

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

He sprang from the bath, the water dripping from his firm, white body and glistening in big drops on the thick hair on his heaving chest, as he rushed across the floor of his sitting room, holding his towel around him with one hand. He opened the door a little way and took in the letter. Still holding his towel about him, he stood examining the envelope very carefully. As he stood thus, with one foot slightly thrown forward, all his weight on his left leg, his muscles stood out like whip-cords. His eyes were bright and the light of a new interest suddenly sprang into them. He presented thus a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He had little occasion for the brisk rubbing to which he treated himself, when he had put down the letter unopened, merely remarking:

"I wonder what Cassagne is doing at Villeneuve."

The heat of his young and vigorous body had almost evaporated the moisture. He went back into his bedroom and put on a soft, silken suit of pajamas, caught at the waist with a brocaded belt. He took a tasseled Turkish fez from its peg and put it on his head. Then he went in to his chocolate and rolls, picked up his morning paper and began to read. He skimmed the sheet at first with a languid interest, eating very deliberately as his eye traveled over the paper. Suddenly he came to this item:

"Nothing new has transpired since yesterday in regard to the murder of Mme. Roupell at the Chateau Villeneuve."

He got no further. Like a flash he dropped the paper and reached out and took hold of the letter which he had almost forgotten, exclaiming:

"The Chateau Villeneuve! Villeneuve! Why, that's the place Cassagne writes from. Pshaw! what am I thinking of? He can't have been called in on that matter. It was in the hands of the prefect of police, and I know he hates Cassagne like poison."

Nevertheless it was with fingers which trembled a little in their eagerness that he opened the letter.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here's fun at last. Cassagne is engaged in that Villeneuve matter after all. Called in by a friend of the suspected party, too. Always on that side of the case—the most difficult, of course. Wants me to watch one Jules Chabot. I know him; old fox; club man. About as much chance of his being implicated as of my getting married. Well, I declare!"

There were two long sheets of instructions. His first excitement over, Charles D'Auburon read them twice very carefully, sipping his chocolate so slowly that the contents of the cup were almost cold before he finished it. Several minutes elapsed before he finally put Cassagne's letter on one side and lay back to think.

It was curious that his new field of activity should at last have brought him into contact professionally with a man whom he had hitherto known only socially. M. Jules Chabot, while a mere acquaintance, belonged to a club of which he was a member—the "Alliance." He was not very constant in his attendance; but he was tolerably well acquainted there. Jules Chabot had known as one is apt to know those one casually meets in the billiard room or at the card table.

How fortunate it was that, acting under the advice of his friend Cassagne, he had scrupulously hidden from all his friends and acquaintances his new occupation. It would be a comparatively easy task for him to keep watch of Chabot's movements. The only question was how to do so without exciting his suspicions.

He sat revolving this matter in his mind for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he arose and completed his toilet, dressing himself with unusual care. The role he had now to play was one which had deceived many—that of a rich, innocuous dandy, to whom appearance is everything, and who has not a thought in his head beyond the set of his hat or his tie.

He selected from his wardrobe a fine morning frock coat and a flowered waistcoat of an oriental design which was all the rage among the boulevardiers. He put on a very tall collar and a necktie of a very ultra fashion; a glossy hat, patent leather boots and a silver-headed Malacca cane completed his outfit. As he descended the stairs he put an eye glass in one eye.

Thus accoutred, Charles D'Auburon was as different a being as you could well imagine, from the free and easy Bohemian of an hour previously. A slight draw was apparent in his speech. Hailing a cab, he directed the driver to proceed to the Alliance club. He was the most innocent looking young man in the whole of Paris. A vacant smile played around his mouth. One gloved hand sought his blonde mustache in a caressing manner, while with the other he returned the salutations of his numerous acquaintances. M. Jules Chabot, seated in the bay window of the Alliance club, saw him alight, and surveyed him with a look in which contempt struggled with politeness and got rather the best of it.

"There is that insufferable fop, D'Auburon, coming up the steps," he remarked to an intimate. "I think that fellow looks a bigger fool every day."

CHAPTER XII.

When Alfred Cassagne bid Dr. Mason adieu, it was to return to Paris, first to think and then to act. Never in the course of his experience had he encountered a case which presented obstacles of

so puzzling a nature. He was a true Parisian. A day or two in the country soon satisfied him. He required the stimulus of a great city to impart to his mental organization that activity and sharpness which the calm and quiet of a rustic existence lulled into temporary repose. His most logical deductions had been made in the rush and roar of the streets. Before leaving the chateau a conversation something like the following had taken place between Dr. Mason and himself:

"This brother of Madame Roupell's, this Henry Graham—can you tell me when and where he was last heard from?"

"The last letter Madame received from him," replied the physician, "bore the postmark of Blois. That must be twenty years ago, as near as I can recollect."

The first thing Cassagne did on his arrival in Paris was to call on his friend and pupil, Charles D'Auburon. He found him at home, his face glowing with suppressed enthusiasm.

"Now," said Cassagne, "tell us what has happened? Have you found Jules Chabot, and what progress have you made toward getting acquainted?"

"I already knew him slightly," answered D'Auburon. "I approached him cautiously, because if he is really implicated in this matter he would naturally be suspicious of any sudden show of friendship. Fortune favored me, however. I managed to lose a game of billiards to him at the Alliance this morning, the stakes a luncheon at the Cafe Anglaise, whither we repaired shortly after. What do you think that blundering idiot Lablanche is doing? He has set someone to shadowing Monsieur Chabot. The fellow followed us in a cab. I thought we had given him the slip, but, looking out of the windows of the Cafe Anglaise there he was lounging against a lamp post, and looking like a detective all over. Did you ever hear of such clumsiness in all your life?"

"You must exercise your ingenuity, my dear boy. A little thing like that shouldn't disturb you. Always recollect that in this business it is the man who keeps cool that wins. It is a golden maxim."

D'Auburon was rapidly cooling. He had been waiting all the evening for the arrival of his friend to indulge in his tirade against the prefect. He had delivered himself. Then he became again, as Cassagne put it, "a reasoning being."

Cassagne then gave D'Auburon a short sketch of what had occurred at the Chateau Villeneuve. He finish his account by producing the little gold locket.

"The man who wore this was last heard from at Blois. The owner of this locket was the man who actually murdered Madame Roupell. Whether he had accomplices or not it is hard at present to say. The prefect argues, doubtless, from Jules Chabot's presence in the chateau on the night of the murder, that he is in some way connected with it. My own opinion is that it is a mere coincidence; nothing more. Still it will not do to leave any point uncovered. That's why I want you to keep him well in sight. Do you see?"

"I see, of course," responded D'Auburon. "I can keep him in sight readily. Meantime, what do you yourself propose to do? Go to Blois, I suppose."

"Exactly, and I start to-morrow morning. That means I shall go to bed early to-night. You must try and discover this man Chabot's most intimate friends, meanwhile. I may be gone for a day or so. Try and go where he goes, and above all don't let Lablanche get ahead of you. He's not such a fool as you think. If he makes blunders, remember he makes remarkably clever ones."

"There was some talk of a ball to-morrow night," remarked D'Auburon at length, when he had well weighed the other's words—"a ball at the Vicomte de Valiers'—"

"Ah! do you know him?"

"Yes, as I know them all. I know of him. He can be got at if necessary. From what Chabot dropped," continued D'Auburon, "I believe he intends to be there. He is quite in with the de Valiers, I understand. You have heard of de Valiers, I suppose? Great financial nabob, and all that sort of thing."

Cassagne nodded, quietly. "You ought certainly to be there. One never knows what may happen."

"Now to find, in a population of nearly thirty thousand people, this one individual, this Henry Graham, who was last heard from in this very city seven years ago," soliloquized M. Cassagne, as he stepped from his compartment on to the platform of the little railway station and saw frowning from above him the ancient castle of Blois. All the way down in the train he had been busily occupied in planning how he would find the human needle, Henry Graham, in the bundle of hay, Blois.

With nothing to guide him but his own marvelous powers of reasoning, he now started forth upon a search which ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have considered worse than useless. For it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the man he was looking for had lived in Blois under another name than that of Henry Graham.

M. Cassagne sauntered quietly down the curving, narrow main street of the old town. By nightfall he had accomplished this: He had had his hair dressed nearly twenty times, he had ordered and paid for but barely tasted nearly forty meals. He had discovered that there were exactly two inns for every barber in the town of Blois. But no barber, and no innkeeper had been able

to inform him of such a person as Henry Graham. M. Cassagne retired to rest in the snugest hostelry in the town, the Golden Fleece.

Such progress did the detective make the next morning in the good graces of M. Cratteau, the proprietor of the inn, that by the time the ancient gilt clock over the stables had chimed out the half hour, M. Cratteau and he were on excellent terms, walking around the little garden and chatting and talking confidentially.

M. Cassagne was confiding a wonderful fairy story. He was at Blois in the interests of a little girl of whose person and estate he had been appointed guardian. He had only to establish the death of one individual to prove his little ward heir to a large property in America. M. Cratteau, in his ten years' residence in Blois, had doubtless met many Americans.

"Yes, many."

"Had monsieur known an American called Henry Graham?"

"Graham! Graham?" No, the man had not. "But I think I can direct you to a person who can," he added. "Go and see Madame Beausantin, the old washerwoman of the Rue du Concert. She has done the washing of every American who has been in Blois for the past twenty years. She gets all the business because she knows what they want. She may be able to tell you something about him."

It was barely nine o'clock when M. Cassagne, having finished his coffee and rolls, issued forth from the courtyard of the Golden Fleece, and proceeded in the direction of the Rue du Concert. It was a short street, containing neither inns nor barber shops, which, perhaps, accounted for his not having previously set foot within its precincts. If it had not been for the fortuitous meeting with Cratteau, in all probability M. Cassagne would never have thought of looking there for traces of Henry Graham.

It was a bright, smart shop, with large plate glass windows, in which were displayed, beautifully ironed, two long lace curtains, lying specimens of the quality of the work which was never, even for the best customers, done within. The interior of the establishment was fitted up with a large stove in the rear, on which dozens of irons were heating. Ranged in long rows across the floor were the ironing benches at which the women labored. Through an open door at the back, a glimpse of huge piles of linen, in various stages of renovation, was to be had. The whole place was full of steam. Though the weather was warm, there was an entire absence of proper ventilation. The atmosphere of the place to one unaccustomed to breathe it was intolerable.

The appearance of the young woman in the establishment of Mme. Beausantin, however, entirely belied that of the popular picture. Notwithstanding the arduous character of their employment, they were as robust and strong as amazons. The glow of health was on their cheeks, and the muscles of their bare arms and necks stood out like whip-cords. They were not at work, however, when M. Cassagne arrived. It was a time-honored custom of the establishment that from nine o'clock to half-past was to be devoted to rest and refreshment.

When M. Cassagne intimated his wish for a strictly private interview with Mme. Beausantin she bowed consent and led the way to an inner apartment.

M. Cassagne took a seat. Mme. Beausantin stood with one elbow on the mantelpiece, and eyed him curiously. She had been mistaken in the gentleman being a customer, she told herself. What then was the object of the present visit? She was soon to know. The detective approached point blank the one subject which was always uppermost in his mind.

"Can you tell me anything of the whereabouts of one Henry Graham? You were his laundress some seven years ago?"

In a moment he had hit upon a plan of enlisting the co-operation of Mme. Beausantin. An excellent field of character, he could tell that greed of gain was one of her predominant traits. Then, without giving the laundress time to deny or affirm his statement, he added in an impressive tone:

"My name is Alfred Cassagne, and I am a detective from Paris."

Mme. Beausantin's little beady eyes no longer twinkled. Instead, they appeared to be dilated to twice their former size. Her hands trembled apprehensively and her fingers interlaced themselves together in a spasm of sudden nervousness.

"A detective!" she gasped, when she was at length able to command her voice.

"Do not be alarmed, madame," said Cassagne. "Not the slightest harm is intended to you. On the contrary, perhaps I may be able to make your special knowledge of this affair of considerable pecuniary advantage to you. Take a seat. There is a good deal to talk about."

The calm tone of the detective somewhat reassured the proprietress of the laundry. She sat down. The look of alarm on her face gave way to her predominant expression—the expression of greed.

"What do you want to know?" was her eager question, in a voice which asked almost as distinctly as words, What will you pay for it?

"I want to know as much of Monsieur Graham's history as you are acquainted with."

He drew from his pocketbook two bills of the Bank of France. They were of the denomination of one hundred francs apiece. Taking one between his finger and thumb, he pushed it toward Mme. Beausantin across the table.

"When you tell me all you know about Monsieur Graham, you shall have the other one," he remarked, impressively.

"The sum is entirely too small, monsieur," she said, "for information which is really worth having."

(To be continued.)

In Milan there are 38,000 families living in one room each.

A Conservative Speech.

There were some doubts in the community as to Homer Floyd's fitness for a position on the school board, owing to certain lapses in his early education; but his first speech in his official capacity silenced the tongues of all critics.

He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he rose to address the school, "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board, and some are not," he said, with a genial smile.

"It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of District Number Three."

"As to whether your answers were or were not correct, it is not my place to say. Your teacher knows, and in her hands I leave the matter."

Radium in the Simplon Tunnel.

Prof. Joly, who made a geological examination of the stones and the debris collected during the construction of the Simplon tunnel, reports that he has found rich traces of radium, indicating larger deposits than have yet been discovered elsewhere in Europe. He believes that the existence of so much radium caused the abnormal heat developed in the construction of the tunnel. He is continuing his researches. Although scientists believe that radium, discovered by Mme. Curie in 1902, is widely distributed over the world in minute quantities, the present principal source is the pitchblende of Joachimsthal, North Bavaria, where a few grains of radium appear in a ton of pitchblende. A pound of radium, if it could be bought, would cost about \$900,000.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not So Vital.

Domestic—The idea of your thinkin' I was listenin' to what you an' Mr. Ferguson said when you an' him was wranglin'! I didn't hear the first word o' your talk! Mistress—I wouldn't have minded that so much, Verena. But didn't you hear the last words of it?

Large Contract.

"What are you going to do now, colonel?" inquired the intimate friend.

"I expect to spend the remainder of my days," said the retired statesman, "living down the lies that have been published about me in fourteen political campaigns."

The thumb has more strength than all the other fingers together.

Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Gushleigh—He's your next husband, is he? Allow me to offer my—
Mrs. Muehleigh—O, you misunderstood me. I said "ex-husband."
Mrs. Gushleigh—Indeed? Well, I congratulate you on that.

A dainty book in colors, called the "Jingle Book," will be sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby, and the tops from two one-pound cartons of "20-Mule-Team" Borax and 5c in stamps. Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Oakland, Cal.

Little Ambiguous.

Very commendable is the zeal displayed in recent years in the effort to put an end to the obnoxious habit of expectorating in places frequented by the public. Still, the offense would probably be classed under the head of "venial"—and it might be well to adjust the punishment to the crime.

After crossing on one of the ferry lines that convey passengers over the North River to New Jersey points, and carefully considering the possible logical connection between the two parts of the "Notice to Passengers" hanging in a conspicuous place, one wonders if perhaps the reforming zeal of the ferry company may not have carried it too far.

The signs read: "Spitting on the floor is prohibited. Life preservers are provided for all passengers."

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—Mrs. J. H. FISK, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS
CHERRY PECTORAL.

A railroad in Nigeria, Africa, will be constructed by the British colonial government to develop the resources of the country, and in particular to stimulate the cotton growing industry. The road will be about 400 miles long.

PLENTY GOOD WATER

Tells Readers How to Cure Rheumatism and the Kidneys.

Gives Readers Advice; Also a Simple Prescription to Make a Home-Made Mixture Said to Give Prompt Relief.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, also drink plenty of water. You can't drink too much of it.

Just try this simple home-made mixture, and don't forget the water, at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost. Almost any druggist in the smaller towns can supply the ingredients named as they are commonly used in the prescription department.

A Criticism.

"Mrs. Chatterton is a perfect talking machine."

"As a piece of machinery, though, she lacks one detail."

"What is that?"

"The exhaust."—Baltimore American.

Only One "BROMO QUININE."

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of F. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day.

Evidently a Mistake.

"That watch," said the jeweler, handing it back, "is one of the kind that's made to sell."

"Durn it!" exploded Uncle Josh, who had bought the timepiece at a State street auction establishment. "I've showed that there watch to 'leven different jewelers. They all tell me it was made to sell 'n' yet I can't git a blamed cent fur it nowhere!"

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Executives.

Dissatisfied Artist—I don't like the way you have hung my painting.

Member of Committee—Neither do I, but I was outvoted. My judgment was that it ought to be hung.



"OUCH" OH, MY BACK

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY THE PAIN AND STIFFNESS GO WHEN YOU USE

ST. JACOBS OIL

THIS WELL-TRIED, OLD-TIME REMEDY FILLS THE BILL

25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS.—50c.

CONQUERS PAIN