

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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"Were Kittredge and Martinez good friends?"
"Oh, yes."
"Never had any quarrel?"
"Why—er—no," she replied in some confusion.
"I don't want to distress you, mademoiselle," said Coquennil gravely, "but aren't you keeping something back?"
"No, no," she insisted. "I just thought of—a little thing that made me unhappy, but it has nothing to do with this case. You believe me, don't you?"

"Of course I believe you," he smiled. "Now I am going to give you some of this tea. I'm afraid it's getting cold. Now we'll settle down comfortably, and you can tell me what brought you here—tell me all about it."
So Alice began and told him about the mysterious lady.

"This is very important," she said gravely. "What a pity you couldn't get her name!" He reflected that for the second time this woman had escaped him.
"Does she speak with an accent?" he asked.

"She speaks fluently, like a foreigner who has lived a long time in Paris, but she has a slight accent."
"Ah! Now give me her message again. Are you sure you remember it exactly?"

"Quite sure. Besides, she made me write it down so as not to miss a word. Here it is," and, producing the torn page, she read: "Tell M. Kittredge that the lady who called for him in the carriage knows now that the person she thought guilty last night is not guilty. She knows this absolutely, so she will be able to appear and testify in favor of M. Kittredge if it becomes necessary. But she hopes it will not be necessary. She begs M. Kittredge to use this money for a good lawyer."

"She didn't say who this person is that she thought guilty last night?"
"No."
"Did she say why she thought him guilty or what changed her mind? Did she drop any hint? Try to remember."

Alice shook her head negatively.
"What can we do?" murmured Alice, twining her fingers piteously.

"We must get at the truth; we must find this woman who came to see you. The quickest way to do that is through Kittredge himself. He knows all about her. If we can make him speak. So far he has refused to say a word, but there is one person who ought to unseal his lips—that is the girl he loves."
"Oh, yes," exclaimed Alice, her face lighting with new hope. "I think I could, I am sure I could, only—will they let me see him?"

"That is the point. It is against the prison rule for a person an secret to see any one except his lawyer, but I know the director of the Sante prison, and I think—"

Alice shivered at the word. "Yes," she murmured, "and—what were you saying?"
"I say that I know the director of the Sante, and I think, if I send you to him with a strong note, he will make an exception—I think so."

Coquennil sat down and quickly addressed an urgent appeal to M. Dedet, director of the Sante, asking him to grant the bearer a request and assuring him that by so doing he would confer upon Paul Coquennil a deeply appreciated favor.

"There," he said, handing her the note. "Now listen. You are to find out certain things from your lover. I can't tell you how to find them out—that is your affair—but you must do it. You must find them out even if he doesn't wish to tell you. His safety and your happiness may depend on it. You now write down what I must know. Then I want to know about the lady's husband. Is he dark or fair, tall or short? Does Kittredge know him? Has he ever had words with him or any trouble? Got that?"
"Yes."

"Then—do you know whether M. Kittredge plays tennis?"
Alice looked up in surprise. "Why, yes, he does. I remember hearing him say he likes it better than golf."

"Ah! Now I want to know if M. Kittredge uses both hands in playing tennis or only the one hand. And I want to know which hand he uses chiefly—that is, the right or the left?"
"Why do you want to know that?" inquired Alice, with a woman's curiosity.

"Never mind why; just remember it's important. Another thing is to ask M. Kittredge about a chest of drawers in his room at the Hotel des Etrangers. It is a piece of old oak, rather worn, but it has good bronzes for the drawer handles, two dogs fighting on either side of the lock plates."
Alice listened in astonishment. "I didn't suppose you knew where M. Kittredge lived."

"Nor did I until this morning," he smiled. "Since then I—well, as my friend Gibella says, I haven't wasted my time."

"Your friend Gibella?" repeated Alice, not understanding.
Coquennil smiled grimly. "He is an amiable person for whom I am preparing a—little surprise."

"Oh! And what about the chest of drawers?"

"It's about one particular drawer, the small upper one on the right hand side. Better write that down."

"The small upper drawer on the right hand side," repeated Alice.
"I find that M. Kittredge always kept this drawer locked. He seems to be a methodical person, and I want to know if he remembers opening it a few days ago and finding it unlocked. Have you got that?"
"Yes."

"Good! Oh, one thing more. Find out if M. Kittredge ever suffers from rheumatism or gout."
The girl smiled. "Of course he does not. He is only twenty-eight."

"Please do not take this lightly, mademoiselle," the detective chided gently. "It is perhaps the most important point of all. His release from prison may depend on it."

It was after 6 when Alice left the circular railway at the Montrouge station. She came to an open place where she recognized Barthold's famous Belfort lion. Then she knew her way, and, hurrying along the Boulevard Arago, she came presently to the gloomy mass of the Sante prison, which, with its diverging wings and galleries, spreads out like a great gray spider in the triangular space between the Rue Humboldt, the Rue de la Sante and the Boulevard Arago.

No sooner had the guard heard that she came with a note from M. Paul Coquennil than he showed her politely to a small waiting room. A door opened, and a hard faced, low browed man of heavy build bowed to her with a crooked, sinister smile and motioned her into his private office. It was M. Dedet, the chief jailer.

She wanted to speak with the American, M. Kittredge, who had been sent here the night before—she wanted to speak with him alone.

The jailer snapped his teeth and narrowed his brows in a hard stare. "Did Paul Coquennil send you here for that?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, and her heart began to sink. "You see, it's a very special case and—"
"Special case," laughed the other harshly. "I should say so. It's a case of murder."

"But he is innocent, perfectly innocent," pleaded Alice.

"Of course, but if I let every murderer who says he's innocent see his sweetheart—well, this would be a fine prison. No, no, little one," he went on, with offensive familiarity, "I am sorry to disappoint you, and I hate to refuse M. Paul, but it can't be done. This man is a secret, which means that he must not see any one except his lawyer."

Alice did not move. She had been sitting by a table on which a large sheet of pink blotting paper was spread before writing materials. And as she listened to the director's rough words she took up a pencil and twisted it nervously in her fingers. Then, with increasing agitation as she realized that her effort for Lloyd had failed, she began without thinking to make little marks on the blotter and then a written scrawl—all with a singular fixed look in her eyes.

"You'll have to excuse me," said the jailer gruffly.
Alice started to her feet. "I—I beg your pardon," she said weakly.

(To Be Continued.)

BINGER HERMANN IS BETTER; CRISIS PASSED

ROSEBURG, Or., April 26.—Former Congressman Binger Hermann, who has been seriously ill here for several days, is showing improvement today, being able to lie in bed comfortably for the first time since his illness began. Hermann's physician said today that the ailment had not passed the stage where there need be alarm as to the outcome.

CATARRH WILL GO.

Relief Comes in Two Minutes, Complete Cure in Four Weeks.

Don't go on hawking yourself sick every morning; it's cruel, it's harmful and it's unnecessary.

If after breathing Hyomei, the wonder-worker, you are not rid of vile catarrh, you can have your money back.

No stomach dosing—just take the little hard rubber pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit and pour into it a few drops of Hyomei. Breathe it according to directions. In two minutes it will relieve you of that stuffed up feeling. Use it a few minutes every day, and in a few weeks you will be entirely free from catarrh.

Breathing Hyomei is a very pleasant and certain way to kill catarrh. Get an outfit today; it only costs \$1.00; it's worth \$1000 to any catarrh sufferer. For sale by druggists everywhere and by Chas. Strang, who guarantees it to cure croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and bronchitis. An extra bottle of Hyomei liquid if needed costs but 50c as the little hard rubber inhaler you get with the outfit will last a lifetime.

CHICAGO FOURTH CITY IN WORLD?

So Say Windy City Boosters, Who Claim Their Assertions Will Be Backed Up When Census Count Is Completed—Over 2,500,000.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26.—Chicago boosters assert that the census now in progress will place Chicago as the fourth city in the world from the viewpoint of population.

Ten years ago the great western metropolis stood fifth, and since then has nearly doubled in population, according to the city directory's estimate.

In 1900 Chicago's population was given at 1,698,575. Cities which outranked her were London, New York, Paris and Berlin.

It is now estimated that the population of Chicago is 2,750,000. This figure, it is asserted, will place Chicago ahead of Berlin, as Berlin's population in 1905 was 2,040,148.

Notice.

C. D. Miller has sold the Louvre Cafe to A. C. Burgess and will pay all accounts up to April 23, and will collect all outstanding accounts to this date. C. D. MILLER.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Be it resolved by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon:

That notice is hereby given that a special election in and for the city of Medford, and in and for the territory hereinafter described, has been ordered by said council to be held, and the same will be held on the 24th day of May, 1910, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m. and 5 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said city at said election the following question:

Shall the boundaries of the city of Medford be altered by including therein the following described territory, to-wit:

Commencing at the northeast corner of section 36, township 37, range 2 west of the Willamette meridian; thence south on the east line of said section 36 to the north line of donation land claim No. 85, in said town and range; thence west along the north line of said donation land claim No. 85 and donation land claim No. 84, of said town and range to the northwest corner of said donation land claim No. 84; thence north to the north line of said section 36, being the present boundary of said city of Medford; thence east along said north line of said section 36 and the present boundary of said city to place of commencement; all in Jackson county, Oregon.

The following are hereby designated as the places in said city at which the polls will be open within said city:

First ward—Commercial Club rooms.
Second ward—Nash hotel.
Third ward—City hall.

The following is hereby designated as the place in the territory above described at which the polls will be open:

Fourth house from south city limits on west side of county road extending south from the arc of Newtown street in said city.

The following have been and hereby are, appointed and designated as judges and clerks of said election:

First ward in said city—L. L. Damon, judge; G. P. Lindley, judge and clerk; C. W. Davis, judge and clerk.
Second ward in said city—L. B. Warner, judge; J. Bellinger, judge and clerk; William Ulrich, judge and clerk.

Third ward in said city—M. F. McCown, judge; Scott Davis, judge and clerk; H. B. Cady, judge and clerk. In the territory heretofore described—C. W. Rinberger, judge; R. A. Johnson, judge and clerk William Murray, judge and clerk.

The electors of said city of Medford, and the electors of the territory hereinafter described, are hereby invited to vote on said proposition by placing upon their ballots, "for annexation" or "against annexation" or words equivalent thereto.

Resolved further, that this notice be published in the daily Mail Tribune, a newspaper of general circulation in said city of Medford, and in territory above described, for a period of four weeks prior to such election, and also four copies thereof be posted in four public places in said city, and four public places within the territory above described, for a like period, by the city recorder or under his direction.

The foregoing resolution was passed on the 19th day of April, 1910, by the following vote: Merrick, aye; Emerick, absent; Wortman, aye; Elfert, aye; Demmer, aye; Welsh, aye.

Approved, April 20, 1910.
W. H. CANON, Mayor.

Attest: ROBT. W. TELFER, City Recorder.

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is your protection. You'll find it on all government inspected meat.

Hams **Columbia** Bacon

bear the Federal Stamp—the mark of approval of the U. S. pure food inspectors—an absolute guarantee of purity. Be sure that all the meat you buy bears this Federal Stamp and then you are certain not to be disappointed with the quality.

At Best Dealers, Hotels and Cafes

Union Meat Company, Portland, Oregon
Pioneer Packers of the Pacific

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MEDFORD PHARMACY

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QUICKLY AND WITH CONFIDENCE YOU ARE ALWAYS TO BE FOUND AT THE

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All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

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FOUNDRY AND MACHINIST

All kinds of Engines, Spraying Outfits, Pumps, Boilers and Machinery. Agents in Southern Oregon for **FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.**

RESOLVED

The best resolution for you to make is to come to us for your next suit, if you want something out of the ordinary. We do the best work and charge the lowest prices.

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THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

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Timber and Coal Lands

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MDFORD - - - OREGON

Office in Jackson County Bank Upstairs

The Southern Dairy Co.

Are now prepared to supply the family trade with pure, rich

ICE CREAM

Fruit Bricks, Water Ices, Sherbets, Etc., DELIVERED PACKED IN ICE, at the following prices:

One quart50c
Two quarts75c
One gallon\$1.25

AT THE FACTORY—

One quart25c
Two quarts50c
One gallon\$1.00

SPECIAL RATES TO CHURCHES, LODGES, SOCIALS, PICNICS, ETC. COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED. A trial order will convince you that the quality is right as well as the price.

32 S. CENTRAL AVE. TELEPHONE 881

100 Acres

\$15,000

RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICE FOR A 100-ACRE TRACT, ONE-THIRD OF WHICH IS IN BEARING APPLES.

A sacrifice price is made for good reasons. Present owner traded for this, has never seen it and wishes to convert into money quick. The crop this year will nearly half pay for the place. A beauty spot. Good red loam; clay subsoil.

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HOTEL OREGON BUILDING
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HAVE YOU SEEN

THE LATEST THING IN LOCKETS, CHAINS, SILVER COLLAR PINS, NECK PIECES, SILVER RINGS AND BRACELETS?

MARTIN J. REDDY

The Jeweler
NEAR THE POSTOFFICE.

35.55 ACRES

Located two miles west of Medford, on the main road to Jacksonville. The soil in this neighborhood needs no commendation—there is none better in Oregon. This tract is all planted, the varieties being as follows:

757 Yellow Newtowns.
580 Spitzenbergs.
319 Bartlett Pears.
242 Winter Nelis Pears.

288 Early Crawford and Elberta Peaches (planted as fillers.) The greater portion of these trees were planted in the winter of 1906 and are now in their fourth season. They have made a nice growth and are in good condition. There are buildings on the place, ample for present needs.

The price is \$600 an acre, and we can make good terms.

W. T. YORK & CO.

Sanitary Methods

prevail in our factory.

Candy

Patronize the "Modern Dealer"

Modern Confectionery Co., Mfrs., Portland, Oregon