UAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1910.

Through The Wall By CLEVELAND MOFFETT Copyright, 1909, by D. Appleton Q. Co.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters. tective, meets a mysterious young with food and two rough chairs. On girl selling candles in Notre Dame the table lay the diary. cathedral. The girl, Alice, loves an "Coquenii, I've watched you for years. American, Lloyd Kittredge.-Co- I know all about you, and I'll say about it, and he said it might." quenil believes a great crime is this-you're the most interesting man about to be committed, and present- I ever met. You've given me trouble, ly it occurs. He has a strange pre- but-that's all right: you played fair, sentiment of danger .--- A man is and-I like you, I like you.' found murdered in a restaurant. He is recognized as Martinez, well my way. I wanted to be your friend; door. known throughout all Paris as a bil- 1 wanted to help you. Just think how Hard player.

having murdered the billiard player. chances." He is arrested at Alice's home and put in prison.

Coquenil starts to solve the case. tie discoveres the identity of a wo- real sadness. man known to have been with Martinez when murdered.

The murderer's pistol is found Coquenil puts his dog Caesar on the trail and interviews M. Gritz, proprietor of the restaurant, where the crime had taken place. Coquenll discovers two auger holes in the wall in the private dining room "that there is a bond between a dewhere Martinez was killed. They tective and a criminal. I suppose it lead into another private dining gets stronger between a-a great deroom, which he visits.

He shows Papa Tignol that the buttet came through one of the ed. "You regard me as a great crimiholes. A mysterious stranger over- nal?" powers Coquenil and robs him of a valuable clew he had got.

bullet came through one of the holes. Iteal little finger." A mysterious stranger overpowers Coquenil and robs him of a valuable clew he had got.

Detective Gebelin, Coquenil's rival, discovers valuable clews. Circumyoung Kittridge.

Coquenil cross examines an American woman, Mrs. Wilmott, as to her point-how did Martinez get possespast relations with the prisoner, sion of your secret?" Kittredge. He and Martinez, she said, had had a serious quarrel over Alice. Coquenil begins to demonstrate that Kittredge is innocent Coquenil is dismissed from the case by an order from a man "higher up." He continues to work as a private individual. He proves that Wilmott and the dancing girl?" the assassin had a "long little finger" and that Alice knows him. Coquelin's man hunting dog is shot there?" by a wealthy man in a forest. Coquenil traces Alice's past in Brussels and learns much.

Coquelin suspects as the murderer not be there until 9?" a man posing as a wood carver and "Martinez told me. It was in Anita's something. As he went on he held the

to Pougeot that aight in the automo-"Ah! And how did you know where the girl was?" "Guessed it partly and had Pougeo followed." "And she's coming here?" The baron nodded. "She ought to be here shortly," then with a quick, cruel smile. "I suppose you know why want her?" "I'm afraid I do." said Coquenil. "Suppose we come in here," suggested the other. With this he led the way through the

arched passageway into another stone about you or against you," added M. Ing of the fire. chamber very much like the first, only Paul, and he seemed to be almost smaller, and lined in the same way pleading. with piled up logs. In the middle of Paul Coquenil, famous French de- the floor were a rough table spread and-she might know."

"Thanks," Coquenil said simply. many times I've gone out of my way left your diary." He pointed to the Lloyd Kittredge is suspected of to give you chances, fine business table

> "I know." "Now see where you are! See what you've forced me to do! It's a pity; it cuts me up, Coquenll" He spoke with

"I understand," answered M. Paul "I appreciate what you say. There's a bond between a good detective and"-Paris has known in fifty years or will him. know in fifty more. Yes, yes, it's a

pity! "I was saying," resumed the other, tective," he smilled, "and a great crim-

inal.' De Heldelmann-Bruck looked pleas-

Coquenil nodded gravely. "I certainly do-the greatest since Ludovico He shows Papa Tignol that the Schertzi. You know he had your iden-

> "Really!" Coquenil was silent a moment, "This American-what of him-now?" "He will be tried."

"And be found guilty?"

"Yes, but-with jealousy as an exstantial evidence thickens about tenuating circumstance. He'll do a few years, say five,"

"Ah, that brings me to the main "He met the girl accidentally and-

remembered her." charity bazaar fire?"

"Yes! Coquenil thought a moment. "Oh! would not be occupied that night by "No?

"Then how did you dare go in

until 9, and 1 had-finished by haif wood. past 8. "How did you know Wilmott would

as Alice's uncle from Belgium. Co- petit bleu that Mrs. Wilmott showed candle lower and lower and presently got down upon his hands and knees

marched out from a cell in the Ho

"Yes," nodded the other. "Ah!" smiled the baron. "I must destroy you or be destroyed."

the guillotine."

"I see," murmured M. Paul, For some moments the two were st lent; then M. Paul asked gravely "How soon will the girl be here?"

heavily barred iron door.

"She has caused me a lot of trouble,

"You mean-her memory?" "Yes; it might come back."

"Goodby, Coquenil." He held out his hand. "I'm sorry."

with quiet dignity, "If it's all the same to you, 1-1 won't shake hands." "No?" He moved toward the heavy

"Wait!" said M. Paul. "You have

The baron smiled mockingly. "I intended to leave it. The book has served its purpose. Don't be alarmed It will not be found." He glanced with grim confidence at the stacked wood. "You'll have fifteen or twenty minutes after she comes in. Goodby, The door swung open, and Coquenil

saw a dlm, white clad figure among "A great detective." put in the baron the shadows, and Alice, with beautiadmiringly, "the greatest detective ful, frightened eyes, staggered toward

CHAPTER XXI. THE LOST DOLLY. VE been so frightened," Alice

said to him. "The man said you wanted me, and 1 came at once, but in the automobile. I felt something was wrong, and -vou know he is outside?" "Does Pougeot know about this?"

She shook her head. "The man came for M. Pougeol first. They went off together. I'm afraid it was a trick. Then about twenty minutes later the same man came back and said M. Pougeot was with you and that he had

been sent to bring me to you. He showed me your ring and"-"Yes, yes, I understand," interrupted Coquenil. "My poor child!" he mut-

tered. Taking the candle, Coquenli went through the arched opening into the larger chamber and made a burried inspection. The room was about fifteen feet square and ten feet high. with everything of stone-walls, floor and arched celling. Save for the pas-

sage into the smaller room there was "As the one he had rescued from the no sign of an opening anywhere except two small square holes near the ceiling, probably ventilating shafts. Around the four walls were logs

Did you know that private room No. 7 plled evenly to the height of nearly six feet, and et the archway the pile ran straight through into the smaller room. The logs were in two foot lengths, and as the archway was about

four feet wide the passage between "Wilmott and the girl were not due the two rooms was half blocked with Coquenil walked slowly around the chamber, peering carefully into cracks

Without replying, the detective rose

between the logs, as If searching for

quette prison some fine worming, about | laying other logs on top of these, and dawn, between a jailer and a priest to so on as rapidly as the girl brought wood.

They worked with all speed. Soon the passageway was solidly walled with closely fitted logs to the height of six feet. Above this, in the arched part, Coquenil worked more slowly, selecting logs of such shape and size as would-fill the curve with the fewest "She's undoubtedly here now. She mumber of crucks between them is waiting outside." He pointed to a There was dauger in cracks between the obstructing logs, for cracks meant "But-she doesn't know anything a draft, and a draft meant the spread-

ow," said M. Paul, surveying the blocked passageway, "that is the best we can do-with wood. We must stop these cracks with something else. What did you wear?" He glanced at the chair where Alice had thrown her "Of course," agreed the other with things. "A white cloak and a straw judicial fairness. "I asked Duprat hat with a white veil and a black velvet ribbon. Tear off the ribbon andwe can't stand on ceremony. Here are my coat and vest. Rip them into strips "Goodby," answered the detective and- Great God! There's the smoke

now!" As he spoke a thin grayish feather curled out between two of the upper logs and floated away; another came below it. Somewhere De Heidelmann-

Bruck had pressed an electric button, and under the logs deadly sparks had jumped in the waiting tinder. They were prisoners in a huge, slowly heating oven stacked with tons of dry wood.

"We must stop this." he cried, and, tearing the shirt from his shoulders. he ripped it into fragments and wedged these tight between the logs.

"We must have more cloth." he said gravely. "It's our only chance, little friend. Till put out the candle! There! Let nie bave-whatever you can andbe quick!

Again he worked with frantic haste, stuffing in the last shreds and rags that could be spared from their bodies, fotleed before, a massive stone shelf [

whenever a duff glow from the other side revealed a crock in the barricade. "There," he punted; "that's the bear she ordered, we can do! Now it's up to God! I he-Heve we have stopped the draft," he

sald after a moment. Suddenly a faint sound broke the Coquenil's hand. "We'll go out where stillness, and the detective started vio- the fairies are. That's a much nicer ently. It was a low, humming sound place to play, Willie." that presently grew stronger and then Here there came to M. Paul an urgang on steadily like a buzzing wheel. Ing of mysterious guidance, as if an He moved about in perplexity. It secured to him that he felt a current

ուսնե "Affee, come here!" he called. "Stand where I am. That's right. Now put out your hand. Do you feel anything?" "I feel n draft," she said.

As she spoke the humming sound streachened, and with it the draft dew stronger.

"Merciful God," cried Coquenil in a finsh of understanding, "it's a blower!" M. Paul turned his face upward and listened attentively. "No doubt of it! It's sucking through an air shaft up there in the ceiling."

"1-1 don't understand." "He's forcing a draft from that room to this one. He has started a blower, 1 tell you, and"-

"What is a blower?" put in Alice. At her frightened tone Coquenil calmed himself and answered gently: "It's like a big electric fan. It's drawing air out of this room very fast with a suction, and I'm afraid unless"-

Just then there came a sharp pop, followed by a hissing noise, as if some one were breathing in air through shut teeth. "The blower has sucked out ana of our cloth place There ever an other!" he said as the popping sound was repeated. ""And another! It's all off with our barricade, little girl.'





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"Yes; you must press it." wood pile. "You must get my dolly," "But there are two things that hold the shelf up. Is it the one on this side that you press or the one on that She stamped her foot in displeasure.

side?" "Dear me, what an aggravating boy! It's the one on this side, of course," "Good!"

He found her suddenly timp in his arms. Having moken these strange inward voice had spoken to him and words of wisdom or of folly, she had gone back into unconsciousness,

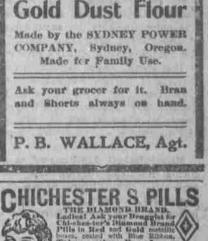
> Coquenli believed that they were words of wisdom, and without a me ment's nesitation he acted on that be hef. The wall underneath the shear was half covered with plied up logs, and these must be removed in spite of the finnes.

It was the work of a madman or of one inspired. Three times Coquenil fell to the floor, gasping for breath. The skin on his arms and neck was hanging away in shreds. At last the space was cleared, and

Paul Coonenil stumbled forward and seized the left hand bracket and pressed it with all his might. Instantly a door underneath, cunningly hidden in the wall, yawned

open on a square black passage. With a bound he was back at the shelter and had Alice in his arms, smiling again, as she slept-as she dreamed. And a moment later he had carried her safely through flames that

actually singed her buir and inid her tenderly in the cool passage. And beside her he laid the baron's diary: Then he went back to close the door.



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PAGE REEVEN.

EXPERT

HORSESHOEING

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W. A. Powell



from chamber to chamber and then

quenil arrests the woodcarver after him. hard fighting.

On the prisoner's right leg is found a mark made by Coquenil in a street fight with a strange man, who made his escape,

The prisoner, Groener, is examined by Judge Hauteville in a sensamanner, but he mainating that he is guiltiess.

Groener undergoes a nerve-racking "moving picture" test, a most ingenious mode of revealing the bow long have you known that I was guilt or innocence of suspects. He working here in your stable?" now appears to be the murderer. Sstestcos cmfwyp shrdlu cmfwyp pp

CHAPTER XX.

A GREAT CRIMINAL.

Coquenit came back to consciousness he moved his arms and legs and discovered no injury; then he reached out a hand and found that no was iging on a cold stone floor, with his head on a rough sack filled apparently with shav ings. He caught a sound as of rustling paper, then a faint scratching.

Finally he spoke aloud in parful reproach. "We a puty haron, to write in that wonderful dury of yours with a lead pencil.'

The baron's voice showed his inter est. "Where do you think you are?"

"In a deep underground room where you store Brewood

"How do you know we are under ground?"

"By the smell of the floor and because you need a candle when it's full you, I'm interested in the workings of daylight above.

Coquenil was now looking about him your stubbornness and everything-1 yet. The fire will start in this big wonderingly, noting the damp stone like you, Coqueult, and I don't want walls and high vanited celling of a to harm you.

uncertain light of the baron's candle on, "but when you sent word to the he made out an arched passangeway at Brazilian embassy the other day that one side and around the statis plies of you would accept the Rio Janeiro of logs carefully roped and stacked to. fer after all I was honestly happy for

"Coquenil," said De Heidelmann. you went mad again and and did this gether. Bruck slowly. "I give you credit for So I said to myself, "All right; be unusual eleverness, but if you tell me wants it; he'll get it,' and-I let you you have any inkling what I am wait sread the diary."

ing for"-"I know that you are waiting for the

giri " "The girl." The other started. "The girl Alice or Mary, your stepdaughter.

"God Almighty" burst out the bar-

guess-a fair disduction. My ring is would. gone It was on my hand hefore you queail, I like you; I'm going to set you gave me that chloroform. You took go free.' You would say: Baran de It. That means you needed it. Why? Heldelmann-Bruck, I shall not only To get the girl. You knew it would take this fortune from you and make bring her, though how you knew it is you very poor instead of very rich. more than 1 can understand." "Gibelin heard you speak of the ring derer and shall do my best to have you

and crept along the base of the pile. "Had you no direct dealings with "What are you doing?" asked Alice Anita?" watching him in wonder from the arch-The baron shook his head. "I never way.

saw the girl. The thing just happened. and-1 took my chance. to his feet and, holding the candle high

"You bought the auger for Martinez above his head, examined the walls and told him where to bore the holes?" 1 #1 ¥ 4751."

"And the key to the alleyway door " "I got a duplicate key-through Du-

bois. Anything eise?" "Ah!" said Coquenil: "By the way.

The baron smiled. "Since the first day. "And about the safe?"

"It was all arranged." # "Then-then you wanted me to read the diary?"

"Yes," answered the other, with a strange expression. "I knew that if you read my diary I should be protected."

"I don't understand."

"Of course not, but"- Suddenly his volce grew harsher, and M. Paul thought of the meeting on the Champs Elysees. "Do you realize, sir." the baron went on, and his voice was al most menacing, "that not once, but half a dozen rimes since this affair started, I have been on the point of I was here. But can they find us?" crushing you, of sweeping you out of my purb?

"I can believe that."

"Why haven't I done it? Why have wood and" I held back the order that was trem bling on my lips? Because I admire

large, windowless chamber. By the "You may not believe it," he went you, not for myself. Then suddenly

"Why?" cried the baron hoursely. "Don't you see why? You know everything now, everything. It isn't guesswork; it isn't deduction; it's absolute certainsy. And because it's

true, and because we both know it to be true, ueither one of as can draw M. Paul shook his head "No. not a back. We cannot draw back if we Suppose I said to you, "Cobut I shall denonnce you as a mur-

tance of only three feet between the

above the wood plle. Then he reached up and scraped the stones with his finger nails in several places and then held his fingers close to the candle light and looked at them and smelled them. His fingers were black with SOOL "M, Paul, won't you speak to me?" begged the girl. "Just a minute, just a minute." he answered absentiy. Then he spoke with quick decision, "I'm going to set you to work," he said. "By the way, this directly in front of the iron door have you any idea where we are?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Why, and the door to allow them to crouch don't you know?" "I think we are on the Rue de Varennes-a big hotel back of the high wall.'

"That's right." she said.

"Ah, he didn't take me away!" reflected M. Paul. "That is something Pougeot will scent danger and will move heaven and earth to save us He will get Tignol, and Tignol Knows

Suddenly he said to the girl; "I may as well tell you our lives are in danger. He's going to set fire to this

"Oh!" she cried, her eyes starting with terror. "See here," he said sharply. "You've your mind, t-yes, by God, in spite of got to help me. We have a chance

chamber, and-1 want to cut it off by blocking the passageway. Let's see," He searched through his pockets, "He bas taken my kalfe. Ah, this will do!" And, lifting a plate from the table, he broke it against the wall. "There: Take one of these pieces and see if breaches in the logs.

you can shw through the rope. Ese the jagged edge-like this. That cuts It. Try over there. Alice feil to work eagerly, and in a

of the wood plied in the smaller chamber from the restratidity ropes and HEALENN, "Now, then," directed Coquenti, "you

carry the logs to me, and I'll make a barriende in the passageway." The word passageway is somewhat misleading. There was really a dis-

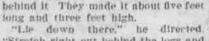
two chambers, this being the thickness of the massive stone wall that separated them. Half of this opening was already filled by the wood pile, and Coquenil proceeded to fill up the other half, laying logs on the floor length-

"The fire may come through a little," he told her comfortingly, "but I -I'll fix it so you will be-all right. Come! We'll build another barricade. You know wood is a bad conductor

of heat, and-if you have wood all about you and-over you, why, the fire can't burn you." "Oh!" said Alice,

"We'll go over to this door as far from the passageway as we can get. Now bring me logs from that side pile. That's right.'

Most of the smoke at first was borne upward by the blower's suction. and Alice was able to help Coquenil the shelf." with the new barricade. They built with only space enough between it brackets.



Stretch right out behind the logs and keep your mouth close to the floor and as near as you can to the crack under the door. You'll have plenty of cool, sweet air. Now Fil fix a roof over this thing. Just shut your eyes andrest. Understand, little friend?"

"Yees," faintly, He turned toward the barricade and saw that the flames were licking their way through the wall of logs. The heat was becoming unbearable. Co-

quenil crawled in behind the shelter of logs and cronched down beside the girl. She was quite unconscious now but was breathing peacefully, smilling ly, with face flushed and red lips parted. Suddenly there was a crumbling of logs at the passageway, and the chamber became light as day while a blast of heat swept over them. Coquenil looked out around the end of the shelter and saw flames a yard long shoot-

ing toward them through widening Then he thought of his mother. She would know that her boy had fallen to a good cause, as his father had fallen

Alice stirred uneasily and opened few moments they had freed a section her eyes. Then she sat up quickly and there was something in her face Coquenil had never seen there, some thing he had never seen in any face

She cried: "You have taken my beautiful dolly. Poor little Esmeralda You throw her up on that shelf, Wille-yes, you did."

Then, before Coquentl could prevent it, she slipped out from behind the shelter and stood up in the fire bound chamber.

"Come back?" he oried, reaching aft er her, but the girl evoded him.

"There it is, on that shelf," she wen: on positively, and, following her fin wise in the open part of the passage ger, Coqueull saw, what he had no



A MOMENT LATER HE HAD CARBIED HEE SAPELY THROUGH FLAMES.

cy Note : Beau

"Certainly, I'll get it," soothingly,

"I don't like this place." She caught

you get this stove see that the name-play reads "New Perfection.

said that God was trying to save them; that he had put wisdom in this girl's mouth and that he must listen.

years

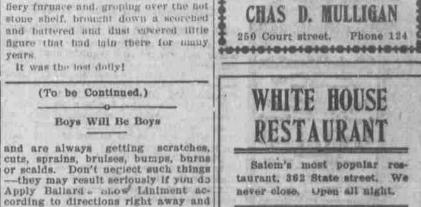
"All right," he said, "but-how do we get there?"

"Through the door under the shelf. You know perfectly well. Willie!" "Yes." he agreed, "I know about the

loor, but-1 forget how to get it open. "Silly!" She stamped her foot again. You push on that stone thing under

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Coquenil looked at the shelf and saw that It was supported by two stone



it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Wm. McGilchrist & Sons Some people think if their sins are



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