

The Holladay Case

A Mystery of Two Continents

By
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"plainly, that this is a good quarter, and our rooms are not at all the ordinary ones. 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 tenuous air 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 lip, 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. "I shall have no further use for the room. This is the fourteenth. I can take possession tomorrow."

They exchanged a glance, and Mme. Jourdain arose.

"Very well, monsieur," she said. "Will you have the kindness to come and look at the room?"

I followed her up the stairs, giddy at my good fortune. She opened a door and lighted a gas jet against the wall.

"I am sure you will like the apartment, monsieur," she said. "You see, it is a very large one and most comfortable."

It was indeed of good size and well furnished. The bed was in a kind of alcove, and beyond it was a bath—unlooked for luxury! One thing, however, struck me as peculiar. The windows were closed by heavy shutters, which were barred upon the inside, and the bars were secured in place by padlocks.

"I shall want to open the windows," I remarked. "Do you always keep them barred?"

She hesitated a moment, looking a little embarrassed.

"You see, monsieur, it is this way," she explained at last. "M. Bethune



"Do you always keep them barred?"

himself had the locks put on, for he feared that his poor sister would throw herself down into the courtyard, which is paved with stone and where she would certainly have been killed. She was very bad some days, poor dear. I was most glad when they took her away, for the thought of her made me nervous. I will in the morning open the windows and air the room well for you."

"That will do nicely," I assented as carelessly as I could. I knew that I had chanced upon a new development,

though I could not in the least guess its bearing. "What do you ask for the apartment?"

"Ten dollars the week, monsieur," she answered, eying me narrowly.

I knew it was not worth so much and, remembering my character, repressed my first inclination to close the bargain.

"That is a good deal," I said hesitatingly. "Haven't you a cheaper room, Mme. Jourdain?"

"This is the only one we have now vacant, monsieur," she assured me.

I turned back toward the door with a little sigh.

"I fear I can't take it," I said.

"Monsieur does not understand," she protested. "That price, of course, includes breakfast."

"And dinner?"

She hesitated, eying me again.

"For \$1 additional it shall include dinner."

"Done, madame!" I cried. "I pay you for a week in advance." And I suited the action to the word. "Only," I added, "be sure to air the room well tomorrow. It seems very close. Still, Bethune was right to make sure that his sister could not harm herself."

"Yes," she nodded, placing the money carefully in an old purse, with the true miserly light in her eyes. "Yes; she broke down most sudden. It was the departure of her mother, you know, monsieur."

I nodded thoughtfully.

"When they first came, six weeks ago, she was quite well. Then her mother a position of some sort secured and went away. She never left her room after that, just sat there and cried or rattled at the doors and windows. Her brother was heartbroken about her. No one else would be permitted to attend her. But I hope that she is well now, poor child, for she is again with her mother."

"Her mother came after her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; ten days ago, and together they drove away. By this time they are again in the good France."

I pretended to be inspecting a wardrobe, for I felt sure my face would betray me. At a flash I saw the whole story. There was nothing more Mme. Jourdain could tell me.

"Yes," I repeated, steadying my voice. "the good France."

"M. Bethune has himself been absent for a week," she added, "on affairs of business. He was not certain that he would return, but he paid us to the 15th."

I nodded. "Yes—tomorrow—I will take possession then."

"Very well, monsieur," she assented. "I will have it in readiness."

For an instant I hesitated. Should I use the photograph? Was it necessary? How explain my possession of it? Did I not already know all that Mme. Jourdain could tell me? I turned to the stair.

"Then I must be going," I said. "I shall have to arrange."

"We went down together."

The place was filling with a motley crowd of diners, but I paused only to exchange a nod with M. Jourdain and then hurried away. The fugitives had taken the French line, of course, and I hastened on to the foot of Morton street, where the French line pier is.

A ship was being loaded for the voyage out, and the pier was all open. A clerk directed me to the sailing schedule, and a glance at it confirmed my guess. At 10 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, April 3, La Savoie had sailed for Havre.

"May I see La Savoie's passenger list?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir," and he produced it.

I did not, of course, expect to find Miss Holladay entered upon it; yet I felt that a study of it might be repaid, and I was not mistaken. A Mrs. G. R. Folsom and two daughters had occupied the cabin de luxe, 436, 438, 440.

On the company's list which had been given me I saw bracketed after the name of the youngest daughter the single word "invalid."

"La Lorraine sails day after tomorrow, I believe?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And is she fully?"

"No, sir; it is a little early in the season yet." And he got down the list of state-rooms, showing me which were vacant. I selected an outside double one and deposited half the fare in order to reserve it.

There was nothing more to be done that night, for a glance at my watch showed me the lateness of the hour. As I emerged from the pier I suddenly found myself very weary and very hungry, so I called a cab and was driven direct to my rooms. A bath and dinner set me up again, and finally I settled down with my pipe to arrange the events of the day.

Certainly I had progressed. I had undoubtedly got on the track of the fugitives; I had found out all that I could reasonably have hoped to find out. And yet my exultation was short-lived. Admitted that I was on their track, how much nearer success had I got? I knew that they had sailed for France, but for what part of France? They would disembark at Havre. How was I, reaching Havre two weeks later, to discover which direction they had taken? Suppose they had gone to Paris, as seemed most probable, how could I ever hope to find them there? Even if I did find them, would I be in time to checkmate Martigny?

For a time I paused, appalled at the magnitude of the task that lay before me—in all France to find three people! But, after all, it might not be so great. Most probably these women were from one of the towns Holladay and his wife had visited during their stay in France. Which towns they were I, of course, had no means of knowing, yet I felt certain that some means of discovering them would present itself. That must be my work for the morrow.

A half hour passed, and I sat lost in speculation, watching the blue smoke

curling upward, striving vainly to penetrate the mystery. For I was as far as ever from a solution of it. Who were these people? What was their aim? How had they managed to win Miss Holladay over to their side, to persuade her to accompany them, to flee from her friends—above all, from our junior partner? How had they caused her change of attitude toward him? Or had they really abducted her? Was there really danger of foul play; danger that she would fall a victim as well as her father? Who was Martigny? And, above all, what was the plot? What did he hope to gain? What was he striving for? What was this great stake for which he risked so much?

To these questions I could find no reasonable answer. I was still groping aimlessly in the dark, and at last in sheer confusion I put down my pipe, turned out the light and went to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Oldest Tale of a Tub.

The cynics, so called from the Greek word for a dog, were a rude, snarling sect of so called philosophers, who despised riches, the arts and all culture. Among these Diogenes was conspicuous. He was born in 412 B. C., and when a man he dressed in a coarse robe, which covered him day and night, and carried a wooden bowl and a bag for his alms and his food. His home was a large tub discarded from the temple of Cybele, a huge earthen jar, that had held wine or oil for the sacrifices and sacrifices of the temple. Though cracked and patched, it was large enough to hold him lying at full length. The story goes that Alexander the Great came up to him one day and asked what he could do for him. "Don't stand between me and the sun," was the curt reply, upon which the emperor is said to have exclaimed, "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes!"

Lighting as a Rock Driller.

"Lighting when in the mood has an ugly habit of drilling," writes an English observer. "It will drill the hardest rock, rock which would turn cold steel, and not only drill but vitrify it. They have found in Cumberland channels from thirty feet deep and from two to four inches in circumference. The interior was hard and glazed where the solid substance had been melted by the stalling flashes. Artificial experiment has shown that a powerful shock from a battery will vitrify finely powdered glass, but not feldspar or quartz. The lightning, however, does it in the manner described—not in one place, but in many, showing that before striking the ground it divided into several branches, each strong enough to penetrate and liquefy the solid rock."

In a Man's Pockets.

A fairly well equipped gentleman true to his calling and to his friends carries quite a kit of tools. There are a jackknife, a match box, a cigar cutter, a nail file, a corkscrew, a finger nail tool and possibly a cigar holder and some good five-centers to give away. And yet women wonder what he finds to put in his pockets. To facilitate further the business of just hanging around he must have a little money, a handkerchief, bunch of keys, fountain pen, some lead pencils and sharpener, eyeglasses, notebook, watch, old letters, papers of more or less supposed value and a card-case. Not one pocket could be spared unless it is the one on his nightshirt, and that looks so sweet.—Clay Center (Kan.) Times.

Told by the Watch.

To tell the points of the compass by a watch point the hour hand at the sun; then south is halfway between the hour hand and the figure 12 of the dial. To measure an angle by a watch lay two straight edged pieces of paper on the angle, crossing at the apex. Holding them where they overlap, lay them on the face of the watch, with the apex at the center. Read the angle by the minutes of the dial, each minute being six degrees of arc. It is easy to measure within two or three degrees in this way.

Why His Head Didn't Ring.

Two Scotsmen turning a corner came into collision. The shock stunned one of them. He pulled off his hat and, laying his hand on his brow, said: "Sic a blow. My head's a-ringing again."

"Nae wonder," said his companion. "Your head was aye empty—that makes it ring. My head disna ring a bit."

"How could it ring," said the other, "seem! It was aye crackit!"—Scottish American.

Long Words.

The longest words in English are short by comparison with certain monstrosities in other languages. It is common in German to use compounds which, although not involved or cumbersome in meaning, look alarmingly long, and it is said that one Sanskrit word has no less than 152 syllables.

The Wise Wife.

Mrs. Tom—I wouldn't let my husband have his own way as yours does. Mrs. Dick—Does he? Mrs. Tom—I heard him say so today. Mrs. Dick (softly)—I'm glad he thinks so. I've been a long time teaching him that.

Quite Solid.

"Let me see a plain wedding ring." "Solid?" "You bet I'm solid. We've been engaged more'n a month."

Excessive anger against human stupidity is itself one of the most provoking of all forms of stupidity.—Von Radowitz.

Aims of a higher order, even though they be not fulfilled, are in themselves more valuable than lower ones entirely fulfilled.—Goethe.

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Three Tombs at Westminster.

In the east walk of the cloisters at Westminster abbey there are three most interesting graves—those of Thomas Betterton and his wife, better known as Bess Sanderson, and the ever fascinating Mrs. Bracegirdle. Of all the people who lie within these hallowed walls it may safely be said that Betterton has the best claim of all to this privilege. No small measure of praise must be accorded to this gifted actor for the fact that he almost more than any one else was responsible for the renaissance of the English drama after the stern regime of the Puritans. Mrs. Bracegirdle was either adopted by Betterton or placed under his care, and she very soon took all hearts in London by storm. She achieved her greatest success in acting in Congreve's plays. Her artistic career, however, was a comparatively short one, for Mrs. Bracegirdle retired from the stage in 1696 when Anne Oldfield first became her dangerous rival. She lived on in honorable retirement and beloved by all, high and low, far and near, until the year 1743, when she was buried here beside her old friends the Bettertons.—London Mail.

How Dreams Are Weighed.

An ingenious instrument which demonstrates the close connection that exists between dreams and brain calculation is known as the "tilt board." A long, shallow tray big enough for a man to recline upon is balanced exactly upon a steel blade. A subject is placed upon it and put to sleep, whereupon the end containing his feet generally falls. But eventually the subject begins to dream, and then the tray containing the sleeper's feet reascends, the extent to which it moves varying according to the vividness of the dream. The explanation is that the blood leaves the brain of a sleeper directly the mental activities cease, and the head as a result becoming lighter, that end of the balance rises. When the sleeper dreams small quantities of blood are recalled to the brain to supply the dreams, and the balance is gradually changed. In this way dreams may be weighed.

Venus Among the Incas.

The only planet which the Incas had discovered was Venus, which they called the hairy on account of the brightness of its rays. They said that, being the most brilliant of the stars, the sun would not permit it to be separated from him and obliged it to attend his rising as well as his going down, just as at the courts of kings only the most distinguished lords and the hand-somest ladies were admitted to the ceremonial royal risings and retrings. It appears nearly certain that the Incas spoke of Venus under two different names, according as it preceded or followed the sun. To this day the native Peruvians name it in fanciful language the eight hour torch and the twilight lamp. As this star served to show the Indians when it was time to prepare the maize for cooking, they also gave it a name indicative of that act. A chapel in the Temple of the Sun was consecrated to this planet.

Auctioneers in England.

The auctioneers of the United Kingdom cannot claim to belong to a very ancient profession so far as that country is concerned. Though auctions were familiar institutions in ancient Rome, the first in the British islands is said to have been held about 1700, when Editha Yale, governor of Fort George (Madras), put up for sale his trophies of the east, and, although "auction" was defined in 1078 as "a making a public sale and selling of goods by outcry," it does not appear to have been recognized then as a British institution. The word "auctioneer" does not occur before the eighteenth century.

Something For Nothing.

Visitor—Digging potatoes, eh? Farmer's Boy—Yep. Visitor—What do you get for digging potatoes? Farmer's Boy—Nawthin'. But I git somethin' fer not diggin' 'em. Visitor—Indeed? What would you get for not digging them? Farmer's Boy—Licked.—Judge.

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