The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER III .- (Continued) The prefect approached the hed and with much earnestness upon the body. Around the neck, a pearl necklace of considerable value yet depended, and her fingers rich gems still sparkled

In their golden settings.
"Come here, Monsteur Revell," he said. quietly to the mayor, in that hushed voice which even men accustomed to such scenes involuntarily adopt in the prescace of the dead. The mayor of Ville neuve approached the bedside, and gazed for some moments on the features of the

murdered woman.
"Do you notice the direction of the bulinquired the prefect, pointing with

"I do. It appears to have entered the front of the head, considerably above the

temple."
"Just so; but you will notice that its course is downward."

that indicate to you?" in-

quired the magistrate. "Come with me, and I will show you,"

replied the officer. He led the way across the room, and stood before the escretoire. "You say nothing has been disturbed "Positively nothing."

Then notice how this chair has been tipped over. Now let me place another chair in the position it occupied. So: Now sit down in it. You are taller than Madame Roupell, but you may have no ticed that women as a general thing sit higher than men." "I have noticed that."

Therefore when you were both seated there would not be so very much difference between the height of your head from the ground and that of Madame

No! It would be approximately the

"Exactly so. New I am going to point my pistol at your head."

The prefect pressed the muzzle of his weapon against the magistrate's temple spot corresponding to the wound on the head of Mme, Roupell. M. Revell changed color slightly as he felt the cold rim of the pistol against his forehead, but he sat still.

"You may make this experiment as short as you please, monsieur le prefect," he exclaimed, with a feeble attempt at pleasantry.

"It is concluded," replied the officer, putting up his pistol. "If I had fired then my bullet would have described pre-"If I had fired cisely the same course as the builet of the assassin has done."

"Through my brain," replied the maglatrate, not without a momentary shud-

r. "Which convinces you—"
"That Madame Roupell was at the escretoire when she was killed. She must have been seated; or how could the course of the bullet have been down-

The mayor's admiration for M. Leblanche increased every moment. Though they were alone in the room, the prefect dropped his voice to a whisper, and took M. Revell on one side close to the window when he asked the next few ques-

"You are well acquainted, I suppose, with the Roupell family?"

"Yes, I may say I am. We exchange

visits. My wife and daughters frequently walked and rode with the young ladies here. In fact, I may say that we have quite friendly,"

M. Lablanche put the next question in an apparently careless manner.

And the young ladies? There was nothing between either of them and this "Nothing that I know of. He was sim-

"Has be not been particularly aften-

tive to one of the young ladies?"
"I do not think so, and especially not of late. People here seem to think rather that he has been entirely eclipsed by Monsieur Chabat, who, it appears, stood very well with them. I know the gen-

tleman was quite attentive." "And to whom were those attentions directed, Mademoiselle Harriet or Mademoiselle Emily?"

"I could not really say. There was littie to choose between them. Both, as you have seen, are charming, and both, as I have told you, are the acknowledged

ciresses of Madame Roupell."

It was M. Labianche's turn to be as-

"Her acknowledged heiresses!" he ex-"Why, you never told me

"Did I not?" answered the mayor. "Well, it is the fact, all the same. But you were about to say something." "Not at all," replies M. Lablanche, "I

was only thinking," and he suffered his factures to relapse into their accustomed expression of immobility. that is all I wish to know, monsicur le maire. If you will now go downstales and prepare your report for the tribunal, I will join you in a few minutes, when I have concluded my investigations." The mayor bowed to the prefect and

CHAPTER IV. Victor Lablanche owed his unprece dented success largely to the fact that he never permitted anybody to share his discoveries in the field of crime. If ever he found out anything remarkable, he never suffered the alightest hint of it to cross his lips. He reserved it for a grand coup when the crisis of the case should be reached. And these surprises, which invariably enhanced his reputation grand coup when the crisis of the case should be reached. And these surprises, which invariably enhanced his reputation as a shrewd officer, were generally effected through the exercise of the most

carehing investigations of the locality where a crime had been committed. No scotter had the door closed than the whole demeanor of the prefect underwent an er tire change. From the staid, unconcerned official, quietly engaged in the perfunctory discharge of a duty, he became im diately transformed into an eager enthu

But whatever success might have attended his efforts in previous cases, in this one the worthy officer was doomed to meet with nothing but disappointment But one single ray illumined his dark ened horizon of hope. In making a careful survey of all the rooms on that floor of the chateau, he discovered that two beds had not been slept in. Evidently Miss Harriet Weldon and M. Chabot had not retired, and they were the only two persons in the chateau except Mme. Rou pell herself who had not done so.

'I will assume for the purpose of ar gument that M. Jules Chabot is guilty, he began, quietly talking to himself, as if he were some second party. "Let me first see whether there is a sufficient motive for him to have committed this crime which young Van Lith so strenuously denies. In the first place, who knows anything about Monsieur Chabot? I do not, and the mayor does not, for I have asked him. Assume him to be a fortune hunter simply, and the motive grows stronger. But why? Is it because be is paying attention to the Mademoiselles Weldon? Not entirely; but because as long as Madame Roupell is alive, the Mademoiselles Weldon do not succeed to her fortune? Monsleur Chahot may have killed Madame Roupell in order to se cure to himself the fortune he was after. And he may have contrived to throw sue picion upon Monsieur Van Lith, not only for the purpose of diverting suspicion from himself, but in order to rid himself of a very dangerous rival. But why a dangerous rival, when there are two young ladies, and Monsieur Van Lith cannot marry both? Because there must be some provision in Madame Roupell's will by which the first of her places marrying will have the larger share of the estate. And if such provision exists, it is not unlikely that a sharp, shrewd fellow like this Chabot would have made himself master of its contents, for he is an intimate friend of the family; and his rela tions must be almost confidential. This is a mere theory, of course," concluded the presect to himself; "but in pursuance of it, let us see how Monsieur Chabot spent the hour which elapsed between his retiring and the time of the murder.

He again entered the chamber which had been occupied by Chabot, and with his new theory thus in his mind looked around him. He now sought to make each triffing incident reflect some suspicion against the late occupant of the chamber. He examined the bed clothes with greater care this time. It was evident that Chabot had not even lain down outside of them. He looked under the bedstead even, but espying nothing but a bootjuck, directed his attention next to the tollette table. He was about to despair, when his eye fell upon a small black object, not over a quarter of an inch in length. He picked it up, and found it was the broken point of a lead M. Chabot had evidently passed the time in writing. The question was, how much of the time?

According to the mayor's written notes of his examination of the immates of the chateau, an hour had certainly elapsed between the time of Mme. Roupell's re-tiring and the sound of the pistol shot. At what precise period of that interval had the pencil point been broken? The accident to the pencil had not occurred at the time of the firing of the shot. writer's starting with surprise, he would not, naturally have taken time to put away his writing materials before go to ascertain the cause of the noise, for only a portion of the interval. question now uppermost in Victor Lablanche's mind was: How did Jules C bot consume the rest of his time? If he should fail to properly account for the whole hour, there would be strong reasons

for holding him in custody, Having revolved these matters in his nind, the prefect of police arose from he easy chair into which he had thrown himself and approached the door leading from Jules Chabot's room to the cham-her of Mus. Roupell. Of course it was fastened, as by again referring to the mayor's notes it transpired that Jules Chahot had entered the chamber by another way. Almost mechanically he seized the handle and turned it. The door was unlocked. When he had made these discoveries he descended with a lighter heart than he would otherwise have done Much would depend upon the evidence to be elicited by himself and the testimony to be taken before the judge of instru-

He strolled out on the terrace to cumplete his official inspection of the premises. He commenced his examination at the back of the chateau. He went into all the outhouses; he visited the servants' offices even the cellars and dairy. Then he emerged again into the open air and inspected the windows and searched among the flower beds beneath them for the prints of feet. Nothing, however, rewarded this careful scrutiny, until cross ing the lawn he went through an ancient ivy-covered archway and gained the front

on he found further signs, and a little later stood looking down upon a footprint in the soft mold.

Following these footprints, he found they led directly beneath the window of the chamber occupied by Harriet Weldon. This puzzled him. He was nonplussed for the moment, when he noticed that the vines on the lattice seemed lately to have been disturbed. There was another window below Miss Weldon's within easy reach. He put up his hand, and it swung Looking in he saw that it afforded cess to a small pantry, and the door of the room was ajar. He took a rule from pocket, and carefully measured the fostprints. Then, after ruminating for a few moments, he quickly re-entered the

"That is an American boot heel, if ever saw one in my life," muttered the pre-"The open door and the footprints! I wonder which of those men did it, for it lies between the two. And just at present the odds are against the American. Yet, still, something tells me Mon-sieur Jules Chabot will bear watching."

CHAPTER V.

The village of Villeneuve was within the jurisdiction of the tribunal of the department of the Seine. The judge of instruction of this department was a man of unusual ability. In addition to possessing a profound knowledge of the law, M. Joseph Bertrand was a deep and interested student of human nature. Of all the cases which during his term of office had come before him, none, per-haps, had excited such widespread attention as this mysterious murder of the unfortunate Mme. Roupell. The horrinature of the crime, the heartlessness of the assassin, and the age and rank of his victim, all tended to invest the case with unusual interest.

At ten o'clock precisely M. Bertrand took his sent. The diagram which Lablanche, the prefect of police, had prepared, the notes of the mayor's examination and those of the justice of the peace, lay on the desk before him. There, too, lay the pistol found on the floor of Mme. Roupell's chamber. Roupell's chamber. In an adjoining chamber were gathered the witnesses who were prepared to testify in the case.

'You may bring in the prisoner," said M. Bertrand, when all was in readiness; and Charles Van Lith was led in.

The judge of instruction eyed him keen His face was of a deathly pallor; his eyes were hollow and sunken. Alto gether, he appeared to disadvantage, and he was conscious that he did so. His youth, bowever, and the fearless manner in which he glanced around him, did not fail to impress M. Bertrand favorably. Notwithstanding his official habit of sternness, the judge of instruction was possessed of many humane qualities. It was with a voice, therefore, rather mild and encouraging than harsh, that he address ed the young man before him.

"I wish, monsieur," he said, "to afford you every opportunity of clearing yourself. Now state, as briefly as possible, for there are many witnesses to be examined, how you came to be in the chateau Villeneuve last night. I see by the report of the prefect that you have refused to explain that point. Perhaps you had-good reasons for your silence then; but you can have none now, here before me. How did you happen to be in the chateau, I repeat, at the time this crime was committed, and even in Madame Roupell's

A fearful struggle was taking place in the breast of the American. To state the true reason of his presence in the Harriet Weldon, and yet it was the only course which could possibly clear him. The same sense of honor, however, which had bound him to silence when interrogated by the prefect of police, operated to close his lips before the judge of instruction. So, instead of flatly refusing to give the desired information, he sought to modify the bad effect of his refusal by

saying: "I cannot answer the question as yet, monsieur. It may appear an easy one to which to reply; but I ask you to believe that at present there is an insurmount able obstacle to my doing so."

An expression of vexation seemed to pass over the face of the judge. He had been favorably predisposed toward the prisoner, and would have liked to see him

'I warn you that your persistent refusal to answer is liable to be construed as evidence of guilt. Would the explanation you decline to give involve the party guilty of the crime—perhaps some friend of yours whom you desire to screen?" Van Lith hesitated but a moment, and

then, to the evident surprise of M. Bertrand, replied: "It would not.

"Would the explanation you refuse to give clear you? Again, to M. Bertrand's growing as nent, the young American replied; "I don't think it would."

(To be continued.)

The Village Pest. "Well, so sing, old man, I must sneak. Here omes Tompkins, and he always persists in telling me his trou-

"That leaves me up against it." "In what way?" "He always tells me his jokes."-

Milwaukee Sentinel. The Counters 3n. Time, 11 p. m.: Private Brown (on

bridge guard for first time) -Ha'alt! 'Oo-goes-thur? Country woman (returning late from

market)-There, there, my dear, don't 'ce be afraid, 'tis only me .- Ally Sloper's Half Hollday?

A little fellow of 3 years was asked by a gentleman how old he was. "I'm not old!" he exclaimed indignantly; "I'm almost new."



Picking Apples. All handling of the apple crop should be done with the idea of bruising the fruit as little as possible, says a buile



ples should be picked into bags of from these into the barrels or on to pudded baskets and carefully rolled from these into barrels or on to the sorting table. A very handy pick ing bag is made by placing a pebble in a corner of a grain sack and tying the corner by means of the pebble to one side of the mouth of the bag. This makes the bag into a loop, which may be hung over the neck of the picker. The mouth of the bag comes to the front and is held open by passing a stiff bent wire under the hem. This kind of picking bag leaves both hands of the worker free for picking. A gang of pickers will empty their picking bags and baskets directly on to s portable sorting table placed between the rows on which they are working. This table is placed on low truck wheels and has a single whiffletree, so that a horse can move it to any desired point as work proceeds. A cut of this kind of sorting table is here shown. It should be made large enough to hold not less than two barrels of fruit. The rear bolster is higher than that at the open end so that culls can be rolled, A long, heavy plank is placed on the ground on each side of this table on which the barrels are set for filling. The sorters pick the apples from the table into padded wicker baskets which have low or folding handles which permit of their being placed down into the barrel before being dumped. Apples would be greatly injured if dumped from the mouth to the bottom of the barrel. The fruit is sorted into two grades, first and seconds. In sorting exclude all fruit that are ripe, for if a fruit is ripe at pack ing time it will soon decay and spott its neighbors. Fruits that are too green or poorly colored should be left out, as they are always of inferior texture and flavor. Undersized, diseased.

After being properly "racked," to nsure a tight pack, and when ready for heading, the fruit should stand as

wormy, bruised or misshaped speci-

mens should of course go as culls. The

culls are allowed to roll into a plie

from the lower end of the grading ta-

evenly as possible at about one-half to three inches above the chime of the barrel. A corrogated paper cap or excelsior cushlon should be placed on, head laid and the press applied. The figure shows the barrel with the

heading up fruit.

HEADING BARREL. ing down the head. Just beneath the head may be seen the excelsior cushion. After a little experience a handy

man learns lots of little knacks about

Experiments in Fowls for Eggw. The New York Experiment Station atudied the effect of different rations upon the flavor of eggs. Those laid by hens fed with highly nitrogenous ration were inferior to those from hens fed with a carbonaceous ration. They had a disagreeable flavor and odor. The eggs and yolk were smaller and the keeping qualities inferior. In the test at the Massachusetts (Hatch) Experiment Station to compare cabbage and clover rowen as the green portion of a ration for laying hens it was found that the eggs produced on the former ration. aithough heavier and possessing a higher percentage of dry matter, protein and fat, were inferior in flavor and cooking qualities to eggs produced

on the ration containing clover. A small quantity of chopped wild onion tops and bulbs were added to the feed of a number of hens. After about two weeks the onion flavor was noticed in the eggs laid. When the amount of onion feed was increased the flavor was so prominent that the eggs could not be used: A week after the feeding of onions was discontinued the flavor could no longer be noticed.

How They Store Sweet Potatoes. The New Jersey sweet potato house s a stone building, say 16x18 feet on the inside, with walls 10 feet high and a good roof. The building is half underground and the earth is banked up around it. There is a passageway | tilizers.

through the center, and the bins for PERUNA A TONIC OF the sweet potatoes are 6 to 8 feet square and S to 10 feet deep. There is a door on the south side, with window above, and a stove is placed inside the building for use when required. The walls are plastered, and the underside of the roof is also covered with lath and plaster, and the place is thoroughly weatherproof. A house of this kind will afford storage room for 3,000 or more bushels.

Stock Breding and Management. Another method of cheapening the expenses is to use pure breeds and provide abundant pasturage. Poor pastures make poor stock, no matter how careful the breeder may be. It will not do to endeavor to bring the stock or herd up by breeding unless all the conditions are favorable. The razor-back hog is the result of poor feeding, and though man compelled the animal to resort to scanty berbage, nature fitted him for the purpose by gradually changing his form, thus adapting him to the surroundings. We thus know that ellmate, soil and the growth indigenous thereto are important factors to be taken into account, and in the breeding of live stock farmers should consider well as to what may be needed before

making the effort. The large mutton breeds of sheep now weigh twice as much as the ordinary common kinds, but in securing size the sheep have been fed on rich pastures, where everything favorable for improvement has been in their favor, and they have never retrograded during a single period, but progressed without difficulty. Hence, if the large breeds are to be the agents for improving the common flock, the farmer must take a look over the feeding grounds. The Berkshire bog would starve if compelled to compete with the land pike variety. It could not exist under the same conditions, for it has been bred away from that sphere, and it is of no use unless adapted to the place which is to be its habitation. The native cow can exist where the pure-bred animal might starve, but this is because she is not required by nature to convert a large quantity of food into milk. Scanty herbage has dwarfed her milking qualities, and this has been handed down from ancestry, but scanty herbage will not do. The change is upward, and the conditions must be changed to suit the demands of the

Forming a Wind Break, A grove should have forest condi-

tions. By this is meant that the leaves falling should remain and form a leaf mold which will act as a fertilizer and hold moisture during severe winter weather. To accomplish this to a certain extent low growing trees and shrubbery may be planted among the trees, and near the outside some evergreens, such as red cedars or the white spruce. These will break the force of the high winds and leave at least part of the leaves upon the ground,

To sum up the different varieties that may be grown with success on our prutrie soil, I will mention the black walnut, butternut, white ash, elm, basswood or linden, shellbark blckory, bur oak, box elder, wild black cherry, white birch tinclusive of the European and cut leaved varieties), also the catalpa, cottonwood and willow,-I, W. Hoff-

The jast ten years has been the golden age of American agriculture. More that it will relieve almost any case of advance has been made than in any Kidney trouble if taken before the stage venty or thirty years in the nation's history. Land has increased enormously in value since 1806, and is destined to go higher in the farming sections. Prices for products have been good all the time and are better now than ever. If the importance of agriculture and the farmer increases at the same rate in the future-and it is sure to do sothe agricultural life will be considered the ideal one, and to own a good farm the very acme of felicity.-New Haven

Everybody's kickin', Kickin' 'bout the heat; Kickin' bout the prices We pay for things to est; Kickin' 'bout the railroads An' the government, Kickin' bout the taxes And the way they're spent; Kickin' 'bout the autos And the pace they set; Kickin' bout the grafters An' the pull they get. Old mule looks dejected, Says in tones demure, "When it comes to kickin' I'm an amachoor!" Washington Star.

Outclassed.

Kainit with Manure.

Kainit is one of the best substances to use with manure. It does not liberate ammonia, but changes it into sulphate of chloride, and thus "fixes" Kainite is a potash salt, and also contains common salt. It is one of the best fertilizers for clover, and increases the value of the manure. Applied to the land in the spring, it is beneficial, not only as a plant food, but in its chemical effect on the soil. It is also cheap compared with some other fer-

GREAT USEFULNESS



HON, R. S. THARIN

Hop. R. S. Tharin, attorney-at-law and counsel for Anti-Trust League, writes from Pennsylvania Ave. N. Weshington, D. C., as follows:

"Having used Peruns for caterhal disorders, I am able to testify to its great remedial excellence and do not hesitate to give it my emphatic en-dorsement and earnest recommendation to all persons affected by that disorder.

It is also a tonic of great usefulness." Mr. T. Barnecott, West Aylmer, On-tario, Can., writes: "Last winter I was ill with pneumonia after having la grippe. took Peruna for two months, when I became quite well. I also induced a young lady, who was all run down and confined to the house, to take Peruna, and after taking Peruna for three months she is able to follow her trade of tailoring. I can recommend Peruna for all such who are ill and require a tonic."

Pe-ru-na Tablets

Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of

Fory Papa. Esmeralda-Your father doesn't object to Dick's coming to see you now, does

Gwendolen-No, but Dick deem't come evening while paps was cleaning the scot and sales out of the kitchen flue, and paps made him hold the coal scuttle for him.

THIS YOURSELF

GIVES RECIPE FOR SIMPLE HOME-MADE KIDNEY CURE.

Inexpensive Mixture of Harmissa Vegetable Ingredients Said to Overcome Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a New York daily newspaper, of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here

in the recipe; try it: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargen, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilia, three ounces. Take a teasponful after each

meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect up-on the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all bleed disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all urle acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause the afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

An Infailible Symptom. First Student-What, you foresaw that our tailor, poor chap, would ge

The Second-Sure; on the 28th of last month he wanted some money from me!-Translated for Transatlar tie Tales from Meggendorfer Blastter.

F.TS St. Vitte Dance and all Meryone Discussed Navy Segmanship cured by Dr. Kline's Great Navy Segmanser, Sand by PREE Strint bottle and treaster Dr. & M. Kline, Ld., 201 arch St., Phila. Pa.

According to Rules. stry-You can't leave. Soldier-But I have the captain's oral permission. Sentry (importantly)—Let's see it! —Il Motio per Bidere.