

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 slippers, and how to use them skillfully, would not have unnecessarily alarmed the household by firing a pistol in the dead of night. Oh, no! he would simply have smothered the woman, already insensible and unresisting, with a pillow, or choked her to death."
"I see, I see," acquiesced the 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 pursued and stabs her. Do you understand, monsieur?"
"Yes, I understand everything, except his firing the pistol into the head of a woman whom he had apparently already put out of the way of harming him. I am assuming, of course, that his object was not murder. Of course, Madame Roupell may have recognized him, and he may have wanted to be sure she was 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 pantaloons. His nose was within an inch of the floor. At last he stopped in the middle of the apartment, and exclaimed:
"Give me the knife."
The doctor handed it to him. He at once proceeded to cut away the carpet, and then to dig furiously into the wooden flooring.
"What on earth are you looking for?" inquired Mason.
"Never mind," replied Cassagne. "Wait a moment, and you'll see."
He kept on digging away with the knife as furiously as ever. At last he stopped, and still on his knees, held triumphantly aloft a small, oblong, black object. Then he exclaimed breathlessly:
"All right; I have got the bullet."
"If we only had Van Lith's pistol 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 has 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."
"He must, therefore," continued Cassagne, "have gotten out of the windows. The man I have in my mind's eye at the present moment would have been smart enough to raise the window before he fired the shot. He would be particularly careful not to leave any clew that he had been in the chamber, for that would exonerate the owner of the pistol. He would certainly not have leaped from the window, because that would have left footprints on the ground; you will look in vain for such. Yet he did get out of this very window."
"How can you tell that?" asked Mason, in amazement. "It has been already inspected by the prefect of police. He has also searched carefully under the window, for I saw him doing it. If anyone had passed through that opening he would surely have discovered it."
"The prefect is doubtless a good officer," replied Cassagne, "but if he had looked closer, he would have seen that in climbing through the window the man brushed the dust off this geranium leaf with his coat."
The doctor bent down and placed the leaf indicated alongside one that had not been touched. The truth of the detective's discovery became then convincing. One was covered with dust, the other had

been swept partly clean. M. Cassagne smiled with pardonable pride, and, saying that he had for the present nothing further to examine in the bed chambers, led the way down stairs, first of all, however, replacing, carefully, the seals which he had removed.
Taking his hat from the rack in the hall, and inviting Dr. Masop to accompany him, he passed quickly around to the rear of the chateau. A man servant was shaking some carpets on the back lawn. He ordered him to bring a ladder, and, placing it against the wall of the chateau, ascended it nimbly.
"I thought so," he called down to the doctor. "The ladder will bear two of us. Come up, please."
"What is it this time?" inquired Mason, craning his neck so as to be on a level with the window sill.
Cassagne directed the physician's attention to a slight abrasion of the stone.
"That was caused by the man's shoe when he leaped from the sill," he explained.
"But where did he leap to?" inquired the doctor. "This window is twenty feet from the ground, at least. Even if he had been in his stocking feet he must have left some impression, and you say he had shoes on."
"He reached the ground another way, that is all," replied Cassagne. "Most likely he jumped into that tree. Let's see if it is possible."
With the agility of a sailor ascending the rigging of a vessel, he climbed up the rest of the ladder, and stepped on to the window sill. After measuring the distance with his eye for a few moments he said:
"It was a desperate leap for a man to take in the night time, but recollect, he was a desperate fellow."
Then gathering himself together, and exerting his enormous muscular strength, he sprang from the window. A projecting bough nearly a dozen feet away was his objective point. He caught it, and with the agility of a trapezist passed hand over hand down to the trunk. As he swung himself around the branch, his eye fell upon a small, glittering object stuck fast in the fork of the tree. He picked it up, and slid rapidly down to the ground, where the doctor was awaiting him. Placing in the physician's hand a small gold locket, the detective exclaimed in a delighted voice:
"I'll have him—I'll find him now, if I have to hunt for him all over France."
Just then one of the servants approached. "It is twelve o'clock. Would the gentlemen like breakfast?"
"The gentlemen will have some breakfast by all means," replied M. Cassagne. "Our labor has been immense, our reward ought to be proportionate," and the physician led the way, and together they passed into the chateau.
CHAPTER IX.
Hardly had M. Alfred Cassagne 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 Clignot. Clignot 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."
"Recollect that the moment Madame Roupell died he had an interest in her estate. He was her nearest heir-at-law."
"But she had made her will, she had disinherited him, and utterly cast him off. That will bequeathed all her property to her niece. I witnessed it. I knew what was in it."
M. Cassagne began to grow more and more interested. He no longer cast his

eyes upon the walls and ceiling. Not he looked the doctor straight in the face.
"On what was that will written? Try your utmost now to recollect that; a great deal depends on it."
"The first will was not written upon paper. The second contained some slight bequests to friends and to favorite servants. I believe I was mentioned myself for some trifling amount. In other respects the two wills were identical. The first one was drawn up by Madame Roupell's lawyers. She kept the second will at her banker's. The first one remained in the house. It was engrossed on parchment."
"On parchment," repeated M. Cassagne. "Was it anything like this?" and he handed a scrap of the article in question over to the doctor.
"Where did you find this?" inquired the doctor when he could sufficiently recover from his astonishment to speak.
"I found it upstairs," replied M. Cassagne. "I put it in my pocket, because it was in a queer place for a scrap of parchment. I found it with four other pieces, in the fireplace of Madame Roupell's bedroom. Of course, I have a theory, now, how they came there. First of all, however, before I come to that, tell me if you are certain that the scraps were torn from Madame Roupell's will—the first will, I mean—the parchment one?"
The physician did not immediately reply. He fully realized the importance of his answer, and how much hung on it. "Give me the scraps," he said. "If there is any writing on them I should be able to tell by that. It was a very peculiar hand. It looked as if it had been engrossed by an English scrivener. Yes, the handwritings are identical."
"It is enough," muttered Cassagne, sweeping the pieces of parchment up from the table and putting them carefully away in his pocketbook. "Now for my theory. Henry Graham is the man we want to find. Mind you, I don't say he committed the murder, but you'll see he is implicated in it in some way or other. He had everything to gain by Madame Roupell's death, provided she died testate. He must have learned in some way that his sister had made a will disinheriting him. To gain possession of what he thought was the only will was his object. If he could do that, his sister, being ignorant of the fact that the will was destroyed, would go to her grave believing herself testate. On her death her brother could have come forward and claimed the property."
It was clever reasoning. The doctor listened with breathless interest as the detective continued:
"Assuming that it is this Henry Graham, let us see what he knew and what he did. He must have heard of the making of this first will, and somehow or other he must have learned of its contents. He was ignorant of the making of the second instrument. Now let us see how he acted. He gained an entrance to the chateau. How he did this it is impossible to state at present. Probably he may have been in collusion with somebody in the house, but I don't know yet. He was evidently well posted as to the movements of the family, for he chose a time when, as he thought, they had gone to the opera. It was a mere accident—we don't know whether it was or not, but we will assume that Miss Harriet Weldon did not accompany the party. I am myself inclined to think there was some love affair between her and Van Lith, which accounts for his presence in the house that night, and which also accounts for his silence. You understand what I mean. He won't speak for fear of compromising the young lady. The doctor nodded. "That is good," he said, "very good, indeed, go ahead."
"The assassin was a little disconcerted at finding Miss Weldon and your friend in the chateau. Instead of entering the house from the front, which would be comparatively easy, he was compelled to do so by the rear, running the risk of being seen by the servants. He gained Madame Roupell's chamber and proceeded to search for the document. He ransacked the desk and then threw the papers about. Unconsciously he stayed longer than he intended. So absorbed was he in his search that he was surprised by his victim. He drew the stiletto, stabbed her, and quietly resumed his search for the paper. After a time, he found it. He was about to destroy it by fire, when it occurred to him that a parchment would burn better if it was in small pieces. He started to tear it up, when he altered his mind, and instead of burning it then and there, put it in his pocket to be destroyed at some more favorable opportunity. Unhappily for him, in his hurry he did not pick up the scraps he tore off."
(To be continued.)

SHOWS PARTIALITY
Bill Give Canadians Better Rate Than Americans.
BENEFIT OF WINNIPEG MARKET
One Lumberman Says Trust Controls All of the Northern Pacific Land Grant Timber.
Washington, Dec. 14.—Washington lumbermen who appeared as witnesses yesterday before the Interstate Commerce commission, took particular pains to "rub it in" on James J. Hill, because of his threat to drive more lumbermen into bankruptcy. One witness brought out the fact that, while the railroad asserts that the old rate on lumber from Puget Sound to Chicago, Denver and Kansas City was not compensatory, the Great Northern is today loading lumber at Vancouver, bringing it to Puget Sound, thence East through the United States and back to Canada, landing it at Winnipeg and more distant points, for 40 cents, the rate formerly in force on Puget Sound lumber shipped an equal distance in the United States. Another witness recalled Mr. Hill's assurance given Washington lumbermen at a banquet some time ago to the effect that his roads would never impose a rate on lumber that would be injurious to the milling industry of the Northwest.
The Oregon men closed their testimony by submitting further comparisons of lumber rates from the South and from the West to Chicago and Kansas City. Several witnesses testified as to the technical case of the Oregon and Washington lumbermen, according to the amount of output of their companies, the points of destination of their product and the prices paid for it. The rates which the Oregon and Washington lumber producers were forced to pay were offered in testimony and the assertion was made that these rates were such as to compel the producers of lumber in the Pacific Northwest to close their mills. Witnesses testified that they were unable to place their product on the market East of the Rocky mountains at a profit, and that they could not depend upon the local market in their territory to provide such a market as would enable them to maintain their business.
The line of cross examination indicated the purpose of the railroads to show that the rates were not exorbitant, but really were fair and equitable compared with the rates given producers of manufactured lumber in the yellow pine districts.
W. J. Miles, president of the Southwestern Washington Lumbermen's association, testified that 90 per cent of the mills in his section of the state had closed since it became known the lumber rate was to be advanced, and these mills now have on hand 70,000,000 feet of lumber, for which there is no market. He said the Weyerhaeuser now owned all the timber lands of the Northern Pacific grant and virtually controlled the price within 100 miles of the road. They bought 1,000,000 acres for \$5,000,000 and sold one section of that for \$75,000,000. He said they now controlled prices and emphasized the fact that the members of his association were anxious that the Interstate commission should open the Portland gateway to Washington lumber so that Southwestern Washington millmen could dump their common stock into Oregon and other Harriman territory.
No indication of an end of the hearing is in sight. Several other cases are pressing for hearing by the commission, but it is not likely that the pending cases will be concluded before the middle of next week.

Recover 320 Bodies
Monongah, W. Va., Dec. 14.—The search in mines No. 6 and 8 of the Fairmont Coal company for victims of last Friday's explosion was suspended early tonight, partly because fire had again broken out in mine No. 8, and partly because practically every section of the two mines has been explored and it was not believed that further search along the same lines would result in the finding of more bodies. Three hundred and twenty bodies have been removed. Of these 71 were Americans.
Weeding Out Japanese.
Norfolk, Va., Dec. 14.—According to the report of petty officers on shore leave tonight, when the feet pull out Monday for the Pacific there will not be a Japanese cook or servant on any of the ironclads. This report is to the effect that the Japanese are being quietly but rapidly weeded out by order of the commanding officer, and their places are being filled by negroes. No reason is given for the order by the officers.
Lowest Bidder on Canal Lumber.
Washington, Dec. 14.—The Olson-Mahoney Lumber company, of San Francisco, was the lowest bidder at \$124,372 for furnishing the Isthmian Canal commission with approximately 6,000,000 feet of lumber, ranging in sizes from 1x3 to 12x14 inches. The material is to be delivered at Colon or LaBoca. There were 21 bidders. It is expected that the Olson-Mahoney company will get the contract.
Will Continue 2-1-2 Cent Rate
Montgomery, Dec. 14.—The Southern railway today agreed to keep in force the 2½-cent passenger rate until the other state rate questions are settled.

T. J. MUNKERS, Pres't **W. A. EWING, Cashier.**
THE SCIO STATE BANK
Scio - - - Oregon
Does a general banking and exchange business. Loans made at current rates and drafts issued on principal cities.
The Best Place in Portland to Eat is at
Pap's Coffee House
At West End of the Morrison Street Bridge
CHARLES J. MAHER
(Successor to Elmer Bros.)
Proprietor.
G. M. TURNER **M. McALPIN**
ROYAL RESTAURANT
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Newly refitted. Tables supplied with the best of the market. Phone 101.
Albany - - - - - Oregon
T. L. DUGGER
Notary Public
Deeds, Mortgages and Pension Vouchers carefully written and acknowledged. Loans, Contracts, etc., prepared. South of bridge, at Santiam News office.
SCIO, OREGON
Dr. J. Mon Foo
An Experienced Compounder of
CHINESE MEDICINES
Successor to the late Hong Wo Tong, of Albany, Oregon, is now prepared to furnish Chinese medicine to all. The undersigned recommends him and guarantees satisfaction. Call or write him at 117 West Second Street, Albany, Oregon.
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
We have a full line of all the latest and most improved machinery, tools, and fixtures for sale. We also have a full line of all the latest and most improved machinery, tools, and fixtures for sale. We also have a full line of all the latest and most improved machinery, tools, and fixtures for sale.
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation in the world. Published by M. W. B. & Co., 361 Broadway, New York.
The Secret of a Beautiful Face lies in keeping the skin protected as well as cleaned. Just washing is not enough—that only leaves the delicate surface more exposed to the irritation of dust and germs; to mercenary attacks of sun and weather. After washing, apply **ROBERTINE** and experience its delightful refreshment. You will admire the lineless softness it imparts to face, neck and arms. It not only stimulates a radiant glow, but protects the skin from becoming coarse. Prevents burning, tan and freckles.
H. M. MYER **D. N. McKNIGHT**
Scio Livery & Feed Stables
MYER & McKNIGHT, Proprietors
Hacks connect with all trains both at West and Munkers
Our rigs are first-class and our horses good drivers. Prices reasonable

T. J. MUNKERS, Pres't **C. A. WARNER, Sec'y**
SCIO MILLING COMPANY
SUCCESSORS TO
SCIO ROLLER MILLS
INCORPORATED DEC. 28, 1907
We do a General Custom Milling Business. Flour and Feed on Sale. Wheat Bought and Exchange for Flour. We are in the Field for Business, and Will Treat You Right
SCIO MILLING COMPANY OREGON