

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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"All right," nodded Lloyd, and as he turned to Alice she saw tears in his eyes. "It's tough, but never mind. You've made a man of me, little one, and I'll prove it. I used to have a sort of religion, and then I lost it, and now I've got it again—a new religion and a new creed. It's short and easy to say, but it's all I need, and it's going to keep me game through this whole rotten business. Want to hear my creed? You know it already, darling, for you taught it to me. Here it is: 'I believe in Alice.' That's all; that's enough. Let me kiss you."

"Lloyd," she whispered as he bent toward her, "can't you trust me with that woman's name?"

He drew back and looked at her half reproachfully, and her cheeks flushed. She would not have him think that she could bargain for her lips, and, throwing her arms about him, she murmured: "Kiss me; kiss me as much as you like. I am yours, yours."

The guard's gruff voice came between them.

"One moment," Kittredge said, and then to the clinging girl, "Why do you ask that woman's name when you know it already?"

Wild eyed she faced him and shook her head. "I don't know her name. I don't want to know it."

"You don't know her name?" he repeated, and even in the tumult of their last farewell her frank and honest denial lingered in his mind.

She did not know the woman's name! Back in his lonely cell Kittredge pondered this, and, reaching for his little volume of De Musset, his treasured pocket companion that the jailer had let him keep, he opened it at the fly leaves. She did not know this woman's name! And wonderingly he read on the white page the words and the name written by Alice herself, scrawlingly, but distinctly, the day before in the garden of Notre Dame.

Coqueniil was neither surprised nor disappointed at the meager results of Alice's visit to the prison. It had not been entirely vain since he had learned that Kittredge might have used his left hand in firing a pistol and that he did not suffer with gout or rheumatism. This last point was of extreme importance.

And the detective was speedily put in excellent humor by news awaiting him at the Palais de Justice Monday morning that the man sent to London to trace the burned photograph and the five pound notes had already met with success and had telegraphed that the notes in question had been issued to Addison Wilmott, whose bankers were Munroe & Co., Rue Scribe.

Quick inquiries revealed the fact that Addison Wilmott was a well known New Yorker living in Paris, a man of leisure. He and his dashing wife lived in a private hotel on the Avenue Kleber, where they led a gay existence in the smartest and most spectacular circle of the American colony.

He was dull, good natured and a little fat. She was a beautiful woman, with extraordinary charm and a lithe, girlish figure. He was supposed to kick up his heels in a quiet way, while she did the things brilliantly and kept the wheels of American colony gossip—busy enough, anyway—turning and spinning until they groaned in utter weariness.

Such was the information M. Paul had been able to gather from swift and special police sources when he presented himself at the Wilmott hotel about luncheon time on Monday. Addison was just starting with some friends for a run down to Fontaine-

bleau in his new Panhard, and he listened impatiently to Coqueniil's explanation that he had come in regard to some English banknotes recently paid to Mr. Wilmott and possibly clever forgeries.

"Ready!" exclaimed Addison.

Coqueniil hoped that Mr. Wilmott would give him the notes in question in exchange for genuine ones. This would help the investigation.

"Of course, my dear sir," said the American, "but I haven't the notes. They were spent long ago."

"You remember whom you paid them to?" questioned the detective.

"I didn't pay them to any one," replied Wilmott. "I gave them to my wife."

"Ah!" said Coqueniil, and presently he took his departure with polite assurances, whereupon the unsuspecting Addison totted away complacently for Fontainebleau.

It was now about 2 o'clock, and the next three hours M. Paul spent with his sources of information studying the career of Pussay Wilmott from special points of view in preparation for a call upon the lady.

He discovered two significant things—first that, whatever her actual conduct, Mrs. Wilmott had never openly compromised herself.

As offsetting this, however, Coqueniil secured information that connected Mrs. Wilmott directly with Martinez. It appeared that, among her other excitements, Pussay was passionately fond of gambling. She was known to have won and lost large sums at Monte Carlo, and she was a regular follower of the fashionable races in Paris. She had also been seen at the Olympia billiard academy, near the

Grand hotel, where Martinez and other experts played regularly before eager audiences, among whom betting on the games was the great attraction. "He used to talk about this lady," said one of the markers; "he called her the 'belle Americaine,' but I am sure he did not know her real name." With so much in mind Coqueniil started up the Champs Elysees about 5 o'clock.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.
MRS. WILMOTT, very languid and stunning amid her luxurious surroundings, received M. Paul with the patronizing indifference that bored rich women extend to tradespeople. But presently when he explained that he was a detective and began to question her about the Ansonia affair she rose with a haughty gesture that was meant to banish him in confusion from her presence. Coqueniil, however, did not banish so easily. He had dealt with haughty ladies before.

"My dear madam, please sit down," he said quietly. "I must ask you to explain how it happens that a number of five pound notes, given to you by your husband some days ago, were found on the body of this murdered man."

"How do I know?" the beautiful Mrs. Wilmott replied sharply. "I spent the notes in shops; I'm not responsible for what became of them. Besides, I am dining out tonight, and I must dress. I really don't see any point to this conversation."

"No?" He smiled, and the keenness of his glance pierced her like a blade. "The point is, my dear lady, that I want you to tell me what you were doing with this billiard player when he was shot last Saturday night."

"It's false; I never knew the man," she cried. "It's an outrage for you to—to intrude on a lady and—insult her."

"You need to back his game at the Olympia."

"I'm fond of billiards. Is that a crime?"

"You left your cloak and a small leather bag in the vestiaire at the Ansonia," pursued M. Paul.

"It isn't true!"

"Your name was found stamped in gold letters under a leather flap in the bag."

She faltered. "It—it was?"

Coqueniil nodded. "Yes. Now, what were you doing with Martinez in that room?"

For some moments she did not answer, but studied him with frightened, puzzled eyes. Then suddenly her whole manner changed.

"Now, I will tell you exactly what happened." And, settling herself near him, Pussay Wilmott entered bravely upon the hardest half hour of her life. After all, he was a man, and she would do the best she could.

(To Be Continued.)

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OREGON TRUNK AWARDS CONTRACT

Work on Line From Madras to North Boundary of Klamath Indian Reservation Is to Be Rushed—Henry Gets the Job.

PORTLAND, Or., April 28.—The Oregon Trunk Line has awarded the contract for the grading of its road from Madras to the north boundary of the Klamath Indian reservation to H. C. Henry, a contractor of Seattle. Several bid on the job. The contract calls for completion by January 1, 1911.

The grade will be 123 miles in length and runs over comparatively smooth ground. A few bridges will have to be put in, but the large bridge across Crooked river will be built by the railroad company under supervision of Engineer Modjeski. The bridge will be a steel arch.

The successful bidder has never before done any work for the Oregon Trunk, but is well known for having had the general contract for the construction of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railway.

Thousands of men will be put to work at once and it is hoped that the work will be far enough advanced in a month from now to begin laying rails. The contract for the laying of the rails will be entered into in the near future.

The company hopes to have its work trains running through the Deschutes valley as far as Madras before fall and if that can be accomplished the road will probably be open as far as the Klamath reservation early next spring.

Has anybody here seen Kelly?
Haskins for Health.

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