

# Through the Wall

## By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE TRIAL.

THE details of the hours that followed remained blurred memories in the minds of Alice and her rescuer. They wandered in a strange subterranean region of passages and cross passages that widened and narrowed, that ascended and descended, that were sometimes smooth under foot, but often blocked with rough stones and always black as night. Surely no more pathetic pair than these two ever braved the mazes of the Paris catacombs.

At any rate, through the ghastly horror of darkness and weakness and pain there presently came hope—fllickering torches in the distance, then faint voices and the presence of friends, some workmen, occupied with drainage repairs, who produced stimulants and rough garments and showed them the way to the upper world, to the blessed sunshine.

An hour later M. Paul and Alice were in clean, cool beds at a private hospital near the commissary's house, with nurses and doctors bending over them. And on a chair beside the girl, battered and blackened, sat Esmeralda, while under the detective's pillow in an adjoining room was the scorching but unharmed diary of De Heideimann-Bruck!

During the weeks that Coquenil and Alice lay in the hospital, slowly recovering from the shock and their burns, the time swung around for the trial of Lloyd Kittredge on the charge of murdering Martinez, the billiard player.

It was a delightful September afternoon. The courtroom in the Palais de Justice was crowded with fashionables intent on witnessing the trial of Lloyd Kittredge. Pussy Willmott, in her most fetching gown, sat well down in front. A distinguished looking man pressed through the crowd and was given a seat on the platform occupied by the three judges. The Baron de Heideimann-Bruck whispered eagerly to the nobleman as thus honored. Yes, it was the baron, intent on witnessing the last act in the awful drama he had inaugurated.

And now, suddenly, the blow fell. As the prosecuting officer soared along in his oratorical flight a note was passed unobtrusively to the presiding judge, a modest little note folded on itself without even an envelope to hold it. For several minutes the note lay unnoticed; then the judge, with careless eye, glanced over it; then he started, frowned, and his quick reading showed that a spark of something had flashed from that scrap of paper.

The presiding judge leaned quickly toward his associate on the right and whispered earnestly, then toward his associate on the left, and one after another the three magistrates studied this startling communication, nodding learned heads and lowering judicial eyebrows. The public prosecutor blazed through his peroration to an inattentive bench.

No sooner had the speaker finished than the clerk of the court announced a brief recess, during which the judges withdrew for deliberation and the audience buzzed their wonder. During this interval the Baron de Heideimann-Bruck looked frankly bored.

On the return of the three an announcement was made by the presiding judge that important new evidence in the case had been received, evidence of so unusual a character that the judges had unanimously decided to interrupt proceedings for a public hearing of the evidence in question. It was further ordered that no one be allowed to leave the courtroom under any circumstances.

"Call the first witness!" ordered the judge, and amid the excitement caused by these ominous words a small door opened and a woman entered leaning on a guard. She was dressed simply in black and heavily veiled, but her girlish figure showed that she was young. As she appeared Kittredge started violently. The woman came forward to the witness stand and lifted her veil. As she did so three distinct things happened: The audience murmured its admiration at a vision of strange beauty, Kittredge stared in a daze of joy, and De Heideimann-Bruck felt the cold hand of death clutching at his heart.

It was Alice come to her lover's need, Alice risen from the flames, Alice here for chastening and justice!

"What is your name?" questioned the judge.

"Mary Coogan," was the clear answer.

"Your nationality?"

"I am an American. I came to France as a little girl."

"How did that happen?"

"My father died and my mother married a second time."

"Your mother married a Frenchman?"

"Yes."

"What is the name of the Frenchman whom your mother married?"

The girl hesitated, and then, looking straight at the baron, she said, "The Baron de Heideimann-Bruck."

"Is your mother living?"

"No."

"How did she die?"

The witness turned to Kittredge.

"My mother was burned to death—"

In the charity bazaar fire," she answered in a low voice.

"State what you remember about the fire."

The girl looked down and answered rapidly: "My mother and I went to the charity bazaar with the Baron de Heideimann-Bruck. When the fire broke out there was a panic. There was a window near us, through which some people were climbing. My mother and I would have been able to escape, but the Baron de Heideimann-Bruck pushed us back and climbed through himself."

"It's a lie!" cried the baron hoarsely.

"Silence!" warned the clerk.

"And after that?"

There came into her face a look of terrible sadness.

"I don't know what happened after that for a long time. I was very ill and—for years I did not remember these things."

"You mean that for years you did not remember what you have just testified?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

The room was so hushed in expectation that the tension was like physical pain.

"You did not remember your mother during these years?"

"No."

"Not even her name?"

She shook her head. "I did not remember my own name."

"But now you remember everything?"

"Yes, everything."

"When did you recover your memory?"

"It began to come back a few weeks ago."

"Under what circumstances?"

"Under circumstances like those when—when I lost it."

"How do you mean?"

"I—I"—She turned slowly, as if drawn by some horrible fascination and looked at De Heideimann-Bruck. The baron's face was ghastly white.

"Yes?" encouraged the judge.

"I was in another fire," she murmured, still staring at the baron. "I—I nearly lost my life there."

(To Be Continued.)

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years, and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. Sixty days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy. If

**SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OREGON THRESHERS' ASSOCIATION, ALBANY, ORE., JUNE 2 AND 3, 1910.**

Round trip rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan will be made by O. R. & N. and S. P. companies. Tickets on sale May 29th to June 3d, inclusive, good for return until June 10th. Important subjects will be discussed, including an address by a special representative of the U. S. government.

For further information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., call on any O. R. N. or S. P. agent.

**SUMMONS.**

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for the county of Jackson.

Suit in equity for divorce.

Fannie M. Waldroop, plaintiff, vs. Daniel I. Waldroop, defendant.

To Daniel I. Waldroop, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the plaintiff's complaint against you now on file in the above entitled court and cause, on or before that last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons herein, to-wit: On or before the 31st day of May, 1910, said date being the expiration of six weeks from the day of first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, succinctly stated as follows:

That the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant be forever dissolved, abrogated and set aside and that the plaintiff have such other and further relief as to the court may appear just and equitable.

This summons is published in the Medford Mail Tribune by order of the Honorable F. M. Calkins, judge of the above entitled court, which said order was made and entered of record on the 16th day of April, 1910, and the first publication hereof is the 18th day of April, 1910.

W. E. PHIPPS,  
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Haskins for Health.

# REWARD

\$5 REWARD WILL BE GIVEN TO THE BOY OR GIRL WRITING THE BEST ESSAY ON "WHY THE MERCHANTS DON'T ADVERTISE."

### Instructions.

Choose some merchant or firm in Medford who does not advertise in this paper and write a story of from 100 to 500 words. Give as many reasons as possible—tell everything you can about WHY you think that merchant or firm does not advertise.

Write only on one side of the paper and plainly.

Below are a number of questions which may help you in writing your story.

Remember, the essay which in our judgment best defines the not-advertiser will receive a reward of \$5 as pay for services performed and will be printed in the paper.

All essays must be in not later than Friday, June 3.

Who are some of the merchants and firms who don't advertise?

Do you think they are progressive? Do they care whether there is a live daily in town?

Who take a daily paper? Is it a local paper or foreign? Are they hustlers in business? Are they crowded with customers? Do they carry the best qualities? Do they sell for the lowest prices? Do they believe in boosting the town or are they knockers?

If they don't advertise, do they show any special desire for an increased business?

Who would you prefer to deal with—a merchant hat asked for your business or one that didn't?

Do you think that a merchant who spends money advertising will advertise a poor article?

Here are some facts which may help you in writing your story:

The majority of users of largest advertising space conduct the largest businesses.

Persistent advertisers most all increase their business (if the advertisements are truthful).

The newest newspapers are as a rule the ones patronized most liberally. A newspaper cannot exist without a liberal patronage. The community's best booster is the live newspaper. No store could exist in Medford or any other town if everybody sent away for goods—the same principle applies to newspapers. A good, live paper, filled with up-to-date advertising, denotes a live, progressive, wide-awake, hustling town.

### NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, at its next regular meeting, for a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in quantities less than a gallon at their place of business on lots 15 and 16 in block 21 in said city, for a period of six months.

RYAN & BROWN.

Haskins for Health.

# WRIGHT'S INVESTMENTS

20 acres fine land, set to apples and pears, yearlings; one mile from Central Point; \$6000, half cash, easy terms on balance.

3¾ acres adjoining city, neat house and outbuildings, fine irrigation plant, splendid truck farm and subdivision proposition, at a bargain price for a few days.

Modern 7-room house on choice street, finely finished and a choice home for less than it will cost you to build. If you want a choice home let us show you this one.

3-room house, nice lot and fruit trees, in fine location; for quick sale, \$850.

Fine corner lot, close to Oakdale, in good location, for few days at \$450; it's a bargain.

Oak Ridge is the new addition where you get fine lots, with shade trees, and at right prices; 10 per cent cash and 10 per cent per month. Don't fail to "get in" on this and get your lots reserved.

3 fine lots, 56x112½, in fine location, a money-making buy at \$365 each; \$100 cash will handle them.

## J. Bruce Wright & Co.

132 WEST MAIN. PHONE 2691.

## GOODFRIEND HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO L. GOODFRIEND, Manager

Formerly Hotels Stanford and St. Beryl, Powell Street, near Geary, adjoining Hotel Marx. Take Hotel Marx's Bus, or Market Street Car, transfer to Powell. Ideal house and location for ladies visiting the city alone.

BATES, \$1.00 PER DAY AND UP

# In Case of Sickness

PHONE 3641—

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Near Post Office AllNight Service Free Delivery

J. E. ENYART, President J. A. PERRY, Vice-President.  
JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier.

# The Medford National Bank

Capital, \$50,000  
Surplus, \$10,000

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# Buy Where You Get Your Moneys Worth

When wanting high-grade Ice Cream or Sherbets in any quantity we are at your service. QUALITY is our watchword.

You remember the QUALITY long after the price is forgotten.

We have our own delivery and can supply you with milk, cream and buttermilk.

Ask your grocer for our Creamery Butter.

# Rogue River Creamery

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# GOLD RAY GRANITE CO.

Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore.

Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon

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Every effort to attract trade helps even if it only draws a child's wish for candy. Electric light for windows and signs should be given a chance to be useful. Every merchant can now get double electric light at no increase in cost for electric current by using General Electric MAZDA lamps. Made in all sizes. We have them and will be glad to tell you about them.

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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.

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## Timber and Coal Lands

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Medford, Oregon  
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# REAL ESTATE

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# Medford Realty Co

Room 10, Jackson County Bank Building

# Roanoke Roanoke

## One of the Most Beautiful Resident Sections of Medford

Roanoke Addition is just far enough out to eliminate all noise and bustle of the business section and yet it is just right for the man who is in business. Only ten minutes' walk from the railroad. This is becoming one of the most finished residence districts of Medford. The lots all face on Main street and Rose avenue. Cement sidewalk all in. Sewer and water mains laid. The lots are high and slightly, which gives them a great advantage. Building restrictions \$2000. There are already several fine new cottages on the property. These lots are quite large, being 50x137, which gives plenty of room for garden and garage and other necessary buildings.

Come and make your selections early. Prices \$735 to \$750 for east and west front lots.

**J. W. DRESSLER AGENCY**  
Selling Agents

# Roanoke Roanoke