

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Time was precious with the detective. He thought of the prisoner then languishing in the dungeons of La Mazza. He put both bills in his pocket, took up his hat and arose from the table.

"Then I am to understand that madame prefers to be cited to appear before the tribunal. I think your witness' fees and mileage will amount to about one-quarter of the sum I offer."

Either the threat or the sense of loss it implied brought Mme. Beaumont to her senses. The little heady eyes dilated again, and she put her hand upon the door.

"Don't go; I will tell you everything." "That is more like business," remarked Cassagne. "Now tell me all you know. You see I keep faith with you. Here are your hundred francs. The other hundred are yours when you have told your story."

"I don't know much," said Mme. Beaumont. "I knew Monsieur Graham only as a customer. He was a pleasant, civil man, a little given to drink, I should judge. I should say nothing but his affection for his little son kept him from going to the dogs."

"His son? Was Monsieur Graham, then, married?" "You don't know much about him, evidently. I know he had a son. It must have been his son. He was very like him."

"Do you think you would recognize Monsieur Graham's portrait, if you saw it?" The detective drew out the locket and placed it in her hand, adjusted it to the light of the shop window, and examined it carefully.

"This is the portrait of a very young man. The man I knew was older than this. Where did you get it? Yes, it is the portrait of Monsieur Graham. I would know it by several things. He had a peculiar way of looking."

"What was that?" "He looked downward, at a slight angle, habitually. He never looked one straight in the face. He also wore an eye glass, like the man in the picture."

"The detective drew out the second note and balanced it dexterously between his fingers. "Tell me where he lived, and this is yours also."

"He lived at No. 29 Rue de Santin. It is an apartment house. The same concierge is still there. He can tell you more than I can."

M. Cassagne handed the other note to Mme. Beaumont, took up his hat, and bidding the landlady good-day passed out into the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

The man in charge of the apartment house at No. 29 Rue de Santin was a short, dumpy man, of the name of Gughatoff. Though he spoke French fluently, even with the accent of a native, his high Tartar cheek bones, his oblique eyes, and guttural intonation when audibly excited, sufficiently attested his Russian origin.

In Gughatoff, the Russian, M. Cassagne found he had a far more difficult person to deal with than the little landlady. With Gughatoff, whose political opinions now constituted his whole life motive, mere gain was a secondary consideration. He devoted all his spare time, which was considerable, as his wife did most of the work, to the discussion of politics. He was one of those men of whom people say: "He would sooner talk politics than eat."

The Parisian detective now felt that while his progress so far had been satisfactory, the greatest caution on his part was necessary. He had seen the most likely cases ruined by too hasty conduct. He did not suffer himself to be unduly elated by the extremely satisfactory outcome of his interview with Mme. Beaumont. He went about his work with the greatest deliberation. A man less a master of his difficult profession would have at once excited suspicion, which would have resulted in the Russian's closing his mouth forever. M. Cassagne avoided this fatal error by the very deliberation with which he went about his work. His first step was to find out the kind of man he had to deal with. In two days, he had possessed himself of all necessary information. On the third he continued to ingratiate himself with the janitor, in regard to whose antecedents and peculiarities he had been so careful to make himself acquainted.

On the fifth day the morning train bore the detective away from Blois, the richer for some very important information. He had shown the portrait in the locket to Gughatoff, and the concierge, like Mme. Beaumont, had declared it to be the portrait of the American Henry Graham. In addition he had actually persuaded Gughatoff that he had been all the time entertaining in Henry Graham a spy of the Russian government; that he, Cassagne, belonged to a friendly circle of French co-operative Nihilists having its headquarters in Paris; that Graham had been at one time a member of the circle, and that he was about to betray his late comrade, Gughatoff, to whom a spy was as a red rag to a bull, had greedily swallowed this remarkable fairy tale of the detective's, especially when the latter had produced a skillfully prepared document in Russian which not only commended him to the offices of all good Nihilists, but even gave a distinct account of the object of his mission and minutely described his person for purposes of identification.

True, Cassagne was the author himself of this useful paper and had forwarded it two days previously to D'Auburon in Paris, where it had been translated into Russian before being returned to Blois. But happily the concierge was ignorant of this deceit, and the plan had therefore succeeded perfectly. Burning with hatred for the supposed spy, Gughatoff had told all he knew of his late guest, which was as follows:

Henry Graham had resided in Blois some six or seven years, during which time he had had correspondence with two persons only. Gughatoff knew this, because, latterly, Graham, for fear of creditors, had rarely left his apartments, and Gughatoff had mailed his letters for him. The first of these persons was Mme. Roupell, thus again establishing beyond a doubt the identity of the Henry Graham of Blois with the disolute brother of the late owner of the Chateau Villeneuve.

The surname of Henry Graham's second correspondent had escaped the memory of the concierge in the course of years. He was positive, however, that her first name had been Helene, and that she had resided at Belliers, a small village in the department of the Loire.

This second correspondent had also been a lady—a well-educated, refined lady, he should judge, for he had been in the habit of taking up M. Graham's mail, and the envelopes had been so neatly and delicately scented, and had borne a crest and monogram on the outside, such as were only used by persons of rank.

As the train rushed across the landscape, Cassagne relapsed into a meditative mood. The thought occurred to him, was this woman, after a lapse of so many years, yet alive, and would it be possible to find her? If Graham was the murderer, as he now believed, the person most likely to know of his present whereabouts would be this one—the woman who, in all probability, had been his wife. He fell to studying how and this boy could be now. He calculated he must be nearly thirty years of age. For old Gughatoff, the concierge, had given the child's age at about ten when Graham had left Blois, and a little more than twenty years had elapsed since that time. If he could find him, he perhaps might yet be in communication with his father.

When Henry Graham had left Blois he, too, had turned his steps in the direction of Belliers. For Gughatoff had forwarded several letters to him at that place. It was toward Belliers, therefore, that he, Cassagne, must hasten, there to pursue his investigations; but first of all he would go to Paris. He must find out what M. Lablanche had accomplished. He must also receive the report of his assistant, who meantime would not have been idle.

The first thing M. Cassagne did upon his arrival in Paris was to call on him. Jumping in, he bade the man drive to the apartment of his friend and assistant, D'Auburon, in the Rue de Provence. It was about noon when he ascended the staircase and rapped loudly on the door of the vestibule. D'Auburon came out himself to let him in, rubbing his eyes.

"I have been up pretty nearly all night," he said, yawning terribly. "Wait till I get a bath. Then we will have some breakfast."

"Confound the fellow," exclaimed the impatient Cassagne. "I never call on him but he is either in the bath or just about to take one. It is the one thing against his making a good detective. He is too fond of water."

A minute afterward D'Auburon appeared in a loose dressing gown and Turkish slippers, swinging two enormous Indian clubs in a manner that threatened destruction to the chandeliers and ornaments.

While he was thus engaged, Cassagne had arisen. He was walking restlessly up and down the room. The splashing of the water had given him a sudden fit of shivering. The sight of his friend wasting precious time on what he deemed a frivolous exercise, also irritated him. Suddenly his eye fell upon a card in the receiver on the center table. It was a very elegantly engraved piece of pasteboard, surmounted with a coronet embossed in gold. Its inscription read: "The Vicomte de Vallier."

"Ah," exclaimed Cassagne, "that's the man to whom I procured your letter of introduction. You managed to get there?" "Yes," replied D'Auburon, "and he called when I was out and left his card. A great financier he is. President of half a dozen big companies. He has made one fortune and has twenty more in the fire, all of which he manages to keep respectably heated."

"Never mind him for the present," interrupted Cassagne, impatiently. "Tell me of Chabot, above all. I want to know what the prefect of police has accomplished. How many men has he got on the case?" "Four!" "Who are they?" "Vougout, Remoul, Villeroi and Coutinet."

"None of them is up to much except Vougout," mused M. Cassagne, to whom the detective named were well known. "Vougout is a pretty smart fellow. What is he doing?" "He is shadowing Chabot. So far he has accomplished nothing."

"Now tell me what has happened. This man Chabot, is monsieur le prefect still serious in his belief that he is in some way implicated in this crime?" "Assuredly, but there is a more absurd phase to it than that. Whom do you think, in addition to Chabot, monsieur le prefect has placed under surveillance?" "Oh, I can't tell. The man in the moon, perhaps."

"No, not so bad as that. But, determined to cover all points, I suppose, he has placed a watch upon the movements of the American, Dr. Paul Mason. That's not all. Poor, honest Pierre, the butler at the chateau, a man whom you yourself examined and said wouldn't hurt a fly, has also been included. It is positively shameful to permit such bunglers as Lablanche to squander the secret service funds in such fooleries. Another fellow I understand, has been haunting the park at Villeneuve, and was nearly shot by one of the keepers, who took him for a poacher. They hauled him before the mayor down there, and the man had to tell his whole story to clear himself. The prefect was raving when he heard of it. He discharged him from the force."

"More bungling," remarked Cassagne. "Who was it?" "Little Triflet."

"Hunt him up. Pay him well, and tell him to keep his mouth shut. He may know just enough of the prefect's plans to be a very useful man for us. Meantime,

what have you found about this Monsieur Chabot?"

"He is an adventurer, one of the decayed gentleman class, belongs to a couple of clubs; has the entire into some very good and also some very questionable society. He has become affiliated with the vicomte and his set only within the last year or two. They are in several schemes together. Lately he has been making some money."

"And the vicomte, you say, is an able financier?" "Very. I should say. He floated the City and Suburban Messenger Company, and was allowed enough to withdraw before it went under. He is, as I told you, president of the Mutual Credit Company, and a large operator on the Bourse. He appears to have been very successful. His wife, the vicomtesse, has doubtless been a powerful factor in the making of his fortunes. Ah, but she is charming. You should see her. It was her influence, doubtless, which secured the operation of Monsieur Colbert-Rempin, the banker of Rue Hauffmann, in that deal. He was a haughty old fellow and never would have entertained the business proposition of de Vallier if it hadn't been for the vicomtesse. She sat next to him at dinner. The next day the prospectus of the Montaubien Charcoal Company was issued, and the name of Colbert-Rempin was on the board of directors."

"Who told you all this?" "Told me? Why, I was there myself. They put me in as well. Look, here I am in his big type. See?" "M. CHARLES D'AUBURON, 'Capitalist.'"

Cassagne's eye gleamed with delight. He sat proud of his pupil. He sat and listened while his pupil rattled on, thinking deeply, as was his wont. Presently he pulled out his watch. "It is two o'clock," he said. "My train leaves at three-thirty, and I have a few matters to attend to before I start. If you have occasion to wire me you can find me at that address."

He wrote upon the back of a card: "Raspette Goulet, 'Care Police Headquarters, 'Belliers, Dep't of Loire.'"

"That will be my name for the next two or three days; at any rate, as long as I may find it necessary to stay at Belliers. Don't telegraph unless my presence is absolutely necessary. I leave that to your discretion. Keep an eye on Monsieur Chabot, and procure a man at once to keep track of Dr. Paul Mason's movements. Totally unnecessary, you say? Not at all. He may be the deepest villain of them all, and have called me in merely to keep the other side of retaining my services, thinking that by such a step he could best secure the impossibility of my being put upon his own track."

Other men would have been just right of the sublime egotism of his leader in his admiration of the manner in which he left no point uncovered. His movements in the case were to be compared to those of a skillful general, who, before the battle actually commences, disposes of his men to the utmost advantage. What in other men would have been vanity was in M. Cassagne simply an expression of confidence born of his self-reliant nature. (To be continued.)

Would Rather Stay Single.

An athletic young man, who was on the way to get his marriage license, found himself at last in a room where, as a matter of fact, candidates for the police force were being examined.

The moment he entered the room the surgeon said, "Strip."

"What's that?" said the astonished young fellow.

"Get your clothes off," replied the surgeon.

He did so, and his chest measurement was taken.

Next the surgeon said, "Jump over this horizontal bar."

He tried the leap, but fell to the ground.

"Double up your knees," commanded the surgeon, "and touch the floor with your hands."

Again he tried and failed.

"Now run around the room ten times."

The young man rebelled. "That I'll not. I'd rather remain single."

"Single?" said the doctor.

"Yes, single. I'd like to know what all this has got to do with getting my marriage license."

And then his mistake as to the room was solved!

No Circus for Johnny.

Johnny—"Can I go to the circus, pa?"

Father—"No. Indeed, I wouldn't think of letting you see such a degrading exhibition."

Johnny—"Then won't you please take me to the menagerie? Teacher says we ought to see the animals."

Father—"What! Pay full price to see only half the show? I guess not."

After Twenty Years.

Mrs. Hardapple (at play)—"That dear leading lady looks the same as she did in the last act!"

Mr. Hardapple—"Yes, and twenty years are supposed to elapse between the last and this one."

Mrs. Hardapple—"Do tell! And to think she didn't wash her face once in all that time."

He Was Immense.

"Aren't you going in bathing?" asked Miss Pepprey.

"No," replied Cholly. "You know, they say there's a huge shark lurking around the beach these days."

"Yes, but why should that alarm you? They say it's a man-eating shark, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Such a Sadness.

"Old Knadde and I are feeling mighty sad to-day."

"How's that?"

"I just asked him to loan me \$50 and he said he was sorry, but he couldn't do it."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm sorry, too."—Houston Post.

BIG LINER MISSING

Mount Royal With 400 Passengers Long Overdue.

OWNERS ABANDON ALL HOPE

Sailed December 7 From Antwerp for St. John, N. B., and Not Heard From Since.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 4.—A private dispatch from Toronto says the C. P. R. has given up hope for the steamer Mount Royal overdue from Antwerp with 400 passengers.

No Word Received.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 4.—No word has yet been received here of the Canadian Pacific line steamer Mount Royal, which left Antwerp on December 7 for St. John, having on board 394 immigrants, mostly Italians and Jews, besides a crew numbering more than 100 men.

The Canadian Pacific officials in this city, while expressing anxiety regarding the vessel, stated today that they believed the steamer probably had met with some accident to her machinery which had caused her to drift far out of her course, and that she would be heard from in due time at some other port.

May Have Gone to Rescue.

London, Jan. 4.—The non-arrival of the Allan line steamship Hungarian, which sailed from Greenock, Scotland, December 14, and is now a week overdue at Portland, Me., leads shipping men to believe that she has fallen in with the Canadian Pacific liner Mount Royal, which is now long overdue at St. John, N. B.

BOYCOTT THE EXPOSITION.

Seattle Unions Disgruntled at Action of Committee.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 4.—At a meeting of the Building Trades council last night, the assembly voted to call upon labor organizations everywhere in the country to lend support to opposition to the 1909 fair. Action was taken after the executive committee of the exposition had refused to incorporate in the building contracts a clause specifying that only union men be employed.

J. E. Chibberg, president of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, says: "After considering the demands of the union, the executive committee decided it could not discriminate. Money subscribed for the exposition came from all people. We do not object to union or non-union men. We refuse to play favorites."

By the declaration of the open-shop policy, notices of which went into effect yesterday, causing the walking out of 160 employees in the metal works of this city, Seattle is facing a general strike which means that at least 5,000 men will become involved, and at least \$1,000,000 in building will be retarded before a settlement is reached.

INFLUX OF JAPS.

Fifteen Hundred Coming to Vancouver From Honolulu.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 4.—The unexplained arrival of 300 Japanese in Vancouver yesterday and the prospect of an influx of another 1,200 within the next month from Honolulu are the features of the Oriental situation in Vancouver. Why the 300 Japs came to Vancouver yesterday is a mystery. All the morning they poured in to town from the coast logging camps, and some even from the American side of the boundary line.

The boarding house keepers of Japtown had a busy time housing them. Last night there was the usual crop of rumors that they came in view of possible trouble, and officers of the Asiatic Exclusion league were much perturbed over the event.

Yesterday it was announced that at least 1,000 Japanese would come from Hawaii during the next three weeks.

Cost of New Year Celebration.

New York, Jan. 4.—Men who are fond of figures say that New York's New Year celebration cost \$1,750,000. At one restaurant that night receipts were over \$20,000, 2,000 quarts of champagne being drunk. It is estimated that the diners around town made away with 42,000 quarts of champagne and 66,000 quarts of claret, not to mention the barrels of other drinkables consumed. Souvenir hunters were out in force and every hotel and restaurant lost great quantities of glass and other ware.

Favors Local Option Law.

Columbus, O., Jan. 7.—The message of Governor Harris was read to the legislature yesterday afternoon. The governor urges the enactment of a bill providing for general primary elections with the Australian ballot system; placing of telephone companies under supervision of the state railroad commission, with power to regulate rates, and commends to the favorable consideration of the assembly the adoption of county local option.

All Lost Except Three.

City of Mexico, Jan. 4.—Ramon Portas, second officer of the steamer Ibero, has arrived at Vera Cruz and reported that the vessel sank in a storm on the night of December 2, and all on board were lost except three.

A. G. FRILL, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Telephone Exchange No. 11
C/O, 1111 1/2 OREGON

J. G. GILL, D. M. D.
Dentist
First class work in all branches of dentistry
C/O, 1111 1/2 OREGON

L. H. MONTANYE
Attorney-at-Law
Notary Public and Solicitor of Patents and Trademarks
Office, 222 West 2d Street ALBANY, OREGON

H. BRYANT & SON
Attorneys-at-Law
Goodwin Block ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT
Attorneys-at-Law
Office in Blumberg Block
ALBANY 1111 1/2 OREGON

BEWARE OF DEFECTIVE TITLES
Have an Abstract of Title prepared by the
Linn County Abstract Co
Office corner Third and Broadways Sts. ALBANY, OREGON.

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.
TIME CARD NO. 25.
Trains From and To Yaqima.

No. 1—
Leaves Yaqima 7:15 A. M.
Arrives Albany 11:58 A. M.
No. 2—
Trains From Albany
Leaves Albany 12:15 P. M.
Arrives Yaqima 5:45 P. M.

No. 3—
Trains From Corvallis.
Leaves Albany for Corvallis 7:55 A. M.
Arrives Corvallis 8:35 A. M.
No. 4—
Leaves Albany 9:2 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis 8:55 P. M.

No. 5—
Leaves Albany 7:55 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis 8:35 P. M.
No. 6—
Leaves Albany 8:50 A. M.
Arrives Albany 7:10 A. M.

No. 7—
Leaves Albany 12:30 P. M.
Arrives Albany 1:15 P. M.
No. 8—
Leaves Albany 4:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany 4:40 P. M.

No. 9—
Leaves Albany 11:25 P. M.
Arrives Albany 12:10 P. M.
All of the above trains connect with Southern Pacific Company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as train for Detroit, giving direct service to Newport and Johnson Beach as well as Breitenbush Hot Sping.

For further information apply to
GEO. F. NEVINS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
H. H. CRONIN, Agent, Albany.

T. J. MUNKERS, President.
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 Riner Bros.)
Proprietor.

G. M. TURNER M. McALPIN
ROYAL RESTAURANT
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

Newly refitted. Tables supplied with the best of the market table. Both phones 21.
Albany - - - Oregon

T. L. DUGGER
Notary Public

Deeds, Mortgages and Pension Vouchers carefully written and acknowledged. Leases, 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 medicines to all. The undersigned recommends him and guarantees satisfaction. Call or write him at 117 West Second Street, Albany Oregon.
M. WESTFALL

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch or drawing will receive a free estimate. Our office is at 312 Broadway, New York City. We have branches in all the principal cities of the United States and in London, England. We also have a branch in San Francisco, California.

Scientific American
A thoroughly illustrated weekly journal of science, invention and art. Published by M. J. Munn & Co., 312 Broadway, New York City.

ROBERTINE
The Secret of a Beautiful Face lies in keeping the skin protected as well as cleansed. Just washing is not enough—that only leaves the delicate surface more exposed to the irritation of dust and germs; to merciless 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

Directors:
T. J. MUNKERS
W. F. GILL
E. D. MYERS
J. J. BARNES
C. A. WARNER

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 Exchanged for Flour. We are in the Field for Business, and Will Treat You Right

SCIO MILLING COMPANY
SCIO OREGON