

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I'm afraid, doctor, you would not make a very good detective. Recollect that in nine cases out of ten, the obvious reason is always the wrong one. A smart villain, who knows enough to carry glass stilettoes, 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, almost insensibly and unresisting, with a pillow, or choked her to death."

"I see, I see," acquiesced the physician. "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 spies 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, overturning it, and raises the stiletto; she turns and flees; he pursues 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 dead."

"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 pistol?"

"It is easy to conjecture," returned the Frenchman. "He did it to direct suspicion from himself to the owner of the weapon."

"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 ejaculations of the physician. He was down upon his knees, running about on all fours on the carpet, totally regardless of the injury to his pants. 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 here," said Mason, "the evidence would be complete, but it is in Paris."

The detective arose and smoothed out the 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 muzzle. 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 party—someone who entered the house unknown to anyone, and who left it in an equally 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 which Van Lith was hiding, and another 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 is altogether improbable that he would take such a risk, as that corridor was thronged with people hurrying to Madame Roupell's chamber at the sound of the shot."

"That is so," acquiesced Mason. "Had he attempted to escape into the corridor he would undoubtedly have been seen and captured."

"And then she took up with the niece?"

"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 Roupell had besides these young ladies."

"There were no other relatives except a brother, a dissolute character, who followed his sister from America to this country."

"And his name?"

"As I recollect it, Henry Graham, I believe. A man of fifty or sixty."

"When did you last see this Henry Graham?"

"I never saw him but once. He came to the chateau, on some begging expedition when I happened to be here. He pretended to be very affectionate. He 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 Roupell died he had an interest in her estate. Did he have her nearest heir-at-law?"

"But she had made her will, she had disowned him, and utterly cast him off. That will bequeathed all her property to her niece. I witnessed it. I know what was in it."

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(To be continued.)

BETHLEM LAND.



Sam's Christmas

BY JOHN W. RYAN

It was the night before Christmas, and he was coming home. From the far West he telegraphed that he would come East to see the Yule log blaze and the festival candle burn.

"Let me have some of that potato-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 somebody better nor that, the crachture, after being out for a year among those Philippines, who live in the swamps and eat 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 folne intirely, ma'am, and I'll have to begin me cooking right off, so that there'll be lashins' of everything to sit and drink."

"You can save your strength for the Christmas dinner, Bridget, but for the Christmas-eve gathering we'll have a caterer, and that will save you a great deal of trouble."

"It wouldn't be the laist trouble in the world anything I could do for Master Samuel, but let the caterer bring his ice cream and his sherbits, and his swale-cakes, and I'll give the boy something fit to ait the next day, forgetting substantial that'll make him forget he was ever hungry among thim yaller dwarfs that he wit out to tache."

And now the night had come when his arrival was anxiously expected. The guests had all assembled, and at every passing footstep there was a sound about, "There he is," but as the sound passed and died away in the distance, there were little sighs of disappointment from brothers, sisters and cousins, and the company returned to their somewhat forced merriment, hoping that the next ten or fifteen minutes would bring a welcome ring of the door bell. Nine o'clock came, and the expected prodigal son, as some one so jocosely called him, did not appear.

"Oh, these Western trains are always late the night before a holiday," said Uncle Arthur, who had been a great traveler and knew all about the haps and mishaps of railroad management.

"So they are, so they are," echoed Sam's father, who had never been a hundred miles from his native city, and 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 morning," remarked Mrs. Moulton. "Of course he did not know you would all be here, and he may have stayed over in New York to see some old college chums."

"That wouldn't be a bit like Sam," returned his father. "He's a good deal like me. When he says he'll do a thing, he does it."

"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 for a week."

"Well," asked Sam's younger brother Tom, "why can't we begin on the eatables? The ice cream has been only up this half hour, and it will be only fit to drink if we wait much longer."

"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 late revellers from the closed saloons hushed their noisy ribaldry as the message of death was borne upon the air to their dulled and bewildered senses, and one cried:

"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 to love and care for."

Then with uncertain steps they went on silent as the tomb to the poor den in some cheap lodging-house that they called home.

Within the house there were tears where there should have been laughter, and the poor words of comfort and sympathy, though well meant, seemed commonplace in the face of a great sorrow.

Twelve shocks of sound came dimly across the square, yet no one in that little group wished another a "Merry Christmas."

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 ominous in the stillness of this early morning, 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 come.

"The door swung back and then a joyous voice cried:

"Why, Falth, are you here?"

"And it is really you, Sam?" came in answer, as two young figures were locked in a long embrace.

"Oh, stop that nonsense," shouted Tom, gleefully, who was behind with his father. "Let somebody else have a chance to welcome the returning hero. Here's mother."

And then Sam had his arms around the little woman who had given him birth, and Mr. Thurston exclaimed:

"That's right, my boy. You can have lots of girls, but only one mother."

Then some one said "Merry Christmas," and the shout went from one to another as they thought of the God-man who had raised the widow's son from the dead.

"It seems like a miracle," said the grandmother, when she came in for her share of the unexpected greeting.

"Oh, there is nothing miraculous about my being here now," said Sam. "I missed the train on the 'T. and W.' and had to take one two hours later on the 'X. and V.'"

"Well, Providence was watching over my boy, anyway," said the mother, as Falth 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 eve. "One kiss," he begged, "my dear." She coyly said, "You cannot have another kiss THIS year."

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 cigars, I expect," said the shopkeeper. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."—Baltimore American.

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 Germany.



CHRISTMAS ARMY EN ROUTE TO STOCKINGVILLE

Illustration of a man in a top hat and a woman in a bonnet walking towards a sign that says "STOCKINGVILLE".

CHAPTER IX.

Hardly had M. Alfred Cassagne swallowed 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 accomplished? And what was his motive in committing the crime? Was he in any way connected with M. Chabot? Could it be possible that the prefect of police had stumbled on the real instigator of the murder in the person of Chabot, and 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 assistant. We must have him keep watch of this Monsieur Chabot's movements."

M. Cassagne wrote out a series of instructions, 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. 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 off, I should judge," he remarked at last. "Very," replied Dr. Mason.

"How long ago did Monsieur Roupell die?"

"About fifteen years."

"And then she took up with the niece?"

"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 Roupell had besides these young ladies."

"There were no other relatives except a brother, a dissolute character, who followed his sister from America to this country."

"And his name?"

"As I recollect it, Henry Graham, I believe. A man of fifty or sixty."

"When did you last see this Henry Graham?"

"I never saw him but once. He came to the chateau, on some begging expedition when I happened to be here. He pretended to be very affectionate. He 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."

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"But she had made her will, she had disowned him, and utterly cast him off. That will bequeathed all her property to her niece. I witnessed it. I know what was in it."

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Why They Hubbered.

"Did you notice that nearly every one in the audience shed tears during my great death scene?" queried the leading lady.

"Yes," answered the soubrette, "and I don't blame them."

"Don't blame them!" echoed the l. l. "Why, what do you mean?"

"That your demise wasn't real," explained the soubrette.

Comparisons.

"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 because a corporation generally stands by a man who has worked for it and the public generally doesn't."—Washington Star.

Strikes Gold Every Week.

American tourist in England, seeing a farm laborer digging a deep drain: "What are you digging here for?" asked the tourist.

"Gold, gov-nor," replied the laborer.

Tourist—When do you expect to strike it?

Laborer—One o'clock on Saturday.

Discouraged.

Lovely Fiancee—Oh, George, I sometimes think I would rather die than be married!

George—What, darling! Rather die? Lovely Fiancee—Yes, you don't have to rehearse half a dozen times for that, you know.—Chicago Tribune.

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