

# The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Alfred Cassagne remained in earnest conversation with Mme. Cresson for upward of two hours. During that period the young woman several times retired to the privacy of her bed chamber and as many times emerged therefrom, reappearing upon the last occasion dressed in full street costume, and having her dark hair entirely concealed with a profusion of blonde, fluffy ringlets.

She had on a rather loud, plaid dress, a traveling cape of Scotch wool, and a bonnet very plainly trimmed. Plain gold earrings were in her ears, and in her hand she carried a silk umbrella and a small traveling bag. On her feet were a pair of broad, large-heeled shoes and over those white gaiters which twinkled in and out from under her petticoats as she walked up and down the room. Celeste looked on wonderingly and ate her bon-bons. M. Cassagne examined her mother with the eye of a critic.

"You'll do," she said presently, "all but the gaiters. I don't think those white gaiters have reached London yet."

"Oh, monsieur is mistaken, I am sure," replied Mme. Cresson, with enthusiasm. "I was on Regent street not two weeks ago. You know I went over there on the Peter Robinson case. They were very generally worn."

"You are wrong, all the same. I was over there myself lately. Gaiters were worn, it is true, but in much darker shades. London is always six months behind Paris, and New York six months behind London in such matters. Now, don't contradict me, child. The English ladies are not yet wearing them."

Mme. Cresson urged the point no further. Turning to her maid, she said:

"Bring me my dark gray gaiters, Nanon; they are a year, at least, out of fashion in Paris, monsieur. I hope they will satisfy you."

"You think I am very hard to please," remarked Cassagne. "I may be so. I know the kind of man I have to deal with in Victor Lablanche, the prefect of police. I will call for you to-morrow at ten o'clock. In the meantime I have quite a deal to attend to."

He took his hat, kissed little Celeste good-by, and descending by the stairway, opened the black door and passed out on to the street.

"I love Papa Cassagne," cried little Celeste, as she stood by the window watching the retreating form of the gentleman who bought the bon-bons. Then looking up at her mother, she added:

"You love him, too, don't you, mamma?"

"Celeste is a goose," said Mme. Cresson, her charming cheek tinged with color, "and geese mustn't ask foolish questions."

M. Cassagne pursued his way still further into the intricacies of the Latin Quarter. At last he stopped before a small shop, pushed up the latch of the door and entered. A large, stout man, with a pen behind his ear, was seated at a high desk, with a pile of proof in front of him. He nodded familiarly to the detective, got off his stool and at once conducted him into a private office.

"Ha! Monsieur Cassagne," he exclaimed. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"I have two small jobs for you. It's simply to set two lines of type, and print me half a dozen sheets of note paper; also a couple of cards. I will pay you well for it. Can you do it personally, so that no one else will know what you are doing; and can you do it right away?"

"I can. Write out what you wish printed. Here is a pen and some paper."

"I want you to set up this," said Cassagne, as he handed his copy to the printer. "Set it up in English type, and strike it off on English paper. I will wait here for it."

Twenty minutes later M. Cassagne was on the street. In his pocket, neatly packed between sheets of tissue paper to prevent their "setting off," were six sheets of note paper, and on the top right-hand corner of each was printed the words, in bold English type:

"Office of  
"SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE  
"Scotland Yard,  
"London, W. C."

He also bore two cards which read:

"MR. GEORGE RUSSELL,  
"36 Eaton Square."

Cassagne jumped into a cab and drove home. Arrived there he took off his hat and coat and washed his hands carefully. Then he took down from an upper shelf an old letter file, and turning to the letter "H," drew out a letter addressed to himself, which was written in a large English hand. Next he took from the pocket of his coat the six sheets of paper and the two cards. The latter he put into a card case by themselves; the former he put on the table.

Then he got a pen and some ink and went to work, laboriously but skillfully. After spoiling three sheets of paper he produced something he was satisfied with. Taking the letter to the window he held it to the light, as if admiring his own handiwork, and read as follows:

"Office of  
"SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,  
"Scotland Yard,  
"London, W. C., July 6, 18--"  
"Victor Lablanche, Esq., Prefect of Police,  
Paris, France:

"Dear Sir—This will introduce to you Mr. George Russell, a friend of mine, who with his wife intends making a pleasure trip on the continent.

"Any courtesy that you can extend to Mr. Russell during his visit in Paris will be highly appreciated by me.

"Yours very truly,  
"JAMES T. HENDERSON,  
"Supt. Police."

"That's about perfect," so murmured the detective, "because it transgresses every known rule of French letter writing, and that alone stamps it as English. The 'Esquire' is particularly good. Englishmen, even of education, are perpetually making that mistake when addressing letters to this country. 'Paris, France,' also is not bad. M. Henderson would doubtless be careful lest his friend Mr. Russell should present it at Paris, Kentucky, or Paris, Texas."

The prefect of police had hardly time to place himself in the dignified attitude

in which it was his custom to receive his callers next morning, when the door swung open, and a gentleman, unmistakably English and carrying in his gloved hands a tall silk hat, and the inevitable umbrella of the rain-afflicted Briton, entered the apartment. He was accompanied by a lady whose grace of carriage, and really handsome face, accentuated if anything in the eyes of the Frenchman the villainous fit of all her garments.

"There should be a law passed to compel such people to employ Parisian dress-makers. But even then they would never look like our women," was his inward comment, as he arose, and with the politeness of his race bowed low as he received his visitors.

"Monsieur le prefect, I presume," said the gentleman, in French which was simply execrable. "I have the honor of addressing Monsieur Lablanche, the prefect of the Parisian police?"

"I am he, monsieur."

"Permit me to present you to my wife, Madame Russell—Monsieur Victor Lablanche."

The Frenchman bowed more gallantly than ever. Really, notwithstanding their gaucheries, these English women were quite charming. In fact, the prefect was agreeably surprised with his visitors. The Englishman's manner was perfect. With his native dignity was blended a delightful air of deference and politeness. Notwithstanding his villainous pronunciation of the French language, he managed to make himself clearly understood. The evident cordiality of his manner thawed whatever reserve the prefect had sought to hedge himself in with. His heart quite warmed to the intelligent Londoner.

"I have the great fortune to be the bearer of a letter to you, monsieur," he said, "from the superintendent of police at Scotland Yard, our mutual friend, Mr. James T. Henderson."

"I am delighted to see anyone who comes to me introduced by Monsieur Henderson," replied the prefect.

He scarcely glanced at the letter. He was afraid he had but little to show them after the magnificent department of his friend, M. Henderson, in London. Still he should be happy to place himself at their disposal. What would they like to see first?

"Oh, the rogues' gallery, by all means," suggested Mme. Russell, enthusiastically.

"Or your splendid Bertillon system of measurement for prisoners, which you have brought to such perfection in Paris," added her husband.

It was a telling compliment, because it was true. M. Lablanche had been indeed the first to adopt the Bertillon system, and under his supervision it had attained a marvelous degree of accuracy and perfection. He had taken the raw theory of a prison reformer, and reduced it to a practical science.

"Our rogues' gallery is not as extensive as it used to be," he explained. "Since the adoption of the system of measurements we have not photographed any but the most notorious criminals. You can probably see more pictures in London. However, I will show you some of the most important."

He led the way into a square, high-ceiled chamber, lighted from the roof only, the walls of which were literally covered with portraits of the desperadoes of France.

"You see we have them arranged alphabetically, and here is an index book on the table for instant reference. Opposite each name, you see, I have placed the Bertillon measurement of all those prisoners who have come here since the adoption of that system. There they are, men and women, from all classes of society, and of every degree of crime and misfortune."

The fair English woman seemed strangely moved.

"Poor creatures," she murmured, softly, as her little hand rested involuntarily on the officer's coat sleeve.

The prefect regarded her admiringly. Tears of genuine pity were in her bright, laughing eyes.

"But it is strangely interesting," she added. "Oh! monsieur, please show me one or two of the most desperate and relate their history."

The prefect turned to M. Russell. The Englishman was evidently deeply engrossed in the index, hunting up the characters for himself, in his independent English fashion.

"No, I don't want to hear the histories," he said, looking up from the book, with a cordial smile. "I'm perfectly happy. But Mrs. Russell is an enthusiast on criminal heroes. She would be for raising a monument to Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, if I would allow her."

"It is a sad thing to have a brutal husband," cried Madame, with a pretty pout, as she went across the room on the arm of the prefect. "Let us leave him to his own devices, monsieur, since he says he is happy, and amuse ourselves."

The susceptible M. Lablanche was in the seventh heaven. He was entirely at the service of Madame. So he proceeded to regale her with short sketches of his favorite malefactors, and Madame looked on and laughed or became sad, just as the proper time.

They had completed the circuit of the room and were near the door again. M. Russell was still investigating on his own account. Mme. Russell, the pressure of her little hand still upon the arm of her gallant conductor, looked up imploringly at him with those fatal eyes.

"Oh! monsieur," she said, "do show me some of the prisoners."

"It is not a pleasing sight for Madame," feebly protested the prefect. "It was a rule of his never to leave a stranger alone in the rogues' gallery. Pictures had been abstracted before now by relic hunters. Still a friend of the London superintendent of police, and a man so evidently to be trusted; it would be all right. Besides it would give him another five minutes of the society of Madame. As many another man in his place would have done, he took Mme. Russell to see the prisoners. Ten minutes later, with a thousand thanks, the cordial Englishman and his wife took their leave.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"A comparison of this portrait with the miniature in the locket," remarked M. Cassagne, "now convinces me beyond a doubt that Philip La Seur and Philip Graham are one and the same person. His Bertillon measurements, which I have carefully noted down, are at present of but little use to us, but as a means of identification should we hereafter succeed in running him to earth, they may prove invaluable. Beyond any question whatever, we may now assume that Philip Graham is in some way connected with the murder of Madame Roupell."

Charles D'Auburon stared at his friend in speechless surprise as he uttered these words.

"I think your experience of yesterday must have turned your head," he said, at last. "There has been no commutation of Philip La Seur's sentence. Being still a prisoner at Toulon, how is it possible for him to have been connected with the mystery of Villeneuve? My dear friend, I beg of you not to think any more of this case to-day. You need a rest. You have been taxing your brain too much."

"And you, my dear Charles," retorted Cassagne, "have been taxing your brain too little. You think that because there is no commutation of sentence recorded in the case of this Philip La Seur that he is still in the custody of the prison officials at Toulon?"

"Most decidedly."

"Well, Philip La Seur broke prison nearly five years ago, and he has never yet been retaken."

"Impossible, escape from Toulon prison! I will not believe it. It is the most strongly fortified of any penal establishment in France."

"Perhaps; but here is a convincing proof of it. Look at this foot note, copied from the register of Monsieur Lablanche: 'Escaped from Toulon,' and under it every year since is marked: 'This prisoner is still at large.' Besides that," added M. Cassagne, laughing, "the prefect related the history of this particular prisoner to my supposed wife, Madame Cresson, as one of the most daring escapes on record."

"Well, of course that settles it," exclaimed D'Auburon. "No, I don't want any more proof. You overwhelm me as it is. But what is the next step which you propose to take?"

"I now intend to find," replied M. Cassagne, with the utmost deliberation, "Philip La Seur, alias Philip Graham, late of Toulon, and who may be, while we are talking, at the present moment, in Paris, and only waiting for this murder to blow over to come forward and claim his share of his aunt's fortune."

"But who," remarked D'Auburon, "may not be in Paris at all; but may perhaps be in Rio Janeiro, for all we know to the contrary. You must not forget that in these days of lightning express trains, and ocean greyhounds, one can travel a good way in three weeks—especially if one has money in one's pocket."

"Philip Graham never left Paris," answered the detective, "of that I feel convinced. A man who could escape from Toulon is too smart a fellow not to know he is safest when he remains right at home. Besides, when he committed this murder he was in a condition of financial desperation. He did not have plenty of money, as you seem to suppose."

"How do you know that?"

"It has since transpired that Madame Roupell had, besides the loose bank notes found in her secret drawer, a considerable sum of money in her chamber. That sum of money disappeared on the night of the murder. I believe that murderer was Philip Graham. I believe he took that money. I believe, if we wait long enough, he will come forward and declare himself, for the purpose of claiming his share of Madame Roupell's property."

"Well, why not wait a bit and give him a chance?"

"Because, simpleton, justice won't wait. If we don't prove she's altogether wrong, she'll have Charles Van Lith's head under the ax of her gallotine before two more months are passed. It would be a poor satisfaction for his friends if we failed to avert such a calamity, and brought in our evidence in time only to prove that the government had killed an innocent man. The next step will be to call on Madame La Seur. It is not unlikely that Philip Graham, after his escape from Toulon, went to see her."

(To be continued.)

**Human Slavery in Egypt.**

It is only four years or so since the law governing slavery in Egypt has been strictly enforced, although it was passed during the early occupancy by the English of the valley of the Nile. Even now it is not easy to keep track of the natives, especially in the upper part of Egypt and the desert, in their dealings in slavery, for there is a sort of Free Masonry secrecy among them, and the slaves held are too ignorant or too frightened to make known their state. It is said that, in spite of the strictest surveillance, children are now often bought and sold by native traders. Life has always been held cheap in Egypt, and it is naturally difficult for the natives to observe all at once a law the edicts of which are entirely contrary to the teachings of their forefathers, and also of their religion; and it will undoubtedly take more than one generation of English control to convince these Oriental people that slavery is not only unlawful, but also wrong.

**Feminine Egotism.**

Him—I consulted a fortune teller to-day and she told me that I was in love with a pretty girl, but she would never marry me. It looks like I am up against it.

She—Oh, not necessarily. No fortune teller is authorized to speak for me.

**Much the Same.**

Travers—Yes, I met your brother when I was in Arizona. He's a road agent, I believe.

Easterly—Sir, do you mean to insult me? My brother is a real estate agent.

Travers—Oh, I beg pardon, but I knew it was something like that.

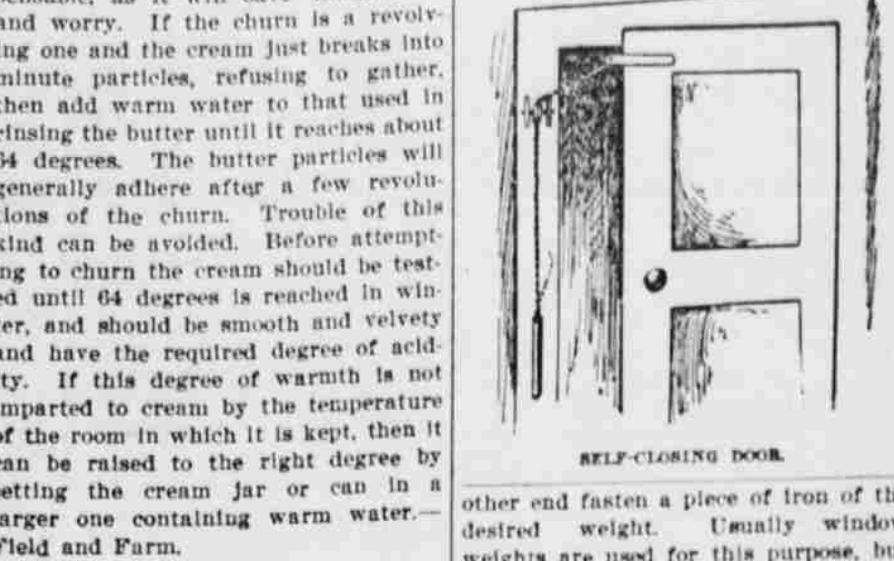
The snake-nut tree is a native of British Guiana. The kernel of the nut bears a marvelous resemblance to a coiled snake.

# FARMS AND FARMERS



## Self-Closing Doors.

The inner doors of the barn should be so arranged that they will close of themselves; this is particularly necessary if they open into the granary or other room, where the animals ought not to enter. A simple contrivance is to fasten a weight to the door, so that it will close readily of itself. Hardware stores sell spring hinges which answer the desired purpose for heavy doors, but the weight and pulley is to be preferred for lighter doors. A simple arrangement is to have the blacksmith make holes at intervals in a flat strip of iron, so that it may be screwed to the door near the top. Hook a chain in the hole in the end of this strip, run it through a store for a few cents) fastened to the frame of the door or the jamb, as it is popularly known, and on the



SELF-CLOSING DOOR.

other end fasten a piece of iron of the desired weight. Usually window weights are used for this purpose, but they should not be so heavy, for a light door, that they will cause the door to close too quickly. The illustration shows the idea plainly.

**Setting Trees in Winter.**

Fruit and shade trees may be set any time during the winter if the soil is in proper condition for the work, says a report by the Oklahoma Station. The condition of the soil at the time trees are set has more to do with the success or failure of the trees than does the season of setting. If the land is in good condition in the fall, and the trees can be obtained, it is better to set them then than to wait and run the risk of not having the soil in good condition later on. The land should be in a thorough state of cultivation and should be moist enough to work well when the trees are set. If they are in good condition there is no need of watering them.

Trees set in the fall may be a little difficult to protect from rabbits, but they are usually in better condition to start growth in the spring than those that have been heeled in all winter. There are not so many poor trees sold in the fall as in the spring, and for this reason fall setting usually gives better results than spring setting.

## Weight of Lime Per Bushel.

In connection with a very thorough study of the quality of various kinds of lime used for agricultural purposes in New Jersey, L. A. Voorhies, of the New Jersey Station, made careful estimates of the weight per bushel of the different materials.

His results show "that the weight of stone lime per bushel (heaped measure), is quite variable and without any constant relation to the analysis of the samples. The average weight per bushel of the twelve magnesian limes was ninety-seven pounds, and that of the six 'marble' limes was 101 pounds." The weight per bushel of seven oyster-shell limes examined varied from thirty-nine to seventy-five pounds, averaging fifty-one and a half pounds. The prepared or so-called "agricultural" limes examined were still more variable in weight.

## Feed for Breeding Animals.

It is important that breeding animals have laxative feeds when they are put upon dry feeds after being taken from the pasture. Such articles as oil meal, flaxseed meal, etc., should enter largely into the ration. When animals are changed from pasture to dry feeding there is a tendency to constipation, and steps must be taken to have the bowels move freely, or there is danger of serious trouble. In case the above articles do not have the desired effect, Epsom salts or raw linseed oil must be used.

## Lesson in Reclaiming Waste Lands.

On King Island, formerly a barren sand heap, rising above the sea between Tasmania and Australia, accident has given a suggestive lesson in the use of certain grasses for reclaiming arid wastes. A few years ago a shipwreck cast on shore some mattresses stuffed with yellow flowered clover. A few seeds took root, causing a large area to become covered with rich verdure. The power of clover and other leguminous plants to fertilize poor soil through their nitrogen-absorbing bacteria is well known.

## Reasons for Pruning.

The chief reasons for pruning trees, are to modify the vigor of the tree; to produce larger and better fruit; to keep the tree within manageable shape and limits; to change the habit of the tree from fruit to wood production, or vice versa; to remove surplus or injured parts; to facilitate harvesting and spraying; to facilitate tillage, and to train to some desired form.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1065—Westminster Abbey dedicated.
- 1135—King Stephen of England crowned.
- 1552—Charles V. raised the siege of Metz.
- 1620—Pilgrims began building a settlement at Plymouth.
- 1700—Boston received tidings of the death of King George II.
- 1770—The British abandoned their posts on the Delaware river. . . . Battle of Trenton, N. J.
- 1778—Savannah, Ga., attacked by the British.
- 1770—Gen. Clinton, with 8,500 men, sailed for Savannah.
- 1800—Attempt to assassinate Napoleon Bonaparte.
- 1803—Marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson.
- 1800—The Russians entered Bucharest.
- 1814—New Orleans attacked by the British under Sir E. Pakenham. . . . Gen. Jackson attacked the British camp below New Orleans.
- 1832—Citadel of Antwerp surrendered to the French.
- 1837—Boiler explosion on steamer Black Hawk, on Red river, with loss of 1 lives.
- 1838—London and Greenwich railways first in London, opened to traffic.
- 1846—Iowa admitted to the Union.
- 1851—Library of Congress and part of national capitol at Washington burned.
- 1853—Great snow storm in New England, lasting thirty-six hours.
- 1858—Fifteen lads crushed to death in panic at the Victoria theater, London.
- 1850—South Carolina State authorities seized Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie.
- 1807—First meeting of the Ontario Legislature.
- 1872—The Northwest Territories Council formed in Canada.
- 1879—Many lives lost in the Tay bridge disaster.
- 1880—A new design adopted for a United States navy flag.
- 1801—Canada divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada.
- 1803—Homestead iron works shut down, throwing several thousands out of work.
- 1850—Gen. Roberts sailed to assume command of the British forces in South Africa. . . . British steamer Ariosto stranded off Cape Horn with loss of 21 lives.

# POLITICS and POLITICIANS

The Republican State committee at Missouri met at St. Louis and unanimously voted to endorse the candidacy of Secretary of War Taft.

Senator Cullom has introduced a resolution to amend the constitution so as to limit the term of President and Vice President to six years. He says this would stop the bickering over this question.

With the introduction of Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, leader of the suffragettes in England, to an American audience of woman suffragists at Cooper Union, New York, the suffragette movement was thought to be grafted upon the United States.

Gov. Broward of Florida has appointed William James Bryan of Jacksonville to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Stephen B. Mallory. Mr. Bryan is a young man, being only about 30 years old. He is a native of Florida.

Another word for the central bank idea has been spoken by a financier of high standing, Vice President Vanderlip of the big National City Bank of New York. He favors a combination of the brand system of Scotland and the central bank of issue in Germany.

"Responding to request," Representative J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia has introduced a resolution providing for the restoration and continued use of the motto, "In God we trust," on all silver and gold coins of the United States. The resolution calls for the destruction of all dies from which gold or silver coins miss the motto could be coined in future.

The Aldermen of the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, virtually rebuked Gov. Hughes and also Mayor McMillan by re-electing John F. Ahearn as president of the borough, an office days before he had been removed a few days before by Gov. Hughes. The vote was 24 to 2.

The ruling of the Mayor that Ahearn was ineligible for re-election was overrudden by an equally emphatic vote.

The presence of W. J. Bryan in Oklahoma, recently introduced the champion of the lower house of the Legislature to pray, that Mr. Bryan might be the next President of the United States. Immediately after the prayer the House broke into a storm of applause that lasted several minutes. The Speaker added emphasis by putting it as a question to the body. Every Democrat present answered "aye." Later both branches of the Legislature met to listen to a speech by Mr. Bryan, and he was afterward given a reception, during which he shook hands with several thousand people.