

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

He sprang from the bath, the water dripping from his firm, white body and glistening in big drops on the thick hair on his heaving chest, as he rushed across the floor of his sitting room, holding his towel around him with one hand. He opened the door a little way and took in the letter. Still holding his towel about him, he stood examining the envelope very carefully. As he stood thus, with one foot slightly thrown forward, all his weight on his left leg, his muscles stood out like whip-cords. His eyes were bright and the light of a new interest suddenly sprang into them. He presented thus a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He had little occasion for the brisk rubbing to which he treated himself, when he had put down the letter unopened, merely remarking:

"I wonder what Cassagne is doing at Villeneuve."

The heat of his young and vigorous body had almost evaporated the moisture. He went back into his bedroom and put on a soft, silken suit of pajamas, caught at the waist with a broadened belt. He took a tassel Turkish fez from his peg and put it on his head. Then he went in to his chocolate and rolls, picked up his morning paper and began to read. He skimmed the sheet at first with a languid interest, eating very deliberately as his eye traveled over the paper. Suddenly he came to this item:

"Nothing new has transpired since yesterday in regard to the murder of Mme. Roupell at the Chateau Villeneuve."

He got no further. Like a flash he dropped the paper and reached out and took hold of the letter which he had almost forgotten, exclaiming:

"The Chateau Villeneuve! Villeneuve! Why, that's the place Cassagne writes from. How! what am I thinking of? He can't have been called in on that matter. It was in the hands of the prefect of police, and I know he hates Cassagne like poison."

Nevertheless it was with fingers which trembled a little in their eagerness that he opened the letter.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here's fun at last. Cassagne is engaged in that Villeneuve matter after all. Called in by a friend of the suspected party, too. Always on that side of the case—the most difficult, of course. Wants me to watch one Jules Chabot. I know him; old fox; club man. About as much chance of his being implicated as of my getting married. Well, I declare!"

There were two long sheets of instructions. His first excitement over, Charles D'Auburon read them twice very carefully, sipping his chocolate so slowly that the contents of the cup were almost cold before he finished it. Several minutes elapsed before he finally put Cassagne's letter on one side and lay back to think.

"The last letter madame received from him," replied the physician, "bore the postmark of Blois. That must be twenty years ago, as near as I can recollect."

The first thing Cassagne did on his arrival in Paris was to call on his friend and pupil, Charles D'Auburon. He found him at home, his face glowing with suppressed enthusiasm.

"Now," said Cassagne, "tell us what has happened? Have you found Jules Chabot, and what progress have you made toward getting acquainted?"

"I already knew him slightly," answered D'Auburon. "I approached him cautiously, because if he is really implicated in this matter he would naturally be suspicious of any sudden show of friendship. Fortune favored me, however. I managed to lose a game of billiards to him at the Alliance this morning, the stakes a luncheon at the Cafe Anglais, whither we repaired shortly after. What do you think that blundering idiot Lablanche is doing? He has set someone to shadowing Monsieur Chabot. The fellow had followed me in a cab. I thought you had given him the slip, but looking out of the windows of the Cafe Anglais there he was loitering against a lamp post, and looking like a detective all over. Did you ever hear of such clumsiness in all your life?"

"You must exercise your ingenuity, my dear boy. A little thing like that shouldn't disturb you. Always recollect that in this business it is the man who keeps cool that wins. It is a golden maxim."

D'Auburon was rapidly cooling. He had been waiting all the evening for the arrival of his friend to indulge in his tirade against the prefect. He had delivered himself. Then he became again, as Cassagne put it, "a reasoning being."

Cassagne then gave D'Auburon a short sketch of what had occurred at the Chateau Villeneuve. He finishes his account by producing the little gold locket.

"The man who wore this was last heard from at Blois. The owner of this locket was the man who actually murdered Madame Roupell. Whether he had accomplices or not it is hard at present to say. The prefect argues, doubtless, from Jules Chabot's presence in the chateau on the night of the murder, that he is in some way connected with it. My own opinion is that it is a mere coincidence; nothing more. Still it will not do to leave any point uncovered. That's why I want you to keep him well in sight. Do you see?"

"I see, of course," responded D'Auburon. "I can keep him in sight readily. Meantime, what do you yourself propose to do? Go to Blois, I suppose."

"Exactly, and I start to-morrow morning. That means I shall go to bed early to-night. You must try and discover this man Chabot's most intimate friends, meanwhile. I may be gone for a day or so. Try and go where he goes, to be invited where he is invited; and above all don't let Lablanche get ahead of us. He's not such a fool as you think. If he makes blunders, remember he makes remarkably clever ones."

"There was some talk of a ball to-morrow night," remarked D'Auburon at length, when he had well weighed the other's words—"a ball at the Vicomte de Vallier's."

"Ah! do you know him?"

"Yes, as I know them all. I know of him. He was got at if necessary. From what Chabot dropped," continued D'Auburon, "I believe he intends to be there. He is quite in with the de Valliers. I understand. You have heard of de Valliers, I suppose? Great financial nabob, and all that sort of thing."

Cassagne nodded, quietly. "You ought certainly to be there. One never knows what may happen."

"Now to find, in a population of nearly thirty thousand people, this one individual, this Henry Graham, who was last heard from in this very city seven years ago," soliloquized M. Cassagne, as he stepped from his compartment on to the platform of the little railway station and saw frowning from above him the ancient castle of Blois. All the way down in the train he had been busily occupied in planning how he would find the human needle, Henry Graham, in the bundle of hay, Blois.

With nothing to guide him but his own marvellous powers of reasoning, he now started forth upon a search which ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have considered worse than needless. For it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the man he was looking for had lived in Blois under another name than that of Henry Graham.

M. Cassagne sauntered quietly down the curving, narrow main street of the old town. By nightfall he had accomplished this. He had had his hair dressed nearly twenty times, he had ordered and paid for but barely tasted nearly forty meals. He had discovered that there were exactly two inns for every barber in the town of Blois. But no barber, and no innkeeper had been able to inform him of such a person as Henry Graham. M. Cassagne retired to rest in the snugest hostelry in the town, the Golden Fleece.

Such progress did the detective make the next morning in the good graces of M. Chateau, the proprietor of the inn, that by the time the ancient gilt clock over the stables had chimed out the half hour, M. Chateau and he were on excellent terms, walking around the little garden and chatting and talking confidentially.

M. Cassagne was confiding a wonderful fairy story. He was at Blois in the interests of a little girl of whose person and estate he had been appointed guardian. He had only to establish the death of one individual to prove his little ward heir to a large property in America. M. Chateau, in his ten years' residence in Blois, had doubtless met many Americans.

has been in Blois for the past twenty years. She gets all the business because she knows what they want. She may be able to tell you something about him."

It was barely nine o'clock when M. Cassagne, having finished his coffee and rolls, issued forth from the courtyard of the Golden Fleece, and proceeded in the direction of the Rue du Concert. It was a short street, containing neither inns nor barber shops, which, perhaps, accounted for his not having previously set foot within its precincts. If it had not been for the fortuitous meeting with Chateau, in all probability M. Cassagne would never have thought of looking there for traces of Henry Graham.

It was a bright, smart shop, with large plate glass windows, in which were displayed, beautifully ironed, two long lace curtains, lying specimens of the quality of the work which was never, even for the best customers, done within. The interior of the establishment was fitted up with a large stove in the rear, on which dozens of irons were heating. Ranged in long rows across the floor were the ironing benches at which the women labored. Through an open door at the back, a glimpse of huge piles of linen, in various stages of renovation, was to be had. The whole place was full of steam. Though the weather was warm, there was an entire absence of proper ventilation. The atmosphere of the place to one unaccustomed to breathe it was intolerable.

The appearance of the young woman in the establishment of Mme. Beausantin, however, entirely belied that of the popular picture. Notwithstanding the arduous character of their employment, they were as robust and strong as amazons. The glow of health was on their cheeks, and the muscles of their bare arms and necks stood out like whip cords. They were not at work, however, when M. Cassagne arrived. It was a time-honored custom of the establishment that from nine o'clock to half-past was to be devoted to rest and refreshment.

When M. Cassagne intimated his wish for a strictly private interview with Mme. Beausantin she bowed consent and led the way to an inner apartment.

M. Cassagne took a seat. Mme. Beausantin stood with one elbow on the mantelpiece, and eyed him curiously. She had been mistaken in the gentleman being a customer, she told herself. What then was the object of the present visit? She was soon to know. The detective approached point blank the one subject which was always uppermost in his mind.

"Can you tell me anything of the whereabouts of one Henry Graham? You were his laundress some seven years ago?"

In a moment he had hit upon a plan of enlisting the co-operation of Mme. Beausantin. An excellent judge of character, he could tell that greed of gain was one of her predominant traits. Then, without giving the laundress time to deny or affirm his statement, he added in an impressive tone:

"My name is Alfred Cassagne, and I am a detective from Paris."

Mme. Beausantin's little beady eyes no longer twinkled. Instead, they appeared to be dilated to twice their former size. Her hands trembled apprehensively and her fingers interlaced themselves together in a spasm of sudden nervousness.

"A detective!" she gasped, when she was at length able to command her voice. "Do not be alarmed, madame," said Cassagne. "No, the slightest harm is intended to you. On the contrary, perhaps I may be able to make your special knowledge of this affair of considerable pecuniary advantage to you. Take a seat. There is a good deal to talk about."

The calm tone of the detective somewhat reassured the proprietress of the laundry. She sat down. The look of alarm on her face gave way to her predominant expression—the expression of greed.

"What do you want to know?" was her eager question, in a voice which asked almost as distinctly as words, "What will you pay for it?"

"I want to know as much of Monsieur Graham's history as you are acquainted with."

He drew from his pocketbook two bills of the Bank of France. They were of the denomination of one hundred francs apiece. Taking one between his finger and thumb, he pushed it toward Mme. Beausantin across the table.

"When you tell me all you know about Monsieur Graham, you shall have the other one," he remarked, impressively.

"The sum is entirely too small, monsieur," she said, "for information which is really worth having."

(To be continued.)

When You Shave Yourself. Grinding his teeth, he muttered a low oath.

"I don't know what's gotten into this razor," he exclaimed. "It won't cut at all."

She gave a little cry of amazement.

"Why," she said, "when I opened that can of potted ham with it this morning, it was so sharp it nearly took my finger off."

His Field Day. "Yes," said the tramp who was explaining his method. "I always tell the lady of the house that I was injured on the field." "What field?" asked the inexperienced beginner. "Well, if it's a younger lady I say football field, and if it's an old lady I say batle field."—TIT-BITS.

Not What She'd Call It. "How well Mrs. Trilpsley bears her troubles. I declare, she looks as fresh and fair as a young girl, yet she has buried two husbands."

"You don't call burying two husbands trouble, do you?" replied Mrs. Heupke.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Longer Her Physician. "My husband is troubled with a buzzing noise in his ears; what would you advise?"

"I would advise him to go to the sea shore for a month or two."

"But he can't get away."

"Then you go."—Houston Post.

A Difference. Mrs. Ath Letic-jill have to get some new golf costumes. I am very short on golf skirts this spring.

Her Husband—Last year the golf skirts were very short on you.

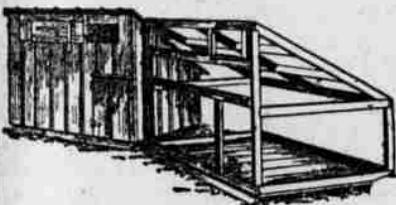


PORTABLE COT FOR HOGS.

Following is the description given by the Wisconsin Agricultural Station of a valuable portable hog cot which will be found of use on the farm. The cot is six feet wide, eight feet long, six feet two inches high in front and three feet high in the rear.

The floor is built first, with 2x4s as stringers, and the frame is held on the floor by blocks at each corner. The large sized house is provided with two doors in front and a temporary movable partition and a temporary movable partition in the middle so that the cot can easily be adjusted to accommodate two lots of swine at the same time. On a level with the glass windows, there is also a drop window, preferably hung on hinges, fastened at the top for ventilation and sunlight.

The lumber required for the house is as follows: Twelve pieces, two inches by four inches, sixteen feet long, for frame. Four pieces, one inch by twelve inches, sixteen feet long (rough), for floor. Thirteen pieces, one inch by twelve inches, sixteen feet long, for roof and ends. Ten O. G.



SMALL SIZE HOG COT.

battens, sixteen feet long, for sealing cracks between boards.

The total cost of material to build the cot with floor, door, and window complete amounts to about \$12.50. For neatness, economy, durability, and comfort to animals, this type of cot is excellent. Where it is desirable to keep a number of hogs in one lot the large size is preferable. The cot will accommodate from three to five mature animals and the large cot from seven to nine. Although the Wisconsin station has a large hoghouse with feed room, scales, etc., the cots have been found a convenient means of enlarging the facilities of the piggery.

To Feed the Horse.

A common way of feeding dray horses and other street teams in the city is illustrated here. A sack is made out of good strong ducking of a circumference that will allow of its being pulled over horse's nose and leaving sufficient room for him to work his jaws easily. This sack is anywhere from a foot to fourteen inches in length. The bottom is made of a good stiff piece of harness leather cut out and sewed firmly into the hem of the ducking. A leather strap is riveted into one side of the mouth of the sack, and a buckle is riveted on the other, so that the whole may be strapped on to the horse's head, as shown. In order to feed a horse must be uncheckered, and he soon learns to place the sack on the ground, where he can push his nose to the bottom of it to clean out the last of the food.

For the farmer who takes a day to go to town these sacks will be found very handy, as a horse can be fed with them without any waste of grain providing he is uncheckered. A little caution should be used in placing the sack on a horse not accustomed to it, as it may cause him to jerk back. However, after he has once eaten a meal from it he can be considered well broken in.—Iowa Homestead.

Cowpea Hay.

H. M. Cottrell, after years of experience and observation, says that cowpea hay is nearly equal to alfalfa in feeding value, and contains nearly one-half more flesh and milk making material than clover hay. It is rich in the mineral matter that is needed in forming bone, blood, flesh and milk. These qualities make it especially valuable for feeding growing cattle and pigs, dairy cows and fattening steers and hogs. The cowpea enriches the land on which it grows, the same as alfalfa, clover and soy beans. It makes hard soils mellow and aids in holding loose soils together, and stands dry weather well.

Breeding Tip for Eggs.

The Maine experiment station has discovered a hen that laid 250 eggs in one year. In fact, she laid 251 eggs in a year, counting from Thanksgiving day to Thanksgiving day. This hen came from a selected family of 200-egg layers as the original foundation. In the same family there were a number of hens that laid over 240 eggs in a year.

Condiments for Hogs.

The most valuable "condiments" for hogs are ashes, salt and copperas. A big breeder says he once a week rakes up the cobs in the feeding yard and burns them, thus giving the swine some charcoal; occasionally he hauls in a load of coal ashes, and salt and copperas are mixed with wood ashes and kept in a trough where the hogs can eat at them at any time.

For Lousy Stock.

Dip or wash the animals with a 1 or 2 per cent water solution of a tar disinfectant, such as kresol. A convenient way to apply the remedy in the larger animals is with a spray pump, and in sheep or hogs by dipping. Whatever method is used, the coat and skin must be thoroughly wet with the solution. After treating, the head, the stables, sheds or sleeping quarters should be sprayed with about a 1 per cent water solution of the disinfectant, or white-wash may be used instead. This is necessary in order to prevent reinfesting the herd from the surroundings. If there is much litter around the yards it is advisable to move the herd to other corals. Tar disinfectants in 1 or 2 per cent solutions do not destroy the eggs or mites, hence it is necessary to treat the animal again in ten days or two weeks. Stockmen sometimes ask if the feeding of sulphur to lousy animals will not drive away or destroy the lice. The feeding of small doses of sulphur will do no harm, nor will it help in getting rid of the lice, and it cannot be considered a remedy for this class of disorders when used in this way. Sulphur is effective, however, when used externally, and the addition of four ounces to every gallon of tar disinfectant solution used greatly increases the effectiveness of the remedy.—Field and Farm.

Foxtail and Pigweed.

Both these weeds are annuals; that is, they grow from seeds each year or season and the plants die after ripening seeds. The way to keep them down is to prevent the plants from ripening seed and making sure that there are no seeds in the grain sown upon the farm. Fox-tail is troublesome, because it springs up in cultivated fields after the crops are laid by, and then it comes up in stubble and in meadows and pastures. Late cultivation of corn fields, and mowing the stubble, meadows and pastures to keep seeds from forming, is the way to attack this weed. Judging from the way these weeds spring up, whenever conditions are favorable, there must be great stores of them in cultivated fields—showing the seeds are long-lived. Pigweed quickly springs up in corn or potato fields, after cultivation has ceased. These seeds ripen from August 13 to November 1, so it will take vigorous measures to get rid of them. In fact, the only way to get rid of these weeds is to cut them down before seeds mature. If a crop of them is left to mature in corn fields, and then the seeds plowed under the coming season, you have stored away enough seeds to bother you for the next ten years.

Farm Management.

Economy is wealth. Extra and unnecessary expense is a millstone around the neck of many who otherwise would succeed. Discharge the unprofitable employe. Stop every leak of unnecessary expense. Money saved is money made. Money invested in improved machinery is economy. Money invested in the best seeds and appliances is economy. Time wasted, labor wasted, is extravagance. A successful farmer says he does not have to inspect a farm to see whether it pays or not. "Just give me a chance to look into the barn. The condition things are kept in is all the go-by I want." The barn is a telltale on the careless or wasteful farmer. In fact, economy in farming begins at the barn in the proper handling of food, caring for the manure, care of tools and harness and the care given to the live stock stabled there. There is always a best way to do things, and the best way is generally the paying one.

Money in Peanut Raising.

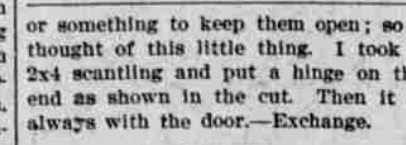
Texas farmers are getting 90 cents a bushel for peanuts, and with a yield of from fifty to sixty bushels to the acre are calling it "big money."

The acreage in peanuts for another year will be large, as this price will bring more than cotton at 10 cents per pound.

The farmers of Burma have recognized the commercial value of the peanut, and have this year increased the area planted to 78,743 from 37,110 acres last year, and it is reported that a much larger area will be planted to this tuber next season. Thus far most of the peanut planting is done in the provinces of Magwe and Myingyan.

Barn Door Prop.

I have a few large barn doors that are hung on hinges, and when I open them I have always had to get a stick



CONVENIENT BARN DOOR PROP.

or something to keep them open; so I thought of this little thing. I took a 2x4 scantling and put a hinge on the end as shown in the cut. Then it is always with the door.—Exchange.

Sawdust and Soil.

Prof. W. S. Masey says sawdust from resinous pine decays slowly in the soil, and will sour the land when decayed. Even when used for bedding in stables the manure is not worth half as much as that with ordinary bedding. Look about the remains of sawdust accumulated about abandoned mill sites that are common in the pine woods, and you will see that it takes a long time for any vegetation to start where sawdust has been scattered.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1492—Columbus arrived at Hayti and learned that the colony left there had perished.

1499—Perkin Warbeck, who styled himself Richard IV., King of England, executed.

1518—Cortez sailed from Cuba to capture Mexico.

1540—De Soto left the coast and began his inland march.

1542—English defeated the Scots at Solway Moss.

1578—Sir Humphrey Gilbert's first expedition sailed to found a colony in America.

1626—St. Peter's, Rome, dedicated by Pope Urban VIII.

1633—Ships Ark and Dove sailed from England with 200 persons to found a colony in Maryland.

1643—Birth of La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi valley.

1683—Boundary line agreed upon by New York and Connecticut.

1755—Severe earthquake shocks felt along the eastern coast of North America.

1758—Fort Duquesne renamed Pittsburg by the English.

1775—American force took and fortified Cobble Hill, near Boston.

1776—British under Cornwallis crossed the Hudson to attack Fort Lee.

1794—Jay's treaty between the United States and Great Britain signed.

1796—French under Bonaparte defeated the Austrians at Arcola. Much property destroyed by fire in Savannah, Ga.

1801—The Pillory used in Boston for the last time.

1816—A Philadelphia theater lighted by gas, first in the country.

1832—Eruption of Mt. Etna; town of Bronte destroyed.

1837—Montreal used gas for illuminating purposes for the first time.

1851—Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover and Duke of Cumberland, died.

1852—Napoleon III. elected Emperor of the French.

1890—Legislature of Georgia voted \$1,000,000 to arm the State.

1893—Battles before Chattanooga, Tenn., began. The National Soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg dedicated.

1897—Committee on the House reported in favor of the impeachment of President Johnson.

1871—The Grand Duke Alexis arrived at New York.

1874—British immigrant ship Cospatrick burned at sea, with loss of 473 lives.

1877—The Halifax fishery commission, under treaty of Washington, rendered its decision.

1883—Standard time adopted throughout Canada.

1889—Remarkable cliff dwellings discovered in Colorado.

1889—Alaska first demanded representation in Congress.

1890—Indian outbreak near Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Battleship Maine launched at the Brooklyn navy yard.

The Scientific Immortality.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the noted British scientist, has delivered another pronouncement on the subject of the immortality of the soul. He says first that the simple important truth to be kept in sight is the commonplace fact that there is nothing immortal or persistent about the body except the material atoms of which it is composed. He dismisses utterly the notion, still taught by part of the Christian church, that these atoms will some day be gathered and reunited so as to constitute a complete man as he appeared on the earth, and who thereafter will last forever. This he regards as merely a clumsy expedient to make pleasing the idea of the homeless, wandering spirit or ghost of the departed individual. Sir Oliver says that nobody knows what the soul is, but that common sense rebels against its being nothing, and that no genuine science had assumed to declare it a purely imaginary nonentity. He holds it must be acknowledged by science that no really existing thing perishes, it only changes form. As this has been shown clearly in the case of matter and energy, it must also be true of mind, consciousness, will, memory, love and other activities which interact with matter and appeal to the bodily senses. These facts of the individual human consciousness, he says, cannot be regarded as nothing, and they will never vanish into nothingness. They did arise with us. They never sprang suddenly into being from previous non-existence. They are as eternal as the God-head itself, and will in eternal being endure forever.

Greater Pittsburg Legalized.

The fight over the consolidation of Pittsburg and Allegheny ended in the Supreme Court when Justice Moody handed down the decision sustaining the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which had upheld the consolidation which a majority of the people of the two cities voted under a legislative act. The consolidated city has an area of thirty-eight square miles, an estimated population of 550,000, and will contest with Boston the sixth place among American cities for population, a position also claimed by Baltimore.