The Holladay

A Mystery Of Two Continents BURTON E. STEVENSON

meats with knitted brows. At last he the ceiling with clinched teeth, At last

shook his head. "That would be the height of the sea breast son, you see, monsieur," he said apologetically. "There are a great many people here at that time, and I cannot know all of them. Nevertheless it woman went slowly to the window and seemed to me for a moment that there stood there sobbing quietly; the other's was about the name a certain famil- face lit up with a positive blaze of joy. larity-as of an old tune, you know, forgotten for years. Yet it must have brant voice I so well remembered-"so been my fancy merely, for I have no he is dead." recollection of the event you mention."

gave Mr. Royce the clew. "M. Fingret," he asked, "are you acquainted with a man of the name of Pierre Bethune?"

And again the notary shook his head. "Or Jasper Martigny?"

"I never before heard either name." We sat silent a moment, in despair. Was our trip to Etretat to be of no avail? Where was my premonition now? If we had lost the trail thus early in the chase, what hope was there that we should ever run down the quarry? And how explain the fact that no record had been made of

her parents have wished to conceal it? opening and a bustle of life reached us through the open door.

"The first train for three days is about to arrive," said the little notary. Again we fell silent. Mr. Royce got out his purse and paid the fee. We had come to an impasse-a closed way. We could go no farther. I could see that the notary was a-hungered for his roll and coffee. With a sigh, I arose to go. The notary stepped to the door and looked up the street.

"Ah," he said, "the train has arrived, but it seems there were not many passengers. Here is one, though, who has finished a long journey." He nodded to some one who ap

proached slowly, it seemed. He was before the door. He passed on. It was Martigny! "That is the man!" I cried to Mr.

Royce. "That is Martigny! Ask who he really is." He understood on the instant and

caught the notary's arm. "M. Fingret, who is that man?" The notary glanced at him, surprised

"That," he said, "is Victor Fajolle. He is just home from America." "And he lives here?"

"Oh, surely—on the cliffs just above miss it, buried in a grove of trees. He married the daughter of Mme. Alix some years ago. He was from Paris." "And his wife is living?"

"Oh, surely she is living. She herself returned from America but three weeks ago, together with her mother and sister. The sister, they say, iswell"— And he finished with a significant gesture toward his head.

I saw my companion's face turn white. I steadied myself with an ef-

"And they are at home now?" "I believe so," said the notary, eying him with more and more astonish ment. "They have been keeping close at home since their return. They will permit no one to see the-invalid."

"Come, we must go!" I cried. "He must not get there before us!" But a sudden light gleamed in the notary's eyes.

"Wait, messieurs!" he cried. "A moment, but a moment. Ab. I remember it now. It was the link which was wanting and you have supplied it-Holladay, a millionaire of America, his wife, Mme. Alix. She did not live in the villa then, messieurs. Oh, no. She was very poor, a nurse; anything to make a little money. Her husband, who was a fisherman, was drowned and left her to take care of the children as best she could."

He had got down another book and was running his fingers rapidly down | he was ver' rich; what you call a man the page, his finger all a-tremble with excitement. Suddenly he stopped with a little cry of triumph.

"Here it is, messieurs! See!" Under the date of June 10, 1876, was an entry of which this is the English: Holladay, Hiram W., and Elizabeth, his wife, of the city of New York, United States of America; from Celeste Alix, widow of Auguste Alix, her daughter Celeste, aged five months. All claim sur-

Mr. Royce caught up the book and glanced at the back. It was the "Rec-

CHAPTER XVIII.

ord of Adoptions."

a moment we were hurrying along the street in the direction the notary had pointed out to us. Martigny was already out of sight, and we had need of haste. My head was in a whirl. So Frances Holladay was not really the daughter of the dead millionaire! The thought compelled a complete readjustment of my point of

We had reached the beach again, and we turned along it in the direction of the cliffs. Far ahead I saw a man hurrying in the same direction, I could guess at what agony and danger to himself. The path began to ascend, and we panted up it to the grassy down which seemed to stretch for miles and miles to the northward. Right before us was a little wood, in the midst of which I caught a glimpse

of a farmhouse We ran toward it, through a gate and up the path to the door. It was closed, but we heard from within a man's exknew well. I tried the door. It yielded, and we stepped into the hall. The voice came from the room at the right. It was no time for hesitation. We

sprang to the door and entered. Martigny was standing in the middle of the floor, fairly foaming at the mouth, shrieking out commands and imprecations at two women who cowered in the farther corner. The elder one I knew at a glance; the youngermy heart leaped as I looked at her-

For an instant he stood poised like a My heart went out to her. Then, just serpent about to strike; then I saw his as she had arisen to start homeward, eyes fix in a frightful stare, his face in Cecile came, crying, sobbing, stainturned livid, and with a strangled cry ed with blood." he fell back and down. Together we lifted him to the low window seat, pursuers and pursued alike, loosened his

She shuddered and clasped her hands before her eyes.

"But you have said it was not mur-

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temples, did everything we could think The little notary sat for some mo- of doing, but he lay there staring at Royce bent and laid his ear against his

> "It is no use," he said. "He is dead." I looked to see them wince under the blow, but they did not. The younger "So," she exclaimed in that low, vi-Royce gazed at her a moment in as-

There was one other chance, and I tonishment. "Mme, Alix," he said at last, "you know our errand."

She bowed her head. "I know it, monsieur," she answered. "But for him there would have been no such errand. As it is, I will help you all I can. Cecile," she called to the woman at the window, "go and bring your sister to these gentlemen." The younger woman dried her eyes

and left the room.

Celeste came in slowly, listlessly. It gave me a shock to see the pallor of her face. Then she glanced up and saw Royce standing there. She drew in Frances Holladay's birth? Why should her breath with a quick gasp, a great wave of color swept over her cheeks An hour had passed, the shops were and brow, a great light sprang into her

> "Oh, John!" she cried and swayed to-He had her in his arms, against his heart, and the glad tears sprang to my eyes as I looked at them.

"And I have come to take you away, my love," he was saying. "Oh, yes; take me away," she sobbed She stopped, her eyes on the window seat, where "the other" lay, and the color died out of her cheeks again. "He, at least, has paid the penalty,"

said Royce. She was sobbing helplessly upon his shoulder, but as the moments passed she grew more calm and at last stood upright from him. The younger woman had come back into the room and was watching her curiously.

"Come, let us go," said the girl. But Royce held back. "There has been a crime committed,"

he said slowly. "We must see that it "A crime? Oh, yes; but I forgive them, dear.'

"The crime against yourself you may forgive, but there was another crimemurder"-"There was no murder!" burst in

Cecile Alix. "I swear it to you, mon-I saw Miss Holladay wince at the other's voice, and Royce saw it too. "I must get her to the inn." he said. Stay and get the story, Lester. Then

we'll decide what it is best to do." He led her away, out of the house and down the path, not once looking back. I watched them till the trees hid them, and then turned to the women. "Now," I said, "I shall be happy to hear the story."

It was that man yonder who was the cause of it all," began the mother, clasping her hands tightly in her lap to keep them still. "Four years ago he came from Paris here to spend the summer-he was ver' ill-his heart. We had been living happily, my daughter and I, but for the one anxiety of her not marrying. He met her and proposed marriage. He was ver' good -he asked no dowry, and, hesides, my daughter was twenty-five years oldpast her first youth. But she attracted him, and they were married. He took her back to Paris, where he had a little theater, a hall of the dance, but he grew worse again and came back here. It was then that he found out that I had another daughter, whom I had given to a rich American. I was ver' poor, monsieur," she added piteously. "Yes, madame, I know," I said,

touched by her emotion. "So he wrote to friends in Amerique and made questions about M. Holladay. He learned-oh, he learned that of millions—and that his daughter—my daughter, monsieur - was living still. From that moment he was like a man possessed. At once he formed his plan, building I know not what hopes upon it. He drilled us for two years in speaking the English; he took us for six months to Londres that we might bet-

ter learn. Day after day we took our



He fell back and down. Cecile learned ver' well, mon I was too old. Then at last we reached dead. New York, and my daughter-this one -was sent to see M. Holladay, while I of happiness in this enchanted Paris was directed that I write to Celeste had wrought wonders in our junior to Mile. Holladay. She came that ver and his betrothed. It was good to look

afternoon," she continued, "and I told at them, to smile at them sometimes, her that it was I who was her mother. as when they stood unseeing before He was with me and displayed to her some splendid canvas at the Louvre. the papers of adoption. She could not The past was put aside, forgotten. but be convinced. He talked to her as an angel — oh, he could seem one

They lived only for the future.

And a near future too. There was it Miss Holladay? No, yet strangely like.

And a near future too. There was no reason why it should be deferred, and so they were wedded, with only we three for witnesses, at the pretty

The Kind You Have Always Bought three for witnesses, at the pretty

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thermore, glycerine itself is a most valuable curative agent instead of being a harmful habit-forming agent like alcohol. Its nutritive properties, Dr. Pierce and many others eminent in the profession believe, far surpass those of codliver oil, entitling it to favorable consideration as a remedy in all cases of incipient consumption, especially when it is combined with the active medicinal principles extracted from Black Cherrybark, Queen's root. Stone root, Golden Medical Discovery."

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affections, no matter in what part of the system existing. By reason of the Stone root, and Golden Seal root contained in it, an important part in lessening the break-ing down and wasting of flesh, and in promoting assimilation and increase of bodily strength and weight. It is a powerroot, and Golden Seal root contained in it, it is a most effective curative in valvular and other affections of the heart, as you will understand from the writings of Drs. Paine, Hale, Ellingwood and others, concerning Stone root, Golden Seal root and Black Cherrybark which are to be found in the little booklet above mentioned. ful reconstructive agent in all cases of impaired vitality and especially valuable when associated and combined with such when associated and combined with such superior alteratives and tonics as in "Golden Medical Dircovery" and "Favor-ite Prescription." Its wonderful solvent properties also play an important part in the cure of gall stones and severe conbiliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation of the bowels, loss of appetite, coated tongue, sour stomach, windy belchings,

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the excessive fermentation of foods in the stomach, present in most cases of indigestion or dyspepsia. Thus the pain, belching of noxious gas, bloating and other disagreeable symptoms are overcome and the Stone root, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot and other ingredients of "Golden Medical Discovery" are greatly assisted in their action in completing a cure.

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No good medical Discovery is a laxative, two are cathartic. They regulate, invigorate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels.

building, which my husband had al-

no one. I went on through an open

"'Is it you, Frances?' he asked.

and he fell forward on his desk, on his

hand, on the knife which was clasped

in it. I tried to check the blood, but

place and hurrled to our lodgings. That

"It was then," went on her mother,

"that that man yonder had another in-

spiration. Before it had been only-

"Yes," she nodded, "so he wrote

us, that she wish to have nothing more

to do with us. So Victor commanded

that I write another letter, imploring

ner, offering to explain." She stopped

to take her to the boat. As for us, we

There was no need that she should

She drew a key from her pocket and

"It is in a box upstairs," she said.

I took the key and followed her to

the floor above. The box, of heavy oak,

bound with iron, with steamship and

express labels fresh upon it, stood in

one corner. I unlocked it and threw

back the lid. Package upon package

lay in it, just as they had come from

the subtreasury. I locked the box

again and put the key in my pocket.

"Of course," I said as I turned to go,

"I can only repeat your story to my

companion. He and Miss Holladay

They bowed without replying, and I

went out along the path between the

trees, leaving them alone with their

Joy is a great restorer, and a week

chapel of St. Luke's, near the Boule-

There was a little breakfast after-

ward at Mrs. Kemball's apartment,

vard Montparnasse.

will decide what steps to take."

"And the gold?" I asked.

what you call-blackmail-a few thou-

is the truth, monsieur; believe me."

"I do believe you," I said.

he wrote a note"-

yond his reach."

were his slaves."

gave it to me.

It is her sister, M. Holladay!"

sharpening a pencil."

in the lift; I entered the office, but saw | toward the river.

fortnight on the Riviera. We waved "Nor was it!" she cried. "Let me them off and turned back together. ready pointed out to me. I went up

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure

"So that is the end of the story," she door and saw an old man sitting at a said musingly. desk. I inquired if Mr Holladay was "Of their story, yes," I interjected. there. The old man glanced at me and "But there are still certain things I bowed toward another door. I saw it do not quite understand," she continwas a private office and entered it. ued, not heeding me.

The door swung shut behind me. There was another old man sitting at a desk, "For instance, why did they trouble to keep her prisoner?" "Family affection?" "'No,' I said, stepping before him. "Nonsense! There could be none.

Besides, the man dominated them, and "He stared up at me with such a look I believe him to have been capable of of dismay and anger on his face that any crime. I was fairly frightened; then, in the "Perhaps he meant the hundred thou same instant, before I could draw sand to be only the first payment. With breath, before I could say another her at hand, he might hope to get more word, his face grew purple, monsieur,

indefinitely. Without her"-"Well, without her?" "Oh, the plot grows and grows the more one thinks of it! I believe it grew could not, it poured forth in such a under his hands in just the same way stream. I knew not what to do. I was | I don't doubt that it would have come distracted, and in a frenzy I left the at last to Miss Holladay's death by some subtle means, to the substitution of her sister for her. After a year or two abroad who could have detected it? And then - oh, then she would have married Fajolle again, and they would have settled down to the enjoyment of her fortune. And he would

sands, perhaps a pension. Now it was have been a great man — oh, a very something more. He was playing for great man!" a greater stake. I do not know all that My companion nodded. he planned. He found Celeste suspect-"Touche!" she cried. ed of having killed her father. He I bowed my thanks. I was learning must get her released at any cost, so

French rapidly. "But Frances did not see them again? "Yes!" I cried. "Yes, of course; I see. "Oh, no. She preferred not." Miss Holladay under arrest was be-"And the money?"

"Was left in the box. I sent back the key. She wished it so. After all, note. Oh, you should have seen him in it was her mother"those days! He was like some furious "Yes, of course. Perhaps she was wild beast. But after she was set free not really so bad."

Celeste did not come to us as she had "She wasn't," I said decidedly. "But promise. We saw that she suspected the man"-"Was a genius. I'm almost sorry he's

dead." "I'm more than sorry. It has taken an interest out of life.

moment to control herself. "Ah, We had come out upon the bridge of when I think of it! She came, mon-Austerlitz and paused involuntarily. tieur. We took from her her gown and "And now the mystery is cleared away," she said, "and the prince and put it on Cecile. She never left the the princess are wedded, just as they place again until the carriage stopped were in the fairy tales of our childhood. It's a good ending." "For all stories," I added.

She turned and looked at me. "There are other stories," I explained. "Theirs is not the only one." "No?"

The spirit of Paris-or perhaps the June sunshine-was in my veins, running riot, clamorous, not to be re-"Certainly not. There might be an-

other, for instance, with you and me as the principals." I dared not look at her. I could only stare ahead of me down at the water. She made no sign; the moments

"Might be," I said desperately. "But there's a wide abyss between the possible and the actual." Still no sign. I had offended hermight have known! But I mustered courage to steal a

sidelong glance at her. She was smiling down at the and her eyes were very bright. "Not always," she whispered.

CASTORIA

C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys and then our hostess bade them adieu, of Washington, D. C., have a small memand her daughter and I drove with them across Parls to the Gare de Lyon, hey will send to mechanics, manufaccollar, chafed his hands, bathed his der, madame," I said to the vounder where they were to take train for a lurers or inventors for postage, two cents.



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