

# 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 one 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 bound 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, and 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 nonplussed. 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."

"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 are 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 not unskillful 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 landlady, the janitor at Blois 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 Batignolles, 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 handkerchiefs 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 out 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 bowled out by an obsequious shopman to her carriage.

"You had better strike the Marquis 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, 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.)

## The Cameo.

The true nature of a cameo is very much misunderstood by the public generally. Most people think it is the stone itself, when in reality the method of cutting is what produces the cameo. The real meaning of the word is unknown. Its derivation having never been discovered; but, correctly speaking, cameos are small sculptures executed in low relief on some substance precious either for its beauty, rarity or hardness.

There are emerald cameos, turquoise cameos, shell cameos, coral cameos. Indeed, any substance that lends itself to carving in such minute detail can be used for cameo cutting and nearly all precious stones, except diamonds, have been so used for intaglios, but never for cameos. Emerald is the most common precious stone from which cameos have been made, and there are some very fine emerald portrait cameos in existence, notably those of Queen Elizabeth in the British museum. Shell cameos were first made in the fifteenth century.

Banded onyx is generally used for cameo work because of its hardness and coloring, and it is this fact that has caused the misapprehension, the stone being used so much in making cameos that it has now become better known as "cameo" than by its right name.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## 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.

## A Baby.

A baby—that which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, the past forgotten, the future brighter.—Rupert's Magazine.

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



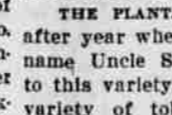
## Value of Co-Operation.

Sir Horace Plunkett, member of the British house of parliament, who has been in this country recently, said in an address to agricultural students that there was "not a single county, not a parish, in Ireland where the farmers are not completely revolutionizing the entire business of farming by introducing co-operative methods." And it might be added that there is scarcely a farming district in the United States where more benefits cannot be realized by a closer co-operation of the farmers. The farmers are understanding each other better each year and are coming closer together in all matters which pertain to their mutual interests, but there are still greater possibilities ahead. Describing the 900 co-operative organizations of peasants in Ireland which he was instrumental in establishing for the purpose of competition with commercial industries, forcing out middlemen, compelling railroads to provide better facilities, and dictating more favorable legislation to parliament, done: "The first thing was to introduce a system of agricultural education which extended into every branch of the industry, teaching the farmer, for instance, to purchase everything he requires, implements and machinery, of the very best quality. They combined to consign in bulk and distribute their goods in the market. They combined to raise working capital for their operations. They combined to own breeding animals. They did just what you are doing here, brought science into farming by getting it into the schools. They had the same system of instruction and experimentation supplied by your government."

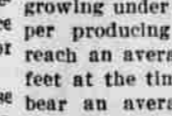
## New Variety of Tobacco.

A new variety of tobacco, valuable for cigar wrapping, was first raised in Connecticut from seed brought from Florida and which originally came from Sumatra. After very careful and satisfactory tests results have proved beyond a doubt the value of this variety for growing commercially, together with the fact that the seed comes true to type year after year when saved under bog. The name Uncle Sam Sumatra was given to this variety. It is a cigar wrapper variety of tobacco and adapted for growing under shade in the cigar wrapper producing regions. The plants reach an average height of about eight feet at the time of maturity, and they bear an average of about twenty-six leaves before topping. The cured leaves will average about sixteen inches in width by twenty inches in length, although the size varies according to field and cultural conditions. The yield of the crops of this variety is high, being as much as 1,000 pounds of cured tobacco to the acre under favorable conditions. The percentage of the best grades of wrapper in these crops is correspondingly high.—Exchange.

## THE PLANT.



## THE LEAF.



## Test Seeds at Home.

The Department of Agriculture in order to aid farmers to determine for themselves without much trouble the germination value of seeds has issued a short bulletin on the subject. A very simple apparatus for sprouting seeds is described. It consists of a shallow basin in which is placed a small flat of porous clay. The seeds, after having been soaked, are laid between two sheets of moist blotting paper or flannel. A pane of glass covers the dish, which should be kept in a temperature of about 70 degrees. Atmosphere of an ordinary living room is suitable if the apparatus is left near a stove at night. Several kinds of seeds may be tested at once at a trifling cost. The bulletin cautions the farmer against extremes of heat or moisture.

## Fertilizer Tests with Corn.

Fertilizer tests with corn in Virginia show clearly that plowing under green leguminous crops is a highly beneficial practice and that where this is followed only moderate amounts of fertility will be necessary to give increased yields. When vegetable matter is lacking, however, heavy applications of fertilizer seem advisable.—Andrew M. Soule.

## Farm Cleanings.

There is no standard for judging the guinea fowl. They should, however, be of uniform shape, great activity and reasonably good producers of eggs. Their entire egg crop is produced in summer.

Bitter cream comes from keeping cream too long from cows that have been milked since early last spring. It is best to churn every few days, even though there is only a small churning on hand.

## Ripening Green Tomatoes.

Often when frost comes there are many tomatoes on the vines that are nearly full grown, but that have not yet ripened enough to send to market. I have picked such tomatoes and put them in a cool, dark place to ripen slowly and sent them to market when the supply had run low and prices run high, says a writer in New England Homestead. But for home use a better way is to pick the smaller ones from the vines and then hang up the branches in the cellar, darkening the windows and keeping the place cool. They will ripen slowly, and one may indulge in ripe tomatoes in January, when those grown in a hothouse are not as large or any better flavor as selling at 25 cents a pound or more. Try it.

## CRIME OF HUNTING.

### This is a Plea for the Old-Fashioned Sportsman.

No one who knows anything about the trade of making and selling books will misunderstand the motives of the nature writers who are protesting at every possible opportunity against the wicked practice of hunting game with a gun instead of a kodak, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. They know the power of printer's ink. They need advertising and they secure it. But the nature lovers, whose excitement over the crime of hunting is due to the efforts of the writers, are doomed to disappointment and are somewhat deserving of ridicule. They should know better than to take seriously the gentlemen who champion the cause of the coyote and the timber wolf for the vulgar purpose of raising seeds and who denounce the savagery of the sportsman because every line that is printed upon the subject of their views increases the probability of sales.

The project of preserving game to the end that amateur photographers and makers of books shall have an opportunity to study wild animals and birds will hardly appeal to any considerable number of law-makers.

Of course hunting as a form of recreation for human beings would not be indorsed by a congress of wild animals, but was pork packing as a legitimate industry ever indorsed by a hog? Did a right-thinking hen ever look with favor upon the pastime of eating fried chicken in a Maryland? Was a steer ever known to regard the raising of cattle for the deliberate purpose of making boots of their hides, beef of their flesh and glue of their hoofs, as just and humane!

It is easy to exaggerate the cruelty of hunting and to picture the sportsman as a savage, satiating his thirst for gore by shedding the blood of the innocents. But, getting down to brass tacks, the deer, although somewhat appealing to the eye, is not a whit more innocent than a fat hog wallowing in a mud puddle and enjoying life with a zest never experienced by the timid, nervous beast of the forest, accustomed from infancy to start at the snapping of a twig and bound away at the sight of an enemy.

## THE SYSTEM DID NOT WORK.

Educational theories which survive may generally be considered to have some good in them. Nevertheless, even the best of them sometimes fail to work quite satisfactorily. An instance is given by a school teacher, who relates her experiences in a late magazine. She was teaching a country school on the prairies of Nebraska. The pupils were mostly children or French-Canadians. In those days the idea of teaching the very little ones by means of pictures to represent the words was regarded as the best system, and primers teemed with columns of words in big print, and descriptive pictures opposite.

One day a little black-eyed French-Canadian man child, who was so this and tiny he could almost be taken for a spider, came up to my desk to "say his lessons." His eyes shone, and he beamed all over with an "I've-got-it!" expression. Inconspicuous as it may seem, little Frederic had a terrible bass voice. He knew his letters, and as I pointed to the letters of a word he roared, "I-n-k!" He looked at the picture of a bottle of ink opposite. "Bottle," he finally decided.

I had to say it was ink.

"V-a-t-tub."

I explained that it was vat.

"P-i-g-hog."

I was obliged to say it was pig. Frederic was discouraged. How could he know it was pig when they always said 'og at home?"

The little voice trembled on the next word. "P-a-l-l." A long wait, then faintly, "Bucket."

I knew the children all said bucket but I said this word was pall, and Frederic was almost in tears.

The next word was horse, and opposite was a picture of a little colt and its mother. Frederic spelled "H-o-r-s-e," and I pointed to the picture. This time he hesitated not a second. "Colty!" he roared, triumphantly.

I said, "No," very gently.

"Mare," he hazarded, looking at the mother.

"No, deary, it spells horse," I had to say.

Poor little fellow! I was as discouraged with the "system" as he was. I said he might take the same words for the next lesson, and he returned to his seat crestfallen. In a few minutes my next class was interrupted by the heavy voice of the game little fellow:

"Say, teacher, we got a horse at home, an' it ain't got no colt, an' we got a mare, an' she's got the nicest lit 'le colt!"

Alas for the book-makers! Their wisdom was confounded by the working knowledge and experience of a tiny 5-year-old farmer boy!

## The Noose.

Teacher (expectantly)—Now, children, how many of you can tell me what a lasso is?

Willie (hurriedly raising his hand)—Please, ma'am, it's a long rope with a running nose at the end.—Judge.

## Horrible.

"Have you a smoke nuisance in your town?"

"In our town? It is usually on our front gallery! The young man who is calling on my daughter is a cigarette smoker."—Houston Post.