

# The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

She set herself more firmly yet. The delicate fingers clinched convulsively upon the arm of the chair.

"Do not ask me, monsieur. My duty is plain. If you will not spare us, I will be with him to the bitter end."

"You cannot mend matters," persisted the detective, "by staying here. My men surround the house. The cordon is complete. For the last time I ask you, will you leave this place?"

"And I answer you for the last time, I will not go."

"Nevertheless, I will do what I can for you," said M. Lazare. "It would be something to you to save your own name, would it not?"

She glanced through the portiere giving ingress to the salon beyond, where Jules Chabot was just visible as he sat at the end of the long card table. His face was deadly pale. He whispered from time to time with Goldstein, the broker. Her face flushed for an instant.

"What do you mean?" she ejaculated.

"I am armed, madame. Take this pistol. He shall at least have a chance to save your honor."

"My honor," exclaimed the unhappy lady, recoiling in horror from the proffered weapon. "Put up your pistol. If I used it at all it would be to avenge myself on his captors. Oh! my son, my son!"

They had stepped unconsciously to the door of the conservatory. The detective turned and took her hand. His expressive face was aglow with some profound emotion.

"You have proved yourself worthy," he said. "The courage and devotion you have displayed in your hour of trial have given you a right to your reward."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Come here," he said, suddenly, "come with me. I will tell you something you never knew. Something that has come to me as from the dead, to tell you that your instincts have erred, and you have been made the play of cruel, designing people."

He drew her hand within his arm and led her to the conservatory. They sat down upon the same seat where he had conversed with the Vicomte de Vallar.

"We shall not be interrupted here. I will tell you a story if you care to listen to it."

"Go on, monsieur," she murmured.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The story," began the detective, "is of a young lady, a countrywoman of yours. It was years ago that this thing happened. She was quite handsome, very young, very romantic and foolish. When she was eighteen years of age she met an American. He also was young, handsome, but dissolute and entirely unworthy of her love."

Mme. Colbert-Rempin inclined her head almost imperceptibly. She was listening to the history of her own life. How had this man brought to light the secrets of the past which had, years ago, as she believed, been hidden by the lapse of time?

"Yielding to the American's importunities, this young lady contracted with him a secret marriage. The result of their union was a child—a boy. The marriage was concealed successfully from the young woman's parents. By the connivance of a friend and a pretended visit to the country, its consequences were also kept secret. Shortly after the birth of her child the young woman returned to Paris, where she attracted the attention of a very rich banker, who, ignorant of her past history, sought to make her his wife. It was more than probable that the lady would not have yielded to the temptation which was thrust before her but for two things, first, the discovery that her husband was a worthless, faithless fellow, second, the importunities of her parents, who at that time sustained some financial reverses. It appears that the banker held her father's obligations for an enormous amount. A condition of the marriage was that her parent should be released. A divorce was secretly secured from the first husband."

"Yes, it was to save my father," murmured Mme. Colbert-Rempin.

He went on:

"There was a little boy, as I have said, the fruit of this unhappy young woman's union with the American. This child was given out to a nurse to take care of. She was the wife of a loutish, industrious peasant, and of a peasant family herself, but she was beautiful for all that, as some of those women are. The American fell in love with her. He was called away to the United States and was absent three years. In his absence something had happened."

"What had happened?" murmured the woman beside him.

"The child entrusted to the woman's care had died. On the American's return to France, she presented her own child in its place. Her husband was dead. There was no one to contradict her."

A great sigh went up from the heart of Mme. Colbert-Rempin.

"Oh!" she cried, "can this be true? My son is dead. How have you learned this?"

"Madame La Seur, who has blackmailed you systematically, two days ago met with a fatal accident. Unable to see you, she sent you in her last moments a full confession of the imposition she had so long practiced upon you and implored your forgiveness. This was taken by her messenger to the gate where you usually received her, and was promptly seized by one of my men. Here is the confession, from which you will learn that Philip

Graham, whom you firmly believed to be your own son, is in reality the son of the peasant woman, who was the nurse of your own child, and whom Henry Graham married."

"But the extraordinary resemblance? Ah! I see it all now. Henry Graham was his father! It was easy to deceive both him and me."

"Exactly, and others have been equally deceived. Though Madame La Seur, and not yourself, was the mother of the boy, yet Henry Graham was his father. His facial characteristics and peculiarities are wonderfully reproduced in the person of his son. There is but little remaining to be told. For yourself, you have nothing to fear. This secret is known to me alone. I promise you it shall be kept inviolate. But in case the ties of long habit or old association of ideas should soften you toward this man, whom, up to a few minutes ago, you believed to be your own son, let me tell you one thing. Even you will then admit that the course of justice should be no longer stayed."

"What do you mean? I am aware that if recaptured he is liable to be returned to prison. Is there aught else?"

The detective leaned forward and laid his finger on her arm.

"Did you ever hear of the Roupell murder at the Chateau Villeneuve?"

"To be sure I did; all Paris was ringing with it."

"A defenseless woman, honored, respected, beloved, was ruthlessly murdered in her own home."

"Yes."

The murderer of Madame Roupell was Philip La Seur, alias Philip Graham."

He left her and went hurriedly to the door of the conservatory and passed thence into the outer salon. Jules Chabot came toward him smiling.

"We have been looking for you, Monsieur Lazare. De Vallar is playing in great luck to-night. You're not going to keep out of the way. He is anxious for his revenge."

"He shall have it," responded M. Lazare, quickly, "but I wish you would find Monsieur Colbert-Rempin and send him to look after his wife. She has fainted in the conservatory."

And then he passed on into the inner salon.

"Ah, here you are!" cried the Vicomte de Vallar. "You have come to give me my revenge, I hope."

"To any amount," replied the Swiss, and passing through the fashionable throng which surrounded the players, he seated himself at the card table.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was past three o'clock. The cordon of men in plain clothes which completely surrounded the house of the Vicomte de Vallar began to grow impatient. The first streaks of dawn were already visible in the east.

A few of the guests, among them the Colbert-Rempin, had left some time before. But the majority lingered in the inner salon watching with breathless interest the progress of a game the like of which none of them had ever before witnessed.

But four men remained at the table, for the stakes had been increased enormously. Those four were Herr Goldstein, Jules Chabot, the Vicomte de Vallar and the Swiss millionaire. The faces of the combatants, for they were nothing else, afforded an interesting study. The countenance of each painfully reflected the intense anxiety of that moment.

Two hundred and twenty-five thousand francs lay on the table. No one would yield and there was a call for yet another increase. Herr Goldstein, with a sigh, folded his cards before him with his enormous, trembling hands.

"I avail myself of the privilege," he said, "and withdraw."

Jules Chabot, who acted as banker, then handed the broker thirty thousand francs. It was half of his original stake; the other half of which lay on the table.

"This brings our pool down pretty low," said the vicomte. "I raise it another twenty-five thousand francs."

The other two players then each placed twenty-five thousand francs in the pool. The spectators could not but notice the excessive excitement of Jules Chabot. His hands also trembled nervously. He held good cards, but if the betting continued he must inevitably drop out.

"I think it is my turn to call," he said at last. "I have my choice; I challenge you, Monsieur Lazare."

He put down his cards and spread them out before him, the vicomte, according to the rules of the game, turning his head so that he could not see what cards either of his adversaries held.

When he again turned to the table Jules Chabot had left it and M. Lazare was sitting calmly awaiting him, with a huge heap of notes and gold at his side.

It was Jules Chabot's share of the pool, which by right of his superior hand had passed into M. Lazare's possession. The vicomte was at loss just exactly what to do at that moment. He knew the kind of a hand he held was so good there were but two other combinations which could beat it. Was it possible that the man opposite him held such a combination? Or was he simply trying to frighten him into sharing the heavy stakes?

A moment's reflection decided him on his course. He had left nearly one hundred and fifty thousand francs as yet unstaked. He would bet every sou of this; perhaps M. Lazare would be unable to cover his bets, and according to the rules of the game he was compelled to do so or cease playing, for the game was what was known as an unlimited one. He look-

ed his opponent sternly in the eye. His thought be discerned signs of weakening.

"Do you wish to divide, monsieur?"

"Certainly not!" came the quiet answer. "I am prepared to back my hand. It's your bet."

"I bet fifty thousand francs."

"I raise you one hundred thousand francs," and he placed that sum also on the table.

This seemed to stagger the Frenchman. It was the last money the detective had, but the other did not know it. M. D'Auburon's friend was indeed a millionaire. The Frenchman arose from the table.

"Monsieur will excuse me for a moment," he said. "I do but go to an inner room to get some more money."

He shortly reappeared, making his way through the dense and excited throng around the table, with a huge bundle of notes in his hand. They were different from any which lay on the table; they were of the currency of the second empire. The detective's eyes glistened as he looked at them and his heart beat quickly, as drawing forth one hundred thousand francs from the bundle, the Frenchman covered his last bet. Then he added, as if desperately:

"And I raise it one hundred thousand francs more."

"I cannot meet it, monsieur," confessed the Swiss, "unless you accept my L. O. U."

"No, it must be cash. That is only fair. I am sorry monsieur has run beyond his bank. It is the rule of the game."

The Frenchman had his opponent fairly outbet. But the temptation to make more was strong upon him. The Swiss had already scribbled an L. O. U. for fifty thousand francs and pushed it toward him.

The Frenchman was about to play, and had raised his hand for that purpose when his eye caught the queer three-cornered piece of paper in front of him.

"I can't take L. O. U.'s," he said. "I must have absolute security."

Then they saw the Swiss take from the pocket of his vest a small locket and pass it over to the Frenchman.

"Isn't that good for something, monsieur?"

With his face grown suddenly an ashen gray the vicomte leaned over the table and almost whispered, as he clutched the locket in his shaking fingers:

"Where did you get this?"

The detective leaned forward and picked up one of the notes from the vicomte's bundle.

"From the place where you found this. Is it enough, or shall I show you something else?"

"What do you mean? Don't speak out here before everybody. Come with me."

The two players arose from the table and, passing out into the conservatory, left the money lying on the table, and a group of astonished guests looking blankly at it.

"They have both been crazy to bid like this," said one; "they have doubtless gone to make some arrangement together."

They waited for a minute—for five minutes. Still the players did not return. They were in the conservatory still, hidden from the eyes of the men. If the wondering group at the card table had been there, this is what they would have seen and heard:

"They would have heard the vicomte imploring vainly for one chance; have seen him offering all he had to the Swiss if he would go back, and give him one opportunity to escape—would give him a bare ten minutes' start."

"It is more than I can do," replied the Swiss. "My men surround this house. You cannot possibly get away. Such mercy as I may, I give you. It is better than the guillotine."

He handed the vicomte his pistol, and turning, walked toward the door of the conservatory. Only once he looked back to see the vicomte standing unsteadily by the fountain, a horrible expression upon his face.

He looked around at the Swiss beseechingly, but finding nothing there which might bid him hope, said despairingly:

"Good-by; I thank you even for this."

The Swiss walked on and reached the door of the conservatory. He leaned against the lintel of the door and waited. People were beginning to come and look for the players. The outer salon was already crowded.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out and echoed through the whole lower floor of the house. The well-dressed, excited crowd rushed toward the conservatory.

The Swiss gentleman met them in the doorway. There was something in his face that stopped them irresolutely, on the very threshold.

"I wouldn't come in, if I were you. The Vicomte de Vallar has shot himself. He was the murderer of Madame Roupell, the old lady who lived at Villeneuve," he went on to explain.

"Oh, Monsieur Lazare!"

"I am not Monsieur Lazare; I am Alfred Cassagne, the detective."

Then they looked upon him and wondered why they had not divined it from the first, for it was a face well known in the shop windows of Paris.

"You had better all go home," he suggested, and they went slowly away, all but one passing safely through the cordon of police.

As Herr Goldstein came out with the rest D'Auburon placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"I want you," he said.

"Another detective?"

"Yes, another detective."

They took him away unresistingly, and Cassagne and D'Auburon went into the conservatory together. There across the coping of the marble fountain, prone on his face and stone dead, with the blood oozing slowly from a small wound in his forehead and tingling with red the green leaves of the water lilies, lay the body of Philip Graham.

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Nearly a year had passed away since

the death of Philip Graham. The Oubertu Villeneuve, from its long period of gloom and mourning, awoke one day with bells pealing joyously from its towers, its parks and woodlands smiling beneath the radiance of the summer sun.

From an early hour old Pierre had been awake, bustling hither and thither. He expected visitors, and long before their arrival, everything was in readiness for their reception.

The train from Paris was in at last, a merry group met on the platform, and its members took carriages for the chateau. The first one was occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Paul Mason. The second by Mr. and Mrs. Van Lith. The third by the mayor of Villeneuve and M. Delorme, the justice of the peace. The fourth by M. D'Auburon and M. Victor Lablanche, for the latter was a magnanimous gentleman, and could forgive a victory when a rival had fairly earned it.

It was noon. Breakfast was quite ready. The finest and oldest wines in the cellars of Villeneuve had been brought up. The cooks were growing nervous. Still they did not sit down to the table.

At last from the windows of the great drawing room they saw another carriage approaching.

"You may serve breakfast," cried the doctor. "It is he."

A very dapper, contented looking mortal alighted from the carriage and ascended the steps of the chateau, a lady on his arm, a little girl holding his other hand.

He stood confused for a moment as they all rushed forward to welcome him; but recovered immediately, he said:

"How do you do, my dear friends; this is my wife, Madame Cassagne; and here is our little daughter Celeste."

And in the midst of the congratulations old Pierre was heard to say:

"Breakfast is served."

(The End.)

When in Doubt, Study Stenography.

"When in doubt, study stenography," has been the motto of the would-be business girl for the past ten years," says Anna Steese Richardson in the Woman's Home Companion, "with the result that thousands of young women, never intended by education, training or natural ability to become stenographers, have reduced office wages and overcrowded business marts, while hundreds of their sisters, who would develop into admirable office workers, have drawn back, alarmed by the ever-increasing army of incompetents."

"There is room in the business world for the competent, earnest stenographer, and opportunities for advancement were never better nor more numerous than to-day. There is no reason at all for the existence of the incompetent worker. She will find thousands there before her."

"Please bear in mind that stenography is a trade, and you must work at it months, and even years, before you can become an expert and draw the same salary an expert milliner or fitter does. There is no royal road to success in stenography stably because your parents can afford to pay for your lessons. Many of my correspondents seem to think that they can skim through a business course just as they skimmed through school, without carrying away any thoroughly grounded information. My dear girls, some of you have fooled all your teachers all the years you went to school, but you cannot fool the man who pays your salary. The teacher was paid to do the best she could by you as a scholar, but your employer will pay you to give the best possible results for his business, and if you do not give them, he will find some one who can."

Slightly Mixed.

An Australian travelling in Japan fell into a mixed company in which was an English girl and an American woman. He made himself agreeable to the American at the start, she relates in her account of "A Woman Alone in the Heart of Japan," by remembering that Americans are accustomed to ride over Niagara Falls in tubs. Then he switched to the War of the Revolution.

"The whole thing was," he said, "that the colonies refused to send English troops to aid her in a foreign war, so the motherland resolved to subdue her naughty children."

"I guess you have confused it with the war in Africa," said the American. "The Boer War has been so long-drawn-out, you thought it was the same as the American Revolution."

The little English girl saw there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

"There was something about stamps in it," she suggested, weakly, "that caused some of the trouble."

"Something about stamps cause a revolution?" demanded the Australian. "Do you mean a stamped? Or merely postage-stamps? Did the rage for collecting exist in those days?"

But no one enlightened him on this, and he was left to assort history to suit himself.

The Daughter Balked.

"I thought," said old Groucherly, "that I could save money by refusing to give my consent to my daughter's marriage with young Huggins, but it's no go."

"What's the trouble?" queried the friend of the family.

"She declines to elope," explained the old man, with a large, open-faced sigh.

Washington is bounded on the east by the Capitol and on the west by the White House. Between them flows a restless stream of sightseers. There may be other districts of the national capital worth seeing, but only a Washingtonian knows it. The tourist has time and strength only to hit the high places. In New York there are probably as many tourists as in Washington, but with this difference, the New Yorker does not mind mixing with the tourist class. In fact, if the tourist have money and a fondness for Broadway and contiguous resorts, the New Yorker is more than willing, so Mr. Tourist emerges his identity with the New York "push." Washingtonians never let you forget you are a tourist. Resident women slightly raise their skirts with an indescribable yet eloquent air when they happen to rub elbows with a mere tourist of the same sex in a hotel or department store elevator. A Washingtonian looks straight ahead at nothing; the tourist is known by the angle at which he crooks her neck.

Congressman Hobson of Alabama, famous as the hero of Santiago and later of several klesing campaigns, is said to favor the establishment by the government of an official weekly newspaper for free distribution, for which he wishes Congress to appropriate \$350,000. This periodical would contain a summary of the work of Congress and all departments of the government, so far as it might interest the public. He says the journal is intended to form a connecting link between the government and the people, and that the project grew out of his having ascertained that a vast amount of valuable material did not reach the people for whom it was intended. He thinks the publication of such a paper will remove distrust and suspicion and create a renewed interest and confidence among the masses in governmental affairs.

Pennies left in the boxes by rural route patrons for the purchase of stamps from the carriers will be let alone if the recommendations of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General De Graw and Superintendent Spillman of the rural delivery service is adopted. In cold weather it has always been a painful duty of the carriers, this hunting around in the ice-cold bottom of a metal mail box with bare hands. It has been said that sometimes fingers of carriers get so cold and stiff that they are unable to write out money order receipts. The recommendation of the two officials is that patrons place a small wooden box in the mail box, and therein put all the pennies with which they wish to buy stamps or anything else. The carrier could then, without removing his gloves, empty the contents and go on his way rejoicing, felling the attack of Jack Frost. If the pennies are not in the box the carrier will not be required to look for them.

Cy. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, still retains his place as the biggest man in the House of Representatives, and so far no one has appeared that may claim honor to second place ahead of Ollie James, of Kentucky. Sulloway is something more than six and a half feet tall and weighs but a pound less than 350. His breadth is proportionate with his height, and he towers above his colleague, Frank D. Currier, as he does above most all the members of the House. He is one of the members who does not exercise his prerogative of taking his luncheon on that side of the House restaurant where the sign proclaims "for members only," but each day partakes of a sparing lunch on the public side of the room, where the motto is that anybody's money is good.

The application of George M. Austin, of New York for a restraining order against Secretary Cortelyou, preventing him from allotting \$21,500,000 of Panama Canal bonds to certain national banks, has been denied by Judge Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Austin charged that the secretary had violated the law in rejecting his bid for \$3,000,000 of bonds and allotting the bonds to national banks and others at a lower figure.

Postmaster General Meyer's order in regard to the disposition of souvenir postal cards which reach the dead letter office is a source of happiness to thousands of unfortunate children. The cards, instead of being destroyed, are now sent to the orphan asylums and children's homes and hospitals in Washington, where they give a delight which even the intended recipient might not have felt.

## One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. Get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Shifting the Burden.

"When I started in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax, reflectively, "I resolved never to tell an untruth."

"And you kept your word?"

"Yes. Whenever I had any delicate business of that sort on hand I hired an expert."—Wash. Post.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him in this respect.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is also internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

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"She's the most remarkable elderly woman I ever saw."

"Doesn't show her age?"

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It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, itching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial packages FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Epitaph.

Traveler, pause and drop a tear  
For Timothy Squiggs, who once dwelt  
Here.

He vanished from our mortal sight  
When he thawed a can of dynamite.

## BORAX IN THE DAIRY

### A Matter of Profitable Interest to the Farmer and Dairyman

The problem of keeping sweet all the utensils used in connection with milk and cream selling, and bottling making, has been a serious one with the farmer.

He has come to realize fully that the slightest taint or hint of staleness left in a can, tin or churn may ruin a whole output; that the taint which is left in the form of bacteria which grow and multiply in milk or butter, producing disastrous results.

The farmer has learned that hot water won't rinse away the greasy residue in dairy utensils.

He has learned that soap leaves a residue of its own which is, if anything, worse than the milk or cream residue, and it is little wonder that there has been a constant clamor for a dairy cleanser and sweetener that will meet modern requirements.

A few of the largest creamery establishments have called experts into consultation on this problem and have with this scientific aid hit upon a product of nature which exactly fills the bill—borax.

Scientists have long known borax as a cleanser, a sweetener and an antiseptic destroyer of bacteria and germs growth. Destroys all that is harmful and promotes and preserves freshness, sweetness and purity, relieving the dairyman and dairy housewife of drudgery and of needless work and worry.

Its cheapness and value should give it first place in the necessities of every dairy.

The cow's udder is kept in a clean, healthy and smooth condition by washing it with borax and water, a tablespoonful of borax to two quarts of water.

This prevents roughness and soreness or cracked teats, which make milking time a dread to the cow and a woe to the milker.

The modern cleaner of all dairy utensils consists of one— a tablespoonful of borax to every quart of water needed. Remember—a tablespoonful equals four teaspoonfuls.

Be sure that you get pure borax. To be sure, you must get "20 Mule Team Borax."

All dealers. A dainty book in colors, called "Jingle Book," sent free to any weather sending name and address of her baby, and tops from two pound cartons of "20 Mule Team" Package Borax, with 3c in stamps.

Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.