

The Roupell Mystery By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The doctor was following this theory with breathless interest. "Go on," he said.

"He was about to retire as he came when the thought occurred to him to divert suspicion from himself by placing the pistol he had picked up on his way through the rooms, near his victim. But there must be a report and a pistol wound. He raised the window, and noted the distance to the tree. He went over and fired the pistol at Madame Roupell, who was still insensible. Then he threw the pistol down and jumped from the window. We must search for the man in two places; in the haunts of the poor and in the palaces of the wealthy. We have little to guide us but the scraps of parchment and the gold locket I also found."

"Let me look at the locket," said the doctor. "Can you get it open? It may contain a lock of hair or something."

"I have already done that. It contains a picture," responded Cassagne. "I will show you."

The detective took a penknife and tried the little gold lid. A small photograph was disclosed to view. It was the portrait of a man of about twenty years of age.

"What does this mean?" cried the doctor. "Henry Graham cannot have committed this murder. This is a portrait of Henry Graham himself."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the detective. "It is a fact," replied Dr. Mason. He ran into the drawing room, and picking up an album, turned the pages over rapidly. Finally he stopped at a certain photograph.

"That was Henry Graham when he was a decent member of society," he said. The detective put the locket down close to the photograph, and compared the two pictures carefully.

"There is no doubt whatever about it," he remarked. "You are right; they are portraits of one and the same man."

"Then it couldn't be Henry Graham?" inquired the physician. "A man doesn't carry a locket containing a picture of himself."

"It may not be Henry Graham at all," replied the detective. "I hope it isn't for the sake of the family; but he's the man we've got to look for first, and the sooner we find him the better your friend's prospects are of regaining his liberty."

CHAPTER X.

There are all kinds of men in Paris, all kinds of failures in life and all kinds of successes—the poor genius who dispatches himself in an attic, and the financial magnate. The vicomte de Valair was one of those gentlemen who might be placed in the latter category. At a bound he had risen from comparative obscurity to sudden wealth and such social position as his title, having its source in the king of the Belgians, could insure him in a society which cared rather more for good dinners than old blood.

The vicomte de Valair's great hit had been the successful floating of the City and Suburban Messenger Company. London had refused to accept this scheme, preferring to send its servants out into the rain and ruin its liveries, to having a little instrument in the house by which to summon at a trifling charge a messenger, a doctor or a cab. De Valair, with an eye keen as a hawk, had watched the career of the enterprise in the English metropolis. He saw that it was ununsolicited and the phlegmatic and exclusive temperament of the Briton. In the American colony at Paris alone was to be found a successful field for its operations.

The projectors of the London company, Americans, were glad enough to sell the French patents. They even laughed in their sleeves at the vicomte, as they pocketed his cash, regarding him already as a ruined man. At the same time they could not help admiring his audacity. The vicomte de Valair was audacious, and he displayed consummate tact in putting his scheme before the public. He opened a large and showy office. He subsidized the most venal of the Paris newspapers; he pulled a thousand strings. Then, when all was ready, he opened his subscription books. Hundreds came to his office, rang up a messenger, and having subscribed, called up a cab on the queer little buzzing instrument, and departed rejoicing in their hearts that there were such enterprising men in existence as the vicomte de Valair.

All that was five years ago. Once floated, the vicomte had promptly withdrawn himself from the messenger enterprise, and invested the increased capital which that speculation had brought him, in the Mutual Credit and Trust Company. A very limited number of shares of this concern had been offered to the public. Such was the prestige of the vicomte's name that they had been subscribed for over and over again in a very few hours.

But it was not alone in the field of business that de Valair had achieved such a remarkable success. The vicomtesse was a brilliant, dark-eyed, handsome woman, whom de Valair claimed to have met abroad during his travels in the West Indies—Martinique, rumor had it. Her entertainments were much sought after, and who shall say that she was not a useful and excellent helpmeet? If a wealthy subscriber wavered, an invitation to the house where they could talk the matter over almost invariably resulted in the closing of the transaction. It was not possible that a man with such an establishment—above all such a wife—could go wrong. If the vicomte's idea of an office was rather a loud one, the undoubted good taste of his wife corrected these things at home.

Those deep blue eyes of the vicomtesse were not the only attraction at the de Valair mansion. There was always high play for those who relished that kind of thing, and a sprinkling of those ladies whom such a woman as the de Valair, as she was familiarly called at the clubs, would be sure to gather around her. They were women of great personal attractions, some of them divorcees, others on the high road to that enviable state, the

usual separation, which leaves the wife in a position to enjoy herself without danger of comment, and supplies her, under the French law, moreover, with the means of doing so.

Of the many frequenters of the vicomtesse's establishment in the Avenue Wagram perhaps M. Jules Chabot was welcome a guest as any. His undoubted respectability made him an exceedingly desirable acquaintance. M. Chabot, on the other hand, liked the free-and-easy atmosphere of the de Valair mansion. De Valair was a man who always had some young, rich fool dangling after him, desirous of seeing life. A certain portion of the money only of these innocents could be diverted to the innumerable and mysterious uses of the Mutual Credit and Trust Company. They were then afforded an opportunity of losing the residue at the card tables in the Avenue Wagram.

Many, doubtless, who frequented the vicomte's establishment were totally unaware of the risks they ran. These were rarely suffered to go behind the curtain. M. Chabot was one of those who had for some time not been admitted to the privileged circle without great care. To do him justice, it is highly probable that if the veil had been removed all at once, he would have ceased his visits altogether. He lived in bachelor apartments. Profoundly impressed with a sense of his personal dignity, he endeavored on a very small income to keep up appearances. Lately, however, he had joined de Valair in more than one investment by which he had profited.

The wily de Valair, who had allowed his friend to pocket something handsome as his share of these enterprises, of course, had his object in view. What other, indeed, could it be than to discover all about Chabot's rich friend, Mme. Roupell, concerning whom M. Chabot was not at all loth to impart information, for he would in his turn be able to discover what probable dot the old lady would be able to give whichever of the girls he should choose to marry.

Such inquiries, the vicomte, whose position in the world of finance enabled him to make better than Chabot, willingly set on foot to oblige his friend. He assured M. Chabot that report had not exaggerated Mme. Roupell's wealth. That a portion of a million and a half of francs had been set apart for the Weldon sisters. In the opinion of M. Chabot, it only remained for him to declare himself to one or the other of the young ladies, and he had been, as the reader will have seen, on the very eve of making such a declaration to Emily Weldon when the tragedy occurred.

The question which now arose in the mind of M. Victor Lablanche, the astute prefect of police, was this: Had M. Chabot sought to precipitate matters by the removal of the proprietress of the Chateau Villeneuve? He had discovered already that inquiries regarding her fortune and her intentions respecting it had been set on foot by Jules Chabot. A little further research revealed the fact that the Frenchman's finances were in a desperate condition. In his later enterprises with the vicomte de Valair, fortune had not been so kind. He had lost heavily.

CHAPTER XI.

Five years before the tragedy at the Chateau Villeneuve, Charles D'Auburon had found himself the untrammelled possessor of a considerable patrimony, and had started in to enjoy life. He was then twenty-one years of age. Two years later he had exhausted every means of pleasure. He was at that age when a really good woman would have proved his salvation. She did not, however, make her appearance. He was destined to find relief in a more novel and totally unexpected direction.

The Rue Brodier is not a particularly attractive street either before or after midnight. The police will assure you that it is positively dangerous. Many a sunrise has revealed the body of some victim lying in its dark courts and noisome alleys. It is altogether a strange place for a young man of means, who by rights should at such an hour be snugly in bed and asleep, to be wandering in at three o'clock in the morning. It is the abode of robbers. Every house in it is a den of thieves. The Seine, running by at its foot with dark and turbid flood, is altogether too handy.

It was to this unattractive street that at an unseemly hour Charles D'Auburon strayed with unconscious feet. He had arisen from a sleepless bed, and had strolled far and near, intending to tire himself out. Then his reward would come; repose, sound and refreshing, and, glorious thought, perhaps an appetite, to which latter luxury he had been for some days a stranger.

He walked on, totally unconscious of danger, a thick stick his only weapon, in all the confidence of a man who has never felt the crack of a brass knuckle in the hand of a garrotter or made the acquaintance of a sandbag.

Dark figures were creeping from the alleys behind him. Mysterious whistles resounded and re-echoed from the courts. Something told him of his danger. He stopped and looked up at a name on the corner house, just legible in the dingy lamp light. To what part of Paris had he wandered? He was in the Rue Brodier. Involuntarily he turned to retrace his steps, only to find himself confronted by a half score of sturdy ruffians. He grasped his stick the tighter and backed closer to the wall. His face was very pale; but he did not show any sign of fear.

"You will go on," he answered, defiantly, "or I will call the police."

"The police! But few of those cattle make their beats in the Rue Brodier, even in the daytime," retorted the leader of the ruffians. "Come, your money, young master."

D'Auburon put his hand in his pocket and flung into the air what silver and gold he had about him. It fell upon the pavement under the street lamp. They rushed at it like beasts. Then D'Auburon lost his nerve. He thought he saw his opportunity. He sprang into the middle of the street and ran like a deer. The mob rushed after him. He would have distanced them all, perhaps, he was

so very fleet, when the leader put up his hand to his mouth and uttered a peculiar cry. Immediately from the alley ahead of him sprang two men. He was upon them before he knew it. He raised his heavy stick and struck one down. The other jumped at his throat and bore him to the ground.

Even while he was thus fighting and struggling for his life he became conscious that something was being done in his favor. He saw a medium-sized, thick-set man standing over them and heard him speaking in tones of authority. Immediately the fellow with whom he was fighting relaxed his hand on his throat. On his dirty face alarm was plainly visible. With a muttered apology to the thick-set man he rushed to meet the mob of his fellows, exclaiming:

"Back, you fools. It is Monsieur Cassagne."

Quietly they all sneaked away from the man whom of all others they dreaded. He had been known to go in among them, and at the point of the pistol pick out some desperate criminal and deliver him over to justice. That's how Alfred Cassagne and Charles D'Auburon became acquainted.

Profoundly grateful to M. Cassagne, D'Auburon not only did not lose sight of him, but visited him often. The friendship of the detective was the other's salvation. Merely curious at first, D'Auburon ultimately became completely fascinated in the character and career of his friend.

Thinking that he, D'Auburon, had seen and exhausted everything, he was astonished to find these new fields of adventure and occupation which this man had tilted to such perfection that they yielded an abundant harvest. Imagining he knew it all, he stood humbled in the presence of that genius, whose unequalled penetration of the thoughts and methods, and whose extraordinary knowledge of the ways of men and women, astonished while it enthralled him.

With an ardor which he could not have believed he possessed, he willingly placed himself and his fortune at the disposal of the great master in that most difficult of professions. D'Auburon, as Cassagne before him, succumbed to the fascinations of a pursuit which the ignorant despise, simply because they do not comprehend it. D'Auburon became first the pupil, and finally the assistant of the great detective. And D'Auburon and "Clignot" were one and the same man.

It was nearly ten o'clock one morning when D'Auburon jumped out of bed. He had worked late the evening previous on a pet literary project—Lives of Great Detectives. On the table of his sitting room the manuscript upon which he had been engaged still lay. Scattered near it were half a dozen volumes, all relating to the same subject. D'Auburon stepped lightly from his bedroom into a small kitchen at the back of the flat. He struck a match, lit his gas stove and put on his chocolate. Going to his bathroom he turned on the cold water. Then he went out and stood for a moment in his dressing gown and slippers looking out through the lace curtains into the street. He was perceptibly bored. Active service was what he was longing for. Failing that, for things had been dull of late, he had fallen back upon his book.

He was aroused from his reverie by the sound of the water boiling over in the kitchen. Passing quickly through the other two apartments he busied himself in the preparation of his chocolate. This done, he took two rolls from a small cupboard, put them on a plate and carried them into his sitting room, where he deposited them on the table. Then while his chocolate was cooling, he went to the bathroom, where he threw aside his dressing gown and undergarment, kicked off his slippers and disported himself for a minute or two in the water. He was plunging around, enjoying the icy contact as only a thoroughly robust man does, when a loud knocking at the door of the sitting room was heard. He opened the bathroom door without stepping from the tub, and shouted lustily:

"Wait a minute; I am bathing."

"I can't wait. Hurry up," replied a voice on the outside of the door. "There's a letter for you, monsieur."

(To be continued.)

Visitors on the Job.

The truly gifted engineer always makes one part of his work fit into another, and no energy is ever wasted.

A wealthy engineer who had set up a very fine place in the country, where he had carried out many pet constructive projects, was visited there by an old friend. The visitor had so much difficulty in pushing open the front gate that he spoke about it to the proprietor.

"You ought to look to that gate," he said. "A man who has everything exactly right should not have a gate that is hard to open."

"Ha!" exclaimed the engineer, "you don't understand my economy, I'm quite certain. That gate communicates with the waterworks of the house, and every person who comes through it pumps up four gallons of water!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Too Much to Bother With.

Sabbath School Teacher—Where have you been lately, Sadie? I haven't seen you at Sunday school for some time.

Sadie Smith—Oh, please, miss, I'm learning French and music now, so mother don't wish me to take religion just yet.—*London Sketch.*

A Better Brand.

Tom—Shortleigh has given up the idea of joining that north pole expedition. He says he doesn't care to court death in the arctic regions.

Jack—Well, I don't blame him—seeing that he is now courting a rich widow.

Wise.

He—When she married without her father's consent he cast her off without a penny.

She—How did they contrive to live?

He—They published a volume of their love letters.

No Wonder.

She—What did papa say when you asked him for me?

He—He fell on my neck and wept.



Suggestions for Dairymen.

A good time to do your dehorning is to dehorn the calves with a good dehorner when they are a few days old. Mark them with an aluminum earmark so you can keep a record of them.

Keep a record of the breeding of each cow, so you will know when she is due to calve, and then allow her to go dry six weeks before calving.

The dairy bull should be fed like a working horse and should receive plenty of exercise. Work him in a tread power.

The milking is one of the most important parts of the dairy business. The cows should be milked quickly, cleanly and quietly. Do not excite your cows or they will not let their milk down. Don't abuse a cow because she kicks. If she kicks there is some cause for it. Look for the cause and remedy it. It may be a sore teat, it may be an inflamed udder or it may be that she has been misused and regards her milk as an enemy that she must fight. If such is the case, treat her kindly and she will soon learn that you are not going to harm her.

Clip the long hair off the udder and flanks and tail, and wipe off the udder with a damp cloth before milking, and you will be surprised to see how much cleaner the milk will be.

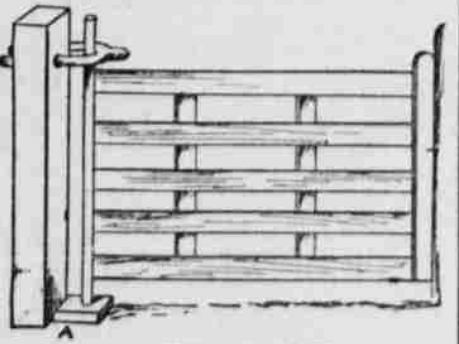
Weigh each cow's milk with an accurate scale and test the milk with a Babcock tester and you will be able to see how many of your cows are paying for themselves.—*Dr. David Roberts, Wisconsin State Veterinarian.*

Wheat in the Cotton Belt.

The first week in November is early enough to sow wheat throughout the middle portion of the cotton belt. This crop often succeeds well sown as late as Dec. 1, provided the conditions shall be favorable for germination for two weeks after sowing (not too cold and wet). Land covered with a thick growth of grass or other vegetation is not considered the best condition for wheat, for the reason that wheat likes a compact, smooth surface soil. Turn your land well, then harrow, then roll with a heavy roller, then sow the seed. A one or one and a half ton roller run over a freshly plowed surface once or twice will compact the three or four inches of surface soil. The wheat seed should then be put in with a regular wheel drill, says a Southern authority. I would not apply less than 400 pounds of fertilizer per acre and would prefer 500 to 600 pounds unless the land be already rich. I recommend this formula: Two hundred pounds acid phosphate, 400 pounds of cottonseed meal and 50 pounds of muriate of potash per acre, supplemented with a top dressing of 50 to 75 pounds of nitrate of soda in March if the appearance of the plants seem to indicate the need of more nitrogen.—*Exchange.*

Durable Gate Hinge.

In the accompanying sketch A represents a block of hard wood in which a socket hole is made, says a writer to the *Prairie Farmer*. In this socket



GOOD HINGE FOR GATE.

rests the gate piece, which is of a suitable size to turn easily. Through the upper part of the post a two-inch hole is bored into which is driven one prong of a hedge fork. A small hole is bored through the end of the prong and a pin inserted to hold it in place.

Wintering Sheep.

It is not cold weather that hurts sheep so much as it is getting wet. Sheep to fatten well should be fed regularly twice a day, morning and evening. Sheep naturally drink a little and often, and should have water convenient to them all the time. Don't feed well and give good shelter, then allow your sheep to drink ice water to cool off.

Lamb Values Advancing.

During the past ten years there has been a building up period in the lamb trade. Lambs are now in demand in every consuming center and the trade appears to have no limit. The fact of the matter is that lambs are becoming scarcer each year. Any first-class lambs will be sure of strong prices for many years to come.

Only Healthy Animals Pay.

Pure water only should be allotted to the hogs. Do not think that the hog will eat anything and it will be best for him. Clean food and drink are better and more profitable for any animal. Healthy animals only are profitable in this age.—*E. J. Waterstripe, in Swine.*

Grain Will Increase Cream.

It is claimed that cows that are fed a little grain in connection with their pasture yield a larger proportion of cream in the milk and always make hard butter.



1803—The Domesday Book, a general survey of England, completed.

1003—Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, slain in battle at Alnwick.

1315—Swiss defeated the Austrians at battle of Morgarten.

1340—Moors defeated at battle of Tarifa, in southern Spain.

1381—Adolphus, Count of Cleves, leased the Order of Fools.

1618—Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded at Westminster for high treason.

1686—Treaty of neutrality between England and France for America.

1715—The Barrier treaty concluded at Antwerp... The Netherlands, Naples, Milan, etc., added to the Austrian dominions.

1727—New England shaken by an earth quake.

1761—The ship L'Auguste wrecked at Cape Breton, 114 lives being lost.

1763—Mason and Dixon arrived in England to survey the Pennsylvania and Maryland boundary.

1770—Bruce, the African explorer, discovered what he considered to be the source of the Nile.

1775—Benedict Arnold, with American troops, arrived at Quebec to lay siege to the city.

1776—British under Howe attacked Fort Mifflin.

1777—Washington retired to Valley Forge, below Philadelphia.

1806—Lieut. Pike first sighted the Colorado mountain which bears his name.

1810—First steamboat on western waters left Pittsburgh for New Orleans.

1814—The "Robert Fulton," the first steam war vessel, launched.

1833—Remarkable display of meteoric stars seen over a large part of North America.

1839—Kheilat, capital of Belochistan, captured by the British.

1840—Cracow annexed by Austria.

1848—Count Rossi, minister of the Interior, assassinated at Rome.

1849—The ship Caleb Grimsaww wrecked at sea with great loss of life.

1856—The Grand Trunk railway of Canada opened.

1890—Major Robert Anderson of Kentucky ordered to take command of the Federal forces in Charleston harbor.

1864—Gen. Sherman began his march to the sea... Gen. Sherman cut the wire connection between Atlanta and Washington... Gen. Sherman burned a part of Atlanta.

1881—Trial of Charles Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, began.

1885—Serbia declared war against Bulgaria.

1888—Friends of the condemned Knob outlaws in Missouri issued five of the leading whistles.

1889—Revolution at Rio Janeiro and republic proclaimed.

1893—Demonstration by Chicago anarchists.

1894—Secretary Carlisle called for bids for a second issue of \$50,000,000 of bonds.

1898—Earl of Minto sworn in as premier general of Canada.

1900—United States cruiser Yonkers wrecked at Guam by typhoon.

1901—Execution of Caligula for the murder of President McKinley.

1902—Attempt made on the life of King Leopold of Belgium.

An Amphibious Automobile.

The old idea of a wheeled vehicle that should run both on the land and in the water has been realized in a recent invention by a Frenchman named Harville, according to an article translated for the *Literary Digest*. The body has the general form of a boat's hull of steel, with wheels on axles passing through watertight tubes. It is driven by a twenty-horsepower motor, with a speed-changing axle so prolonged as to run a screw propeller when the machine enters the water, while a rudder is controlled by the steering gear. The boat will leave the water with its own power if the slope is no more than 15 per cent, but if greater than this, tackle attached to a tree or rock and operated by a winch in the bow is relied upon to draw the carriage from the water.

All Around the Globe.

Of persons stricken with insanity about one-third recover.

The fan exports of China amount to \$11,000,000 a year.

The Emperor of Japan has thirty physicians and sixty priests.

Helen Varick Roswell has been selected to start a string of women's clubs on the Isthmus of Panama.

Cape Colony is developing into a wine country. It has 20,000 acres of vineyards and 60,000,000 vines.

In Belgium girls are expected to spend five weeks out of each school year in learning housework. The girl is required to know not only how to cook a dinner, but to clean up and care for a kitchen, do marketing, wash and iron.

The ancient city of Lyons, the third city in France, with a population of 600,000, vies with Milan in importance in the world's silk industry. No fewer than 40,000 people—men, women and children—are employed in the factories.