

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XV.

For a period of two weeks immediately following the death of Mme. Roupell, both Harriet and Emily Weldon remained in a state of seclusion within the chateau. By the provisions of Mme. Roupell's will, in the absence of other claimants, her fortune was equally divided between her nieces.

It was a lovely June morning. The girls had received no one since the death of their aunt. Harriet, however, did not lose sight of the fact that she owed a duty to the living. It seemed selfish and wicked to pass the precious hours in mourning for one whom she could not recall, while a fate so dreadful hung over her lover's head. Emily, who readily surmised the state of her sister's feelings, was not backward in administering what comfort she could. She had written repeatedly to Dr. Paul Mason, urging him to spare neither labor nor money in his endeavors to extricate Van Lith from his terrible position.

One morning, looking out of the window, Harriet presently espied the sturdy figure of the doctor coming at a swinging gait across the park under the great trees. He had arrived in Villeneuve by the morning train, and made a short cut across the fields, instead of coming by the road through the village.

For the first time since the death of her aunt, Emily Weldon was in tolerable spirits. The cloud which had lowered so heavily over the future seemed lifting at last. According to the report of Dr. Mason, there was at last a possibility of the terrible mystery which enshrouded all their lives being cleared away—some hope that her sister's lover, whom she believed to be innocent, would be freed from the awful charge which hung over him.

As they walked along following the path which led them through the forest of Villeneuve, much of Harriet's usual gaiety and sprightliness of manner also returned. Her cheeks regained their color with the unwonted exercise; her pulse beat quickly again; the soft June breeze fanned her brow, and her dark eyes regained their luster.

Emily was similarly affected. Her spirits rose with every step they took. She even laughed when a little rabbit, startled by their approach, sat upright to look at them for a moment, and then dashed off into the underbrush. "I had to laugh," she said, apologetically, "for if ever a rabbit showed surprise, that did; why, his expression was almost human."

"It is possible he may be, according to Hans Werlow," remarked the doctor. "And who is Hans Werlow?"

"He is a German friend of mine who has just revived a peculiar theory in regard to the soul. His idea is that the spirits of men and women who have misbehaved themselves on earth, will at death enter the bodies of animals, there to undergo a certain penance for the sins they have committed on earth. It is quite the talk of Paris, where it has become the fashion to point out an old cab horse and say 'That is Marat or Robespierre, working out his destiny.'"

Here Harriet was compelled to laugh outright.

"How I should like to meet your friend Hans Werlow! You must contrive to invite him to visit us some day."

"Perhaps I shall when all is bright again," replied Mason, "and it shall be, if I can make it so, or rather, if Monsieur Cassagne can, for the matter is in his hands now. All I can do is to wait and hope."

"You seem to have great confidence in your friend," remarked Emily.

"Yes, I have. In times of great trouble we are apt to lean on someone. One is glad to have somebody in such a crisis who can be trusted. It is the special mission of the strong to support the weak."

"As we lean on you," said Emily, quietly, "for comfort in our hour of need."

Her arm was within his own, and her fair, white hand was temptingly near. He placed his own upon it, with a gentle, reassuring pressure. The action was eloquent of assurance that she could trust to his friendship to the last. A brother might have done the same, yet a strange thrill went through her. He saw her momentary embarrassment, and heightened color.

"For Harriet's sake and for yours," he said gently.

Then to his surprise and delight, her fingers returned the pressure of his own. They seemed to say, "I understand you."

The sun was high in the heavens. It was very warm. They were yet some distance from Vertiers. They sat down on the mossy bank under the shade of one of the grand old trees. Taking no credit to himself, he told them what he had learned of M. Cassagne's doings; how thoroughly impressed he was with the innocence of Van Lith; how indefatigably he had worked, and what skill he had displayed in unraveling as far as he had gone the cause and motive for the crime.

"I don't see much to eat around here," remarked the doctor, finally.

"No, not here, of course," said Harriet. "But there's a cottage up there by the edge of the wood, where I dare say we can get some excellent milk and perhaps some white bread. Let us go there at once. I'm perfectly ravenous."

Without giving the others time to answer, Harriet Weldon at once began to lead the way. Gathering her dainty skirts about her, she leapt lightly across a ditch which intervened between the peasant's holding and the edge of the wood, and turning around, cried gaily:

"Now, monsieur le docteur, you can exert your strength and your gallantry on Emily. You'll have to carry her across. She's the worst hand at jumping a ditch in the whole of France."

"I think you'd better trust me, Miss Emily," said Mason, laughing.

"As you will, then," she said, simply; and the next moment his arms were around her.

There are opportunities in our lives which come to us but once. Fortune raps upon our door, and falling to gain admission, flees, never to return. Dr. Paul Mason held in his arms the woman he

loved best on earth. Her head reclined on his shoulder. Her heart beat against his own. Her eyes looked languorously into his. It was an unpardonable liberty for a staid scientific gentleman to take. Harriet's back was turned toward them.

"I love you," he murmured.

Then he stooped and kissed her on the lips. She flushed scarlet.

"Dr. Mason—Paul!" she exclaimed. He sprang across with her into the field. Harriet was out of sight. She had disappeared among the trees.

"Forgive me," he cried, and he took her hand before she could withhold it. "You tempted me beyond my strength. Say that you love me just a little bit."

"Why, nonsense! As if young ladies made confessions of that sort!" She was blushing furiously. It became imperatively necessary to pause a little to allow her to recover herself. They were entirely alone. For a brief minute they remained thus, looking into each other's faces.

Then they sauntered on, hand in hand across the plowed field, to where Harriet, with her mouth full of bread and cheese was impatiently awaiting them.

"What's the matter with you two?" she asked. "I thought you'd lost your way."

The train which bore Dr. Paul Mason back to Paris that night must have been conscious of the reluctance of one of its passengers, at least, to leave the neighborhood of Villeneuve, for never had a short trip seemed so long and tedious to a certain pleasant-faced, thoughtful, middle-aged gentleman, who sat and thumped impatiently upon the window looking out upon the night.

"She has promised me," was the burden of his thoughts. "She has promised me that on the day on which Van Lith goes free, she will be my wife."

CHAPTER XVI.

More than a week had elapsed since the departure of M. Cassagne, during which time his assistant in Paris, Charles D'Auburon, had received no word of him. One morning, however, he got a laconic message over the wire: "Rue de Provence, 2 p. m. Tuesday," by which he rightly surmised that his chief would meet him at his lodgings at the hour named. Almost on the stroke of the clock, D'Auburon heard the detective climbing the stairs leading to his apartments.

"He is pretty tired," cogitated the young Frenchman. "He comes slowly."

He was right. Alfred Cassagne had no sooner entered the room than he flung himself heavily into a chair. His face wore an expression of anxiety. His dress was disordered. He seemed dreadfully fatigued and dispirited. D'Auburon hastened to relieve him of his hat and light overcoat, and to take the hot wig from his head.

"You look worn out, old fellow," he exclaimed. "Pull off your boots and coat, and make yourself comfortable."

Thus invited, Alfred Cassagne divested himself of these articles of apparel, remarking as he pulled off his boots:

"I haven't had these off for the last forty-eight hours—and they were too tight for me anyhow."

"Anything gone wrong?"

"To be brief, all our work of the past two weeks has to be done over again."

"What?" exclaimed D'Auburon. "Do you mean to say we are on the wrong track?"

"I will tell you right now," replied M. Cassagne. "It is a peculiar story. I soon settled the question as to where Graham was."

"You have found him, then? and it is not he who committed the crime? Ah, that is bad. Our theory at once falls to the ground."

"Not so fast. Don't anticipate me. However, I may tell you that when Graham had no more to do with the murder of Madame Roupell than you or I had."

"It is very extraordinary."

"Not extraordinary at all. But let me begin at the beginning. I left Paris having in my possession certain facts upon which I knew I could thoroughly rely. One of them was that Graham had gone to Belliers, taking his little son with him; another that he had been in correspondence with a woman there whose first name was Helene, and whom I firmly believed to be the mother of the child."

"Yes, I recollect all that; go on, pray; what next?"

"Arrived at Belliers, I instituted every possible inquiry as to whether such persons as Graham and his son were known or had ever been known there. This search occupied the greater portion of my time. I was about to despair when I stumbled across an old priest who told me that he had known the man I was in search of."

"Are you a friend of his?" asked the priest. "I am," I replied. "Then you will be shocked when you hear what happened to him. Come with me, and I will tell you his story. I followed the priest, expecting to hear that he was the inmate of some charitable institution, or having lost his reason was confined in some private asylum. He led the way to his church, and there in the little burying ground he pointed me out a grave. At its head was a stone on which I read:

"HENRY GRAHAM, Aged 62 years."

"What!" exclaimed D'Auburon, astonished beyond measure. "Was it our Henry Graham? It can't be possible!"

"There is not the slightest doubt about it. When I saw that tombstone, you can imagine how I felt after all the time and trouble I had given this case. It was as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. The priest saw, no doubt, that I was strangely affected. He attributed my agitation to grief.

"Tell me something about my poor old friend," I said. "I have heard that he was in very bad circumstances. Did he die poor?"

"Very," replied the priest. "But he was cared for by mother church. That stone was set by his son. Ah! he gave his son a name."

"But that was the name of the man who was killed?"

He did not

with him. He lived up on the hill, himself, for years, in very good style—he had money from somewhere, though I don't know where he got it. But the child, he didn't seem to be bothered about him."

"Didn't the child live with him? I inquired—not that I cared to know, but I wanted to keep the old man talking. I thought he might possibly drop something worth having."

"No," he went on—he was a garrulous old fellow. "No, he didn't seem to care to have the child with him. Until he was quite a big boy he remained in the care of a young couple in the village. The woman, I think, grew to be quite fond of him. But he was an unruly little rascal."

"All this is very serious. The result is that we are no further than when we started. What do you propose to do now? You're not going to give it up, are you?"

"Give it up! I wonder at your asking such a question. Certainly I shall not give it up."

"Now tell me," said the younger man, "what you propose doing? I am impatient to know."

M. Cassagne did not immediately reply. He closed his eyes like one who thinks deeply. At last he said: "I have mapped out a plan of action. And we must either carry it out on that line, or abandon it altogether. We have adopted from the start the theory that this crime was not committed for the purpose of robbery, but in the interest of some person who in some way would profit, either directly or indirectly, by the death of Madame Roupell. If we abandon that theory we have no other to work on. After the most careful examination of all the facts and circumstances, I fail to account for the murder upon any other hypothesis. Henry Graham being dead disproves that theory so far as he is concerned; but so far only."

"Admitted; but whom have you to take his place? You must substitute someone, or your theory falls to the ground," remarked D'Auburon.

"Not necessarily," replied the detective. "We may substitute an entirely unknown person and call him X."

"Yes, that's all very well; but how to find him is the question."

"To which I certainly give you an other answer. Listen attentively. I am about to begin my argument, and I want you to follow it and pick it to pieces. Commencing on the hypothesis already laid down, I shall proceed to demonstrate two things: First, the murder of Madame Roupell was committed by someone directly interested in getting her out of the way. Second, it was the work of some person who was acquainted with her affairs, either by actually having known her, or from information gathered from someone who was her intimate. You must not forget the missing will, portions of which are in my possession. You must not forget also the circumstances surrounding this mysterious crime. It was committed in the dead of night. The hour chosen by the murderer was one at which he expected to find the house entirely unprotected by the presence of men, for the butler and coachman, recollect, slept over the stables and the presence of Van Lith and Chabot in the chateau that night was a contingency totally unforeseen by him, and one he could not have been prepared for. You may be sure that if he had foreseen it, he would have postponed his visit until some other occasion, for men of that stamp, though bold and unscrupulous, always take as little risk as possible."

"Granted," acquiesced D'Auburon. "Go on."

"The temporary check that our theory has received from finding that Henry Graham died before the murder was committed, in no way convinces me that he was not in any way implicated. Let us suppose that he knew of the existence of this will, which disinherited him; that he contemplated its destruction at some time and confided his plans to an accomplice; that for a long time no opportunity occurred like the one which did occur, when Van Lith left the chateau and the woman and her nieces were practically at his mercy."

"Well, I will suppose all that, if you like; but still maintain that when Graham died all motive for the commission of the crime was removed. What benefit could a third party not interested at law in the disposition of Madame Roupell's property, possibly gain by having her die intestate?"

(To be continued.)

A Chinese Solomon.

Two Chinamen, brothers, well advanced in years, quarreled over a piece of land which they had jointly inherited from their father and went to law. The native magistrate heard the testimony on both sides and determined that both were wrong and both right, according to the different points of view. Therefore, instead of rendering a judgment in favor of either, he ordered that both be locked up in a cage with their heads fastened face to face and kept there until they settled their quarrel. The cage is a sort of cage in which prisoners are placed with their necks locked into a hole in a board. It resembles somewhat the stocks which were used for the punishment of malefactors in olden times. When the brothers were placed in the cage, they were both very stubborn and indignant, but toward the end of the second day they began to weaken and on the third day reached a satisfactory settlement and were released.

Why He Lingered.

As the clock struck 10 the diffident youth in the parlor scene prepared to get a homeward move on himself.

"Good night," said the dear girl. "And don't forget to give my love to your sister."

"—er—that is," stammered the d. y., "if it's all the same to you, I—er—should prefer to keep it myself."

And as the dear girl was willing to let it go at that he lingered another hour.

In all France there are only 1,100 persons who are millionaires in our sense of the word (in dollars). Of millionaires in France there are about 15,000, apart from the 1,100 already counted.

SAYS ERRORS IN NAVY UNFIT IT FOR BATTLE

Expert Declares the Boasted Fighting Ships Are Merely Death Traps.

ARMOR BELT IS TOO LOW.

Defects in Construction Pointed Out and Promotion System Is Scored.

Henry Reuter Dahl, associate of the United States Naval Institute and American editor of "Fighting Ships," is the author of a startling article on "The Needs of Our Navy" in the January McClure's. Mr. Reuter Dahl's expertness on naval matters is not disputed and neither is his patriotism. He agrees with President Roosevelt that a navy must be built "and all its training given in time of peace" and with this in view he exposes defects in our first-class battle ships and armored cruisers which all but make them useless as an efficient units in a fleet on heavy sea and in real action.

Mr. Reuter Dahl's criticisms appear to be the more amazing on account of the contention that most, if not all of the weak points he emphasizes, will be acknowledged by sea-going officers, "or, if the reader is sufficiently interested, by the testimony of his own eyes."

His principal points are the following:

That the shell-proof armor of the American battle ships is virtually below the water line where it will do no good, leaving the broad side of the vessel exposed to the shells of the enemy. That this defect has been pointed

DISASTROUS MINE ACCIDENTS IN RECENT YEARS.

Year	Location	Lives lost.
1894	Albion colliery, South Wales	280
1902	Fraterville, Tenn.	530
1902	Rolling Mill mine, Pennsylvania	105
1903	Hanna, Wyoming	175
1904	Lackawanna mine, Pennsylvania	10
1904	Tercio, California	21
1905	Virginia City, Ala.	152
1905	Ziegler, Ill.	55
1905	Welsh coal mine	120
1905	Diamondville, Wyoming	18
1905	Kurtisk, Russia	200
1905	M., K. & T. Coal Company	13
1905	Princeton, Ind.	55
1905	Coal mine in Prussia	35
1905	Wilcox, W. Va.	21
1906	Bluefields, W. Va.	25
1906	Johnstown, Pa.	15
1906	Century, W. Va.	25
1906	Durham, England	15
1906	Dutchman mine, Blossburg, N. M.	15
1906	Courriers mine, near Calais, France	1,090
1906	Japan	250
1906	Oakhill, W. Va.	28
1906	West Fork, Va.	75
1906	Quarto, Colo.	22
1906	Saariis, Prussia	22
1906	Saariis, Prussia	20
1906	Primero, Colo.	80
1906	Fayetteville, W. Va.	200
1906	Saarbruck, Prussia	123
1906	Las Esperanza, Mexico	75
1906	Forbach, Germany	30
1906	Monongahela, Pa.	470
1906	Toyoka, Japan	112
1906	Tsing Tao, China	17
1906	Negaunee, Mich.	348
1906	Monongah, W. Va.	348
1906	Yolande, Ala.	81

FARMING IN A DESERT.

There Are Colonizing Possibilities Even in Death Valley.

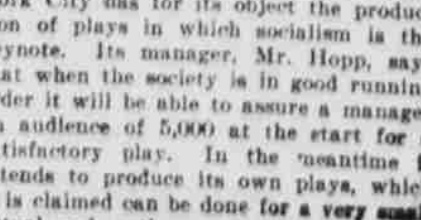
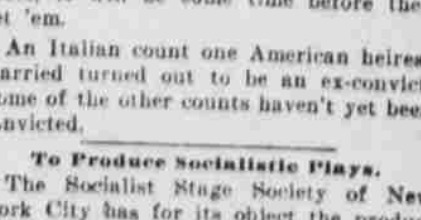
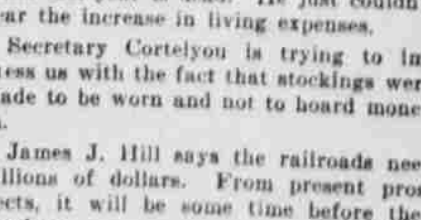
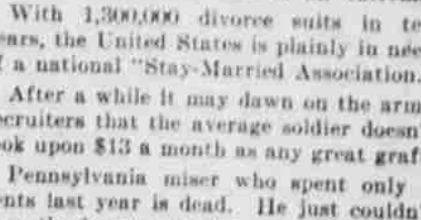
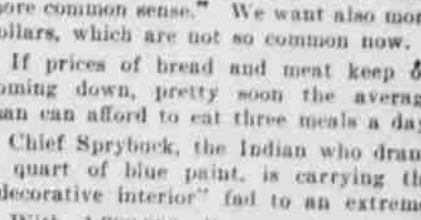
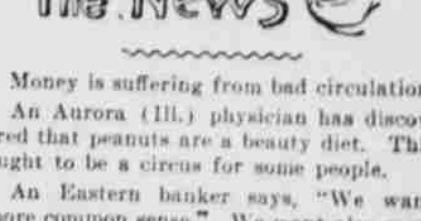
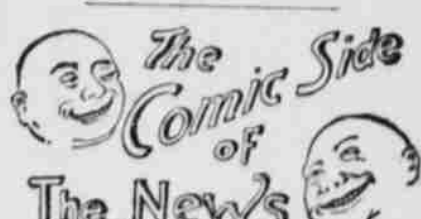
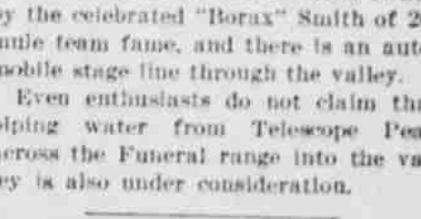
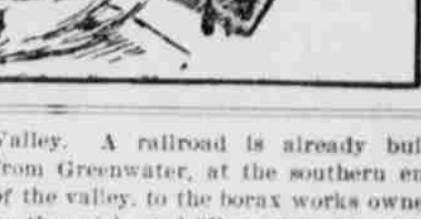
The craze of "homesteaking" which seems to have reached its limit in the choice of Death Valley as a colonizing possibility. With the idea of transforming the most arid and most desolate portion of the great American desert into farm land, a number of tracts have been homesteaded, irrigation systems have been planned, and other preparations are now in progress for beginning the reclamation of Death

A BLOT ON THE LAST CHAPTER.



Valley. A railroad is already built from Greenwater, at the southern end of the valley, to the borax works owned by the celebrated "Borax" Smith of 20-mile team fame, and there is an automobile stage line through the valley.

Even enthusiasts do not claim that piping water from Telescope Peak across the Funeral range into the valley is also under consideration.

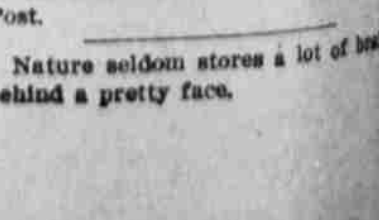
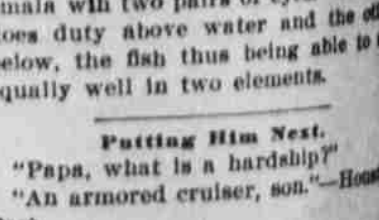
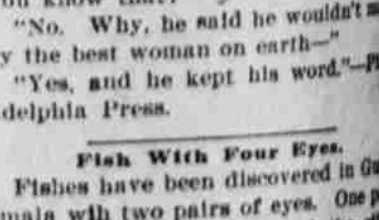
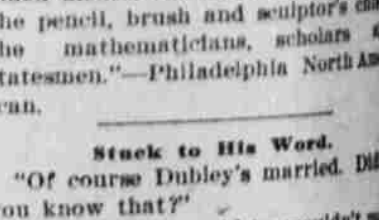
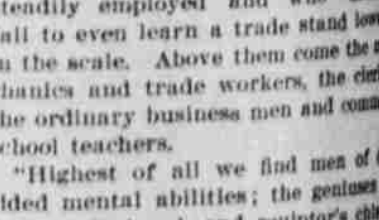
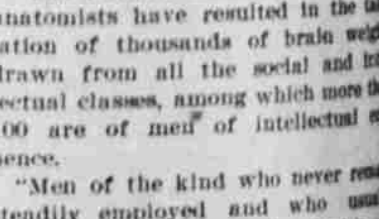
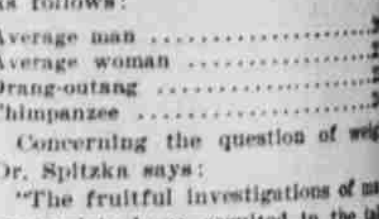
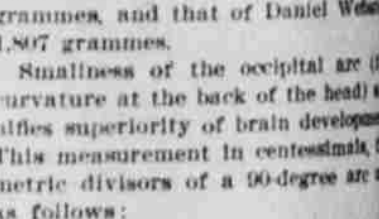
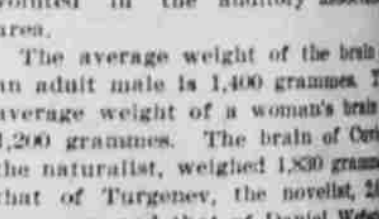
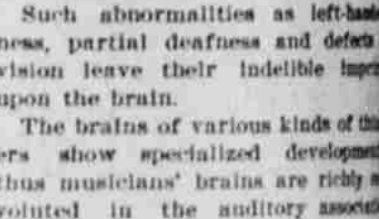
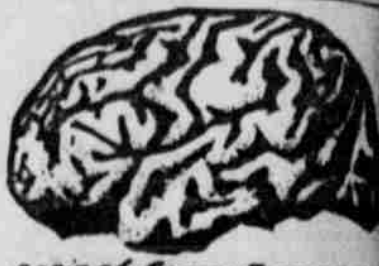


SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF BRAINS.

Man's Intellectual Superiority Explained by Dr. Edward Spitzka. A work that scientists in all parts of the civilized world have been eagerly awaiting has just been issued under the imprint of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. It is a study of brains, by Dr. Edward Spitzka, professor of general anatomy in Jefferson Medical College, formerly demonstrator of anatomy in Columbia University, an authority of world-wide recognition upon scientific study of the brain.

Omitting the scientific terminology some of the most important of Spitzka's statements may be thus pressed: "The white matter of the callosum band connecting the hemispheres of the cerebrum, in great measure determines the quality of human intellect. The cerebrum is that portion of the brain which lies in front of the skull, and is generally accepted as the seat of the mind. Herefore the quantity of the gray matter of the brain was supposed to determine the fineness and usefulness of the brain.

The fibers of the callosum are the telephone wires connecting and relating the brain centers. Diseases of the brain in this is attended by profound weak-mindedness or downright idiocy. Contrast of the brain of Dr. Spitzka with that of Prof. E. D. Clarke shows that it is possible not only to differentiate between the learned and the



ignorant, but that abstract reasoning produces one kind of a brain, while observation and concrete philosophy produces another form.

Such abnormalities as left-handedness, partial deafness and defects of vision leave their indelible impress upon the brain.

The brains of various kinds of thinkers show specialized developments, thus musicians' brains are richly developed in the auditory association areas.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is 1,400 grammes. The average weight of a woman's brain is 1,200 grammes. The brain of Corneille the naturalist, weighed 1,830 grammes, that of Turgenev, the novelist, 2,100 grammes, and that of Daniel Webster, 1,807 grammes.

Smallness of the occipital arc (the curvature at the back of the head) signifies superiority of brain development. This measurement in centesimals, the metric divisors of a 90-degree arc are as follows:

Average man 21
Average woman 21
Orang-outang 21
Chimpanzee 21

Concerning the question of weight, Dr. Spitzka says:

"The fruitful investigations of many anatomists have resulted in the tabulation of thousands of brain weights drawn from all the social and intellectual classes, among which more than 100 are of men of intellectual eminence.

"Men of the kind who never remain steadily employed and who usually fail to even learn a trade stand lower in the scale. Above them come the mechanics and trade workers, the clerks, the ordinary business men and common school teachers.

"Highest of all we find men of exceptional mental abilities; the geniuses of the pencil, brush and sculptor's chisel, the mathematicians, scholars and statesmen."—Philadelphia North American.

Stuck to His Word.
"Of course Dubley's married. Didn't you know that?"
"No. Why, he said he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth."
"Yes, and he kept his word."—Philadelphia Press.

Fish With Four Eyes.
Fishmen have discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in two elements.

Putting Him Next.
"Papa, what is a hardship?"
"An armored cruiser, son."—Houston Post.

Nature seldom stores a lot of brains behind a pretty face.