

# The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Madame and Monsieur Colbert-Remplin, you say, are constant visitors at the house of the Vicomte de Valair," remarked M. Cassagne, on the morning following his adventure in the garden.

"Yes," replied D'Auburon. "They are both there nearly every night."

"Now is the time you must introduce me as the rich Swiss gentleman, prepared to take shares in the Consolidated Dock Company, or whatever you call it."

"I am prepared to do that," answered D'Auburon, "whenever you are ready to assume the part. Of course I cannot answer that the mere establishment of business relations with the vicomte will lead to an invitation to his house."

"You need not frighten yourself about that. Any one who has any money to drop on his card tables need not remain long uninvited. I have seen enough of him to know that. You had better see him this evening and say that you expect me from Berne shortly. Meantime, you must post me thoroughly on the Dock Company scheme, and when I meet the vicomte I must be prepared to endorse it."

"What is your particular object in watching Madame Colbert-Remplin through the de Valair lens? There are other houses which she visits more frequently where perhaps you would have better opportunities of watching her."

"No, not according to your accounts of the de Valair entertainments. You say that they are extended until a late hour, and that Madame Colbert-Remplin herself has become a confirmed gambler. What better opportunity could you wish for than to study a person under such circumstances? Give me the atmosphere of the gambling table to show up the points in a person's character."

"As you will," assented D'Auburon. "I should have thought, though, it would have been an easy matter for you to have attached yourself to the household of Madame Colbert-Remplin, where your opportunities of studying her, and noting with whom she is in touch, would be far greater."

"You are mistaken, my friend, I assure you," replied the detective, "in your estimate of the opportunities such a course would afford. Suppose I did bribe the footman to leave, and took his place, which would, I admit, be easily done; the opportunities which would be afforded of watching Madame Remplin would not be in any measure increased. Worse, in the presence of servants she would be doubly cautious; and she could, in the capacity of mistress, impose such tasks upon members of her household as would effectually compel their absence when she wished to be entirely free from espionage. Besides, a mere servant has no opportunity to follow her and watch her in society; to note her actions when mingling with the world, to listen to her as she converses with her equals, and to read between the lines of her general conduct and behavior."

On the morning following this dialogue M. Cassagne, having met D'Auburon by appointment at his club, the two gentlemen proceeded to the office of the Mutual Credit and Trust Company, where Cassagne was formally introduced to the Vicomte de Valair, Jules Chabot, M. Colbert-Remplin and others interested in the dock enterprise.

During the conversation which ensued the broker Herr Goldstein called and brought the intelligence that such stock as he had been authorized to place upon the Bourse had found ready takers.

"It is always the way with a really sound thing," he remarked, "with good names behind it. An enterprise of that character always goes." Then he whispered in de Valair's ear:

"Who is the new man? The one in the white vest, who wears a pale green ribbon as a watch guard?"

"That is Monsieur Frederic Lazare, a rich manufacturer of Berne, Switzerland. I suppose he eschews watch chains because he gets enough of them in his business. I have just put his name down for a large block of shares. Be sure and be particularly civil to him. He is coming to the house to-night. Will you join us? We shall have a very quiet time. Positively no cards, will be the order of the evening."

Thus early in the day fortune had favored M. Frederic Lazare. Almost a stranger in Paris, the vicomte had graciously invited him to meet the vicomtesse at their house in the Avenue Wagram.

"With much pleasure," had been the formal phrase with which the wealthy Swiss had accepted the invitation. But he uttered the words from the bottom of his heart.

"I am delighted to meet any friend of Monsieur D'Auburon's," was the expression with which the Vicomtesse de Valair welcomed the manufacturer of Berne. "I spent a few weeks some years ago among your beautiful mountains, and I assure you I have never forgotten them. Ah me, but it does not really pay to sigh for vanished days; they can never come again," and a reflective look came into her fine eyes, as if some tender recollection, connected with her early trip to the land of her guest's birth, had recurred to her mind.

He recalled the sunny smile habitual with her when before her world, by saying:

"When a more advanced age brings with it such opportunities as have fallen to your lot, madame, you should not regret the flight of years; and are you to be pitted, who know seemingly how to make such good use of the world's best things?"

It was a very small party which sat down to dinner. There were eight persons in all. Herr Goldstein, the broker, was one. Jules Chabot was also there. The banker, Colbert-Remplin and Madame Colbert-Remplin came in at the last moment. The Swiss gentleman was duly introduced to all in turn; but the fortunes of the evening placed him by the side of the vicomtesse and remote from that portion of the table where Madame Colbert-Remplin was seated.

He found in his hostess a woman of unusual conversational attainments. She was equally happy with the chat and

gossip of society, or prepared to talk cleverly on deeper topics. The dinner was irreproachable. Had Cassagne's mind not been so preoccupied he would doubtless have enjoyed it. There are some dinners money will not purchase.

"We are to have no cards, I believe," said the broker; "that is the edict tonight, is it not?"

"Yes," replied the vicomtesse, "we are to have for once a quiet evening. I hope you will manage to amuse yourself. There is Madame Froisart; she will sing you something, doubtless, if you ask."

"And you, madame?"

"Oh! for me, I have reserved a special treat for myself. I am going to show Monsieur Lazare my conservatories, while he tells me something about peasant life in the Swiss mountains."

M. Lazare wandered under the palms in the conservatory. It was but dimly lighted. A few colored lamps alone were suspended from the glass roof of the spacious building, so spacious indeed that in winter it appeared as a garden, covered with glass and so heated as to protect the rare collection of plants and flowers from the killing frosts.

There were little paths running here and there. The vicomtesse led her guest along one which took them to the very center of the building, where some lofty palms reared their heads under the great glass dome. There was a rustic bench facing the plunging waters of the fountain and sheltered from observation by a thick grove.

She began by a defense of the vicomte. Her manner was the well-bred one of a woman thoroughly accustomed to meet men of all ages and dispositions, of all minds and temperaments.

"Monsieur de Valair has gone to play cards, I feel convinced," she said, looking at Cassagne with her soft, liquid eyes, "let us sit here and talk, you and I. Do you know, it is a rare thing for me to have a quiet evening. Don't think my husband discourteous. He has some peculiar ways. He thinks he has discharged much of his duty as host when he has given his guests a good dinner, and then everybody in this house feels so much at home. The world has treated you very nicely," she continued, "has it not? My husband tells me you have done wonderfully well, and you are not yet forty, I should judge. Why don't you go into politics and make a great name? I think if I had been a man I should have done so. You should have me talk to your friend Monsieur D'Auburon."

"You think Monsieur D'Auburon has a career before him?"

The vicomtesse laughed very merrily indeed.

"A career—your friend Monsieur D'Auburon. Why, no, he is far too lazy. That is why we have had such interesting conversations. I have kept urging upon him the necessity for exertion. He maintains that work of any kind will kill him."

"And yet when he visited me in Switzerland he was the most indefatigable of climbers. I had hard work to keep up with him, I can tell you."

"I thought Monsieur D'Auburon had never been in Switzerland. At any rate I know he says he detests mountains."

"Our friend possesses the rare merit of being modest. Ask him about Chamounix and the Matterhorn when you next see him. He can tell you a few stories which would surprise you. But let us talk of more immediate things, madame. Monsieur D'Auburon is not in Parisian society, and just now I am particularly interested in Parisian society. Your own circle, for instance. You seem to have drawn around you some charming people—the Colbert-Remplins, for instance."

"You like them?"

"Yes; the husband is so well informed—I don't mean merely on matters of finance, but on all topics. I was greatly interested in what he was talking about during dinner—the dissolution of your second empire. By the way, what an ideal lady of the court his wife, with her white hair and aristocratic features, would have made under the Third Napoleon."

"Do you admire her?"

"Greatly—in a way. Is she not a woman with a history? She looks like it."

The words were spoken so quietly and naturally, that though she started with surprise at the directness of the question, the vicomtesse could not possibly doubt her guest's good faith in putting it.

"Yes," she replied, "she has a history."

"I thought I was right. I am a reader of human faces in a way. If I had been asked, I should have said, looking at her, there is one who has suffered for ambition's sake."

The vicomtesse turned around on the bench, with a half smile parting her lovely lips, and said:

"Really, Monsieur Lazare, in addition to your attainments as mountaineers, you Swiss gentlemen seem to count that of mind-reading. Do you know what you say comes remarkably near the truth?"

Then lowering her voice, and first looking cautiously around, she added: "It is not generally known, but it can do no harm to tell you, who have guessed so near the mark—but Madame Remplin sacrificed her heart to her ambitions. You know what I mean; you are a man of the world, monsieur. There was a young man, with nothing but his profession, whom she adored, of course. There was a middle-aged man with a fortune, whom she tolerated at first, for the sake of the position he gave her and learned to like afterward, as all we poor creatures do."

"I understand. What became of the young man?"

"He was foolish. He became dissipated. He drifted away, and went to the dogs. He fell so low, that I understand he wrote to his former fiancée for money—did it frequently. A woman would not have stooped to that."

"But you have not known Madame Colbert-Remplin long?"

Something induced him to say the words and risk what followed. The effect upon the vicomtesse, indeed, seemed electrical. She regarded him for a moment

with undisguised astonishment.

"How did you know that my acquaintance with Madame Remplin was a recent one?"

"Why," he answered, boldly, "you told me so yourself. You look surprised. Don't give me credit for being too great a seer. Rather impute to me an excellent memory."

"It is a great gift," said the vicomtesse, laughing. "Do you know, an idea occurred to me as you spoke just now, and it was such a funny one, that you might be someone I had known once, and were masquerading in disguise."

"What a funny idea, to be sure," replied M. Lazare, also laughing. "It would not be a bad one, would it? Ha, madame, you should try your hand at a romance. Something from your pen, I am convinced, would make a sensation."

They went in together, laughing merrily. The first person they encountered was D'Auburon.

"Ha, Monsieur D'Auburon," cried the vicomtesse, "here is your friend saying I might write a book. Let me give him some coffee, if we can find some."

Half an hour later D'Auburon and his friend M. Lazare took their leave. On their way home to the Hotel de l'Athene, where D'Auburon, in order to keep up appearances, had engaged apartments for his friend M. Lazare, the latter remarked:

"Quite a deal of progress for the first evening. Several things are quite clear in my mind."

"What are they, pray?" inquired D'Auburon.

"Beyond a doubt Madame Helene Colbert-Remplin is the Helene who married Henry Graham, and who consequently is the mother of Philip Graham, alias Philip La Seur."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, we have followed the track too closely to be mistaken, haven't we? But, in addition, there are family traits in which I cannot be deceived. The high forehead, the peculiar configuration of the mouth, the general configuration, all point irresistibly to the same conclusion."

"And when we have found Philip Graham's mother, where shall we look for Philip Graham himself? I tell you you are wrong now in not doing as I said. Your wisest course would have been to have installed yourself in the household of Madame Colbert-Remplin. You will not learn of her son's whereabouts until you do."

"You seem persistent on that point," replied Cassagne, somewhat testily. "If you are so anxious that someone should go and play footman to Madame Colbert-Remplin, go and do it yourself. I tell you I shall remain where I am. I prefer to study the situation as the guest of Madame la Vicomtesse de Valair."

"And mark my words, nothing will come of it," retorted D'Auburon. "For once you are on the wrong track."

The detective smiled broadly.

"Don't get so excited, Charles," he said. "Before a week is over, you will be kicking yourself to find how greatly you have been mistaken."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Two weeks passed, during which time M. Cassagne, in the character of the Bernese manufacturer, continued his visits to the de Valairs. He was now but rarely accompanied by D'Auburon, who adhered so closely to his contention that the detective was simply wasting his time, that, as he put it, he considered it altogether wrong to encourage him in his obstinacy.

"These detectives, after all," thought D'Auburon, "are only human. He is fascinated by the vicomtesse. Every one falls into that net. I suppose one can't blame him—she is handsome."

M. Cassagne had apparently made great strides in the good books of de Valair. He spent his mornings in the office of the Mutual Credit and Loan Company, where he gave really valuable advice concerning the floating of the Consolidated Dock enterprise.

He passed his afternoons seeing Paris, with the vicomte and Chabot; and his evenings he divided between the vicomtesse and the card table. In a house where high play was the principal event of the evening, it was impossible not to come more or less within its influence.

Certain it is that the vicomtesse had taken a more than ordinary interest in her foreign guest. Perhaps he was a good listener, which is the sincerest flattery to your brilliant conversationalist. Anyhow she insisted upon accompanying M. Lazare to the table upon the first night, and by her presence prevented the stakes running unduly high.

She need not have been so solicitous on the Swiss gentleman's account. The first night or two he lost quite a considerable sum, to be sure; but they had hardly been playing a week before de Valair and his friends discovered that M. Lazare knew as much as they did.

De Valair particularly was nettled to see this quiet, unostentatious foreigner come in and walk away with his money. To tell the truth, pending the floating of the Consolidated Dock Company, that article was rather scarce with him.

A boom in some of the Argentine Republic securities on the Bourse had given him, however, a welcome lift. It was quite a sum. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs had been placed to his account with the Credit Foncier. That very evening he drew half of it in cash, and came prepared to pit his fortune against that of M. Frederic Lazare.

But M. Lazare would not play. From an early hour in the evening it was observed that he kept in the outer salon. He was unusually thoughtful and reserved. He paused by the side of Mme. Colbert-Remplin. An expression of pity hovered on his features as he stooped and said:

"Will you do me a favor? I ask it for the last time. Will you go quietly home? I am willing to save you all I can."

Mme. Colbert-Remplin's white hand, glittering with jewels, trembled as it lay upon the arm of her easy chair. But her face was adamant and her voice without a tremor, as she replied:

"No, I will not stir from here. I will stay and save him. It would kill me to see him go back to the galley."

The detective looked upon the frail, white-faced woman sitting before him, and an indescribable something flashed across his features. It was the tenderness of a supreme pity, blended with admiration.

"You can do nothing," he urged. "You had better leave him to his fate. I can feel for you, but he richly deserves it."

(To be continued.)



## Putting Up Silage.

Many people make the mistake of cutting corn too green for silage, writes Dr. G. A. Billings in American Agriculturist. At this stage there is a larger percentage of water, and the silage when taken out has a large amount of acid, less starch and sugar and hence is less nutritious. Corn planted in drills with stalks eight to ten inches apart will mature a good proportion of ears.

Harvesting should not begin until the ears are passing the roasting stage and begin to glaze. Unless the season is exceptionally dry the stalks and leaves will remain green, but too mature or dry corn is more liable to mold. This may be found in spots around the sides or more generally over the silowherever the air has gained access to cause the fungous growth. This condition may be improved by tramping the material carefully in the silo, adding water by sprinkling with a hose, or if this is not available direct a stream of water into the blower or elevator sufficient to saturate the cut fodder. This moisture assists the material to settle and acts as a seal to keep out the air.

There should be labor and teams enough to keep the cutter running steadily. Nothing is gained by cutting a large amount of corn beforehand, hauling and piling near the machine to be handled over again. Aim to harvest at the least expense a ton. This will be accomplished as follows: If hand cutting is practiced, cut and hand directly to the man loading, not throwing on the ground in bundles, which will require an extra handling. Let each load come to the table of the machine in turn, handling the corn directly to the feeder. If the corn is long and heavy an extra man is needed on the table to assist.

Power should be ample and in proportion to the size of the cutter. The blower is replacing the elevator machine, economizing space and largely doing away with the stopping of an entire crew to repair the elevator. If the corn is heavy and the stalk large cutting in half into one inch pieces will have the tendency to partially shred the stalk, and there will be no butts refused by the animals.

Teh material in the silo should be kept level and well tramped, especially around the sides of the silo, and it pays to have sufficient help for this work. Where considerable silage is put up it pays to have a corn harvest-



## FILLING THE SILO.

er and binder, which economizes hand labor. The accompanying illustration shows part of the outfit used at the New Jersey experiment station in filling the silo for fall and winter feed. The source of power for running the cutter and blower is a gasoline engine.

**Avoiding Wastes.**

The first great lesson to be learned is to avoid waste. Waste has been the curse of agriculture. Why pay taxes on land that is not farmed? Why only half cultivate the fields and so waste both land and labor? Why waste time and capital in raising inferior animals? Why waste money in buying what should be raised on the farm? Why waste energy in trying to do more than any one man can do right? On many farms there is waste in a thousand ways, and no wonder that to some "farming does not pay." The small details must be looked after, and no farm should be larger than what can be properly attended to.

**Best Grafting Wax.**

The following is claimed to be the best grafting wax, by an old orchardist who says he has tried a great many: To four pounds of rosin and one of beeswax add one pint of linseed oil; put in an iron pot, heat slowly and mix; pour into cold water and pull until it assumes a light color. Work into sticks, and put into a cool place until wanted. Some prefer linseed oil so animal fat for grafting wax.

**Manure for the Garden.**

Let the barnyard manure for the garden be well rotted if it is desired to cultivate it into the soil early in the spring; but if, of course, green manure has to be used, scatter broadcast during the winter, and rake up or mulch part of it before plants are set in spring. Of course, this applies to ground that has been plowed the past fall.

## Bran for Poultry.

Bran is an excellent food for poultry in all stages of growth as well as for laying hens. One great point in its favor is its cheapness. It contains a larger proportion of lime than any other food at the price, and lime is essential to growth of bone, muscles and feathers, as well as the formation of shells for eggs. Lime which is found in food for some reason is much more easily assimilated than in the form of oyster shell and the like. Wheat is a most excellent poultry food, but the high price prohibits many from using it freely. Bran and clover used in connection with oats will produce as good results. Clover and alfalfa are rich in lime and should be had at all times in the green state when possible and in the form of well-cured hay the rest of the year. Cut alfalfa and bran may be fed in the form of a mash. Skim milk is an ideal thing to moisten it with. Fowls, however, will consume quantities of bran dry fed from a self-feeder and they eat alfalfa or clover hay freely from the stack or manger.

"Bran may be used mixed with the cut grain as a self-feeder and perhaps this is the most convenient form of all in which to use it."

"Some of the most valuable food properties contained in the wheat are left in the bran and its food value for poultry is not fully appreciated by many poultry raisers or we would see more of them using it in the ration. If you feed bran, clover and alfalfa you need not oyster shell and very little cut bone or lean meat. In fact a flock will get on and yield lots of eggs without any attempt to furnish meat if the bran and alfalfa is fed."—Poultry Topics.

**Overshoe for Horses.**

Horses undoubtedly require an overshoe when the ground is snowy and coated with ice as much so as the average human being. Drivers, although anxious to protect horses from injury by falling, have been unable to procure practical and satisfactory overshoes. Those made of rubber prevent the horse from slipping, but they wear out so quickly their cost is prohibitive. In the illustration is shown one which seems well fitted to serve the purpose, invented by a Massachusetts man. It is made along similar lines to the "gripper" chain placed on automobile tires. The tread is formed of a number of metallic links. When the overshoe is adjusted on the foot the links intervene between the hoof and the ground, affording a firm grip. This overshoe need not necessarily be worn on the horse all the time, but in case of sudden freeze can be quickly adjusted in position and removed when desired.

**Result of Corn Breeding.**

From numerous experiments made in Wisconsin there has been developed a strain of white dent corn which grows on a very short, thick-set stalk, and which matures a good-sized ear, and the ears run remarkably uniform. The growth centers in the ear rather than in producing a big stalk at the expense of a small ear. After four years of careful, persistent work, there are numerous corn fields in Southern and Central Wisconsin which will yield 60 to 80 bushels per acre, and 100 bushels have been reported several times. Such results coming from a State which a few years ago was considered out of the corn belt demonstrate what corn breeding will accomplish when carried on along sensible lines.

**Clover and Fodder.**

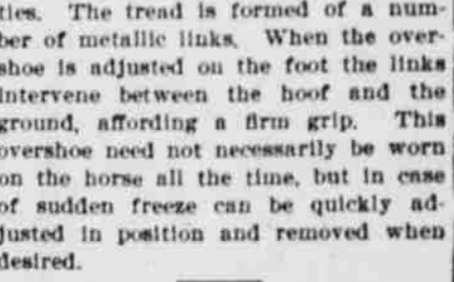
Clover and corn furnish a fodder ration that can not easily be improved upon for dairy cows. Two factors should be taken into account when determining the amount of grain to feed. One is the extent to which clover or alfalfa is fed, and the second is the production of the cow. The rule with some is to feed one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced. When clover or alfalfa form a large part of the ration it would seem reasonable to suppose that a less quantity of grain would suffice than the amounts named.

**Cheap Fertilizing.**

Some of the best farms in the East have been brought to the highest degree of fertility by the use of clover, lime and manure. The farmers who have accomplished such results have aimed to save every pound of manure, and also to preserve it in the best manner. Lime is used extensively by those who know that lime is an essential ingredient of plants, and also because it is excellent for increasing the clover crop. Clover enriches the land by promoting the supply of nitrogen in the soil, hence lime and clover make an excellent combination.

**Wire-Winding Machine.**

The frame of this wire-winding machine is constructed of 2x4 lumber, 6 feet by 2 feet 5 inches. Standards for holding shaft, 2 feet 10 inches. Shaft for holding wire spool, 3 feet 5 inches long with crank. For wheels, swivel wheels will do.



MACHINE TO WIND WIRE.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1253—The Alhambra, a famous Moorish palace near Granada, founded by Mohammed I.
- 1651—First school opened in New England for instruction of Indian children.
- 1731—First issue of the South Carolina Gazette at Charleston.
- 1750—George Washington married Martha Custis.
- 1765—Stamp act passed the British Parliament.
- 1775—First provincial assembly of North Carolina met at Charleston.
- 1777—Elizabethown, N. J., evacuated by the British.
- 1770—Lafayette sailed from Boston to aid France in her war with England.
- 1781—French attack on Jersey.
- 1780—First national election held in the United States.
- 1791—Vermont adopted the Constitution.
- 1793—First balloon ascension in America made by Francois Blandard.
- 1806—Cape of Good Hope taken by the English. Public funeral in London to Lord Nelson.
- 1800—Congress urged drastic measures to enforce embargo act.
- 1811—New Orleans militia called out to suppress negro insurrection.
- 1815—British defeated at battle of New Orleans.
- 1816—Safety lamp, invented by Dr. Humphrey Davy, first used in a mine.
- 1820—Large part of Savannah, Ga., destroyed by fire.
- 1840—Henry D. Gilpin of Pennsylvania became Attorney General of United States.
- 1848—Insurrection at Messina.
- 1852—Laval university at Quebec opened.
- 1853—The Victoria nugget, weighing 23 pounds, sent by Australia as a present to Queen Victoria.
- 1861—Jefferson Davis of Mississippi spoke in justification of secession. Mississippi seceded from the Union.
- 1863—The Alabama sank the United States steamer Hatteras.
- 1867—Movement to impeach President Johnson began in the House.
- 1870—Postcards first introduced in England.
- 1872—Congress arranged to issue first postal cards.
- 1874—Statue of the prince consort unveiled in London by the Prince of Wales.
- 1883—United States Senate passed a presidential succession bill.
- 1888—Many lives lost in terrific storm in the Northwest.
- 1891—International monetary conference met at Washington.
- 1893—Last spike driven in Great Northern extension to the Pacific coast.

## Woman First in Egypt.

An Egyptian papyrus over 2,000 years old, which has been brought to the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art with other antiquities, is found to be of exceptional importance, as it establishes the date of the reign of a Pharaoh hitherto unknown and throws light on the condition of Egypt in the fourth century, B. C. The name of the writer who signs this papyrus is found on another document in Strasbourg university, which bears a definite date, consequently his reference to the Pharaoh Khababasha places the reign of that Pharaoh in the year 341 B. C. It also confirms the statement of the Greek historian Diodorus, of the first century B. C., setting the social scale of Egypt then and there. Since Diodorus no evidence has been found substantiating his statement.

## New Disease of Horses.

A new and destructive disease of horses—new, that is, to this continent—has been discovered in western Pennsylvania. It is epizootic lymphangitis, and the State veterinary department is taking every possible means to stamp out the disease before it has caused great loss to the owners throughout the State.

This disease has been known for a long time in India, China, Japan and the Philippine Islands, and more recently in South Africa. From South Africa it was carried, after the Boer war, to England and Ireland, where the British Board of Agriculture has been combating it successfully for several years. When or how the agency it reached Pennsylvania has not been discovered.

About 40 horses deemed incurable have been destroyed. The others are in quarantine. The disease is a dangerous one and hard to combat.

## Success of Paroling Boys.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children at New York reports that 89 per cent of the 1,401 boys and girls accused of various offenses and paroled during 1907 have mended their ways.

## The Failures of 1907.

Dun's Agency reports a total of 11,736 commercial failures during 1907, representing \$107,385,225 of indebtedness defaulted, as compared with 10,082 failures in the preceding year and \$119,300,000 liabilities.