The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—The law firm of Graham & Royce, by which I am employed, is called on to defend Miss Frances Holladay, accused of the murder of her father. Late in the preceding afternoon Mr. Holladay, a widowed multimillionaire, has been found by his Secretary, Rogers, stabbed to death in his private office, Rogers telling of a visit paid by Miss Holladay a few minutes before. Mr. Royce, who is in love with Miss Holladay, takes charge of her case, with myself as assistant. We visit Miss Holladay at the Coroner's office, where she is detained. She refuses to testify. II—Rogers is certain that no one but Miss Holladay entered her father's room, the visitor being dressed in a red gown. Miss Holladay's maid testifies to her absence from home and tells of her wearing a red dress. III—During a recess I am accosted by a French man, who attempts to discuss the Holladay case. Miss Holladay refuses to account for her whereabouts on the fatal day. The coachman tells of having driven her to the French quarter and tells of her return after a long absence. He also testifies to the red gown. I receive an unsigned note saying that Rogers is lying—that the woman who visited Mr. Holladay wore a gown of green. IV—I prove that Rogers is color blind and show that he has mistaken green for red. Miss Holladay is discharged, the Coroner's verdict being that her father was killed by "a person or persons unknown." V and VI—I am dined by a stranger, who discusses the murder with me. We decide that the crime was committed by an illegitimate daughter of the dead man resembling Miss Frances, her motive being unknown. The stranger is shown to have been a reporter. VII—Miss Holladay's maid is discharged without cause, an elderly stranger taking her place. Miss Holladay refuses to see Mr. Royce. He is told that she has decided to leave for the country. Mr. Graham calls upon Miss Holladay at her request, and she asks him for $100,000 in cash from her property. VIII—Mr. Royce and I deliver the bank notes to Miss Holladay. We see her in a very dim light, and she seems to be very ill. We call on her family physician, who tells us that he has not been called in the case. The doctor calls on Miss Holladay, but she begs to be excused. He believes her to be suffering from dementia. There has never been any illness in her family, save that her father had an attack of apoplexy just before the trip abroad during which his daughter was born. Royce writes to Miss Holladay, receiving no reply. The $100,000 are converted into gold. IX—The Frenchman, M. Martigny, whom I met during the hearing, takes lodgings in my boarding house. He takes a great interest in the Holladay affair. He suffers from a weak heart. Miss Holladay's butler tells us that his mistress has disappeared, accompanied by her new maid. They have been gone ten days. X—My employers commission me to find Miss Holladay. Mr. Royce collapses. I tell Martigny of Miss Holladay's disappearance. XI—I search for the supposed sister of Frances Holladay, who, I believe, killed their father and is connected with her disappearance. I am followed by Martigny. To elude him I board an elevated train and see him fall as the train pulls out. From the papers I learn that Martigny carried in his pocket at the time of his attack of heart disease the address of a French cafe.

CHAPTER XI (Continued.)

It is difficult to describe the shock that ran through me, that left me numbed and helpless. For an instant I stumbled on, half dazed; then gradually my self control came back and with it a certain fierce joy, a hot exultation. Here at last was something definite, tangible, a clew ready to my hand, if only I were clever enough to follow it up; a ray of light in the darkness. I could feel my cheeks burning and my heart leaping at the thought.

But what had been his part in the affair? For a moment I groped blindly in the dark, but only for a moment. Whatever his share in the tragedy, he had plainly been left behind to watch us; to make sure that we did not follow the fugitives; to warn them in case of danger. I understood now his solicitude for Miss Holladay—"in her I take such an interest!" It was important that he should know the moment we discovered her absence. And he had known; he knew that I was even at this moment commencing the search for her. My cheeks reddened at the thought of my indiscreetness; yet he was a man to command confidence. Who would have suspected him? And an old proverb which he had repeated one evening flashed through my mind.

"Silly is the sheep who to the wolf herself confesses," I had translated it, with that painful literalness characteristic of the beginner. Well, I had been the sheep and silly enough, heaven knows!

I had reached Broadway, and at the corner I paused to look at a display of men's furnishings in a window. Far down the street on the other side, almost lost in the hurrying crowd, Martigny was buying a paper of a newsboy. He shook it out and looked quickly up and down its columns, like a man who is searching for some special item of news. Perhaps he was a speculator; perhaps, after all, I was deceiving myself in imagining that he was following me. I had no proof of it; it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be in this part of the town. I must test the theory before accepting it. It was time I grew wary of theories.

I entered the store and spent ten minutes looking at some neckties. When I came out again Martigny was just getting down from a bootblack's chair across the street. His back was toward me, and I watched him get out his little purse and drop a dime into the bootblack's hand. I went on up Broadway, loitering sometimes, sometimes walking straight ahead; always, away behind me, lost in the crowd, was my pursuer. It could no longer be doubted. He was really following me, though he did it so adroitly, with such consummate cunning, that I should never have seen him, never have suspected him, but for that fortunate intuition at the start.

A hundred plans flashed through my brain. I had this advantage—he could not know that I suspected him. If I could only overmaster him in cunning, wrest his secret from him—and then, as I remembered the strong face, the piercing eyes, the perfect self control, I realized how little possible it was that I could accomplish this. He was my superior in diplomacy and deceit; he would not pause now at any means to assure the success of his plot.

Yes, I could doubt no longer that there was a plot, whose depths I had not before even suspected, and I drew back from the thought with a little shiver. What was the plot? What intricate, dreadful crime was this which he was planning? The murder of the father, then, had been only the first step. The abduction of Frances Holladay was the second. What would the third be? How could we prevent his taking it? Suppose we should be unsuccessful? And, candidly, what chance of success could we have, fighting in the dark against this accomplished scoundrel? He had the threads all in his fingers; he controlled the situation; we were struggling blindly, snarled in a net of mystery from which there seemed no escaping. My imagination clothed him with superhuman attributes. For a moment a wild desire possessed me to turn upon him, to confront him, to accuse him, to confound him with the very certainty of my knowledge, to surprise his secret, to trample him down!

But the frenzy passed. No, he must not discover that I suspected him. I must not yield up that advantage. I might yet surprise him, mislead him, set a trap for him, get him to say more than he wished to say. That battle of wits would come later on—this very night perhaps—but for the moment I could no nothing better than carry out my first plan, yet he must not suspect the direction of my search. I must throw him off the track. Why, this was for all the world just like the penny dreadfuls of my boyhood. And I smiled at the thought that I had become an actor in a drama fitted for a red and yellow cover!

My plan was soon made. I crossed Broadway and turned into Cortlandt

He staggered and seemed to fall.

street, sauntering along it until the elevated loomed ahead; I heard the roar of an approaching train and stopped to purchase some fruit at the corner stand. My pursuer was some distance behind, closely inspecting the bric-a-brac in a peddler's cart. The train rumbled into the station, and, starting as though I had just perceived it, I bounded up the stair, slammed my ticket into the chopper and dashed across the platform. The guard at the rear of the train held the gate open for me for an instant and then clanged it shut. We were off with a jerk. As I looked back I saw Martigny rush out upon the platform. He stood staring after me for an instant; then, with a sudden grasping at his breast, staggered and seemed to fall. A crowd closed about him, the train whisked around a corner, and I could see no more.

But at any rate I was well free of him, and I got off at Bleecker street, walked on to the square and began my search. My plan was very simple. Beginning on the east side of West Broadway, it was my intention to stop at every house and inquire whether lodgers were kept. My experience at the first place was a pretty fair sample of all the rest.

A frowsy headed woman answered my knock.

"You have rooms to let?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, monsieur," she answered, with an expansive grin. "Step zis way."

We mounted a dirty stair, and she threw open a door with a flourish meant to be impressive.

"Zese are ze rooms, monsieur; sey are ver' fine."

I looked around them with simulated interest, smothering my disgust as well as I could.

"How long have they been vacant?" I asked.

"Since only two days, monsieur. As you see, zey are ver' fine rooms."

That settled it. If they had been vacant only two days, I had no further interest in them, and with some excuse I made my way out, glad to escape from that fetid atmosphere of garlic and onions. So I went from house to house, stumbling over dirty children, climbing grimy stairs, catching glimpses of crowded sweatshops, peering into all sorts of holes called rooms by courtesy, inhaling a hundred stenches in as many minutes, gaining an insight that sickened me into the squalid life of the quarter. Sometimes I began to hope that at last I was on the right track, but further inquiry would prove my mistake. So the morning passed, and the afternoon. I had covered two blocks to no purpose, and I turned eastward to Broadway and took a car downtown to the office. My assistants had reported again—they had met with no better success than I. Mr. Graham noticed my dejected appearance and spoke a word of comfort.

"I think you're on the right track, Lester," he said. "But you can't hope to do much by yourself—it's too big a job. Wouldn't it be better to employ half a dozen private detectives and put them under your supervision? You could save yourself this nerve trying work and at the same time get over the ground much more rapidly. Besides, experienced men may be able to suggest something that you've overlooked."

I had thought of that—I had wondered if I were making the best possible use of my opportunities—and the suggestion tempted me. But something rose within me—pride, ambition, stubbornness, what you will—and I shook my head, determined to hang on. Besides, I had still before me that battle of wits with Martigny, and I was resolved to make the most of it.

"Let me keep on by myself a day or two longer, sir," I said. "I believe I'll succeed yet. If I don't there will still be time to call in outside help. I fancy I've made a beginning, and I want to see what comes of it."

He shook me kindly by the hand.

"I like your grit," he said approvingly, "and I've every confidence in you. It wasn't lack of confidence that prompted the suggestion. Only don't overdo the thing and break down as Royce has. He's better, by the way, but the doctor says that he must take a long vacation—a thorough rest."

"I'm glad he's better. I'll be careful," I assented, and left the office.

While I waited for a car I bought a copy of the last edition of my paper, from force of habit more than anything, then, settling myself in a seat—still from force of habit—I turned to the financial column and looked it over. There was nothing of special interest there and I turned back to the general news, glancing carelessly from item to item. Suddenly one caught my eye which brought me up with a shock. The item read:

Shortly after 10 o'clock this morning a man ran up the steps of the Cortlandt street station of the Sixth avenue elevated in the effort to catch an uptown train just pulling out and dropped over on the platform with heart disease. An ambulance was called from the Hudson Street hospital and the man taken there. At noon it was said he would recover. He was still too weak to talk, but among other things a card of the Cafe Jourdain, 54 West Houston street, was found in his pocketbook. An inquiry there developed the fact that his name is Pierre Bethune, that he is recently from France and has no relatives in this country.

In a moment I was out of the car and running westward to the elevated. I felt that I held in my hand the address I needed.

CHAPTER XII.

FIFTY-FOUR West Houston street, just three blocks south of Washington square, was a narrow four story and basement building of gray brick with battered brown stone trimmings, at one time perhaps a fashionable residence, but with its last vestige of glory long since departed. In the basement was a squalid cobbler's shop, and the restaurant occupied the first floor. Dirty lace curtains hung at the windows, screening the interior from the street, but when I mounted the step to the door and entered I found the place typical of its class. I sat down at one of the little square tables and ordered a bottle of wine. It was M. Jourdain himself who brought it—a little fat man, with trousers very tight and a waistcoat very dazzling. The night trade had not yet begun in earnest, so he was for the moment at leisure, and he consented to drink a glass of wine with me. I had ordered the "superieur."

"You have lodgings to let, I suppose, on the floors above?" I questioned.

He squinted at me through his glass, trying with French shrewdness to read me before answering.

"Why, yes, we have lodgings. Still, a man of monsieur's habit would scarcely wish"—

"The habit does not always gauge the purse," I pointed out.

"That is true," he smiled, sipping his wine. "Monsieur then wishes a lodging?"

"I should like to look at yours."

"You understand, monsieur," he explained, "that this is a good quarter, and our rooms are not at all the ordinar' rooms. Oh, no; they are quite superior to that. They are in great demand. We have only one vacant at this moment. In fact, I am not certain that it is yet at liberty. I will call my wife."

She was summoned from behind the counter, where she presided at the money drawer, and presented to me as Mme. Jourdain. I filled a glass for her.

"Monsieur, here, is seeking a lodging," he began. "Is the one on the second floor back at our disposal yet, Celie?"

His wife pondered the question a moment, looking at me with sharp little eyes.

"I do not know," she said at last. "We shall have to ask M. Bethune. He said he might again have need of it. He has paid for it until the 15th."

My heart leaped at the name. I saw that I must take the bull by the horns—assume a bold front—for if they waited to consult my pursuer I should never gain the information I was seeking.

"It was through M. Bethune that I secured your address," I said boldly. "He was taken ill this morning. His heart, you know," and I tapped my chest.

They nodded, looking at me, nevertheless, with eyes narrow with suspicion.

"Yes, monsieur, we know," said Jourdain. "The authorities at the hospital at once notified us."

"It is not the first attack," I asserted, with a temerity born of necessity. "He has had others, but none so serious as this."

They nodded sympathetically. Plainly they had been considerably impressed by their lodger.

"So," I continued brazenly, "he knows at last that his condition is very bad, and he wishes to remain at the hospital for some days until he has quite recovered. In the meantime I am to have the second floor back, which was occupied by the ladies."

I spoke the last word with seeming nonchalance, without the quiver of a lash, though I was inwardly a-quake, for I was risking everything upon it. Then in an instant I breathed more freely. I saw that I had hit the mark and that their suspicions were gradually growing less.

"They, of course, are not coming back," I added, "at least not for a long time. So he has no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth. I can take possession tomorrow."

They exchanged a glance, and Mme. Jourdain arose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORDS OF PRAISE WELL MERITED

BY A WELL KNOWN ARTICLE.

So much has been written by the standard medicial authorities, of all the several schools of practice, in praise of the native, or American, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that in attempting to quote from the various works on *Materia Medica* one hardly knows where to commence, since they are so voluminous that only the briefest and most imperfect reference can be presented in a short article like this.

Briefly then let us say that the "Golden Medical Discovery" was named from the sturdy little plant Golden Seal, the root of which enters largely into its composition. Besides this most valuable ingredient, it contains glyceric extracts of Stone root, Queen's root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot and Mandrake root.

Finley Ellingwood, M. D., an eminent practitioner of Chicago and Professor of *Materia Medica* in the Bennett Medical College of that city, in his recently published work on Therapeutics, says of Golden Seal root: "It is the most natural of stimulants to the normal functions of digestion. Its influence upon the mucous surfaces renders it most important in catarrhal gastritis (inflammation of stomach) and gastric (stomach) ulceration."

Many other authorities as well as Dr. Ellingwood extol the Hydrastis (Golden Seal), as a remedy for catarrhal diseases of the nasal passages, stomach, bronchia, gall ducts, kidneys, intestines and bladder. Among these, we may mention Prof. John King, M. D., author of the American Dispensatory; Prof. J. M. Scudder, M. D., in his "Specific Medication"; Dr. Hale of the Hahnemann Med. College of Chicago; Grover Coe, M. D., of New York, in his "Organic Medicines," Dr. Bartholow of Jefferson Med. College and scores of other leading medical writers and teachers.

All the foregoing eminent authorities extol the curative virtues of Golden Seal in cases of stomach, liver and intestinal weakness, torpor and ulceration of bowels. Dr. Ellingwood recommends it most highly, "In those cases of atonic dyspepsia when the entire apparatus, including the liver, is stagnant and inoperative." He also extols it most highly in the many weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women and says, "It is a most important remedy in many disorders of the womb." Golden Seal root (Hydrastis), is an important ingredient of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, "rundown" women.

But to return to the "Golden Medical Discovery" it may be said that its curative properties are not wholly dependent upon Golden Seal, valuable as it is, as other equally potant ingredients add greatly to its value and in fact are not less important than the Hydrastis, or Golden Seal.

In all bronchial, throat, lung and kindred ailments, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root and Bloodroot, each plays as important a part in effecting the phenominal cures of "Golden Medical Discovery" as does Golden Seal. All these ingredients have the endorsement of prominent practitioners of all schools of medicine for the cure of diseases of the bronchia, throat and lungs.

Of Queen's root, Prof. King says: "An alterative (blood purifier) unsurpassed by few if any other of the known alteratives. Most successful in skin and scrofulous affections; beneficial in bronchial affections; permanently cures bronchitis; relieves irritations; an important cough remedy; coughs of years' standing being cured; aids in blood-making and nutrition and may be taken with out harm for long periods."

Queen's root, Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark and Bloodroot, all articles extolled by leading practitioners of all the schools, as the very best of cough medicines, are made especially valuable when combined with chemically pure glycerine which greatly enhances the curative action of all these ingredients in all bronchial, throat and lung affections, severe coughs and kindred ailments.

Who can doubt the efficacy of such a compound, when scientifically made up, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery? Who can doubt that it is a most effective remedy for the several diseases for which its ingredients are so highly recommended by the formost writers on *Materia Medica*?

It is in the cure of the more chronic or lingering, persistent, and obstinate cases of bronchial, laryngial and lung affections, attended by hoarseness and severe cough, which if neglected or badly treated would generally have run into consumption, that "Golden Medical Discovery" has won the highest praise from all who have observed its marvelous control over these and kindred affections. It is no cheap compound made-up of trashy ingredients for free distribution, that curious people may experiment upon themselves as with the many fake nostrums so commonly sent out as "trial bottles." It has a forty year record, embracing many thousands of cures behind it, is sold at a reasonable price and may be found in all drug and medicine stores in this and many foreign countries.

It will be seen from the above brief extracts how well "Golden Medical Discovery" is adapted for the cure of all blood diseases, as, scrofulous and skin affections, eruptions, blotches, pimples and kindred ailments; also that it is equally good in all Catarrhal affections no matter where seated, and for all cases of indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and as a tonic and invigorator in all manner of weaknesses, and in nervous debility and prostration the above extracts amply show.

Much further information as to the properties and uses of "Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women, will be found in a little booklet of extracts from standard medical books which will be mailed *free* to any address on request, by letter or postal card, sent to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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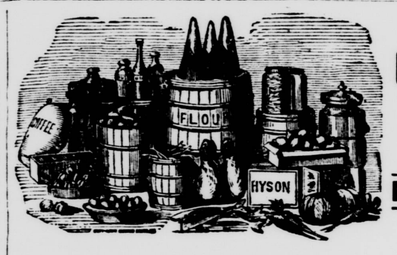

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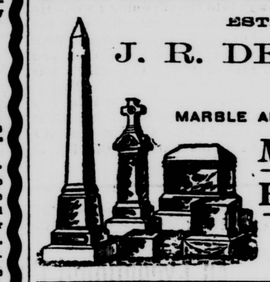

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IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county.

Ida May Shea, Plaintiff, vs. Christopher Shea Defendant. } Summons.

State of Washington to Christopher Shea, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the day of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: within sixty days after the 13th day of April, 1906, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned, attorney for plaintiff, at his office below stated, and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the clerk of said court.

The nature and object of this action is to procure an absolute divorce by the plaintiff from you by reason of your habitual drunkenness and failure to provide for the plaintiff, and your abandonment of the plaintiff for more than one year.

G. C. ISRAEL.

P. O. and office address: Suite 201 McKenny Block, Olympia, Thurston county, Washington.

First publication, April 13, 1906.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Claude S. Vanderslice, a minor.

Probate Number —.

Notice of Hearing.

Notice is hereby given that T. J. Vanderslice, guardian of the person and estate of Claude S. Vanderslice, a minor, has filed in this Court his petition, praying for an order of sale of certain real property belonging to said minor, situate in Thurston county, Washington, and that the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court for the 21st day of May, 1906, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court room of the above entitled Court in the city of Olympia, Washington; and all persons interested in said estate and guardianship are notified then and there to appear and show cause, if any they have, why said order prayed for should not be made.

Dated April 16th, 1906.

B. T. BAKER,
Clerk of the Superior Court of Thurston county, Washington.
[SEAL]

First publication, April 20, 1906.

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