

WHAT'S YER NAME?

Tell me, assie, what's yer name?
Gin I see you in a snug home,
They'll ask me if I saw ye,
They'll see the smiles I canna hide
Sin I've met the mornin's pride—
What will I say they're ye?

MYSTERY OF THE VALLEY.

About ten years ago business compelled me to make frequent journeys from Lausanne to Sentier, in the valley of Lake Joux.

At first this mountain trip, which had to be made in an ordinary diligence, seemed to me extremely tedious. Then, little by little, I became familiar with the mountain ways that I traversed as in a dream, and at last I came to love them. I loved the austere melancholy of the somber horizons, the murmuring woods of fir, the pastures of long, thin grass, among which the hardy yellow gentians grew, the isolated and silent chalets, and, above all, the lake, that mysterious lake which revealed many streams and had no visible outlet, but emptied the surplus of its dark and sluggish water into subterranean channels. I also acquired an affection for the inhabitants of the region, who called their valley the valley, as if there were no other in the world. They were a sturdy race of mountaineers, peasants and workmen, most of them being engaged in the manufacture of watches. They were descendants of a number of families of French refugees, but old-fashioned manners, were intelligent, laborious, saving, fairly well educated, scrupulously honest and devotedly pious.

I took the diligence at the station of Romaniottes about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and by night it had conveyed me to Sentier, stopping at supper time at the principal inn of the village of Pont. There, after having partaken of a plate of soup, I was served with one of those delicate trout which are the specialty of the place, and with a bit of excellent "vacherin," the savory cheese of the country. The host saluted me, drank a small glass of white wine with me, and at my departure gave me his hand with a cordial "au revoir."

Every time I stopped at this inn I saw in one corner of the room, seated at a table with a glass of absinthe before him, a gaunt old man, with a sallow complexion. He was negligently dressed and was smoking his pipe and contemplating his glass; he was continually absorbed, apparently, in a drunken reverie or in memories of days long past. The innkeeper, whom I finally questioned in regard to his strange guest, said: "That is M. Arnaud, who was the syndic of Pont in 1855, the year of the crime."

The horn of the diligence summoned me before I had time to inquire concerning the details of this crime, which was called the crime, just as they spoke of the valley.

On my next visit to this region, on stopping at Pont one cold, clear night in October, I was informed that it would be necessary to remain at the place several hours in order to repair the diligence to which some accident had happened. I was the only passenger, and the innkeeper having gone to look after the diligence, I found myself alone in the room, excepting that strange old man, who sat there smoking before his half empty glass. Curious to know more of this strange character I took a seat at the table next to his. I helped myself to a glass of vermouth while waiting for my supper, and opening a newspaper which lay near by I began to glance at it.

He soon seemed to have the same curiosity in regard to me that I had concerning him. Slowly he raised his large head, which had been nodding; his eyes, which were usually half closed, were opened sufficiently to fix his glance on me; his lips moved as if he wished to speak, and he coughed. Then with a trembling hand he took his glass, rose with an effort and came to my table, at which he seated himself opposite me. I laid down my paper and addressed some words to him, which he did not seem to hear. He had resumed his accustomed attitude; his eyes were half closed, his head drooped, and I almost believed that he was spellbound to eternal silence. His presence became embarrassing to me. I began to feel uncomfortable, and that I might become more at my ease before this man, who seemed to take no notice of me, I again took up my newspaper, when he suddenly stretched out toward me his heavy bony hand, laid it upon my arm, through which I could feel a nervous tremor run, and said: "Do you not know the history of the crime?"

I was astonished, and signified my ignorance by shaking my head. He at once resumed in a hollow voice: "Ah, well! I will tell it you."

And, without relaxing his hold on my arm, which, for a moment, his strong grasp pained, he began to speak in the measured accents of the people of that region, his face wearing a fixed expression, which never for a moment changed: "It was in 1855," he said, "I was then the syndic of Pont. One morning old Meylan, the forest guard, came to summon me. He was greatly agitated. He said: 'Have you not heard, M. Arnaud? Old Mathurin has been assassinated; his body has been found lying in the road near Lien. Come and see.'"

My strange companion paused for a moment and then said: "Do you not know who Mathurin was? He was a French peddler. He often came to the valley selling pens, paper, pocketbooks, etc. He had been known here for years. "He had not an enemy in the world. He was a good, honest fellow, a Protestant like ourselves. He told stories to the children and explained the Bible to them. Only the day before he was killed I had brought some playthings from him for my little girl."

"Well, I went with old Meylan. All the people—the whole village—were on the road. And poor old Mathurin—we found him lying rigid in death and white. Why, he was as white as the snow. If I should live a hundred years I could never forget it. Why, even now

I can see him as plainly as I see you, with his old wrinkled face and gray locks. And he looked so peaceful—naturally, for his soul was in heaven. At Meylan's suggestion I put my hand on his breast to learn if his heart still beat, but it did not. He was dead. He had six stab wounds—here, here, here, here, here and here."

He indicated on his own breast the places where the murdered man had been stabbed; his forehead was beaded with perspiration and his words seemed to stick in his throat. For a few moments he remained silent, apparently contemplating the corpse of old Mathurin photographed on his memory. Then, resuming his story, he said:

"The governor of the province asked me who committed the crime, but I did not know. How could I? How was any one to know? There had never been an assassination in this part of the country. Nothing had been taken from Mathurin. He must have been killed for revenge, as Meylan said. But who had thus wreaked his vengeance and for what? Every one in the village loved poor old Mathurin; he was here twice a year like a bird that brings good luck. All began to search for the murderer—the gendarmes, the judges, all the people of the village—but it was useless. And the search was continued for a long time, although nothing was discovered. Nothing ever will be discovered—nothing! No, it will never be known who killed poor old Mathurin!"

As he said this his voice was gradually lowered, and was finally lost in sobs. A moment afterward, relaxing his grasp, he took his hand from my arm, and his heavy chest sent forth great sighs. At last he carried his glass to his lips, took several swallows of absinthe, rose from his chair and returned to his corner, where he resumed his former mysterious manner. Looking at him, I asked myself if I had been dreaming, if this extraordinary being were a reality and had been sitting face to face with me, his hand upon my arm, and speaking to me. The servant came to tell me that my supper was served at another table. I did not have much appetite. However, I made an attempt to eat my soup. When the innkeeper returned I called him to me and said:

"Tell me what you know about this strange man who has just related to me the story of Mathurin's assassination?"

My host smiled calmly as he replied: "Ah, he has told you that strange story. I knew he would tell it to you some time. He tells it to everybody. He can think of nothing else. He is not happy, poor old man."

"But why does he remember with such distinctness a crime, which most of the people of the village have long since forgotten?"

"Ah! He was the syndic when the crime was committed. It was he who first touched the corpse after the discovery. It was he who formally announced the murder to the authorities and ordered an inquest, and he took an active part with the police in searching for the assassin. All this affected his mind. At first no change in him was noticed, except that he seemed to be a little nervous. People said, 'Ah, the poor syndic; he is troubled over this affair.' Then, when the inquest was finished, he sent in his resignation as syndic, saying that he was not worthy to hold the office, since he allowed people to be assassinated—just as if he were to blame for Mathurin's murder. To show their confidence in him, the people wished to send him to the grand council. He declined to go. He was the wealthiest land owner in this part of the country, and was held in great esteem by all. Soon afterward he lost his wife and also his son, who died of a cold caught on the frontier during the war. Then he took to drink, and would repeat to people over and over again the story of Mathurin's murder. People began to shun him, and at last he talked with no one except strangers, to whom he recounted the history of the crime. Yes, he is certainly demented, and absinthe has helped to unsettle his mind. He no longer busies himself with anything; his affairs are in disorder, his property is mortgaged, and in a few years he will become a charge on the commune."

In my dealings with the inhabitants of the valley I had found them to be very conscientious people, and could understand how their sensitive minds might be tortured by scruples and doubts. However, the case of the old syndic seemed extraordinary to me. I believed that I had never met in one of those strange cases of mental derangement resulting from the exaggeration of one faculty, or from dwellings upon one idea, to which the psychologists were beginning to give a great deal of attention, and I made up my mind that I would follow it more closely. As soon as I had finished my supper I approached the old man, who had just been served with another glass of absinthe.

"Is the place where the murder was committed far from this village?" I asked.

He raised his eyelids, looked at me a moment, and then rising, said: "Come with me, and I will show you the spot."

We left the inn together. Silence reigned throughout the village. The houses, the roofs with their chimneys, the trees and the massive old church were all distinctly outlined in the white moonlight. In the keen, frosty air I could hear the fallen leaves crackle under our feet; while the boughs of the overgreen fir trees repeated their monotonous plaint. The waters of the lake, a large part of which was visible in the moonlight, driven by the wind in waves upon the pebbles of the shore, complained like the firs. Along the road Arnaud's shadow advanced beside mine.

He walked with a heavy step, his back slightly bent, his head lowered and his arms swinging. He said nothing. By degrees, as we went on over the road, which took us some distance from the lake, he seemed to walk with more difficulty. Although his face was still immobile, and his step was slow, his breathing was heavy, and at last he proceeded only with great effort. At a turn in the road where three trees formed a sort of a triangle he paused, drew a long breath, and with a quick, almost automatic gesture of the right arm, said: "This is the spot."

There was nothing sinister about the place. I wanted to ask the old man several questions. Contrary to my expectation, his first emotion having been overcome, he talked more freely than at the inn, as if, having been obliged to make a great effort, he had succeeded through that effort in putting some lucidity into his ideas.

"The corpse was there," he said, "at the foot of that fir tree, stretched out in that direction—the extended arms almost forming a cross, the left leg slightly curved. There was not much blood. The ground was damp, and we were able to trace the steps of the assassin. He wore

large shoes, with heavy nails. After the murder he went toward the lake by the little path which crosses the field, perhaps because he wanted to wash his hands. He returned and took 100 steps toward Lien, apparently to throw people off his track. Then he went to Pont. At the edge of the village his traces were lost—at six paces from my house. The knife was never found. Nothing was missed from Mathurin's effects; he had 100 francs in his pocket. Could you conceive of anything so mysterious? Up to the present time the murderer has not been discovered; that's certain. The affair happened so long ago—nearly every one has forgotten it. But I—I have not forgotten it!"

As he uttered these last words in a broken voice, his face still expressionless, his eyes fixed on the fatal spot, the problem which had already presented itself to me was brought to my mind more clearly than ever. How, I asked myself, could a sensible man—one who the citizens, not only the ignorant peasants, but the intelligent and educated people, trusted with the interests of the most capable and honest man among them—how could such a man be driven almost to monomania by the murder of a peddler? The continual contemplation of some dark problem might, of course, cause such mental aberration. On the other hand, the peaceful life of those mountaineers was too simple and too healthy to bring on mental troubles which result from the overwork, ambition, intemperance and excesses incident to life in the capitals.

Thus I quickly argued with myself while Arnaud stood there rooted to the spot, as though spellbound by his memories. I looked at him again. His face was still expressionless, but the sweat rolled down his cheeks, and in his look there was something terribly tragic. Then a horrible suspicion, which perhaps had already been outlined in my mind, suddenly presented itself to me, and instinctively without reflection I exclaimed: "But, you wretch, it was you who killed him!"

Arnaud turned toward me, his eyes wide open, his form almost erect. A little foam came to his lips. He clenched his fists and came toward me, and then, as I retreated, he exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Ah! do not denounce me! Do not denounce me!"

He dragged himself along the ground. At last his features underwent a change and his convulsed face, contorted mouth, dilated nostrils and enormous eyes showed his terror. Something of the fear that possessed him was communicated to me, and at the same time I felt great pity for him. What crime deserved such a horrible penalty of torture? What punishment could compare with it? Gesticulating wildly, he repeated his prayer in a husky voice: "Do not denounce me! Do not denounce me!"

"Do not fear," I said, "I am neither judge nor informer; I will keep your secret. But why did you?"

He divined my thought and interrupted me, exclaiming: "Not! Not! I can say no more! That will never be known! Never!"

Then rising from the ground with all the agility of a young man, he took flight and ran toward the village.

During the following winter I did not have occasion to revisit the valley, but in the spring I again went to Sentier. On stopping at the inn at Pont I noticed that the corner of the room where old Arnaud used to sit drinking absinthe was vacant. I asked the innkeeper what had become of him.

"Ah, the poor man," he replied. "It is a sad story. You know I told you that he was a little crazy. Well, it was found that he had lost his wits altogether. He finally persuaded himself that it was he who had killed old Mathurin, and he denounced himself as the murderer. It became necessary to put him in an insane asylum."

"But," I said, after a slight hesitation, "what if he were not insane? What if he really were the murderer?"

My host regarded me with an air of stupefaction. "Hea murderer!" he exclaimed. "How can you imagine that he would commit such a crime? He did not have an enemy and was the most upright man in the place?"

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