The Santiam News.

VOL. XI. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JANUARY 31, 1908. NO. 32.

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Have you ever known of a case where a man was forced to commit an act against his inclination?"

"Certainly; but I have never known of its going to the length of a murder."

"Nor I, I must confess, though that does not prove that this was not just such a case—though I don't believe it was. But you will admit perhaps that one person's hold upon another may be strong enough to compel him to enter a house for the purpose of stealing a paper."

"Certainly it might; and you would contend, I presume, that this person having so entered the chateau, was compelled to violence to escape the consequences of detection?"

"Exactly," replied Cassagne. "Now the question is, not who is the accomplice, but who is the principal? The principal is the party primarily interested, and he forces the accomplice to obey. The accomplice, the mere tool, we cannot hope to find first as we have no clue to him. But we may reason as to who his principal is, and so we may find them both. The accomplice will be found when the principal is brought to light."

"Go on," again said D'Auburon, as the detective paused.

"I can't go on," answered Cassagne. "I have just got so far and there I have stuck. I am in the position of a hound who scents a fox somewhere, but knows not in what direction to look for him."

"But it seems to me that he cannot be far off."

"Very likely. He may be right under our noses, and we not able to discover it. But our opportunities for investigation are not yet exhausted by any means. There are two people who may be said to be interested parties, sufficiently interested to be instigators of the crime, and both must be found, if possible."

"And they are?"

"Henry Graham's wife and their son, the latter of whom has long since grown to manhood. Do not forget that, under the American law, both of them would inherit if Madame Roupell died intestate. I shall now try and find them."

"Whom will you look for first?"

"The son—for reasons too many to enumerate."

"Where will you search for him?"

"In Paris."

"Why in Paris?"

"Because the priest told me the woman who brought him up went to Paris; besides he was a wild young fellow, and all wild young fellows come to Paris eventually. It is simply a question of time."

"Where shall you begin to look for him?"

"Where all young men of his stamp eventually are known. Take my word for it, we shall find some record of Henry Graham's son, Philip Graham, on the records of the police."

CHAPTER XVII.

Shortly before ten o'clock on the following morning, Cassagne and D'Auburon entered the bureau, where under the direct supervision of the commissary the records of the department of police are preserved for future reference. Cassagne was evidently well known to the officers of the bureau. In a few minutes such books and indices as he required were placed at his disposal.

D'Auburon stood by intently watching his principal as he turned to the Index page of a huge volume. Reaching the letter "G" he ran his eye rapidly over the names, which were arranged in the order of their date of entry. He started in at the top of the page full of confidence; as his finger traveled down the column, however, his face grew perceptibly longer. When he reached the bottom, he gave audible expression to his disappointment by exclaiming:

"Philip Graham either was never under police surveillance at all, or he changed his name when he came to Paris."

As the detective uttered these words, an idea suddenly occurred to D'Auburon.

"Look under the name of the woman in whose charge he was placed. If he took any other name than his own, what more natural than he should take hers?"

"That's a good suggestion," said Cassagne. "Her name was Marie La Seur, as I recollect it—yes, that was it. Marie La Seur. I'll trouble you for that 'L' volume."

D'Auburon handed it to him, and the search commenced afresh. Presently Cassagne exclaimed:

"Here is Philip La Seur. I shouldn't be surprised if you were right. Page fifty-three."

"Hold on a minute. Don't be disappointed if it shouldn't prove to be the man. La Seur is a common enough name, and there are over two millions and a half of people in Paris to draw from. Here's page fifty-three; now let me see what it says."

The two men leaned over the book as they scanned the page before them. Then they read:

"Philip La Seur, placed under police surveillance by order of the commissary."

"We have him!" exclaimed D'Auburon, in a tone of triumph. "We have him now, for certain."

"Not too fast, my friend; not too fast. Let's see what this foot note is."

At the bottom of the page was written in red ink:

"Toulon, seventeen years, forgery."

An expression of intense disappointment spread itself over the face of the detective. D'Auburon, also, understood. Philip La Seur could have served out but little more than half his sentence. Consequently he could have had no hand in the commission of the crime.

For a few minutes both men were entirely nonplused. At length Cassagne, who had again been thinking deeply, exclaimed:

"I shall not be satisfied until I have examined the state papers relating to this trial, at the conclusion of which Philip La Seur was sent to Toulon."

"You will waste your time," replied D'Auburon.

"I shall not. How do you know there may not have been a commutation of sentence?"

"I must confess that did not even occur to me."

"Well, it occurred to me; and in any event it will be time well spent to look over the record of the trial. Philip La Seur may have called witnesses to testify in his own behalf—to speak, for instance, of his former good character—and who knows what we may learn from them? Go out and get a cab, while I take down the number of the case and put away these books."

"To the Palais de Justice."

As they ere about to step into a cab, a newsboy approached them, crying:

"Horrible murder! A body found in the Seine!"

"Buy a paper, D'Auburon," said Cassagne, as he leaped into the vehicle.

D'Auburon did as requested, and jumping into the cab after his friend, spread the sheet just wet from the press out upon his knees.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "this plot thickens with a vengeance. Whom do you think the murdered man is?"

"I cannot guess."

"It is Vougeot, the detective whom the prefect of police placed on the track of Jules Chabot."

* * * * * * * *

It was not a voluminous document, the report of the trial and conviction of Philip La Seur. To be sure, no one from a perusal of it could have argued the identity of the prisoner in the case with the Philip Graham of Belliers. But were the facts gleaned from the evidence conclusive? Certainly not. There were points of identity, however, which were quite marked; the age of the prisoner nearly corresponded with that of the man they were looking for; he had not been all his life in Paris; he had neither father nor mother living—but beyond that there was little enough about his family history. The court had offered to appoint a lawyer to defend him, which offer the prisoner had refused and had made a not unable speech in his own behalf, which in all likelihood had been the means of sensibly influencing the court, for in pronouncing sentence, the judge had expressed his regret that the prisoner had misused his talents to commit the crime with which he stood charged. Though he examined all the papers connected with the case, Cassagne was unable to discover anything by which the identity of the two persons could be more fully established.

"We have yet the locket," he said, at length, "hich perhaps may help us."

"But it is the locket of Henry, not Philip Graham," said D'Auburon.

"I have not forgotten that," replied the detective. "But a family likeness is a strong thing sometimes. This portrait of Henry Graham is undoubtedly a good likeness. Recollect that Dr. Mason, the laundress, the janitor at Blois and the priest at Belliers have all recognized it as his portrait. It was taken when he was quite a young man. Sometimes father and son, at the same age, very closely resemble each other. If there should be a strong likeness between the portrait and Philip La Seur whom should you take the latter to be?"

"Why, Philip Graham, of course, as we have all along hoped; but what of that? We have no portrait with which to compare it."

"You forget," replied Cassagne, "the admirable collection of photographs at police headquarters."

"Which is under the strict surveillance of the prefect of police. Do you suppose he would allow us to look at them, when our success means his defeat? Not exactly; why, we could never get beyond the door."

"I will take care of that," replied M. Cassagne.

M. Cassagne, on parting with his friend, buttoned up his coat with the air of a man who prepares himself for energetic action, and passing across the river, plunged into the most intricate recesses of the Latin Quarter. Before crossing the river, however, he had stopped at a famous confectioner's and purchased a box of bon-bons. What did M. Cassagne want with such things?

Arrived at a house in the Rue Battiney, M. Cassagne stepped inside the hallway and pressed his finger on a small white button. The sound of an electric bell ringing upstairs was almost immediately followed by a voice exclaiming down the speaking tube:

"Who is there?"

"Is that Madame Cresson?" inquired the detective, in a low but distinct voice.

"It is."

"I am Alfred Cassagne. Let me come upstairs. I want to see you about important business."

A clanging sound was heard, and a black door which had hitherto prevented ingress to the stairway, released by a spring, swung slowly back upon its hinges. The detective stepped on to the stairs, and, closing the door after him with some care, ascended to the second story.

A small, dark-complexioned woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, opened the door of one of the apartments, and invited him to enter. The room was neatly furnished and was evidently one of a suite. At a table near one of the windows a little girl sat doing sums on a slate. She had the black hair of her mother; a beautiful, saucy, piquant mouth; eyes of a deep, scintillating blue; and a little figure that was the very perfection of childish grace. She arose on the entrance of the detective, and ran toward him, holding out both hands.

"Ah! Papa Alfred, how do you do?" she exclaimed. "Have you brought me some bon-bons?"

"A kiss first," cried the detective, lifting her in his arms.

Mlle Celeste Cresson having complied by placing both arms around his neck and putting her charming mouth to his, he set her down on the floor and bade her search for the bon-bons, in the course of which she brought to light a great many articles of Papa Cassagne's peculiar calling, all of which she placed in her apron, declaring she would never surrender them.

At length, having found her bon-bons, her playmate was at liberty to address himself to the young mother, who all this time had been standing by clapping her hands, and seemingly evincing as much delight, when a wig or a pair of handcuffs was unearthed from the depths of the detective's capacious pockets, as the child herself.

Mme. Rosa Cresson, from whose face all trace of amusement had now vanished, and who sat easily in her chair prepared to listen to the detective, was a woman with a history. Married at an early age and cruelly deserted by her husband, she had been thrown upon her own resources. There were many occupations open to her by which she could have earned a living. She could have found employment in dressmaking had she chosen, for she was an expert with her needle. She could have taught the piano, or set up as a translator of foreign documents, for she was a very fine linguist. Her personal charms and accomplishments were great enough to have induced many a theatrical manager to take her up, and probably she would have drifted on to the stage if it had not been for a slight incident which turned her from it, and presenting an opening in an entirely new field, decided her to adopt her present calling.

One day she entered the Bon Marche to do some shopping. She had made her purchases, paid for them and had reached the door when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder. Turning, she was confronted by one of the floorwalkers, who accused her of taking a piece of silk from the counter. Indignant at the charge, she made an impassioned appeal, on the spur of the moment, to a gentleman standing near. Her appeal was successful. The gentleman accompanied her into the office of the manager, became voucher for her honesty, and offered if given half an hour's time to produce the stolen property. The time was accorded him, and he left the office, to return with the piece of silk in question, which he had compelled a notorious female shoplifter to disgorge just as she was being bowed out by an obsequious shopman to her carriage.

"You had better strike the Marquise de Brabant from your books, monsieur," he had observed, laconically, when the manager insisted that one of his best customers had been insulted.

"That woman's real name is Bergeret. I thought everybody knew her. Now you will please pay this lady five hundred francs, and let her come with me. I can promise you she will institute no action for damages."

The manager was thunderstruck.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Alfred Cassagne; you may have heard of me. Good morning."

Then he took little Celeste Cresson in his arms and, accompanied by the grateful young mother, left the store. She was half fainting when he lifted her into a cab. He felt that it would be sheer brutality to leave her. He seated himself beside her, and bade the driver seek the address she gave him. On the way Mme. Cresson sat up and told him her sad history. She must find work soon, she confessed, for her money was nearly exhausted. Then it was that he told her how to enter a new profession.

"The proprietors of all those large stores would give you business, if I spoke to them. I also will give you employment."

That was how Mme. Cresson became a female detective, and at the time of this interview had become the most famous in her line in Paris.

(To be continued.)

Motherly Wisdom.

Anxious Mother—Mr. Willing may be a gentleman, my dear, but you can't afford to marry a man who wears plated links in his cuffs.

Pretty Daughter—But how do you know that he does, mamma?

Anxious Mother—Whenever he calls in the evening you have black streaks on your shirt waist the next morning.

Her Wish.

Tess—Yes, I wish all men were bachelors.

Jess—What! How could we get married if they were to be?

Tess—Oh! I don't mean permanently, but just long enough to learn to sew on buttons and to mend their clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

It Hurt Him.

"Gee whizz! I wish I could find the fellow who stole my umbrella——"

"Oh! cut it out! Why do you make a fuss over a little thing like that?"

"Little thing? Why, man, I actually bought that umbrella."—Philadelphia Press.

You don't have to be a carpenter to build a fortune.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

FARMERS PLAN WAREHOUSE

Exporters' Terms Unsatisfactory to Weston Wheatgrowers.

Weston—Farmers of the Downing neighborhood, near Weston, which is a region of 50-bushel wheat and $100-an-acre land, are planning to build their own warehouse at Downing station. The movement has been under way ever since the exporters raised their handling charges and adopted a form of wheat receipt unsatisfactory to the farmers. They have just been given definite assurance by the O. R. & N. company that the company has adopted an open policy and will grant warehouse room at Downing station or elsewhere at a purely nominal charge. The farmers interested in the movement are jubilant, and will hold a mass meeting to arrange for the building of the warehouse. This, they declare, they will certainly do unless the exporters reduce their handling charges and change their form of receipt. Farmres here are organizing along co-operative lines and have a very flourishing farmers' union, which meets regularly.

Sets Out Walnut Trees.

Rickreall—J. B. Stump, one of the leading farmers residing in this county, has planted 175 acres of his large farm near Monmouth to English walnuts, and will make his walnut grove a commercial proposition. The trees are planted with a space of 60 feet between rows one way and of 40 feet the other way. In the space between the rows of walnut trees Royal Anne cherries are planted and as these latter will bear quickly the land set to walnuts will soon be made profitable while awaiting the first crop from the walnut trees. Experiments made here in past years with walnuts have been so satisfactory that Mr. Stump's venture is not looked upon as an experiment.

Veteran Thresher Quits.

Pendleton—After a career of 38 years as a threshing machine man, Joe Snyder, of this city, is selling out his large outfit of threshers and horses at public auction and will retire from the business permanently. He is known as one of the most energetic thresher men in Eastern Oregon and has perhaps made the longes runs each season of any man in the county. He will retire to a small farm on the Umatilla river west of Pendleton.

Burns Land Office Business.

Burns—The land office in this city for the quarter ending December 31 shows an increase over the same period in 1906. The year 1907 has been one of the liveliest years for the Burns land office since it was establishd here, and it is expected that 1908 will be still better, as the country is getting better advertising than in former years, and a large rush of new settlers is expected here in the spring and summer.

Portland Retires Certificates.

Portland—It is stated by the committee of Portland bankers having in charge the banking operations of the Portland banks during the recent depression, that all of the $1,000,000 of clearing house certificates issued during that time have been redeemed, including $253,000 loan certificates issued to the suspended Merchants' National bank.

Wisconsin Men Want Timber.

Klamath Falls—A party of four from Wisconsin have left here with local guides and timber cruisers for the timber near Bly. A great deal of interest is taken in their movements, as it is announced they are here in the interest of a big land deal. They left for the timber equipped with everything needed in a winter camp in the woods, including snow shoes. People owning claims in that region expect to be able to dispose of them.

Weyerhaeusers Buy Timber.

Oregon City—The Northern Pacific railroad has sold to the Weyerhaeuser Land company 19,280 acres of land in Clackamas county. The deed has just been recorded here, but the price is not stated. The land is mostly timbered and runs along the west end of Clackamas county, from the Clackamas river to the southern boundary.

Pruning Trees.

Freewater—Howard Evans, county fruit inspector of Umatilla county, says the trees in this vicinity are being pruned bust as rapidly as men can do the work, and the prospects were never better for the growers becoming interested in the importance of caring for trees. Great care will be taken to spray for codlin moth.

Gets State Contract.

Salem—On opening bids for lumber the state board awarded the contract for the supplying state institutions to the Curtis Lumber company, whose bid was $37 per carload below the next bidder.

HAS SEEDLESS PEAR.

Has Borne Fruit for 20 Years Unknown to Scientists.

Pendleton.—Not suspecting that a seedless pear was anything out of the ordinary, R. L. Oliver, a prominent fruitraiser two miles west of this city, has been growing pears of that nature for two decades. Much publicity has been given during the past three months to a seedless pear discovered by A. I. Mason. The tree bearing the seedless pear on the Oliver farm near this city was growing on the place when he bought it, 20 years ago. The pears on the Oliver tree differ in description from those of the Mason farm, being very large and resembling the Flemish Beauty more than any other varitey. They are entirely seedless and have only the slightest tracing of core, being in effect coreless as well as seedless. The flesh is fine grained and solid, the flavor is good and the pear has many claims for popularity aside from being a seedless and coreless variety. The tree bears late, the fruit ripening in October.

Where the tree came from is not known. The farm with the orhard on it was purchased from a nurseryman, who set the orchard out.

SCHOOL FOR CONVICTS.

Prison Reformers Will Ask Permit to Try Scheme.

Salem—The superintendent of the state prison, the governor of Oregon, Chaplain St. Pierre and Portland friends of prison reform have agreed on a plan for the construction of an assembly hall and night school building that is to be added to the penitentiary by consent of the next legislature. It is to accommodate about 800 persons and besides serving as a chapel and amusement hall will be a school room and have recitation rooms connected with it.

It is to be located as an addition to the east wing of the prison, and will be built of brick made by the convicts. The prisoners are to do all the construction work themselves, and thus reduce the cost to the state to a minimum.

Many of the prisoners can neither read nor write, and the work that is being undertaken has the indorsement of the Prisoners' Aid society of this state.

Meeting of Fruitgrowers.

Albany—An educational meeting for fruitgrowers will be held here Tuesday, January 28, under the direction of the Linn County Horticultural society. M. O. Lownsdale, president of the Willamette Valley Applegrowers' association, and L. T. Reynolds, secretary of the same association, and ex-commissioner of horticulture, will be speakers. Mr. Lownsdale will give a practical demonstration of how to pack apples for the market.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 85c; Bluestem, 87c; valley, 85c; red, 83c

Oats—No. 1 white, $27.50@28; gray, $27.50@28.

Barley—Feed, $27.50 per ton; brewing, $32; rolled, $29@30.

Corn — Whole, $32.50; cracked, $32.50.

Hay—Valley timothy, No. 1, $18 per ton; Eastern Oregon timonthy, $21@22; clover, $15; cheat, $15; grain hay, $15@16; alfalfa, $15; vetch, $14.

Fruits—Apples, $1@2.50 per box; pears, $1.25@1.75 per box, cranberries, $8@11 per barrel.

Vegetables—Turnips, 75c per sack; carrots, 65c per sack; beets, $1 per sack; beans, 20c per pound; cabbage, 1c per pound; cauliflower, $2@2.25 per dozen; celery, $3.25@3.50 per crate; onions, 15@20c per dozen; parsley, 20c per dozen; peas, 10c per pound; peppers, 8@17c per pound; pumpkins, 1@1¼c per pound; radishes, 20c per dozen; spinach, 6c per pound; sprouts, 8c per pound; squash, 1@1¼c per pound; tomatoes, $2 per box.

Onions—$1.85@2.15 per hundred.

Potatoes—50@75c per hundred, delivered Portland; sweet potatoes, $3.25@3.50 per cwt.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@35c per pound.

Poultry—Average old hens, 12@12½c per pound; mixed chickens, 11½@12c; spring chickens, 12@13c; roosters, 8@10c; dressed chickens, 14c; turkeys, live, 14@15c; dressed, choice, 17@18c; geese, live, 9@10c; ducks, 16@17c; pigeons, 75c@$1; squabs, $1.50@2.

Eggs—Fresh ranch, candled, 27½c per dozen.

Veal—75 to 125 pounds, 9@9½c; 125 to 150 pounds, 7c; 150 to 200 pounds, 5@6½c.

Pork—Block, 75 to 150 pounds, 6@7c; packers, 6@7c.

Hops—1907, prime and choice, 6@7½c per pound; olds, 1@2c per pound.

Wool—Eastern Oregon average best, 13@20c per pound, according to shrinkage; valley, 18@20c per pound, according to fineness; motair, choice, 29@30c per pound.

A. G. PRILL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Telephone Exchange No. 11

SCIO, : : : : : : OREGON

J. G. GILL, D. M. D.

Dentist

First class work in all branches of dentistry

SCIO, : : : : OREGON

L. H. MONTANYE

Attorney-at-Law

Notary Public and Solicitor of Patents and Pensions.

Office, 222 West 2d Street ALBANY, OREGON

H. Bryant C. C. Bryant

H. BRYANT & SON

Attorneys-at-Law

Goodwin Block ALBANY, OREGON

WEATHERFORD & WYATT

Attorneys-at-Law

Office in Blumberg Block

ALBANY : : : : : OREGON

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 the market affords. Both phones 81.

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

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.

TIME CARD NO. 35.

Trains From and To Yaquina.

No 1—
Leaves Yaquina ..... 7.15 A. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 11.55 A. M.

No. 2—
Train leaves Albany ..... 12.35 P. M.
" " Corvallis ..... 1.18 "
" arrives Yaquina ..... 5.40 "

Trains To and From Detroit.

No. 3—
Leaves Albany for Detroit ..... 7:30 A. M.
Arrives Detroit ..... 12.30 A. M

No. 4—
Leaves Detroit ..... 1.00 P. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 5.55 P. M.

Trains for Corvallis.

No. 8—
Leaves Albany for Corvallis ..... 7:35 A. M.
Arrives Corvallis ..... 8:35 A. M.

No. 10—
Leaves Albany ..... 2.2. P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 3.00 P. M.

No. 6—
Leaves Albany ..... 7.35 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis ..... 8.15 P. M.

Trains for Albany.

No. 5—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 6:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 7:10 A. M.

No. 9—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 12.30 P. M
Arrives at Albany ..... 1.15 P. M

No. 7—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 6.00 P. M.
Arrives Albany ..... 6.40 P. M.

No. 11—
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.15 A. M
Arrives at Albany ..... 12.55 P. M.

No. 12 -
Leaves Albany ..... 12.35 P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 1.18 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 adjacent beaches as well as Breitenbush Hot Springs.

For further information apply to

GEO. F. NEVINS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

H. H. CRONISE Agent, Albany.