CHAPTER VIII.- (Continued.)

"I'm afraid, doctor, you would not make a very good detective. Recoilect that in nine cases out of ten, the obvious reason is always the wrong one. A smart villain, who knows enough to carry glass stilettos, and how to use them skillfully, would not have unnecessarily alarmed the household by firing a pistol in the dead of night. Oh, no! he would simply have smothered the woman, already insensible and unresisting, with a pillow, or choked her to death."

"I see, I see," acquiesced the physian. "Go on."

"Let us assume, now, that this unknown person entered the house through the window in Monsieur Van Lith's chamber. While creeping through the room he espies a case of pistols. He has come unarmed, save with the Venetian stiletto. But once in the house, his courage fails him. He picks up a pistol from the case, saying, 'This will protect me if I have to proceed to extremities.' He passes on to Madame Roupell's chamber, and falls to searching among her papers. She is a woman of large property, and must have valuables. He is not after money, for the diamonds which she wore to the opera have not been taken. While thus

engaged, he is interrupted by Madame

Roupell, who rushed forward to save her

papers. He jumps from his chair, over-

turning it, and raises the stiletto; she

turns and flees; he pursued and stabs her.

Do you understand, monsieur?"

"Yes, I understand everything, except his firing the pistol into the head of a woman whom he had apparently already put out of the way of harming him. I am assuming, of course, that his object was not murder. Of course, Madame Roupell may have recognized him, and he may have wanted to be sure she was

"Even that would not have warranted his risking firing the pistol. Recollect, as I have already said, he could easily have smothered her without making any noise," replied Cassagne.

"True! Then why did he fire the pis-

"It is easy to conjecture," returned the "He did it to direct suspi-Frenchman. cion from himself to the owner of the "The diabolical villain!" exclaimed the

doctor, and apparently so impressed was he with M. Cassagne's theory that he kept repeating the phrase over and over again, The diabolical villain!"

But M. Cassagne paid no heed to the efaculations of the physician. He was down upon his knees, running about on all fours on the carpet, totally regardless of the injury to his pantaloons. His nose was within an inch of the floor. At last he stopped in the middle of the apartment, and exclaimed: "Give me the knife."

The doctor handed it to him. He at once proceeded to cut away the carpet, and then to dig furiously into the wooden flooring.

"What on earth are you looking for?" inquired Mason.
"Never mind," replied Cassagne. "Wait

a moment, and you'll see."

He kept on digging away with the knife as furiously as ever. At last he stopped, and, still on his knees, held triumphantly aloft a small, oblong, black object. Then he exclaimed breathlessly: "All right; I have got the bullet."

"If we only had Van Lith's pistol

knees of his pantaloons, which he had sadly crumpled. "We have got what is quite as good,"

he said. "Go into the next room and bring me the other pistol. Ten to one they were mates."

Taking the pistol from the doctor's hands, he pushed the bullet into the muzmle. It fitted to a nicety.

"We have thus far," said M. Cassagne, "established our theory successfully in regard to one very important point. Neither your friend Van Lith nor Monsieur Chabot had a hand in this murder. It was committed by a third partysomeone who entered the house unknown secret manner. Let us see, now, how he got away, and what means of escape presented themselves. He could not have made his exit by any of the doors, because one of them led to the room in opened directly into the chamber occupied by Monsieur Chabot. There is still, of course, a bare chance that he retired by the door leading into the corridor; but it 's altogether improbable that he would take such a risk, as that corridor was thronged with people hurrying to Mad-

"That is so," acquiesced Mason, "Had he attempted to escape into the corridor | die?" he would undoubtedly have been seen

and captured." "He must, therefore," continued Cassagne, "have gotten out of the windows. The man I have in my mind's eye at the present moment would have been smart enough to raise the window before he fired the shot. He would be particularly careful not to leave any clew that he had been in the chamber, for that would exonerate the owner of the pistol. would certainly not have leaped from the window, because that would have left footprints on the ground; you will look in vain for such. Yet he did get out of this very window."

"How can you tell that?" asked Mason. in amazement. "It has been already in spected by the prefect of police. has also searched carefully under the window, for I saw him doing it. If anyone had passed through that opening he would surely have discovered it."

The prefect is doubtless a good officer," replied Cassagne, "but if he had looked closer, he would have seen that in Roupell died he had an interest in her climbing through the window the man estate. He was her nearest heir at-law, brushed the dust off this geranium leaf

with his coat." been touched. The truth of the detec- was in it." tive's discovery became then convincing.

been swept partly clean. M. Cassagne smiled with pardonable pride, and, saying that he had for the present nothing fur ther to examine in the bed chambers, led the way down stairs, first of all, however, replacing, carefully, the seals which he

Taking his hat from the rack in the hall, and inviting Dr. Mason to accompany him, he passed quickly around to the rear of the chateau. A man servant was shaking some carpets on the back lawn. He ordered him to bring a ladder, and, placing it against the wall of the

chateau, ascended it nimbly.
"I thought so," he called down to the doctor. "The ladder will bear two of us.

"What is it this time?" inquired Mason, craning his neck so as to be on a

Cassague directed the physician's attention to a slight abrasion of the stone. "That was caused by the man's shoe when he leaped from the sill," he explain-

"But where did he leap to?" inquired the doctor. "This window is twenty feet from the ground, at least. Even if he had been in his stocking feet he must have left some impression, and you say

"He reached the ground another way, that is all," replied Cassagne. "Most likely he jumped into that tree. Let's see if it is possible."

With the agility of a sailor ascending the rigging of a vessel, he climbed up the rest of the ladder, and stepped on to the window sill. After measuring the distance with his eye for a few moments he said:

"It was a desperate leap for a man to take in the night time; but recollect, ie was a desperate fellow. Then gathering himself together, and

exerting his enormous muscular strength, he sprang from the window. A projecting bough nearly a dozen feet away was his objective point. He caught it, and with the agility of a trapezist passed hand over hand down to the trunk. he swung himself around the branch, his eye fell upon a small, glittering object stuck fast in the fork of the tree. He picked it up, and slid rapidly down to he ground, where the doctor was awaiting him. Placing in the physician's hand a small gold locket, the detective exclaimed in a delighted voice:

"I'll have him-I'll find him now, if I have to hunt for him all over France." Just then one of the servants approached. "It was twelve o'clock. Would the gentlemen like breakfast?"

"The gentlemen will have some break fast by all means," replied M. Cassagne. "Our labor has been immense, our reward ought to be proportionate," and the physician led the way, and together they passed into the chateau.

CHAPTER IX.

Hardly had M. Alfred Cassagne swal owed the last mouthful of his breakfast, than his active mind reverted again to the mystery which yet surrounded the death of Mme. Roupell. Who was the man, at present unknown,

who had crept like a thief in the night into the chateau, and as quietly stolen away when his foul work had been ac complished? And what was his motive in committing the crime? Was he in any way connected with M. Chabot? Could be possible that the prefect of police here," said Mason, "the evidence would be complete, but it is in Paris."

It be possible that the present of police had stumbled on the real instigator of the murder in the person of Chabot, and the murder in the person of Chabot, and The detective arose and smoothed out that this unknown person was his confederate? Most likely at that moment some officer from the prefecture was engaged in closely watching Chabot's slightest movements. There might be something in the prefect's theory, after all. Mature reflection convinced M. Cassagne that it would not do to dismiss it with a mere shrug of the shoulders. Chabot's accomplice might be the man they were looking for. Anyhow, it would not do to leave the point uncovered.

"I must write at once," he said, presently, "to Cliquot. Cliquot is my assist-We must have him keep watch of ant. this Monsieur Chabot's movem

M. Cassagne wrote out a series of into anyone, and who left it in an equally structions, particularly cautioning his assistant to keep track of M. Chabot, and under no circumstances, if he ran across any of the people from the prefecture, to let them really know who he was. Then he appeared to be engrossed in thought. which Van Lith was hiding, and another He rubbed his hands violently together, as if he would impart activity to his brain by the friction. He arose, thrust back his chair, and began to walk rapidly up and down the room, stopping occasionally to examine the pictures on the walls, with the eye of a critic.

"Madame's husband left her very well ame Roupell's chamber at the sound of off, I should judge," he remarked at last. 'Very," replied Dr. Mason.

"How long ago did Monsieur Roupell

"About fifteen years."

"And then she took up with the

"Not immediately. It was not until the death of their parents that Madame Roupell went to America to fetch them. "Tell me what relatives Madame Rou-

pell had besides these young ladies." There were no other relatives except a brother, a dissolute character, who lowed his sister from America to this cause a corporation generally stands by

"And his name?" "As I recollect it, Henry Graham, I Star. believe. A man of fifty or sixty.' When did you last see this Henry

"I never saw him but once. He came to the chateau, on some begging expedi-tion when I happened to be here. He pretended to be very affectionate. was a poor looking creature, quite broken down when I saw him, and not at all the kind of man to commit a daring crime."

"Recollect that the moment Madame "But she had made her will, she had disowned him, and utterly cast him off. The doctor bent down and placed the That will bequeathed all her property to leaf indicated alongside one that had not her nicces. I witnessed it. I knew what

eyes upon the wails and ceiling. But he ooked the doctor straight in the face.

"On what was that will written? Try your utmost now to recollect that; & great deal depends on it."

"The first will was not written upon paper. The second contained some slight equests to friends and to favorite servants. I believe I was mentioned myself for some trifling amount. In other respects the two wills were identical. The first one was drawn up by Madame Roupell's lawyers. She kept the second will at her banker's. The first one remained in the house. It was engrossed on parch-

"On parchment," repeated M. Cassagne. "Was it anything like this?" and he handed a scrap of the article in question over to the doctor.

"Where did you find this?" inquired the doctor when he could sufficiently recover from his astonishment to speak.

"I found it upstairs," replied M. Cas-"I put it in my pocket, because it was in a queer place for a scrap of parchment. I found it with four other pieces, in the fireplace of Madame Roucell's bedroom. Of course, I have a theery, now, how they came there. First of all, however, before I come to that, tell me if you are certain that the scraps were torn from Madame Roupell's willthe first will, I mean-the parchment

The physician did not immediately reply. He fully realized the importance of his answer, and how much hung on it. "Give me the scraps," he said. "If there is any writing on them I should be able to tell by that. It was a very peculiar hand. It looked as if it had been engrossed by an English scrivener. Yes, the handwritings are identical.

"It is enough," muttered Cassagne, sweeping the pieces of parchment up from the table and putting them carefully away in his pocketbook. "Now for my theory. Henry Graham is the man we want to find. Mind you, I don't say he committed the murder, but you'll see he is implicated in it in some way or other. He had everything to gain by Madame Roupell's death, provided she died intes-He must have learned in some way that his sister had made a will disinheriting him. To gain possession of what he thought was the only will was his object. If he could do that, his sister, being ignorant of the fact that the will was destroyed, would go to her grave believing herself testate. On her death her brother could have come forward and claimed the property.

It was clever reasoning. The doctor listened with breathless interest as the detective continued:

"Assuming that it is this Henry Graham, let us see what he knew and what he did. He must have heard of the making of this first will, and somehow or other he must have learned of its con-He was ignorant of the making of the second instrument. Now let us see how he acted. He gained an entrance to the chateau. How he did this it is impossible to state at present. Probably he may have been in collusion with somebody in the house; but I don't know yet. He was evidently well posted as to the ements of the family, for he chose a time when, as he thought, they had gone to the opera. It was a mere accidentwe don't know whether it was or not, but we will assume so-that Miss Harriet Weldon did not accompany the party. I am myself inclined to think there was some love affair between her and Van Lith, which accounts for his presence in I'll have to begin me cooking right off, going to happen, I dreamed that I lost the house that night, and which also accounts for his silence. You understand what I mean. He won't speak for fear compromising the young lady." "That is good," he The doctor nodded. said, "very good, indeed; go ahead."

ssin was a little disconcerted at finding Miss Weldon and your friend deal of trouble." Instead of entering the by the servants. He gained Madame Roupell's chamber and proceedwas he in his search that he was surpris- tache." ed by his victim. He drew the stiletto, stabbed her, and quietly resumed his search for the paper. After a time, he He was about to destroy it by fire, when it occurred to him that a orable opportunity. Unluckily for him, in his hurry he did not pick up the scraps

(To be continued.) Why They Blubbered.

in the audience shed tears during my great death scene?" queried the leading ways late the night before a holiday," knew not where. He only felt that he "Yes," answered the soubrette, "and

I don't blame them." "Don't blame them!" echoed the L L

"Why, what do you mean?" ed the soubrette.

"Why do so many of our ablest men turn their backs on the public and devote their talents to the service of great corporations?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I shouldn't be surprised if it was bea man who has worked for it and the public generally doesn't."—Washington ing." remarked Mrs. Moulton.

Strikes Gold Every Week. farm laborer digging a deep drain: chums."

"What are you digging here for?" asked the tourist. Tourist-When do you expect to he does it."

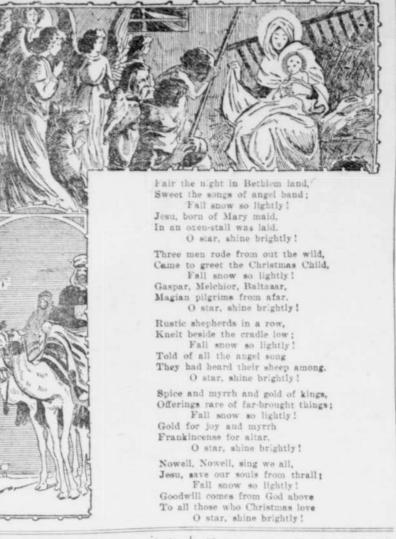
strike it? Laborer-One o'clock on Saturday,

Discouraged. Lovely Flancee-Oh, George, I sometimes think I would rather die than be for a week."

married! Mas in it."

Lovely Fiances 1es, you don't have up this half hour, and it will be only M. Cassagns began to grow more and to rehearse half a dozen times for that, up this half hour, and it will be only fit to drink if we wait much longer." One was covered with dust, the other had more interested. He no longer cast his you know.—Chicage Tribune.

BETHLEM LAND.





It was the night before Christmas, and he was coming home. From the end up by becoming a confirmed dysfar West he telegraphed that he would peptic, my name is not Priscilla." come East to see the Yule log blaze and the festival candle burn.

cake that Bridget used to make," he put at the end of his dispatch, and the old family servant when this was read to her said: "Faith, and he ought to have some-

body better nor that, the crachture, after being out for a year among those Philippines, who live in the swamps and alt rice six days in the week, besides Sunday." "So he shall, Bridget," replied the home-mother, Mrs. Thurston. "We'll

have a little surprise party for him, and have all his relations and intimate friends within call to welcome him." "That'll be foine intirely, ma'am, and

so that there'll be lashins' of everything to ait and drink." "You can save your strength for the Christmas dinner, Bridget, but for the remarked Tom behind his napkin. "I

Christmas-eve gathering we'll have a thought all her masticators were caterer, and that will save you a great boughten on a plate." "It wouldn't be the laist trouble in that her personal belongings were be house from the front, which would be the world anything I could do for Mas-ing criticized, went on to relate how a

comparatively easy, he was compelled to the Samuel, but let the caterer bring his dream of hers had once come true, and the character bring his dream of hers had once come true, and the character bring his dream of hers had once come true, and his contracted by the character bring his dream of hers had once come true, and his contracted by the beautiful true broad his contracted by the broad hi ice crames and his sherbits, and his got her hearers into such a melancholy swale-cakes, and I'll give the boy condition that they neglected the good ed to search for the document. He ran- something fit to alt the next day, some- things spread before them, when sudsacked the desk and then threw the pa- thing substantial that'll make him for- denly to counteract the prevailing Unconsciously he stayed get he was ever hungry among thim gloom, Dick Chester exclaimed: "Here's longer than he intended. So absorbed yaller dwarfs that he wint out to to the health of my old schoolmate, And now the night had come when toast by starting the chorus, "For he's

his arrival was anxiously expected. a jolly good fellow." This was in full The guests had all assembled, and at blast when a cry outside hushed the every passing footstep there was a song into silence. It was piercing, inparchment would burn better if it was shout, "There he is," but as the sound sistent, often repeated, and bore this in small pieces. He started to tear it passed and died away in the distance, message; when he altered his mind, and instead there were little sighs of disappointof burning it then and there, put it in his ment from brothers, sisters and cousins, wrecked on the T. and W. road; all the pocket to be destroyed at some more fav- and the company returned to their passengers believed to have been somewhat forced merriment, hoping killed." The people around the board that the next ten or fifteen minutes sat with blanched faces. No one dared would bring a welcome ring of the door speak until Mrs. Thurston sobbed: bell. Nine o'clock came, and the ex- "That's the train my poor boy was pected prodigal son, as some one so on." "Did you notice that nearly every one jocosely called him, did not appear.

"They were next to the painful fact Sam's father, who had never been a stricken mother, and one of them crept that your demise wasn't real," explain- hundred miles from his native city, and closer than all others and said: could no more decipher a time-table than he could read hieroglyphics on a pyramid.

And "So they are, so they are," murmured every one else, though the festivities in which they were engaged seemed like the play of "Hamlet" with the Danish prince left out.

Ten o'clock struck and still the absent one had not returned.

"Perhaps he won't come until morn course he did not know you would all be here, and he may have stayed over American tourist in Engand, seeing in New York to see some old college

"That wouldn't be a bit like Sam," returned his father. "He's a good deal "Gold, guv-nor," replied the laborer. like me. When he says he'll do a thing. "Yes, he's a chip of the old block,"

whispered one of Sam's sisters, "though father did promise to mail a letter for me last month, and kept it in his pocket

"Well," asked Sam's younger brother George-What, darling! Rather die? Tom, "why can't we begin on the eat-Lovely Fiancee-Yes, you don't have ables? The ice cream has been dished

chance to welcome the returning hero. "I never saw such a hungry boy in Here's mother." my life," said Aunt Priscilla from the country. "When he comes up to the the little woman who had given him farm be keeps me baking all the time. birth, and Mr. Thurston exclaimed: I call him the great American plelots of girls, but only one mother."

rather board for a week than a fortnight," said Mr. Thurston.

another as they thought of the God-man "Oh, I don't begrudge him what he puts into his stomach, but if he doesn't

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil "Let me have some of that potato- thereof.' Just take my arm and I'll show you how a fashionable caterer spreads a feast at so much a plate. I'm not allowed to give the price, but it's enormous, like my appetite." There was a general movement to

> hostess and Uncle Arthur led the way, and soon the edibles began to disappear before the attacks of the guests whose hunger had been sharpened by delay Eleven o'clock rang out from a neighboring steeple and still no Sam.

> "Too bad, too bad," murmured Grandmother White, who had sat up long past her usual hour for retiring. "I knew something disagreeable was a tooth last night, and that always means misfortune."

"I didn't know she had one to lose,"

And the old lady, oblivious of the fact Sam Thurston," and followed up the

"Extra Evening Mercury, train The father said nothing. He put on

"Oh, these Western trains are al- his hat and went out into the night, he said Uncle Arthur, who had been a must do something, bring some light out great traveler and knew all about the of the darkness, some hope out of dehaps and mishaps of railroad manage spair. Tom followed him, for men must act while women weep, "So they are, so they are," echoed | And the girls gathered around the

Tom, gleefully, who was behind with his father. "Let somebody eise have a

"Yes, he's one of the kind you'd mas," and the shout went from one to

who had raised the widow's son from the dead. "It seems like a miracle," said the grandmother, when she came in for her "All right, Aunty," answered Tom.

share of the unexpected greeting. "Oh, there is nothing miraculous about my being here now," said Sam. the 'X. and V.' "

"I missed the train on the "T. and W.," and had to take one two hours later on "Well, Providence was watching over

"It is not true, it is not true!"

But still the cry of disaster, now

growing fainter and fainter, was heard

along the frozen streets, and even the

ate revellers from the closed saloons

hushed their noisy ribaldry as the mes-

sage of death was borne upon the air

to their dulled and bewildered senses,

"Shut up, fellows! It may be our

turn next, so let us respect the poor

chaps that are gone. They may have

been better men than we with people

Then with uncertain steps they went

on silent as the tomb to the poor den in

some cheap lodging-house that they

Within the house there were tears

where there should have been laughter,

and the poor words of comfort and svin-

pathy, though well meant, seemed com-

monplace in the face of a great sorrow.

Twelve shocks of sound came dismal-

ly across the square, yet no one in that

little group wished another a "Merry

Up the plank-walk of the yard at the

last stroke there was a sound of heavy

footsteps crunching the snow, and then

a pull at the bell. All this was omi-

nous in the stillness of this early morn-

ing, and each one hesitated to answer

the summons, until, at last, the girl

who was nearest to the weeping mother

arose to meet whatever evil was to

The door swung back and then a joy-

"And is it really you, Sam?" came in

"Oh, stop that nonsense," shouted

And then Sam had his arms around

"That's right, my boy. You can have

Then some one said "Merry Christ-

answer, as two young figures were

"Why, Faith, are you here?"

locked in a long embrace.

and one cried :

called home.

Christmas.

come.

ous voice cried:

to love and care for."

my boy, anyway," said the mother, as ward the dining-room at this, as the Faith sat down at the piano and began a Christmas carol with the words; "Unto thee a child is born."

New Year's Eve, 11:55 P. M.



He rose to go. 'Twas New Year's "One kiss," he begged, "my dear." Twas New Year's eva. She coyly said, "You cannot have Another kiss THIS year."

Trees on the Tables.

For the royal family in Germany Christmas trees are placed upon tables of different heights. That for the Emperor is the highest, the Empress' table is next in size, and the smallest is for the baby of the family. Carp is served for the imperial dinner, a traditional dish for the Christmas feast throughout

Friendly Advice. "Can you suggest something for me

to get for my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

You'd better get her a box of cigara, I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a parasol for you."-Baltimore

CHRISTMAS ARMY EN ROUTE TO STOCKINGVILLE.



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