mr. Royce, as we had agreed, and together we drove down to the pier. He, too, had limited luggage to a single small trunk. I secured a deck hand to take them to our stateroom, and, after seeing him disposed of, went out on deck to watch the last preparations for departure. The pier was in that state of activity which may be witnessed at the sailing of a transatlantic liner. The last of the freight was being got aboard with frantic haste; the boat and pier were crowded with people who had come to bid their friends goodby; two tugs were puffing steadily alongside, ready to pull us out to the stream. My companion appeared quite strong and happy as much as I did. He flushed with pleasure as he caught sight of our senior pushing his way toward us.

"Why, this is kind of you, sir," he said, grasping my hand. "I know the work of the office must be both of us deserting you this time."

"But," And Mr. Graham smiled. "You deserve a vacation, don't you?"

"I can't let you go without saying you goodby. Besides," he added, "I learned that this morning that you've just landed at mine are taking the boat—Mrs. Kemball and her daughter—the wife of Jim Kemball, you know?"

"Mr. Royce added, "I, too, recalled the name. Jim Kemball had been one of the last men at the New York hospital years before and must have

tally have made a great name for himself but for his untimely death. I had heard a hundred stories of him.

"Well, I want you to meet them," continued Mr. Graham, looking about in all directions. "Ah, here they are!" And he dragged his partner away toward the bow of the boat. I saw him bowing before a gray haired little lady and a younger and taller one whose back was toward me. They laughed together for a moment, then the last bell rang and the ship's officers began to clear the boat. I turned back to the pier, but was brought round an instant later by Mr. Graham's voice.

"My dear Lester," he cried, "I thought we'd lost you. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kemball and her daughter, who are to be your fellow voyagers. Mr. Lester's a very ingenious young man," he added. "Make him amuse you!" And he hastened away to catch the gang plank before it should be pulled in.

I bowed to Mrs. Kemball, thinking to myself that I had never seen a sweeter, pleasanter face. Then I found myself looking into a pair of blue eyes that fairly took my breath away.

"We'll not neglect Mr. Graham's advice," said a merry voice. "So prepare for your fate, Mr. Lester!"

There was a hoarse shouting at the gangway behind me, and the eyes looked past me, over my shoulder.

"See," she said, "there's one poor fellow who has just made it!"

I turned and looked toward the gang plank. One end had been cast loose, but two deck hands were assisting another man to mount it. He seemed weak and helpless, and they supported him on either side. An involuntary cry rose to my lips as I looked at him, but I choked it back. For it was Martigny, risen from his bed to follow us!

CHAPTER XIV.

I WATCHED him with a kind of fascination until he disappeared through the door of the cabin. I could guess what it had cost him to drag himself from his bed, what agony of apprehension must have been upon him to make him take the risk. The Jourdain, puzzled at my not returning, unable to keep silence, suspecting, perhaps, some plot against themselves, had doubtless gone to the hospital and told him of my appearance—there had been no way for me to guard against that. He had easily guessed the rest. He had only to consult the passenger list to assure himself that Mr. Royce and I were aboard. And he was following us, hoping—what? What could a man in his condition hope to accomplish? What need was there for us to fear him? And yet there was something about him—something in the atmosphere of the man—that almost terrified me.

I came back to earth to find that Royce and Mrs. Kemball had drifted away together and that my companion was regarding me from under half closed lids with a little smile of amusement.

"So you're awake again, Mr. Lester," she asked. "Do you often suffer attacks of that sort?"

"Pardon me," I stammered. "The fact is, I—"

"You looked quite dismayed," she continued relentlessly. "You seemed positively horror stricken. I saw nothing formidable about him!"

"No, you don't know him!" I retorted.



"I want to introduce you to Mrs. Kemball and her daughter," said Mr. Graham. "This is Mr. Royce, and I should say that you'll find him a most interesting man."

"I think we'll better let them go," said Mr. Royce. "You know how they are. I don't want to see them again."

"I don't want to see them again," said Mrs. Kemball. "I don't want to see them again."

"I don't want to see them again," said the daughter. "I don't want to see them again."

knew him and Bethune to be me same person. That was my great advantage. In any event we were in no danger from him. He was probably following us only that he might warn his confederates, should we seem likely to discover them. Certainly they were in no present danger of discovery, and perhaps might never be. But his following us, his disregard of the grave danger to himself, gave me a new measure of his savage determination to battle us. I found myself more and more beginning to fear him.

Should I inform Mr. Royce of this new development? I asked myself. Then I remembered the doctor's words. He must have rest and quiet during the coming week.

"I trust that I'm not in the way, Mr. Lester?" inquired a low, provoking voice at my side, and I awoke to the fact that I had again been guilty of forgetting my companion.

"Miss Kemball," I began desperately, "let me confess that I'm in an exceedingly vexatious situation. The fact that I can't ask advice makes it worse."

"You can't ask even Mr. Royce?" she queried, with raised brows.

"He least of all. You see, he's just recovering from a severe nervous breakdown."

"I see," she nodded.

I glanced at her again—at the open, candid eyes, the forceful mouth and chin—and I took a sudden resolution.

"Miss Kemball," I said, "I'm going to ask your help—that is, if I may."

"Of course you may."

"Well, then, that man who came on board last—is the inveterate enemy of both Mr. Royce and myself. We're trying to unearth a particularly atrocious piece of villainy in which he's concerned. I have reason to believe him capable of anything and a very fiend of cleverness. I don't know what he may plot against us, but I'm certain he'll plot something. Mr. Royce doesn't even know him by sight and shouldn't be worried, but unless he's forewarned he may walk right into danger. I want you to help me keep an eye on him—to help me keep him out of danger. Will you help me?"

"Why, certainly," she cried. "So we're to have a mystery—just we two?"

"Just we two," I assented.

She looked at me doubtfully.

"I must remember Mr. Graham's warning," she said. "You haven't invented this astonishing story just to entertain me, Mr. Lester?"

"On my word, no," I responded a little bitterly. "I only wish I had!"

"There," she said contritely. "I shouldn't have doubted. Forgive me, Mr. Lester. Only it seemed so fantastic, so improbable!"

"It is fantastic," I assented, "but, unfortunately, it is true. We must keep an eye on M. Martigny, or Bethune."

"Which is his real name?"

"Those are the only ones I know, but I doubt if either is the true one."

Royce and Mrs. Kemball joined us a moment later, and we sat watching the low, distant Long Island shore until the gong summoned us to lunch. A word to the steward had secured us one of the small tables in an alcove at the side. Our first meal at sea was a merry one, Mr. Royce seeming in such spirits that I was more than ever determined not to disturb him with the knowledge of Martigny's presence.

As the moments passed my fears seemed more and more uncalmed. It was quite possible, I told myself, that I had been making a bogey of my own imaginings. The Frenchman did not appear in the saloon, and afterward an inquiry of the ship's doctor developed the fact that he was seriously ill and quite unable to leave his stateroom.

I may as well confess at once that I was seasick. It came next morning, ten minutes after I had left my berth, not a violent sickness, but a faintness and giddiness that made me long for my berth again, but Mr. Royce would not hear of it. He got me out on deck and into my chair, with the fresh breeze blowing full in my face. There was a long line of chairs drawn up there, and from the faces of most of their occupants I judged they were far more miserable than I.

After awhile the doctor came down the line and looked at each of us, stopping for a moment's chat.

"Won't you sit down a minute, doctor?" I asked when he came to me, and motioned to Mr. Royce's chair.

"Why, you're not sick?" he protested, laughing.

"It wasn't about myself I wanted to talk," I said. "How's your other patient, the one who came aboard last?"

His face sobered in an instant.

"Martigny is his name," he said, "and he's in very bad shape. He must have been desperately anxious to get back to France. Why, he might have dropped over dead there on the gang plank."

"It's a disease of the heart?"

"Yes, far advanced. He can't get well, of course, but he may live on indefinitely, if he's careful."

"He's still confined to his bed?"

"Oh, yes. He won't leave it during the voyage if he takes my advice. He's got to give his heart just as little work as possible or it'll throw up the job altogether."

I turned the talk to other things, and in a few moments he went on alone for I saw Mrs. Kemball coming toward me.

"So mad as me has led to stand you, Mr. Royce," she asked.

"Only a minor," I said. "But a finger is enough. Won't you take pity on a poor patient and tell him?"

"The fact," she said, "is that Martigny is in a very bad shape. He must have been desperately anxious to get back to France. Why, he might have dropped over dead there on the gang plank."

"It's a disease of the heart?"

"Yes, far advanced. He can't get well, of course, but he may live on indefinitely, if he's careful."

"He's still confined to his bed?"

"Oh, yes. He won't leave it during the voyage if he takes my advice. He's got to give his heart just as little work as possible or it'll throw up the job altogether."



"Won't you take pity on a poor landman?"

In her chair. "Why, what's wrong with that?" I demanded, in some astonishment.

"Wrong? Oh, nothing. Etretat's a most delightful place—only it recalled to me an amusing memory of how my mother was one day scandalized there by some actresses who were bathing. But it's hardly the season for Etretat. The actresses have not yet arrived. You'll find it dull."

"We will not stay there long," I said.

"But tell me about it."

"A bohemian resort. It has a beach of gravel where people bathe all day long. When one's tired of bathing there are the cliffs and the downs, and in the evening there's the casino. You know French, Mr. Lester?"

"Oh, I know the phrase made immortal by Mark Twain."

"Avez-vous du vin?"—yes."

"And I think I also have a hazy recollection of the French equivalents for bread and butter and cheese and meat. We shan't starve. Besides, I think Mr. Royce can help. He's been to France."

"Of course—and here he comes to claim his chair."

"I won't permit him to claim it if you'll use it a little longer," I protested.

"Oh, but I must be going." And she arose, laughing. "Have I been a satisfactory entertainer?"

"More than satisfactory; I'll accept no other."

"But you won't need any at all after this morning—I don't really believe you're ill now!"

She nodded to Royce and moved away without waiting for my answer.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday passed, with only such incidents to enliven them as are common to all voyages. I saw that quiet and sea air were doing their work well with my companion and that he was steadily regaining his normal health, so I felt more and more at liberty to devote myself to Miss Kemball, in such moments as she would permit me, and I found her fascination increasing in a ratio quite geometrical. Martigny was still abed, and so the ship's doctor told me, was improving very slowly.

It was Tuesday evening that Mrs. Kemball and her daughter joined us on the promenade, and we found a seat in the shadow of the wheelhouse and sat for a long time talking of many things, watching the moonlight across the water. At last we arose to return, and Royce and Mrs. Kemball started on ahead.

"Two more days and we'll be at Havre," I said. "I'll be very sorry."

"Sorry? I'd never have suspected you of such a fondness for the ocean."

"Oh, it's not the ocean!" I protested, and—what with the moonlight and the soft night and the opportunity—the time and the place and the loved one, all together—would have uttered I know not what folly had she not sprung suddenly forward with a sharp cry of alarm.

"Mr. Royce!" she cried. "Mother!"

They stopped and turned toward her just as a heavy spar crashed to the deck before them.

CHAPTER XV.

I UNDERSTOOD in a flash what had happened and sprang up the stairs to the upper deck, determined to have it out with our enemy once for all. I searched it over thoroughly looking in and under the boats and behind the ventilators, but could find no sign of our foe. When I got to the promenade a little crowd had gathered, attracted by the noise of the falling spar, which dozens of members of the crew were now hauling into place.

"I do not see how those fellows could have worked down," said the officer in charge.

I took a look at the wreckage. They had not been cut, as I expected to find them, but had been unloosed. Martigny and dozens of workmen at them while we sat there talking.

"Well, luckily there's no damage."

done," observed Mr. Royce, with a forced brightness, "though it was a close shave. If Miss Kemball hadn't called to us the spar would have struck us."

Mrs. Kemball closed her eyes with a giddy little gesture at the "close shave" words called up, and the officer frowned in chagrin and perplexity. Just then the captain came up, and the two stepped aside for a consultation in voices so low that only an excited word or French was now and then audible.

Turned to Miss Kemball, who was leaning against the rail with white face and eyes large with terror.

"But it was not an accident, Mr. Lester," she whispered. "I saw a man leaning over the spar."

I nodded. "I don't doubt it in the least. But don't tell your mother. It will only alarm her needlessly. We'll talk it over in the morning."

She said good night and led her mother away toward their stateroom. I went at once in search of the ship's doctor and met him at the foot of the saloon staircase.

"How is Martigny, doctor?" I asked.

"Worse, I fear," he answered hurriedly. "He has just sent for me."

"Which room has he?"

"He's in 375, an outside room on the upper deck."

I went forward to the smoking room and looked over the colored plan of the ship posted there. A moment's inspection of it showed me how easily Martigny had eluded pursuit. He had only to walk twenty feet, open a door and get into bed again.

When I sat down next morning beside Miss Kemball she closed her book and turned to me with a very determined air.

"Of course, Mr. Lester," she began. "If you think any harm can come from telling me, I don't want you to say a word, but I really think I'm entitled to an explanation."

"So do I," I agreed. "You've proved yourself a better guard than I. I'd forgotten all about Martigny. I was thinking—well, of something very different. I had no thought of danger."

"Nor had I," she said quickly. "But I chanced to look up and see that dark figure bending over them, and I cried out, really, before I had time to think."

"It was just that which saved them."

"Yes; but, oh, I could think afterward! I'd only to close my eyes last night to see him there yet, peering down at us, waiting his opportunity. And then, of course, I puzzled more or less over the whole thing."

"You shan't puzzle any more," I said. Then I laid the case before her, step by step. She listened with clasped hands and intent face, not speaking till I had finished. Then she leaned back in her chair with a long sigh.

"Why, it's horrible!" she breathed. "But you haven't given me your explanation yet, Mr. Lester."

"I haven't any explanation," I said helplessly. "I've built up half a dozen theories, but they've all been knocked to pieces, one after the other. I don't know what to think, unless Miss Holladay is a victim of hypnotism or dementia of some kind."

"Sometimes she's nice and at other times she's horrid. It recalls 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does. Only, as I say, such an explanation seems absurd."

"There's one theory which might explain it—part of it. Perhaps it was Mrs. Miss Holladay at all who returned from Washington square with the new maid. Perhaps it was the other woman, and the barred windows were really to keep Miss Holladay a prisoner."

"But she wasn't there!" I protested. "We saw her when we gave her the money."

"Yes, in a darkened room, with a bandage about her forehead, so hoarse she could scarcely speak."

I stopped a moment to consider.

"Remember, that would explain something which admits of no other reasonable explanation," went on my companion—"the barred windows and the behavior of the prisoner."

"It would explain that, certainly," I admitted, though at first thought the theory did not appeal to me. "You believe, then, that Miss Holladay was forcibly abducted?"

"Undoubtedly. If her mind was going to give way at all it would have done so at once and not two weeks after the tragedy."

"But if she had brooded over it," I objected.

Continued

Propriety and Clothes.

The ladies of Lamu surpass those of all other nations in retiring modesty, for they not only hide their faces, but walk about under a small tent, which requires the assistance of a servant to carry it. It is not surprising to hear that they have a very bad reputation for propriety, for in Africa female respectability is in inverse ratio to the quality of clothes worn.—Elliot's "East Africa."

Cheap Medicine.

The occidental physician is not without honor in the orient. The Calcutta Statesman tells how a doctor in a Bengal hospital had a bearskin doormat. In a few days it was plucked entirely bare. Whatever ailments the patients complained of, they regarded a few hairs from the doctor's mat as more curative than the medicines he prescribed.

The Last Word.

Bobby—is every word in this dictionary, pa? Peckey—Oh, no, my child. Every little while a new word comes into the language. Bobby—What's the latest word, pa? Peckey—Your ma will tell you. She always has the last word.

One War to Look at It.

"A man always gets on easier by taking his wife's advice."

"Yes," answered Mr. Beckton. "When things turn out badly there's left no question."

THE AMERICAN THEATER.

It should Not Be a Toy—It Should Be Made an Educator.

It is claimed that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people would be manifestly absurd, but it is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are of importance to the nation, be of great service. It is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are of importance to the nation, be of great service. It is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are of importance to the nation, be of great service.

however, that, busy as we are, we should give the theater a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than that at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theater might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one that can be made for it. It might be made the medium for the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. But, as we are a busy and, on the whole, a self-satisfied people, beyond our pursuits and ambitions we look only for the amusements which shall be the least burden to us.

—J. S. Metcalfe in Atlantic.

"PELE'S HAIR."

A Product of the Gigantic Hawaiian Volcano Manna Loa.

Manna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauwa, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high and Kilauwa is situated on the eastern side about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc.

Another form of glassy filament to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair." Pele being the goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble-like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies.

Canal Locks in China.

The contrivances for locks along the Grand canal in China are very simple—stout boards, with ropes at each end of them, being let down edgewise over each other through grooves in the stone piers. Boats are dragged through and up the sluices by means of ropes communicating with large windlasses worked on the bank, which haul them safely, but very slowly. Artificial basins were hollowed out in the banks of the canal at these locks, where boats might anchor securely. The sluices which keep the necessary level are of very rude construction. Soldiers and workmen are constantly in attendance at these sluices, and the danger to boats is diminished by coils of rope hung down at the sides to break the force of possible blows.—Technical World Magazine.

A Phenomenon.

A handy word much misused is "phenomenon." The London Globe once heard a man explaining its meaning to a friend. He did it as follows: "Now, if you see a cow in a meadow," he said didactically, "that's not a phenomenon. It's a pretty animal and what not, but it ain't a phenomenon. And if you see a thistle in a meadow that ain't a phenomenon. Nor if you see a lark in the meadow that ain't a phenomenon. It's a pretty bird and what not, but it ain't a phenomenon. But if you was to see that cow sitting in that thistle and singing like that lark that would be a phenomenon." His friend said, yes, he saw now.

The Bull of Phalaris.

Phalaris of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigento, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.—Philadelphia North American.

Most Have Been.

"Ah, Lady B., I had the pleasure of meeting you last year. And how is your dear little girl?"

"My little girl is quite well, thank you."

"Little boy? Ah, yes, of course! I knew it was one of the two."—London Globe.

The Silver Lining and the Cloud.

Doctor—When can you get me my bill for curing you of insomnia? Patient—I don't know, doctor; I sleep so soundly now that my wife goes through my pockets every night and takes everything.—Judy.