

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Time was precious with the detective. He thought of the prisoner then languishing in the dungeons of La Mazas. He put both bills in his pocket, took up his hat and arose from the table.

"Then I am to understand that madame prefers to be cited to appear before the tribunal. I think your witness' fees and mileage will amount to about one-quarter of the sum I offer."

Either the threat or the sense of loss it implied brought Mme. Beausantin to her senses. The little bendy eyes dilated again, and she put her hand upon the door.

"Don't go; I will tell you everything." "That is more like business," remarked Cassagne. "Now tell me all you know. You see I keep faith with you. Here are your hundred francs. The other hundred are yours when you have told your story."

"I don't know much," said Mme. Beausantin. "I knew Monsieur Graham only as a customer. He was a pleasant, civil man, a little given to drink, I should judge. I should say nothing but his affection for his little son kept him from going to the dogs."

"His son! Was Monsieur Graham, then, married?"

"You don't know much about him, evidently. I know he had a son. It must have been his son. He was very like him."

"Do you think you would recognize Monsieur Graham's portrait, if you saw it?"

The detective drew out the locket and placed it before her. Mme. Beausantin took it in her hand, adjusted it to the light of the shop window, and examined it carefully.

"This is the portrait of a very young man. The man I knew was older than this. Where did you get it? Yes, it is the portrait of Monsieur Graham. I would know it by several things. He had a peculiar way of looking."

"What was that?"

"He looked downward, at a slight angle, habitually. He never looked one straight in the face. He also wore an eye glass, like the man in the picture."

The detective drew out the second note and balanced it dexterously between his fingers.

"Tell me where he lived, and this is yours also."

"He lived at No. 29 Rue de Santin. It is an apartment house. The same concierge is still there. He can tell you more than I can."

M. Cassagne handed the other note to Mme. Beausantin, took up his hat, and bidding the laundry good-day passed out into the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

The man in charge of the apartment house at No. 29 Rue de Santin was a short, dumpy man, of the name of Gughatoff. Though he spoke French fluently, even with the accent of a native, his high Tartar cheek bones, his oblique eyes, and guttural intonation when unduly excited, sufficiently attested his Russian origin.

In Gughatoff, the Russian, M. Cassagne found he had a far more difficult person to deal with than the little laundress, pliant by reason of her excessive greed. With Gughatoff, whose political opinions now constituted his whole life motive, mere gain was a secondary consideration. He devoted all his spare time, which was considerable, as his wife did most of the work, to the discussion of politics. He was one of those men of whom people say: "He would sooner talk politics than eat."

The Parisian detective now felt that while his progress so far had been satisfactory, the greatest caution on his part was necessary. He had seen the most likely cases ruined by too hasty conduct. He did not suffer himself to be unduly elated by the extremely satisfactory outcome of his interview with Mme. Beausantin. He went about his work with the greatest deliberation. A man less a master of his difficult profession would have at once excited suspicion, which would have resulted in the Russian's closing his mouth forever. M. Cassagne avoided this fatal error by the very deliberation with which he went about his work. His first step was to find out the kind of man he had to deal with. In two days, he had possessed himself of all necessary information. On the third he continued to ingratiate himself with the janitor, in regard to whose antecedents and peculiarities he had been so careful to make himself acquainted.

On the fifth day the morning train bore the detective away from Blois, the richer for some very important information. He had shown the portrait in the locket to Gughatoff, and the concierge, like Mme. Beausantin, had declared it to be the portrait of the American Henry Graham. In addition he had actually persuaded Gughatoff that he had been all the time entertaining in Henry Graham a spy of the Russian government; that he, Cassagne, belonged to a friendly circle of French co-operative nihilists having its headquarters in Paris; that Graham had been at one time a member of the circle, and that he was about to betray his late comrades. Gughatoff, to whom a spy was as a red rag to a bull, had greedily swallowed this remarkable fairy tale of the detective's, especially when the latter had produced a skillfully prepared document in Russian which not only commended him to the offices of all good nihilists, but even gave a distinct account of the object of his mission and minutely

described his person for purposes of identification.

True, Cassagne was the author himself of this useful paper and had forwarded it two days previously to D'Auburon in Paris, where it had been translated into Russian before being returned to Blois. But happily the concierge was ignorant of this deceit, and the plan had therefore succeeded perfectly. Burning with hatred for the supposed spy, Gughatoff had told all he knew of his late guest, which was as follows:

Henry Graham had resided in Blois some six or seven years, during which time he had had correspondence with two persons only. Gughatoff knew this, because, latterly, Graham, for fear of creditors, had rarely left his apartments, and Gughatoff had mailed his letters for him. The first of these persons was Mme. Roupell, thus again establishing beyond a doubt the identity of the Henry Graham of Blois with the dissolute brother of the late owner of the Chateau Ville-neuve.

The surname of Henry Graham's second correspondent had escaped the memory of the concierge in the course of years. He was positive, however, that her first name had been Helene, and that she had resided at Belliers, a small village in the department of the Loire.

This second correspondent had also been a lady—a well-educated, refined lady, he should judge, for he had been in the habit of taking up M. Graham's mail, and the envelopes had been fine and delicately scented, and had borne a crest and monogram on the outside, such as were only used by persons of rank.

As the train rushed across the landscape, Cassagne relapsed into a meditative mood. The thought recurred to him, was this woman, after a lapse of so many years, yet alive, and would it be possible to find her? If Graham was the murderer, as he now believed, the person most likely to know of his present whereabouts would be this one—the woman who, in all probability, had been his wife. He fell to studying how old this boy could be now. He calculated he must be nearly thirty years of age. For old Gughatoff, the concierge, had given the child's age at about ten when Graham had left Blois, and a little more than twenty years had elapsed since that time. If he could find him, he perhaps might yet be in communication with his father.

When Henry Graham had left Blois he, too, had turned his steps in the direction of Belliers. For Gughatoff had forwarded several letters to him at that place. It was toward Belliers, therefore, that he, Cassagne, must hasten, there to pursue his investigations; but first of all he would go to Paris. He must find out what M. Lablanche had accomplished. He must also receive the report of his assistant, who meantime would not have been idle.

The first thing M. Cassagne did upon his arrival in Paris was to hail a cab. Jumping in, he bade the man drive to the apartment of his friend and assistant, D'Auburon, in the Rue de Provence. It was about noon when he ascended the staircase and rapped loudly on the door of the vestibule. D'Auburon came out himself to let him in, rubbing his eyes.

"I have been up pretty nearly all night," he said, yawning terribly. "Wait till I get a bath. Then we will have some breakfast."

"Confound the fellow," exclaimed the impatient Cassagne. "I never call on him but he is either in the bath or just about to take one. It is the one thing against his making a good detective. He is too fond of water."

A minute afterward D'Auburon appeared in a loose dressing gown and Turkish slippers, swinging two enormous Indian clubs in a manner that threatened destruction to the chandeliers and ornaments.

While he was thus engaged, Cassagne had arisen. He was walking restlessly up and down the room. The splashing of the water had given him a sudden fit of shivering. The sight of his friend wasting precious time on what he deemed a frivolous exercise, also irritated him. Suddenly his eye fell upon a card in the receiver on the center table. It was a very elegantly engraved piece of pasteboard, surmounted with a coronet embossed in gold. Its inscription read:

"The Vicomte de Valier."

"Ah," exclaimed Cassagne, "that's the man to whom I procured you the letter of introduction. You managed to get there?"

"Yes," replied D'Auburon, "and he called when I was out and left his card. A great financier he is. President of half a dozen big companies. He has made one fortune and has twenty irons in the fire, all of which he manages to keep respectably heated."

"Never mind him for the present," interrupted Cassagne, impatiently. "Tell me of Chabot, above all. I want to know what the prefect of police has accomplished. How many men has he got on the case?"

"Four!"

"Who are they?"

"Vougeot, Remoul, Villeroy and Couinet."

"None of them is up to much except Vougeot," mused M. Cassagne, to whom the detectives named were well known. "Vougeot is a pretty smart fellow. What is he doing?"

"He is shadowing Chabot. So far he has accomplished nothing."

"Now tell me what has happened. This man Chabot. Is monsieur le prefect still serious in his belief that he is in some way implicated in this crime?"

"Assuredly, but there is a more absurd phase to it than that. Whom do you think, in addition to Chabot, monsieur le prefect has placed under surveillance?"

"Oh, I can't tell. The man in the moon, perhaps."

"No, not so bad as that. But, determined to cover all points, I suppose, he has placed a watch upon the movements of the American, Dr. Paul Mason. That's not all. Poor, honest Pierre, the butler at the chateau, a man whom you yourself examined and said wouldn't hurt a fly, has also been included. It is positively shameful to permit such bunglers as Lablanche to squander the secret service funds in such fooleries. Another fellow, I understand, has been haunting the park at Villeneuve, and was nearly shot by one of the keepers, who took him for a poacher. They hauled him before the mayor down there, and the man had to tell his whole story to clear himself. The prefect was raving when he heard of it. He discharged him from the force."

"More bungling," remarked Cassagne.

"Who was it?"

"Little Trifflet."

"Hunt him up. Pay him well, and tell him to keep his mouth shut. He may know just enough of the prefect's plans to be a very useful man for us. Meantime, what have you found about this Monsieur Chabot?"

"He is an adventurer, one of the decayed gentleman class; belongs to a couple of clubs; has the entree into some very good and also some very questionable society. He has become affiliated with the vicomte and his set only within the last year or two. They are in several schemes together. Lately he has been making some money."

"And the vicomte, you say, is an able financier?"

"Very, I should say. He floated the City and Suburban Messenger Company, and was shrewd enough to withdraw before it went under. He is, as I told you, president of the Mutual Credit Company, and a large operator on the Bourse. He appears to have been very successful. His wife, the vicomtesse, has doubtless been a powerful factor in the making of his fortunes. Ah, but she is charming. You should see her. It was her influence, doubtless, which secured the cooperation of Monsieur Colbert-Remplin, the banker of Rue Hauffmann, in that deal. He was a haughty old fellow and never would have entertained the business proposition of de Valier if it hadn't been for the vicomtesse. She sat next to him at dinner. The next day the prospectus of the Montainbleau Charcoal Company was issued, and the name of Colbert-Remplin was on the board of directors."

"Who told you all this?"

"Told me? Why, I was there myself. They put me in as well. Look, here I am in big type. See!"

"M. CHARLES D'AUBURON, Capitalist."

Cassagne's eye gleamed with delight. He felt proud of his pupil. He sat and listened while his pupil rattled on, thinking deeply, as was his wont. Presently he pulled out his watch.

"It is two o'clock," he said. "My train leaves at three-thirty, and I have a few matters to attend to before I start. If you have occasion to wire me you can find me at that address."

He wrote upon the back of a card:

"Baptiste Goulet, Care Police Headquarters, Belliers, Dept. of Loire."

"That will be my name for the next two or three days; at any rate, as long as I may find it necessary to stay at Belliers. Don't telegraph unless my presence is absolutely necessary. I leave that to your discretion. Keep an eye on Monsieur Chabot, and procure a man at once to keep track of Dr. Paul Mason's movements. Totally unnecessary, you say? Not at all. He may be the deepest villain of them all, and have called me in merely to keep the other side from retaining my services, thinking that by such a step he could best secure the impossibility of my being put upon his own track."

Charles D'Auburon lost sight of the sublime egotism of his leader in his admiration of the manner in which he left no point uncovered. His movements in the case were to be compared to those of a skillful general, who, before the battle actually commences, disposes of his men to the utmost advantage. What in other men would have been vanity was in M. Cassagne simply an expression of confidence born of his self-reliant nature.

(To be continued.)

No Circus for Johnny.

Johnny—"Can I go to the circus, pa?"

Father—"No. Indeed, I wouldn't think of letting you see such a degrading exhibition."

Johnny—"Then won't you please take me to the menagerie? Teacher says we ought to see the animals."

Father—"What! Pay full price to see only half the show? I guess not."

After Twenty Years.

Mrs. Hardapple (at play)—"That thar leading lady looks the same as she did in the last act?"

Mr. Hardapple—"Yes, and twenty years are supposed to elapse between the last and this one."

Mrs. Hardapple—"Do tell! And to think she didn't wash her face once in all that time."

He Was Immune.

"Aren't you going in bathing?" asked Miss Pepprey.

"No," replied Cholly. "You know, they say there's a huge shark lurking around the beach these days."

"Yes, but why should that alarm you? They say it's a man-eating shark, you know."—Philadelphia Press.



New naphtha springs and a large naphtha lake have been discovered about eight miles from Nabilskaia Bay, in the Russian portion of the Island of Saghalien.

A diamond drill bore hole 6,700 feet deep was put down in Upper Silesia in 1900. Another deep hole was put down on the Rand, South Africa, in 1905, the depth being 6,304 feet.

Autogenous welding is successfully applied by Robert Hopfeldt, a German electrician, to the soldering of aluminum wires, a direct union of aluminum with aluminum being readily obtained.

Bricks made of sand and lime and hardened in the air are used largely in districts where there is no clay from which clay brick can be made, but where an abundance of sand can be found.

It is stated that so much had been learned by the flight of "Null Securus" to London that its use will be abandoned and that a new ship with considerable alterations, based on the experience of the flight, will be immediately put in hand.

According to J. Dybowski, a progressive desiccation of the air and soil is manifest in the region of the Sudan, the underlying cause being the destruction of the original forests. Cape Verde is cited as an example. In the eighteenth century the botanist, Adanson, described it as covered with a vast forest, whence its name. Now the forests are gone, the rivers are diminished, sheets of water have disappeared, and the productiveness of the soil is falling, until in many places the region has become almost sterile. The natives began the destruction of the forests ignorantly; white men continue it for immediate selfish ends.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, the apparatus of Dr. Fortin for rendering visible the inner structure of the human eye was described. A very brilliant mirror is illuminated with a Cooper Hewitt tube, and the light is reflected into the eye, after traversing two thicknesses of blue glass and being concentrated by a large lens fixed in a screen. The observer places his eye behind the lens at such a distance that the whole field appears uniformly illuminated. What he sees is a reflection of the interior of his own eye. The circulation of the blood in the minute vessels is visible. When a screen pierced with a pinhole is passed rapidly to and fro between the eye and the lens, the structure of the fovea, the minute spot on the retina which is the most sensitive part of the eye, is revealed. The apparatus is designed to aid investigations by oculists.

SCOOP THAT WEIGHS.

Does Away with the Necessity of Employing Counter Scales.

Every grocer can scoop up sugar or coffee, etc., from the storage bin and very closely gauge the correct quantity. Yet he would not be willing to give it to the customer as the full weight to be purchased without first testing it on



INDICATES WEIGHT.

the scales. A Texas man has hit upon the idea of having the scoop indicate the weight of the contents, eliminating the necessity of transferring it to the scales. His weighing scoop is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pan for gathering up the article to be weighed is pivoted to the handle and operates a pointer, which indicates the weight of the contents on a scale. If a pound of sugar is wanted, the grocer dips enough out of the bin to swing the pointer to the pound mark. The sugar is then transferred directly to a bag, doing away with the necessity of weighing on the scales.

Progress.

"Whither are we drifting?" asked the platitudinous orator.

"We ain't drifting anywhere," said the man in the back row who fears the corporations. "We're being pushed."—Washington Star.

If you are idle, your excuse for calling on a busy man is, "I will not take up much of his time." But the busy man will have other callers during the day.

FACTS ABOUT GRAPE JUICE.

Refreshing Beverage, Made with or Without Water—Its Use.

The popularity of the grape juice both as a beverage and a flavoring has certainly increased during the last few years, says the New York Tribune.

Some women, who years ago began to prepare it to use at communion instead of fermented wine, have found it delicious in desserts, as well as a refreshing drink, made festive with sprigs of mint and slices of lemon. Here are several good ways to prepare unfermented grape juice: Pick the grapes off the stems, put them in a covered stone jar and set the jar in a pot of boiling water. Let the water boil around the jar for half an hour, or until the grapes are well cooked. Strain the juice from the grapes and let it stand in a cool place over night. In the morning bring the juice to the boiling point and let it boil for twenty minutes. Add sugar to suit the taste. Fill heated fruit jars to the brim and seal tightly. This rule is an old Tribune recipe and is very rich, as no water is used when cooking the grapes. It should be diluted with a little ice water when used as a beverage.

Here is a rule for unfermented grape juice in which water is used: Pick over the grapes, rejecting all unsound ones. Put in a porcelain lined kettle and almost cover with cold water. Heat slowly, mashing the grapes and cooking until all the juice is out. Drain in a jelly bag and measure the liquid, adding one-third of a cupful of granulated sugar for each quart. Boil for four minutes, then bottle and seal.

The following recipe was sent by a Tribune subscriber some time ago. Its special advantage is that the measurements are exact and little is left to one's judgment, an advantage which a young or inexperienced preserver will appreciate:

"To twelve quarts of grapes, stemmed and washed, add three pints of water. Boil them in a porcelain lined kettle until soft; strain and to every three quarts of juice add a pound of sugar. Heat to the boiling point and seal in air-tight cans."

An old housewife who has had much experience in making grape juice for church purposes gives the following points, which may be of use to those who have had little experience. She says that she finds cheesecloth the best thing for straining the juice and that if the stems of the grapes are left on the juice seems to strain out better, as they break up the thick mass of cooked grapes, making it less compact. She uses ordinary glass fruit jars. She puts them in a pan of hot water with hot water in them and a granite plate on the stove with water in it. Stand one hot jar, empty, at a time on the plate; put its rubber ring on it. Fill to overflowing with boiling hot juice; seal at once as tightly as possible. Before you put away the jars test them by carefully turning them upside down. If juice begins to exude put the contents into the preserving kettle again. Try another top and fill to overflowing with water from the tea kettle. If, when filling the jars, there is not quite enough juice for the last jar, always fill up with ordinary boiling water until it overflows. This last jar will not be quite so rich in quality as the others, but it will keep, as it would not were the jar not completely full. Do not put the jars where there is a possibility of their freezing, but keep in a cold place.

Vindicated at Last.

An up-State correspondent has found in an old scrap book a bit of verse that bears out the theory advanced by Congressman Roberts of Utah, that Adam was the most chivalrous of all men, and only ate the forbidden fruit because he would not be separated from Eve. Seeing this mentioned in last Tuesday's Noregay column he sent on a copy of the verse. It reads: Daughters of Eve, your mother did not well. She placed the apple in your father's hand. Adam was not deceived, nor yet could stand; For love of her he gave his throne, With her could die, but could not live alone.—Philadelphia Record.

Much Impressed.

Professor of Natural History (at the Zoo)—In the animal creation, some of the works of nature fill us with awe and admiration for their stupendous size and weight, and the colossal proportions on which they are modeled. Here, for instance, is the hippopotamus

Giggly Puppl—Ain't he cute?—Baltimore American.

It Pays.

"How do you find things out this way?" asked the stranger. "By advertising for 'em," was the prompt reply of the native.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Friendly.

"When you told papa that your salary was \$100 a week, did he consent to our marriage?" "No, but he invited me to join his poker club."