

The Holiday Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE VEIL IS LIFTED.

In 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 reached the house in a whirl. So Frances Holiday was not really the daughter of the dead millionaire! The thought compelled a complete readjustment of my point of view. Of course, she was legally his daughter; equally of course, this new development could make no difference in my companion's feeling for her. Nothing, then, was really changed. She must go back with us; she must take up the old life. But I had no time to reason it all out.

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 younger woman, however, 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 excited voice—a resonant voice which I knew 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 younger—my heart leaped as I looked at her—was Miss Holiday? No, yet strangely like.

As we saw their startled eyes turn past him to us, and swung sharply round. For an instant he stood poised like a serpent about to strike, then I saw his eyes fix in a frightful stare, his face turn livid, and with a strangled cry he fell back and down. Together we lifted him to the low window seat, propped him and pursued alike, loosened his collar, chafed his hands, bathed his temples, did everything we could think of doing; but he lay there staring at the ceiling with clenched teeth. At last, Royce bent and laid his ear against his breast. Then he arose and turned gently to the woman.

"It is no use," he said. "He is dead." I looked to see them vince under the blow; but they did not. The younger woman bent slowly to the window and stood there sobbing quietly; the other's face lit up with a positive blaze of joy.

"So," she exclaimed, in that low, vibrant voice I so well remembered, "so he is dead! That treacherous, cruel heart has burst at the window and—"

Royce gazed at her a moment in astonishment. She looked not at him, but at the dead man on the window seat, her hands clapping and unclapping.

"Madame Alix," he said at last, "you know our errand—we must carry it out." 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, I will help the woman at the window, 'go and bring your sister to these gentlemen.'"

The younger woman dried her eyes and left the room. We waited in tense expectation at the window and heard the sound of footsteps at the doorway a moment, and she was on the threshold.

She 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 her breath with a quick gasp, a great wave of color swept over her cheeks and brow, a great light sprang into her eyes.

"Oh, John!" she cried, and swayed toward him.

He had her in his arms, against his heart, and the glad tears sprang to my eyes as I looked at them. I glanced at the elder woman, and saw that her eyes were shining and her lips quivering.

"And I have come to take you away, my love," he was saying.

"Oh, yes; take me away," she sobbed, "before the other comes." She stopped, her eyes on the window seat, where "the other" lay, and the color died out of her cheeks again.

"See, at least, has paid the penalty," said Royce. "He can trouble you no more, my love."

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, with no trace of emotion.

"Come let us go," said the girl. "We must take the first boat home."

But Royce held back.

"Then there has been a crime committed," he said slowly. "We must see that it is punished."

"A crime? Oh, yes; but I forgive the deed."

"The crime against yourself you may forgive; but there was another crime—murder."

"There was no murder," burst in Cecile Alix. "I swear it to you, monsieur. Do you understand. There was no murder."

across Paris to take train for a fortnight on the Riviera. We waved them off and turned back together.

"It is a desecration to use a carriage on such a day," said my companion; so we dismissed ours and sauntered about down the Boulevard Diderot toward the river.

"So that is the end of the story," she said musingly.

"Of their story, yes," I interjected. "But this one was sent to see Monsieur. I do not quite understand," she continued, not heeding me.

"Yes?"

"For instance—why did they trouble to keep her prisoner?"

"Family affection."

"Nonsense! There could be none. Besides, the man dominated them; and I believe him to have been capable of any crime."

"Perhaps he meant the hundred thousand to be only the first payment. With her at hand, he might hope to get more indefinitely. Without her—"

"Well, without her?"

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"My companion nodded.

"I bowed my thanks; I was learning French as rapidly as circumstances permitted."

"But Frances did not see them again?"

"No, no; she preferred not."

"Was left in the box. I sent back the key. She wished it so. After all, it was her mother—"

MICRO-DRAMA-GRAPHS

By Frank J. Wiltach, In the Billboard.

Dead heads should not look gift seats in the springs.

In vaudeville, one good turn deserves another engagement.

Admirers of women should never overlook two of them discuss a third.

A good cook should be a good shot, being busy most of the time about the range.

The critic evidently considers the actor a salt fish. He is forever "soaking" him.

Capacity to think rarely precedes the attempt to act.

The actor who depends upon the bar-room mirror for reflection will fall as surely as water freezes with the slipper side up.

The actor who keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the three stars on a brandy bottle is finally convinced that he is one of them.

Why is it that our dramatists do not employ our critics to point out their errors in advance of production, and thus ever avoid failures?

Fame, it is said, is a flower that grows on the graves of writers. The actor discovers by the floral altitudes whether they are dead ones.

If an actress allows her hair to turn gray, you may put it down that she either has not the price of a hundred miles from the colorine establishment.

The number of times an actress has figured in a divorce court is no more an indication of her cleverness than that the size of a grave stone tells how big a man was.

TO CURE STUTTERING.

If the people who stutter were called upon to provide the mode of punishment to be meted out to the wicked, they would probably not hesitate the hair's breadth of a second to reply, but as fast as their stumbling tongues could articulate would order that all speech be tied.

Just what kind of a nervous affliction stuttering is, and it is generally conceded that in the nerves lie the real cause, it is not necessary to know, the really important point is that it can be cured.

Schools for stuttering are every day turning away patients once hopeless stutters who can express themselves as they please without ever becoming entangled in a maze of reiterated syllables.

The fundamental principles taught in these schools are simple enough. Men and women who cannot afford to take a course of instruction at them or who are so situated that they cannot get away from their business for a long enough time to attend, can with a little patience cure themselves at home.

The one successful test against syllable stuttering cannot stand its rhythm, so that it is made the first lesson in the course of training. Everything must be said to beats in a sing-song way. The stutterer is told to repeat a certain sentence marking each syllable with a beat, or a swing of the hand, at first to very slow time, then increasing as to faster and faster. After this has been practiced until it seems to be completely mastered a word is allowed a beat instead of a syllable, then two words, three, a clause, and finally a sentence.

Of course for the cure to be at all successful, it is necessary to repeat every sentence spoken in this manner, and to allow several hours a day going over them as often as possible.

It is not necessary to stand up before a class, however, and recite simple little rhymes, nor to peddle matches from door to door. The same methods can be practiced behind one's own door, and in the morning after talking to friends. If only time and attention enough is devoted to the cure, the worst stutters may be freed from the toils that are so painfully embarrassing to those afflicted.

White waists are not the only pretty ones we see this spring, for the dainty faces in bathtubs are all the rage. They can be made beautiful with the addition of lace fronts which widen to round lace yoke effects. Short sleeves are trimmed with lace, making the colored ones very dressy in appearance. They come in light blue, lavender and many of the coffee shades.

The man who thinks he is always right does more harm than the one who is willing to admit that he is sometimes in the wrong.

LATE FRILLS OF FASHION.

The new belts are rather high and round but are pointed slightly in front.

White wash leather gloves, elbow length, are the chic things for morning wear.

Black leghorn hats will be trimmed with flower wreaths made of every kind of bright field flowers.

Some of the new slippers are laced over the instep with ribbons in such a fashion that the stockings shows underneath.

Some of the pretty old-fashioned checked tissues in pinks and whites are to be seen among the thin materials for new summer frocks.

Gingham dresses are to be very popular again this summer. All sorts of little fancy checks or striped tub frocks will be made up simply for morning wear.

Pongee petticoats are among the most practical that can be made for summer wear. They do not show soil readily, but wash well and will outwear two ordinary silk ones.

A new fad that is being adopted by bridge players is the wearing of a large fantastic ring on the first finger. These rings, however, must be as beautiful as they are unusual. If possible some design made to order is employed for the purpose.

New bags of tan and brown leather, something on the order of the Anthony or old-fashioned Boston bag have stiff bottoms studded with small steel nail heads. They are lined with moire silk and have a pocket inside for carrying the purse.

Linen made especially for the strictly tailored shirt waist have light colored or black stripes. The patterns that seem to be most desired are much like those of the madras cloths and light blues. They are made of the very finest quality of linen.

With all the new leather shades now being shown in dress materials yellows of the most unbecoming tones are being introduced. Sulphur yellow, the lemon shades and the dull mustard colors are being carried to the extreme, but only the very radiant woman whose complexion and hair can withstand the vivid lights of her gown, can buy with impunity.

Shantung is going to be the favorite material for separate coats this season. It will take the place of the flens to a great extent and is to be preferred to pongee on account of its weight and weave. The short coats will be made up in the light shades such as oyster cream, biscuit and ecru, while the longer ones will be seen in tans and all the shades ranging down to the darkest browns.

Health Hints.

Have plain papers put on the ceiling of your bed room if your eyes are not very strong.

It is a good idea to keep a box of unslaked lime in the cellar at this time of year, for the sake of healthfulness.

A physical culture teacher claims that by walking backward for at least ten minutes the most severe case of nervous headache can be cured.

A good bath for the tired, nervous woman, is of tepid water, in which 1 ounce of tincture of camphor, 1/2 ounce of tincture of benzoin, and 2 ounces of cologne have been poured.

If the hands are always becoming moist from excessive perspiration, mix 1 ounce of tincture of camphor, 1/2 ounce of tincture of benzoin, and 2 ounces of cologne have been poured.

If the feet or ankles are swollen from long standing and ache like the toothache, put a few drops of carbolic acid into some warm water and bathe them in half an hour all the soreness will have entirely disappeared.

If the hair is continually falling out rub sage tea well into the scalp every night for two or three weeks. After the first two or three applications it will be much better and at the end of that time will have ceased falling entirely, unless of course, there is some particular scalp disease that requires special medical attention. The sage tea is apt to make the hair darker, however.

Helpful Suggestions.

Wash out the ice chest at least once a week with warm water and soda to keep it sweet and clean.

Add a pinch of salt to ground coffee just before making it. The salt will not only give body to the drink, but will also bring out the flavor of the berry.

Keep your silver always in bags of unbleached muslin if you do not want it to become discolored. Something, probably the sulphur, used in the process of bleaching, is apt to turn the silver black.

To destroy moths in furniture or carpets with naphtha, place over the spots where the most damage seems to have been done cloths wet in hot water and place on them hot irons allowing them to steam for ten or fifteen minutes, later pouring on the naphtha.

The dark ring that is often left after cleaning a spot with turpentine or gasoline can be removed by dipping the finger in chloroform and rubbing all around the edge of the ring, rubbing all the time toward the center. Repeat the process until the material is dry and the spot has disappeared.

Scissors and Thimble.

Hat rests covered with white or delicate colored embroidered with white ribbon in watteau designs make suitable presents for this season of the year.

Half a dozen squares of Turkish toweling no larger than six inches each way for wiping the face after applying cold cream or skin foods.

The very newest underwear is made from French muslin and is so soft and fine that it can scarcely stand more than half a dozen launderings. It is made after the new princess patterns that combine two or three pieces in one, all cut with zones, so that there will be no fullness around the waist.

On the new shirt waists embroidery and lace designs are set into the sleeves in elaborate designs. The sleeves are stretched out on a stiff paper to which they are basted and the lace whipped on over and over before cutting out the material underneath.

Presence of Mind.

From Harper's Weekly. A negro minister from Georgia, who was visiting friends in New York City, went one Sunday to the Cathedral on Fifth avenue.

It was very much impressed by the service, especially by the choir-boys in the processional and recessional. When he returned to the south he resolved to introduce the same thing into his church; so he collected fifteen or twenty little darkeys and drilled them until he had them well trained.

One Sunday the congregation were greatly surprised to see the choir-boys marching in, singing the processional. The minister noticed that something was wrong; the boy in front was not carrying anything. He leaned over the pulpit, and in order to avoid attracting attention, he chanted in tune to the song they were singing:

"What—have you done—with the in-sense-pot?"

"The little darkey, with great presence of mind, chanted back:

"—left it in—the sise—it was too-lamn hot."

"John Alexander Dowie," said a Zion City man, "had a grand knack of putting things quaintly and forcibly.

"At one of his last meetings here he attacked the modern mother of society, the mother who neglects her children.

"Why," he said, "I overheard the most remarkable conversation between two nursemaids on a car yesterday.

"Are you going to the picnic?" said the first nursemaid.

"No," said the second; "I'm afraid I shan't be there."

"Why not?" cried the first. "And you so fond, too, of picnics and dancing, and young men, and all that there!"

"Oh," said the other nursemaid, "I'd love dearly to go, dearly; but to tell the truth, I'm afraid to leave the baby with its mother."

Atchison Globe Sights.

Musicians never abuse a really bad musician.

Some women chew gum like they were employed on piece work.

Whenever you go find people sleeping on their opportunities.

If you are a socialist, you can always get a banquet by getting out of jail.

It is always easy to find a toothpick when you are looking for a match.

The little side dishes at a restaurant afford considerable amusement to farmers.

The average housekeeper has an idea a restaurant kitchen isn't a very tidy place.

The game of whist a woman plays is not a reliable index to her useful accomplishments.

It is bad luck for a hack to drive up in front of your house. The hack is liable to contain kin.

People speak of boys "running errands," but if they really do run, we have never heard of it.

If a man's first name is "Jake," chances are quite favorable for his wife calling him "Mister."

A woman doesn't think anything is quite fit to eat unless she can serve it with whipped cream.

Ever notice how a man likes to find fault with his job in the presence of men who haven't as good a one?

Although a woman knows she is not an angel, she never fully forgives her husband for not being a hero.

A widower with seven children stands a better show of getting married again than a widow with one.

The way some men eat soup deserves the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Noises.

The only time a boy has any use for a peace conference is when he realizes it is up to him to cry "Enough!"

It is a funny notion that old maids of 25 need chaperons, while married women of 25 do not need them.

Which is the mother of the chickens; the hen that laid the egg, the hen that hatched it, or the incubator that hatched it?

When a man observes conventional hours in calling on a girl, it indicates, among other things, that the affair isn't very serious.

Some men live a long time, and are still looking for an "opening" when they find that one in the ground that is coming to all.

Talk with any man who doesn't gamble, and in due time he will tell you that he believes he has a natural aptitude for it.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, when he bought anything at a store, asked the clerk: "What is the damage?"

The people of every locality possessed of a creek or a duck pond, believe they would have excellent fishing if the game law could be enforced.

There is a good deal of cheap wit about hugging girls in the waltz, but as a matter of fact, when a man hugs a woman, he does not do it in a crowd.

Fit the Grocer.

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package, and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and to-day I am all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee. "Coffee is a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END OF THE STORY.

Paris in June! Do you know it, with its bright days and its soft nights, murmurous with voices? Paris with its crowded pavements—and such a crowd, where every man and woman awakens interest, excites speculation! Paris, with its blue sky and its trees, and its color and its fascination there is no describing.

Joy is a great restorer, and a week of happiness in this enchanted city had wrought wonders in our junior and his brother.

It was good to look at them—both in a riot of visits to the coast when they smiled unseeing before some splendid canvas at the Louvre. The past was put aside, forgotten; they lived only for the future.

And a near future, too. There was no reason why it should be deferred; we had all agreed that they were better married at once; so that decided, the women sent us about our own affairs, and spent the intervening fortnight in a riot of visits to the coast.

Turner, for, in Paris, even for a quiet wedding, a bride must have her trousseau. But the great day came at last; the red tape of French administration was successfully unknotted; and at noon they were wedded, with only three for witnesses, at the pretty chapel of St. Luke's, near the Boulevard Montparnasse.

There was a little breakfast afterward at Mrs. Kemball's apartment, and then our hostess bade them adieu, and her daughter and I drove with them

across Paris to take train for a fortnight on the Riviera. We waved them off and turned back together.

"It is a desecration to use a carriage on such a day," said my companion; so we dismissed ours and sauntered about down the Boulevard Diderot toward the river.

"So that is the end of the story," she said musingly.

"Of their story, yes," I interjected. "But this one was sent to see Monsieur. I do not quite understand," she continued, not heeding me.

"Yes?"

"For instance—why did they trouble to keep her prisoner?"

"Family affection."

"Nonsense! There could be none. Besides, the man dominated them; and I believe him to have been capable of any crime."

"Perhaps he meant the hundred thousand to be only the first payment. With her at hand, he might hope to get more indefinitely. Without her—"

"Well, without her?"

"Oh, the plot grows and grows, the more one thinks of it! I believe it grew under his hands in just the same way. I don't doubt that it would have come, at last, to Miss Holiday's death by some subtle means; or 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 Pajolle again, and they would have settled down to the enjoyment of her fortune. And he would have been a great man—oh, a very great man. He would have climbed and climbed."

"My companion nodded.

"I bowed my thanks; I was learning French as rapidly as circumstances permitted."

"But Frances did not see them again?"

"No, no; she preferred not."

"Was left in the box. I sent back the key. She wished it so. After all, it was her mother—"

"The spirit of Paris—or perhaps the June sunshine—was in my veins, running riot, clamorous, not to be repressed."

"Certainly not. There might be another, 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 passed.

"It was then," went on her mother, "that that man vander had another inspiration. Before it had been only what you call—blackmail—a few thousands, perhaps a pension; now it was something more—he was playing for a greater stake. I do not know all that he planned. He found Cecile suspected of having killed her father; he must get her release at any cost; so he wrote a note—"

"Yes," I cried, "yes, of course; I see, Miss Holiday under arrest was beyond all remedy."

"Yes," she nodded. "So he wrote a note—oh, you should have seen him in those days! He was like some furious wild beast. But after she was set free, Cecile did not come to us all that she planned. We saw that she suspected us that she wish to have nothing more to do with us; so Victor commanded that I write another letter imploring her, offering to explain."

She stopped a moment to control herself. "Ah, when I think of it! She came, monsieur. We took her gown and put it on Cecile. She never left the place again until the carriage stopped to take her to the boat. As for us—we were his slaves—he guided each step—he seemed to think of everything—to be ready for everything—he planned and planned."

"There was no need that she should tell me more; the whole plot lay bare before me—simple enough now that I understood it, and carried out with what consummate finish!"

"One thing more," I said. "The gold."

She drew a key from her pocket and gave it to me.

"It is in a box upstairs," she said. "This is the key. We have not touched it."

I took the key and followed her to the box, of heavy oak bound with iron, with steamship 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 us—we were his slaves—he guided each step—he seemed to think of everything—to be ready for everything—he planned and planned."

"And it was of the dead I thought last and more sorrowfully; a man of character, of force, of fascination. How I could have liked him!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF THE STORY.

From Exchange.

A lady was giving instructions to her new maid: "Before removing the soap plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam," replied the maid.

"At dinner that evening Mary, respectfully bowing to the guest, inquired: "More soup, sir?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left," was the reply.

Satisfaction.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The man with the cowhair and the cowboy hat stuck his head inside the door of the little cigar store.

"Do you own this weikin' machine out in front of your shebang?" he inquired.