

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Have you ever known of a case where a man was forced to commit an act against his inclination?"

"Certainly; but I have never known of its going to the length of a murder." "Nor I, I must confess, though that does not prove that this was not just such a case—though I don't believe it was. But you will admit perhaps that no person's hold upon another may be strong enough to compel him to enter a house for the purpose of stealing a paper."

"Certainly it might; and you would contend, I presume, that this person having so entered the chateau, was compelled to violence to escape the consequences of detection?"

"Exactly," replied Cassagne. "Now the question is, not who is the accomplice, but who is the principal? The principal is the party primarily interested, and he forces the accomplice to obey. The accomplice, the mere tool, we cannot hope to find first as we have no clue to him. But we may reason as to who his principal is, and so we may find them both. The accomplice will be found when the principal is brought to light."

"Go on," again said D'Auburon, as the detective paused.

"I can't go on," answered Cassagne. "I have just got so far and there I have stuck. I am in the position of a hound who scents a fox somewhere, but knows not in what direction to look for him."

"But it seems to me that he cannot be far off."

"Very likely. He may be right under our noses, and we not able to discover it. But our opportunities for investigation are not yet exhausted by any means. There are two people who may be said to be interested parties, sufficiently interested to be instigators of the crime, and both must be found, if possible."

"And they are?"

"Henry Graham's wife and their son, the latter of whom has long since grown to manhood. Do not forget that, under the American law, both of them would inherit if Madame Roupell died intestate. I shall now try and find them."

"Whom will you look for first?"

"The son—for reasons too many to enumerate."

"Where will you search for him?"

"In Paris."

"Why in Paris?"

"Because the priest told me the woman who brought him up went to Paris; besides he was a wild young fellow, and all wild young fellows come to Paris eventually. It is simply a question of time."

"Where shall you begin to look for him?"

"Where all young men of his stamp eventually are known. Take my word for it, we shall find some record of Henry Graham's son, Philip Graham, on the records of the police."

CHAPTER XVII.

Shortly before ten o'clock on the following morning, Cassagne and D'Auburon entered the bureau, where under the direct supervision of the commissary the records of the department of police are preserved for future reference. Cassagne was evidently well known to the officers of the bureau. In a few minutes such books and indices as he required were placed at his disposal.

D'Auburon stood by intently watching his principal as he turned to the index page of a huge volume. Reaching the letter "G" he ran his eye rapidly over the names, which were arranged in the order of their date of entry. He started in at the top of the page full of confidence; as his finger traveled down the column, however, his face grew perceptibly longer. When he reached the bottom, he gave audible expression to his disappointment by exclaiming:

"Philip Graham either was never under police surveillance at all, or he changed his name when he came to Paris."

As the detective uttered these words, an idea suddenly occurred to D'Auburon. "Look under the name of the woman in whose charge he was placed. If he took any other name than his own, what more natural than he should take hers?"

"That's a good suggestion," said Cassagne. "Her name was Marie La Seur, as I recollect it—yes, that was it. Marie La Seur. I'll trouble you for that 'L' volume."

D'Auburon handed it to him, and the search commenced afresh. Presently Cassagne exclaimed:

"Here is Philip La Seur. I shouldn't be surprised if you were right. Page fifty-three."

"Hold on a minute. Don't be disappointed if it shouldn't prove to be the man. La Seur is a common enough name, there are over two millions and a half of people in Paris to draw from. Here's page fifty-three; now let me see what it says."

The two men leaned over the book as they scanned the page before them. Then they read:

"Philip La Seur, placed under police surveillance by order of the commissary. 'We have him!' exclaimed D'Auburon, in a tone of triumph. 'We have him now, for certain.'"

"Not too fast, my friend; not too fast. Let's see what this foot note is. At the bottom of the page was written in red ink:

"Toulon, seventeen years, forgery."

An expression of intense disappointment spread itself over the face of the detective. D'Auburon, also, understood. Philip La Seur could have served out but little more than half his sentence.

Consequently he could have had no hand in the commission of the crime.

For a few minutes both men were entirely nonplused. At length Cassagne, who had again been thinking deeply, exclaimed:

"I shall not be satisfied until I have examined the state papers relating to this trial, at the conclusion of which Philip La Seur was sent to Toulon."

"You will waste your time," replied D'Auburon.

"I shall not. How do you know there may not have been a commutation of sentence?"

"I must confess that did not even occur to me."

"Well, it occurred to me; and in any event it will be time well spent to look over the record of the trial. Philip La Seur may have called witnesses to testify in his own behalf—to speak, for instance, of his former good character—and who knows what we may learn from them? Go out and get a cab, while I take down the number of the case and put away these books."

"To the Palais de Justice."

As they were about to step into a cab, a newsboy approached them, crying:

"Horrible murder! A body found in the Seine!"

"Buy a paper, D'Auburon," said Cassagne, as he leaped into the vehicle.

D'Auburon did as requested, and jumping into the cab after his friend, spread the sheet just wet from the press out upon his knees.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "this plot thickens with a vengeance. Whom do you think the murdered man is?"

"I cannot guess."

"It is Vougeot, the detective whom the prefect of police placed on the track of Jules Chabot."

It was not a voluminous document, the report of the trial and conviction of Philip La Seur. To be sure, no one from a perusal of it could have argued the identity of the prisoner in the case with the Philip Graham of Belliers. But were the facts gleaned from the evidence conclusive? Certainly not. There were points of identity, however, which were quite marked; the age of the prisoner nearly corresponded with that of the man they were looking for; he had not been all his life in Paris; he had neither father nor mother living—but beyond that there was little enough about his family history.

The court had offered to appoint a lawyer to defend him, which offer the prisoner had refused and had made a notable speech in his own behalf, which in all likelihood had been the means of sensibly influencing the court, for in pronouncing sentence, the judge had expressed his regret that the prisoner had misused his talents to commit the crime with which he stood charged. Though he examined all the papers connected with the case, Cassagne was unable to discover anything by which the identity of the two persons could be more fully established.

"We have yet the locket," he said, at length, "which perhaps may help us."

"But it is the locket of Henry, not Philip Graham," said D'Auburon.

"I have not forgotten that," replied the detective. "But a family likeness is a strong thing sometimes. This portrait of Henry Graham is undoubtedly a good likeness. Recollect that Dr. Mason, the laundress, the janitor at Biols and the priest at Belliers have all recognized it as his portrait. It was taken when he was quite a young man. Sometimes father and son, at the same age, very closely resemble each other. If there should be a strong likeness between the portrait and Philip La Seur whom should you take the latter to be?"

"Why, Philip Graham, of course, as we have all along hoped; but what of that? We have no portrait with which to compare it."

"You forget," replied Cassagne, "the admirable collection of photographs at police headquarters."

"Which is under the strict surveillance of the prefect of police. Do you suppose he would allow us to look at them, when our success means his defeat? Not exactly; why, we could never get beyond the door."

"I will take care of that," replied M. Cassagne.

M. Cassagne, on parting with his friend, buttoned up his coat with the air of a man who prepares himself for energetic action, and passing across the river, plunged into the most intricate recesses of the Latin Quarter. Before crossing the river, however, he had stopped at a famous confectioner's and purchased a box of bon-bons. What did M. Cassagne want with such things?

Arrived at a house in the Rue Batiney, M. Cassagne stepped inside the hallway and pressed his finger on a small white button. The sound of an electric bell ringing upstairs was almost immediately followed by a voice exclaiming down the speaking tube:

"Who is there?"

"Is that Madame Cresson?" inquired the detective, in a low but distinct voice.

"It is."

"I am Alfred Cassagne. Let me come upstairs. I want to see you about important business."

A clanging sound was heard, and a black door which had hitherto prevented ingress to the stairway, released by a spring, swung slowly back upon its hinges. The detective stepped on to the stairs, and, closing the door after him with some care, ascended to the second story.

A small, dark-complexioned woman,

apparently about twenty-five years of age, opened the door of one of the apartments, and invited him to enter. The room was neatly furnished and was evidently one of a suite. At a table near one of the windows a little girl sat doing sums on a slate. She had the black hair of her mother; a beautiful, saucy, piquant mouth; eyes of a deep, scintillating blue; and a little figure that was the very perfection of childish grace. She arose on the entrance of the detective, and ran toward him, holding out both hands.

"Ah! Papa Alfred, how do you do?" she exclaimed. "Have you brought me some bon-bons?"

"A kiss first," cried the detective, lifting her in his arms.

Mlle Celeste Cresson having complied by placing both arms around his neck and putting her charming mouth to his, he set her down on the floor and bade her search for the bon-bons, in the course of which she brought to light a great many articles of Papa Cassagne's peculiar calling, all of which she placed in her apron, declaring she would never surrender them.

At length, having found her bon-bons, her playmate was at liberty to address himself to the young mother, who all this time had been standing by clapping her hands, and seemingly evincing as much delight, when a wig or a pair of handcuffs was unearthed from the depths of the detective's capacious pockets, as the child herself.

Mme. Rosa Cresson, from whose face all trace of amusement had now vanished, and who sat easily in her chair prepared to listen to the detective, was a woman with a history. Married at an early age and cruelly deserted by her husband, she had been thrown upon her own resources. There were many occupations open to her by which she could have earned a living. She could have found employment in dressmaking had she chosen, for she was an expert with her needle. She could have taught the piano, or set up as a translator of foreign documents, for she was a very fine linguist. Her personal charms and accomplishments were great enough to have induced many a theatrical manager to take her up, and probably she would have drifted on to the stage if it had not been for a slight incident which turned her from it, and presenting an opening in an entirely new field, decided her to adopt her present calling.

One day she entered the Bon Marche to do some shopping. She had made her purchases, paid for them and had reached the door when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder. Turning, she was confronted by one of the floorwalkers, who accused her of taking a piece of silk from the counter. Indignant at the charge, she made an impassioned appeal, on the spur of the moment, to a gentleman standing near. Her appeal was successful. The gentleman accompanied her into the office of the manager, became voucher for her honesty, and offered if given half an hour's time to produce the stolen property. The time was accorded him, and he left the office, to return with the piece of silk in question, which he had compelled a notorious female shoplifter to disgorge just as she was being bowed out by an obsequious shopman to her carriage.

"You had better strike the Marquise de Brabant from your books, monsieur," he had observed, laconically, when the manager insisted that one of his best customers had been insulted.

"That woman's real name is Bergeret. I thought everybody knew her. Now you will please pay this lady five hundred francs, and let her come with me. I can promise you she will institute no action for damages."

The manager was thunderstruck.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Alfred Cassagne; you may have heard of me. Good morning!"

Then he took little Celeste Cresson in his arms and, accompanied by the grateful young mother, left the store. She was half fainting when he lifted her into a cab. He felt that it would be sheer brutality to leave her. He seated himself beside her, and bade the driver seek the address she gave him. On the way Mme. Cresson sat up and told him her sad history. She must find work soon, she confessed, for her money was nearly exhausted. Then it was that he told her how to enter a new profession.

"The proprietors of all those large stores would give you business, if I spoke to them. I also will give you employment."

That was how Mme. Cresson became a female detective, and at the time of this interview had become the most famous in her line in Paris.

(To be continued.)

Motherly Wisdom.

Anxious Mother—Mr. Willing may be a gentleman, my dear, but you can't afford to marry a man who wears plated links in his cuffs.

Pretty Daughter—But how do you know that he does, mamma?

Anxious Mother—Whenever he calls in the evening you have black streaks on your shirt waist the next morning.

Her Wish.

Tess—Yes, I wish all men were bachelors.

Jess—What! How could we get married if they were to be?

Tess—Oh! I don't mean permanently, but just long enough to learn to sew on buttons and to mend their clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

It Hurt Him.

"Gee whizz! I wish I could find the fellow who stole my umbrella."

"Oh! cut it out! Why do you make a fuss over a little thing like that?"

"Little thing? Why, man, I actually bought that umbrella."—Philadelphia Press.

You don't have to be a carpenter to build a fortune.

THE GRANGE.

Secretary for Washington tells of Benefits to Be Derived

By Fred W. Lewis, Secretary Washington State Grange, Tumwater, Washington.

The Grange has, for forty years, stood for the upliftment of the farmer, and we only have to look back, over its history, to see what it has accomplished for us.

It is to the Grange that we owe the rural mail delivery, the oleomargarine bill, the denatured alcohol law, and in many states it has forced the passage of better tax laws, and other laws that assist in giving the farmer the benefits of his labor.

Nor is the work of the Grange alone directed to the urging the passage of laws. It becomes needful to prevent the passage of some laws that would be detrimental to the best interests of the farmer, and that is a part of the work the Grange does.

Space will not permit me to go into details, but anyone may obtain the details by asking for them.

Although we take an interest in the legislative work of our people, we also benefit them in many ways besides.

To the young man and woman, we offer a chance to gain pleasure and profit in the meetings of the Grange, as we carry on our meetings in strict parliamentary manner, providing we get the right person for Master, and so give them a chance to learn how such work is done. We also have literary programs, providing we get the right person for Lecturer, and so give them a chance to practice speaking in public, and appearing on the rostrum before an audience, all of which is a benefit to any young or, in fact, an older person, too, in these times of public awakening.

To the father and mother, who are the providers for a family, it gives them a chance to purchase their needed supplies in connection with their brothers and sisters, and so gain the advantage that is to be derived from wholesale dealing.

To the home owner, it provides a safe and sure, as well as cheap insurance for his property, and any member of the Grange, who is attached to any subordinate Grange is entitled to that benefit.

Our insurance is carried at exact cost, and we are laying by no surplus to be lost by poor investments, or by the dishonesty of the officers, but we keep enough on hands at all times so that we can pay all losses promptly, upon the proof being sent in.

In life insurance we have none to offer that will answer the demands of the great majority of our patrons, but we are working on a plan, that will ultimately furnish us a life insurance as well as a property insurance, and on the same basis, that of actual cost.

In the line of purchasing and selling, we are not as well organized as we would like to be, but as the dealers are all in combines, and the commission men are all united by common consent, it behooves us, as farmers, to combine if we would protect our own interests and obtain the just rewards for our labor and enjoy the better accommodations that we might have if we could obtain the real fruits of our labors.

In the Grange we place woman where she belongs, on an equality with man, and so make our order a truly social one, and our Grange work includes the enjoyment of the fruits of our labors, as well as the education of the mind, and the guarding of the purse.

In conclusion let me state the purposes of the Grange, as set forth in the declaration of purposes adopted by the founders of the order:

To develop a higher and better manhood and womanhood among ourselves. To enhance the comforts and attractions of the home, and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits. To foster mutual understanding and co-operation. To maintain inviolate our laws, and to emulate each other in labor, to hasten the good time coming. To reduce our expenses, both individual and corporate. To buy less and produce more in order to make our farms self-sustaining. To diversify our crops, and to crop no more than we can cultivate. To condense the weight of our exports, selling less in the bushel and more in hoof and in fleece, and less in lint and more in warp and wool. To systematize our work and calculate intelligently on probabilities. To discountenance the credit system, the mortgage system, the fashion system, and every other system that tends to prodigality and bankruptcy.

We propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general, acting together for our mutual protection and advancement.

If we, as farmers, become organized, we have the power to ask for what we want and to get it, because we have the numbers, and all that is required is the union that is the means of unifying that power.

Think the matter over, and decide to organize a Grange and so help to make this world more worth living in.

Rice Blanc Mince.

Boil three-quarters of a cup of rice in milk in a double boiler. When cooked, add a half box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold milk, add sugar and vanilla to taste. When cold, beat in a quart of cream that has been whipped to a stiff froth. Set in a wet mold in the icebox to form. Serve with raspberry juice poured over it.



Backache.

Pain in the back is one of the most common ills affecting the human family. At the same time it is one of the most puzzling to trace its origin and the most difficult to relieve. Many acute diseases have this symptom in a marked degree, such as smallpox, malaria, spinal meningitis, influenza, and a host of others, but in these cases the cause is evident and the conditions soon disappear. The backache of renal colic, gall stone and simple stomachache is acute and rapidly disappears when the gravel or gall stone has passed or the colic relieved. It is, however, different with the chronic form, which so often defies the skill and ingenuity of the physician, and exhausts with its persistent and wrenching pain the patience of the sufferer.

The conditions which produce the chronic backache are so numerous that a simple list of them would fill the space that can be devoted to this article, hence only the most prominent will be touched upon. The disease may be in the spine itself, in the spinal cord, in the muscles or nerves of the back, or in the abdominal cavity, but perhaps the one most commonly responsible, in these classes of cases, is locomotor ataxia. This affects the posterior part of the spinal cord and is extremely painful. When of muscular origin, pain in the back is known as lumbago, a rheumatic condition of the lumbar muscles.

The discovery of the source of pain in these local affections of the bone, muscles and nervous tissue is not difficult as a usual thing, but the problem is more difficult when the pain is merely a reflex of some internal disorder. It is often necessary to interrogate each internal reflex point in turn before the starting point of the pain can be definitely stated.

Here is the field in which the quack reaps his greatest harvest, dilating upon the terrible diseases of the kidneys and other organs to which backache surely points (it is well known by physicians that kidney diseases usually cause little pain) and which can only be relieved by his infallible remedy—too often cloaking opium or some other enslaving drug. This case is seldom so serious as the quack would have his victim believe. It is, however, wise for a sufferer with persistent backache to consult a physician.

MAKING A BALLOON.

The Way It Is Patched, Varnished and Powdered.

A balloon consists of patches of cloth about a yard square sewed securely together. This is not because of any difficulty in making the fabric of a globular shape, for that could easily be done if the pieces were shaped like the skin on the section of an apple.

The reason is that no absolutely reliable fabric has yet been invented, and there is always the possibility of the balloon bursting. Should this happen to one of these patches, the escape of gas will not be dangerously rapid, as it would be if larger sections were used.

When the balloon is made it is carefully varnished, three coats being given, and each being allowed to dry thoroughly before the next is applied. If one coat is left moist the fabric will be attacked by a species of dry rot, which will make it as fragile as the paper this is printed on. In the early days of ballooning many fatal accidents were due to this defect, but now the utmost care is exercised.

When a balloon is packed up for a journey, powdered chalk is sprinkled between the folds, as otherwise they would stick together and tear.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Perplexing Bulletin.

In 1876 the late John Hay, who died as secretary of state, and Aivey A. Adee were serving together in the legation at Madrid. They were intensely interested in the outcome of the Republican national convention and spent days wondering who would be nominated. One morning they found this item in a Madrid newspaper: "Rutebart 13. Noyes of America has been elected president of the republic of the north."

That was as near as the Spanish editor could get to the bulletin, "Rutherford B. Hayes has been nominated for president by the Republican national convention," and it took Adee and Hay a week to figure it out.

The Worst He Had.

"Then you have never had educational advantages?" said a good woman to a small boy.

"No, marm, not as I know of. I've had airysipilas. If what you said is wors'n that I don't want to ketch it."