

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER XI.

MRS. WILMOTT, very laconic and stinging 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. Coquell, 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?" she 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— and insult her."

"You used 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 vestiare 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?"

Coquell 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, Pussu 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.

"Well, she went on quite charmingly, 'I have done some foolish things in my life, but this is the most foolish. I did give Martinez the five pound notes. You see, he was to play a match this week with a Russian, and he offered to lay the money for me. But the dinner—the private room? She shrugged her shoulders. 'I went there for a perfectly proper reason. I needed some one to help me, and I—I couldn't ask a man who knew me, so—'

"Then Martinez didn't know you?"

"Of course not. He was foolish enough to think himself in love with me, and—well, I found it convenient and amusing to utilize him."

"For what?"

Mrs. Wilmott bit her red lips and then, with some dignity, replied that she did not see what bearing her purpose had on the case since it had not been accomplished.

"Why wasn't it accomplished?" he asked.

"Because the man was shot."

"Who shot him?"

"I don't know."

"But you were present in the room? You heard the shot? You saw Martinez fall?"

"Yes, but— Now her agitation increased. No one had entered the room except herself and Martinez and the waiter who served them, she insisted. Martinez was standing near her when—when the shot was fired, and he fell to the floor. That was all.

Coquell smiled indulgently. "What did you do with the auger?" he asked.

"The auger?" she gasped.

"Yes; it was seen by the cab driver who took you when you slipped out of the hotel in the telephone girl's raincoat."

"Yes," she answered weakly.

"And you threw it into the Seine as you crossed the Concorde bridge?"

She stared at him in genuine admiration. "My God, you're the cleverest man I ever met!"

"I can return the compliment by saying that it isn't every lady who could throw a clumsy thing like an auger from a moving cab over a wide roadway and a stone wall and land it in a river. I suppose you threw it over on the right hand side?"

"Yes."

"How far across the bridge had you gone when you threw it? This may help the divers."

"We were a little more than halfway across."

"Who bought this auger?"

"Martinez."

"Did you suggest the holes through the wall?"

"He did."

"But the holes were bored for you because you wanted to see into the next room?"

"Yes, in a low tone.

"And why?"

"She burst out in a flash of feeling. "Because I knew that a wretched dancing girl was going to be there with—"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"With my husband?"

"Then your husband was the person you thought guilty that night?" questioned Coquell.

"Yes."

called for him in the cab that you thought your husband guilty?"

"Yes, but afterward I changed my mind. My husband had nothing to do with it. If he had, do you suppose I would have told you this? No doubt he has miscondemned himself, but—"

"You mean Anita?"

It was a chance shot, but it went true. She stared at him in amazement. "I believe you are the devil," she said, and the detective, recalling his talk with M. Gritz, muttered to himself, "The tall blond! Of course!"

"And now Pussu, feeling that she could gain nothing against Coquell by ruse or deceit, took refuge in simple truth and told quite charmingly this whole tragic adventure had grown out of a foolish fit of jealousy.

"You see, I found a petit bleu on my husband's dressing table one morning—I wish to heaven he would be more careful—and I—I read it. It began 'Mon gros bebe,' and was signed 'Tu petite Anita,' and—naturally I was furious. I have often been jealous of Addison, but he has always managed to prove that I was in the wrong and that he was a perfect saint, so now I determined to see for myself. It was a splendid chance, as the exact rendezvous was given—9 o'clock Saturday evening, in private room No. 7 at the Ansonia. I couldn't go alone, so I got this man Martinez—he was a perfect fool—I got him to take me because, as I told you, he didn't know me and, being such a fool, he would do whatever I wished."

"What day was it you found the petit bleu?" put in Coquell.

"It was Thursday. I saw Martinez that afternoon."

"And you are sure it was his scheme to bore the holes?"

"Yes; he said that would be an amusing way of watching Addison without making a scandal. It was the first clever idea I ever knew him to have."

"Did you look through the holes at all?" he asked.

"No; I hadn't time."

"Did Martinez look through the first hole after it was bored?"

"Yes, but he couldn't see anything, as No. 7 was dark."

"Then you have absolutely no idea who fired the shot?"

"Absolutely none."

"Except that you think it wasn't your husband?"

"I know it wasn't my husband."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I asked him. Ah, you need not smile. I made him give me proof. When I got home that night I had a horrible feeling that Addison must have done it. So I waited until he came home. I could hear him moving about in his room. I went in and asked him where he had been. He began to lie in the usual way. And then I told him a murder had been committed at the Ansonia in private room No. 7. I wish you could have seen his face. He never said a word. He just stared at me. Well, it was the longest time before I could get anything out of him. Then he explained what had happened. He had started for the Ansonia with this woman, but she had changed her mind in the cab, and they had gone to the Cafe de Paris instead and spent the evening there. I said: 'Addison, put your things right on. We're going to the Cafe de Paris to settle this business.' The waiters hadn't gone, and they all swore black and blue that Addison told the truth."

"H'm!" reflected Coquell. "I wonder why Anita changed her mind?"

"I'm not responsible for Anita," answered Pussu, with a dignified whisk of her shoulders.

"You know a great deal about this young man who is in prison," he suggested.

"I know he is innocent."

"I hope you can prove it."

"Of course I can prove it," she declared. "M. Kitzredge, an old friend, was arrested because he called for my things, but I asked him to do that. It's absurd!"

"I'm afraid it's not so absurd as you think. You say he was an old friend. He must have been a very particular kind of an old friend for you to ask a favor of him that you knew and he knew would bring him under suspicion. You did know that, didn't you?"

"Go on; I don't mind," she said. "I was not in love with M. Kitzredge. Please make that perfectly clear. He was a dear, loyal friend, but nothing more."

"Was he enough of a friend to be jealous of Martinez?"

"What was there to make him jealous?"

"Well," smiled Coquell, "I can imagine that if a dear and loyal friend found the lady he was dear and loyal to having supper with another man in a private room he might be jealous."

"The best proof that M. Kitzredge would not be jealous of me is that he loves another woman."

"The girl at Notre Dame?"

"Yes."

"But Martinez knew her too. There might have been trouble over her," ventured M. Paul shrewdly.

"There was no trouble."

"You never knew of any quarrel between Kitzredge and Martinez? No words?"

"Never."

"Coquell now resolved to try a chance shot.

"He said impulsively, 'How about Kitzredge's letters to you?'"

"He watched the effect anxiously. 'His letters to me?' she cried, with a start of dismay, while M. Paul noted complacently. "He never wrote

me letters—that is, not many—and whatever there were I destroyed."

Coquell eyed her keenly and shook his head. "A woman like you would never write to a man often than he wrote to her, and Kitzredge had a thick bundle of your letters. It was only Saturday night that he burned them, along with that photograph of you in the lace dress."

She looked at him in frightened appeal, and then, with a gesture of half surrender, "For heaven's sake, how much more do you know about me?"

"I know that you have a bundle of Kitzredge's letters here, possibly in that desk." He pointed to a charming piece of old mahogany inlaid with ivory. He had made this last deduction by following her eyes through these last tortured minutes.

"It isn't true. I—I tell you I destroyed the letters." And he knew she was lying.

Coquell went to the desk and examined it carefully. There were two drawers in a raised part at the back; there was a long, wide drawer in front and over this a space like a drawer under a large inlaid cover hinged at the back. He searched everywhere here, but found no sign of the expected letters.

"Well," he said, with an air of disappointment, "I find nothing here. Suppose we try another room."

"Certainly," she agreed, and her face brightened in such evident relief that he turned to her suddenly and said almost regretfully: "Madam, I hear you are fond of gambling. You should study the game of poker, which teaches us to hide our feelings. Now, then," he walked back quietly to the desk, "I want you to open this secret drawer."

A big tear of weakness and humiliation gathered and rolled down her cheek, and then, still silent, she took a hairpin from her hair, inserted one leg of it into a tiny hole quite lost in the ornamental work at the back of the desk, pushed against a hidden spring, and, presto, a small secret drawer shot forward. In this drawer lay a packet of letters tied with a ribbon.

"Thanks," he said. "I'm sorry." And he took the packet from the drawer.

"Why didn't I burn them? Why didn't I burn them?" she mourned.

"You trusted to that drawer," he suggested.

"No; no; I knew the danger, but I couldn't give them up. They stood for the best part of my life, the tenderest, the happiest. I've been a weak, wicked woman!"

"Any secrets in these letters will be scrupulously respected," he assured her, "unless they have a bearing on this crime."

"Turning to him with tear stained face: 'I didn't tell you the truth about Kitzredge and Martinez. There was a better between them. He speaks about it in one of his letters. It was about the little girl at Notre Dame.'

"You mean Martinez was attentive to her?"

"Yes."

"Did she encourage him?"

"I don't know. She behaved very strangely. She seemed attracted to him and afraid of him at the same time. Martinez told me what an extraordinary effect he had on the girl. He said it was due to his magnetic power."

"And Kitzredge objected to this?"

"Of course he did, and they had a quarrel. It's all in one of those letters."

"Do you remember what he said?"

"Why—er—yes."

"What was it?"

She hesitated a moment, and then, as though weary of resisting, she replied. "He told Martinez that if he didn't leave this girl alone he would break his head for him."

(To Be Continued.)

Fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism is simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, neither of which require any internal treatment. All that is needed to afford relief is the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Give it a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by all dealers.

Their Own Race the Enemy.

It has been found in Nova Scotia that the lobster's chief enemy is not the dogfish but the lobster.

Most Food is Poison.

To the dyspeptic, indigestion cures dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints and debility. Price 50 cents. McBride & Will Drug Co.

Make the Best of It.

Let's pretend that all's well with the world, though it is hard to accept some things we cannot account for.

THE PROPER CARE OF OILCLOTH

Oilcloth should not be swept with a straw broom or scrubbed with a stiff brush. Instead, sweep with a soft hair brush and wipe off with lukewarm water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of Gold Dust washing powder and rinse with clear, warm water. Where oilcloth is losing its shiny surface, wash as above, then dissolve a little ordinary glue in a pint of hot water. At night go over the whole carefully with a flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a dry day and by morning the glue will be hard; it will give a fine gloss and make the oilcloth wear much longer.

MEET ME FACE TO FACE.

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Suits or Overcoats made to order.
No More \$18 No Less
Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
GUS SEIDENBECKER, Prop.
Practical Tailor,
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

MEEKER STARTS EAST.

Pioneer Placing Markers Along Old Oregon Trail.
Portland, Ore., March 30.—Ezra Meeker, Oregon pioneer, has left Portland in an ox team to retrace the old Oregon trail. On his way east he will set up metal markers along the old trail so that future generations may not lose the route the pioneers followed to the Pacific coast.

This is a labor of love for Mr. Meeker. He first came to Oregon in a prairie schooner, drawn by an ox team, in 1853. He introduced the hop industry into Washington and founded the town of Puyallup, the center of an extensive hop growing section.

Mr. Meeker made a similar trip to the one he has just undertaken in 1908. He had a duplicate of the old prairie schooner he brought west in 1853 made and retraced his journey to the east. His object was to arouse interest in the plan of marking the old Oregon trail in a permanent way and he was largely successful. Many places along the route set up monuments. It is to encourage further work along this line that Mr. Meeker has set out for a third trip across the continent by ox team.

The pioneer, who is willing to undertake such a journey at the age of 80 years, attracts a great deal of attention in the east on his last trip. At Washington he drove his ox team to the White House, where he was welcomed by President Roosevelt in November, 1907. In New York City, his two patient oxen drawing a prairie schooner caused no end of a sensation. Of course the first thing to do was to arrest him, the charge being that of bringing cattle upon the public streets. Prominent men came to his aid, however, and the oxen outfit was given the freedom of the city for thirty days.

The Fatted Calf.

The minister had just been giving the class a lesson on the prodigal son. At the finish, to test what attention had been paid to his preaching, he asked:

"Who was sorry that the prodigal had returned?"

The most forward youngster in the class breathlessly answered, "The fatted calf!"

Not Possible Elsewhere.

"What does that fellow do? I see him frequently and he always seems to have plenty of leisure."

"I think he's in the government service."

FOR SALE—FOR RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

WANTED.

Wanted—Day cook. Stone's restaurant.

Wanted—Young calves. F. E. Billis, Sixth street.

Wanted—Carpets and rugs to clean, windows to wash. Address Kendall Bros., real estate.

Wanted—Work on farm by boy 13 years old. Address J-30, care this office.

Wanted—By farmer, a good boy to raise. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Work raking yards, spading gardens, planting gardens. Address Kendall Bros., real estate.

Wanted—Gardens to plow or rubbish to haul. Enquire Bloomfield feed barn, phone 835.

Wanted—Bids on the erection of a brick building, also on about 500 yards of plastering. Call and see plans and specifications at soldiers' home.

Wanted—A first class Indian pony 4 or 5 years old and safe for a 9-year-old boy to ride. D. W. Norris, Jr., 411 Jerome street.

Wanted—15 teams with necessary tools to striping clay top soil from quarries. From two to three months' work. Desire to contract with reliable party. Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, Mason City, Iowa.

Wanted—Position as stenographer; experienced. Address M-28, care this office.

Wanted—You to know that D. A. Moore cleans wall paper. Phone 1261 green.

Wanted—Boarders and roomers, Center Hotel, two doors south of post office. \$5, \$4.50 and \$4 per week. A. Holt, proprietor.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, phone 959.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—Bright young man for store work. Carl's employment agency.

Wanted—Wagon maker. Steady work all year around for a good man. Address Hans Madison, Northwood, Iowa.

Wanted—Three boys to work at Pilsgrum Hotel. Good wages to energetic parties.

Wanted—Custom shop carriage painter; steady job; good wages; in right party. Marshalltown. Buggy Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Wanted—First class carriage trimmer to work on automobile bodies. Best wages guaranteed. Racine Mfg. Company, Racine, Wis.

Wanted—Paperhangers at once. The Hull Company.

Wanted—Barber, first class; no boozing need apply. L. A. DeGunter, Ackley, Iowa.

Wanted—First-class paperhangers. Will pay \$3.60 per day or by the roll. Only first-class men need apply. Must furnish your own tools. H. M. Belt, 615 Grand avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Wanted—A good smart boy to work in store. Apply at James Skeggs' wall paper store.

Wanted—Waiters and waitresses at Stoddard cafe.

Wanted—Harness maker to take full management of retail harness store. Good salary and commission on sales. Partnership offered right party now or any time after successful management. Montour Harness Company, Montour, Iowa.

Wanted—Harnessmakers, highest wages steady employment. Also two machine operators for Campbell machines. Write or wire us at our expense. Oskaloosa Saddlery Company, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Wanted—Men to operate wood working machinery and do other work in wood working department. Good wages and steady employment to right kind of men. Apply at once by telephone, letter or in person. The Litchfield Mfg. Co., Waterloo, Iowa.

WANTED—SALESMEN.

Wanted—Salesman. Grand opportunity. Carry our clear exclusively on a wide line. Merchants buy on sight. Free samples. Regent Mfg. Company, Cleveland, O.

Wanted—Clear salesman. Experience unnecessary; sell our brands to the retail trade; big pay. Write for full particulars at once. Globe Clear Company, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted—Agent to sell handy kitchen utensils. Sells on sight. Write R. L. Abernathy, Oakdale, Iowa.

Agents Wanted—To sell self-heating flat irons. Agents make \$10 to \$150 per week. Money free. Write today to B-2, care T-R.

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Wanted—Men to learn barber trade. Apprenticeship saved by free work and careful instructions. These advantages given only by us. Few weeks completes. Tools given, boiler secured. Catalog mailed free. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—Seed corn, ear test. L. M. Kinsey, Rural No. 5, city.

For Sale—Mixed timothy and clover hay. Henry Busse, Luray line.

For Sale—Early, yellow seed corn. Howard Nicholson, R-7, Marshalltown.

For Sale—600 bushels late seed potatoes. E. S. Crouse, Lisco, Iowa.

For Sale—Good steel range and heater. Cheap if taken at once. 806 East State Main.

For Sale—One double seated open surrey. Call 301 South First street, or telephone 708 white.

For Sale—A rubber tired stanhope and double seated surrey, as good as new; cheap. 205 North Tenth street.

For Sale—Farm machinery. I have a seven foot double disc drill, corn planter, with wire double row stalk cutter, all nearly as good as new; corn cultivator, sulky plows, all very cheap. Merritt Greene.

For Sale—Cheap, one soda fountain, one peanut roaster, one ice chest, three 6-foot cases and 18-foot counter. These articles are all in good condition. Royal Cafe, 230 East Main street.

For Sale—Bankrupt stock. Parties interested in the purchase of first class stock of merchandise, as well as stock of drugs and fixtures, call upon or address the undersigned trustee in bankruptcy of the estate of M. S. O'Brien. This stock is new, clean and in good shape and will be sold below cost by the undersigned, in bulk on the shelves, at Ware, Iowa. Excellent location for see F. E. Hronek, trustee, Pocahontas, Iowa.

For Sale—Sixteen inch J. I. Case riding stirring plow, 501 West Boone street. E. E. Hood.

For Sale—Seed potatoes from the Red River Valley, they are hardy and fine seed. For price see or write Oppie Fruit Company.

For Sale—Old papers, large bundles, for 5 cents, at T-R office.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collider Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—POULTRY AND EGGS.

For Sale—Thoroughbred White Plymouth Rock eggs, fifteen for \$1.50; 100 for \$20. First prize winners of county fair, 416 Park street, K. L. Allen.

For Sale—White Wyandotte eggs from exhibition pens, \$2 per 15. Utility range flock, \$1 per 15 or \$6 per 100. Phone Park 1. F. G. Paul, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—White Rocks, winners at Marshalltown and LeGrand, score 94 to 95, eggs \$2 for fifteen; White Orpington, \$2.80 per egg; \$5 for fifteen. Glen Richards, LeGrand, Iowa.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching from three good pens of Rose Comb Reds. Are as good as the best and better than the rest. Send for my mating list so you can see my prize winning, then I know you will give me an order for eggs. South Side Poultry Yards, 211 West South street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Rose Comb, Rhode Island Red, choice pens \$2 per setting, \$10 per hundred. Utility flock \$1 per setting, \$5 per 100. Indian Runner duck eggs, \$1.25 per setting, eleven eggs; \$8 per hundred. F. E. Peck, 1503 Summit street, phone 116, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Eggs from choice thoroughbred Partridge Wyandottes, three pens to select from. First pen, headed by superior cockerel, mated for the stock in both males and females, \$2 per setting of fifteen. Second pen mating, \$2; third pen, 1. Combination settings, pens 1 and 2, \$2.50; 2 and 3, \$1.50. No prettier or better bird for all purposes.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Reliable young woman to clerk in store and assist in collecting. Fair wages. Steady position. Address Thomas, general delivery.

Wanted—Woman cook in small hotel of sixteen rooms, also girl for dining room and chamber work. Address Vermilya Hotel, Sheffield, Iowa.

Wanted—Good office girl. Dr. T. C. Brady, over 117 East Main street.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mr. Furlong, 306 Summit street.

Wanted—Competent girl for housework. Scandinavian preferred, 166 South Fourth street.

Wanted—Good girl for general housework, good wages. Call 408 North Second street, or phone 740 white.

Wanted—Good girl for general housework. Must furnish reference. Mrs. Eiky, 107 South First avenue.

Wanted—Girls at Meeker Laundry Company.

take such a journey at the age of 80 years, attracts a great deal of attention in the east on his last trip. At Washington he drove his ox team to the White House, where he was welcomed by President Roosevelt in November, 1907. In New York City, his two patient oxen drawing a prairie schooner caused no end of a sensation. Of course the first thing to do was to arrest him, the charge being that of bringing cattle upon the public streets. Prominent men came to his aid, however, and the oxen outfit was given the freedom of the city for thirty days.

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"Why? On account of the leisure?"

"Partly, but more particularly because he told me the other day that there was a perpetual deficit in his department."

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