

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 woolen, 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," he 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 guess 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 "settling 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,
"38 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 spilling 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," soliloquized 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. A few 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 guillotine 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.)

The way to be safe is never to feel secure.—French.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

President of Washington State School Tells His Experiences.

Following is the address delivered by President E. A. Bryan, of the state college, to the wheatgrowers of Washington at their recent meeting in Pullman, in which he recited various observations he had made during his recently completed trip abroad:

"The one thing that impressed me while in Europe was the fact that we Americans do not fully realize the greatness of our own land, and its opportunities, and the greatness and opportunities of our own people as compared with our brethren in Europe. The opportunity for the average man is so much greater that we can hardly conceive the difference. In Europe a man is born in a class from where he cannot escape, and he accordingly fits himself for that class. There is stratification after stratification, and it is practically impossible for an individual to pass from class to class; and think that the freedom of the American people is one of the greatest things which we have here.

"In Italy the poverty and distress were very interesting, although it excited the greatest pity. It seemed as if there were no end of beggars. They begged in almost every way imaginable. Whole families could be seen begging together by means of musical instruments. In one case I noticed a woman holding an umbrella upside down to catch the coppers, while the father played the guitar, and the children each played some sort of musical instrument, and all were begging. Several husky looking fellows dived into the sea to get coppers worth about a half cent, and begged the people to throw the coppers in. It seemed as if one-half of the population lived off the other half.

"I was very much interested in the horses. The average horse in Paris for the heavy draft work is a very good animal indeed. There were great numbers of magnificent stallions that would have sold in this market for from two thousand to three thousand dollars, and they were all of a very high type. One thing that impressed me both in London and Paris was that the average coach horse was a much larger fellow than we have been accustomed to see for that work. I think that we people here in America should look toward breeding a larger animal that we have in the past, and unless we watch ourselves, we will be inclined to breed down. In Naples there were many cab horses, and about ninety per cent of the cab horses driven were stallions. One thing that was very interesting to me was that they do not use the bit. They use an instrument that fits over the nose, and above the nostril is a piece which extends out about three inches, and when pulling a horse to stop, they pull on the nose.

"In going up the Tiber river north of Rome, almost every wagon that I met was being drawn by oxen, either by tandem, or with a yoke. The oxen were all very strong fellows, quite large, well built, and had huge horns rising above their heads. There did not seem to be the beef type of cattle, nor was there any milk type. I suppose their cows, were, of course, used for milking purposes, but they were not apparently bred to either type, but rather to the ox type.

"The poorer class of Italians do not know what it is to have meat in any quantity. The average man is too poor to be able to buy beef, as they would have to pay not less than twenty-two cents a pound for it. Kids are used for flesh there a great deal. The swine there were very large, and rather more of the type of the bacon hog than like our Berkshires or Poland Chinas. They use goats' milk a great deal, and especially in Naples. In the morning you would see women and men driving goats around from place to place, as the customer has the privilege of having the operation of milking performed in his presence. The goat selected is milked, and in many cases you will see a goat being taken up in an elevator, or up a stairway, wherever the customer may be, and then milked in his presence.

"In Italy the tillage is of a very intensified kind. There, many of the Italians have their own vegetable garden, and raise their own vegetables. Here we pay twelve or fifteen cents a head for cauliflower, and in Italy you can buy a dozen heads of cauliflower for six cents, and that will make it clear why the Italian is able to live on a vegetable diet so well. The people train their vineyards upon trees, and in many cases there is hardly any top to the trees, as they had been cut down to stumps for the vines to climb on. I did not get a decent apple to eat until I was on board the ship, and had some Oregon apples served to me."

Eggs Baked in Tomatoes.
Select round, smooth tomatoes of uniform size. Cut a thin slice from the top of each and with a teaspoon scoop out enough of the pulp to admit an egg. Season the cavities with salt and pepper and a tiny pinch of onion or parsley. Drop an egg into each. Set the tomatoes into a well-buttered pan, to which a very little water has been added and bake about fifteen minutes. Season with butter and serve each tomato on a slice of delicately browned toast.



The humming bird in Australia, no less than man, protects its habitation with a lightning rod. The humming bird, before a devastating thunder-storm bursts, prudently covers the outside of its little nest with cobweb. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since cobweb is silk the humming bird's nest is thereby rendered lightning-proof.

In a recent article in the Street Railway Journal on "Transportation Facilities in South America" it is stated that transportation is so difficult over the mountains that the coal imported into Bolivia for the railway's own use costs about \$30 per ton. At La Paz abundant timber grows within fifty miles from the mountains, but transportation is so difficult that trolley poles and lumber for building operations are brought from Oregon, a distance of thousands of miles.

A sanitary garbage wagon used in Berlin, says Popular Mechanics, is completely covered by a large hood of sheet metal, with a sort of chute or funnel, which elongated upon the roof of the hood curves downward at the back end, where it is open to receive the refuse. The garbage is placed upon a movable platform under the mouth of the chute and raised by chains into the interior. A trap door opens by the turning of a lever and the box diverts its contents into the body of the wagon, odor and all.

The British Admiralty has instructed the commanders of all ships of war furnished with wireless telegraph apparatus to telegraph to meteorological stations with which they may be in communication full details concerning the weather at sea. This new branch of the English meteorological service has already proved valuable, and it is believed that its importance will continually increase. Weather information from the sea is of special value in the British Isles, because the great storms generally approach across the ocean, and not, as in the eastern half of the United States, across a broad continent netted with telegraphs.

By crossing and selection, a new variety of cattle, known as the Bordelaise race, has been developed in Southwestern France. The two parent varieties are the Holland and the Breton cattle, the one famous for the abundance of their milk, the other for their provision of butter. The Bordelaise race, whose first herd book appeared in 1880, is said to combine the excellences of its two progenitors. Its most characteristic external mark is the black-and-white tiger pattern covering the body. In the pure breed the head is entirely black. The name comes from the city of Bordeaux, the metropolis of the region where the new race is bred.

It is a matter of common observation that grass does not grow so well close to trees as in the open. The same is true of grains. Experiments in England and in this country have shown that the deleterious effects of the near neighborhood of grass and trees are mutual. The trees suffer as well as the grass and grain. This is especially true of fruit trees. The cause is ascribed to the excretion by the trees, on the one hand, of substances poisonous to the grass, and by the grass, on the other hand, of substances poisonous to the trees. It thus appears that the failure of grass to grow well near trees should not be ascribed to too much shade, nor to the exhaustion by the tree roots of the food supply needed by the grass.

A Stumbling Block.

"Since coming to America," said the young Englishman in his most transatlantic accent, "I have purposely taken to pronouncing one word wrong. I don't say 'Grieg' any more. I say 'Greg.' Before making the change I said to several persons I happened to be talking with, 'I say, do you know Grieg?' and always they answered: No, they did not know Greek, and for goodness sake don't ask if they know Latin because they've forgotten all of that they ever did know. They thought, you see, that I was asking if they knew Greek. So finally I took to saying Greg, which is enough to make the poor old Norwegian shout out a correction from his grave, but it prevents further misunderstanding."

The Church Fair.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." Aye! None but the brave a fair would dare; For when the "fair" ladies begin their advances Sure, every man present has got to take chances. —The Catholic Standard and Times.

It is an easy matter to accomplish some great things, otherwise the average man wouldn't even have a look-in.

It is better to work than to be worked.