

# The Santiam News.

VOL. XI.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 7, 1908.

NO. 33.

## The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Alfred Cassagne remained in earnest conversation with Mrs. Cresson for upward of two hours. During that period the young woman several times retired to the privacy of her bed chamber and as many times emerged therefrom, reappearing upon the last occasion dressed in full street costume, and having her dark hair entirely concealed with a profusion of blonde, fluffy ringlets.

She had on a rather loud, plaid dress, a traveling cape of Scotch woolen, and a bonnet very plainly trimmed. Plain gold earrings were in her ears, and in her hand she carried a silk umbrella and a small traveling bag. On her feet were a pair of broad, large-heeled shoes and over those white gaiters which twinkled in and out from under her petticoats as she walked up and down the room. Celeste looked on wonderingly and ate her bon-bons. M. Cassagne examined her mother with the eye of a critic.

"You'll do," he said presently, "all but the gaiters. I don't think those white gaiters have reached London yet."

"Oh, monsieur is mistaken, I am sure," replied Mrs. Cresson, with enthusiasm. "I was on Hagent street not two weeks ago. You know I went over there on the Peter Robinson case. They were very generally worn."

"You are wrong, all the same. I was over there myself lately. Gaiters were worn, it is true, but in much darker shades. London is always six months behind Paris, and such matters. Now don't contradict me, child. The English ladies are not yet wearing them."

Mrs. Cresson urged the point no further. Turning to her maid, she said:

"Bring me my dark gray gaiters, Nanon; they are a year, at least, out of fashion in Paris, monsieur. I hope they will satisfy you."

"You think I am very hard to please," remarked Cassagne. "I may be so. I know the kind of man I have to deal with in Victor Lablanche, the prefect of police. I will call for you to-morrow at ten o'clock. In the meantime I have quite a deal to attend to."

He took his hat, blessed little Celeste good-by, and, descending by the staircase, opened the black door and passed out to the street.

"I love Papa Cassagne," cried little Celeste, as she stood by the window watching the retreating form of the gentleman who bought the bon-bons. Then looking up at her mother, she added:

"You love him, too, don't you, mamma?"

"Celeste is a goose," said Mrs. Cresson, her charming cheek tinged with color, "and geese mustn't ask foolish questions."

M. Cassagne pursued his walk full of interest to the intricacies of the Latin Quarter. At last he stopped before a small shop, pushed up the latch of the door and entered. A large, stout man, with a pen behind his ear, was seated at a high desk, with a pile of proof in front of him. He nodded familiarly to the detective, got out his stool and at once conducted him into a private office.

"Ha! Monsieur Cassagne," he exclaimed. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"I have two small jobs for you. It's simply to set two lines of type, and print me half a dozen sheets of note paper; also a couple of cards. I will pay you well for it. Can you do it personally, so that no one else will know what you are doing? and can you do it right away?"

"I can. Write out what you wish printed. Here is a pen and some paper."

"I want you to set up this," said Cassagne, as he handed his copy to the printer. "Set it up in English type, and strike it off on English paper. I will wait here for it."

Twenty minutes later M. Cassagne was on the street, in his pocket, neatly packed between sheets of tissue paper to prevent their "setting off," were six sheets of note paper, and on the top right-hand corner of each was printed the words, in bold English type:

"Office of  
"SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE  
"Scotland Yard,  
"London, W. C."

He also bore two cards which read:

"MR. GEORGE RUSSELL,  
"36 Eaton Square."

Cassagne jumped into a cab and drove home. Arrived there he took off his hat and coat and washed his hands carefully. Then he took down from an upper shelf an old letter file, and turning to the letter "H," drew out a letter addressed to himself, which was written in a large English hand. Next he took from the pocket of his coat the six sheets of paper and the two cards. The latter he put into a card case by themselves; the former he put on the table.

Then he got a pen and some ink and went to work, laboriously but skillfully. After spilling three sheets of paper he produced something he was satisfied with. Taking the letter to the window he held it to the light, as if admiring his own handiwork, and read as follows:

"Office of  
"SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE,  
"Scotland Yard,  
"London, W. C., July 6, 18—  
"Victor Lablanche, Esq., Prefect of Police, Paris, France:  
"Dear Sir—This will introduce to you Mr. George Russell, a friend of mine, who with his wife intends making a pleasure trip on the continent.  
"Any courtesy that you can extend to

Mr. Russell during his visit in Paris will be highly appreciated by me.  
"Yours very truly,  
"JAMES T. HENDERSON,  
"Supt. Police."  
"That's about perfect," soliloquized the detective, "because it transgresses every known rule of French letter writing, and that alone stamps it as English. The 'Esquire' is particularly good. Englishmen, even of education, are perpetually making that mistake when addressing letters to this country. Paris, France, also is not bad. M. Henderson would doubtless be careful lest his friend Mr. Russell should present it at Paris, Kentucky, or Paris, Texas."

The prefect of police had hardly time to place himself in the dignified attitude in which it was his custom to receive his callers next morning, when the door swung open, and a gentleman, unmistakably English and carrying in his gloved hands a tall silk hat, and the inevitable umbrella of the rain-afflicted Briton, entered the apartment. He was accompanied by a lady whose grace of carriage, and really handsome face, accentuated if anything in the eyes of the Frenchman the villainous fit of all her garments.

"There should be a law passed to compel such people to employ Parisian dress-makers. But even then they would never look like our women," was his inward comment, as he arose, and with the politeness of his race bowed low as he received his visitors.

"Monsieur is perfect, I presume," said the gentleman, in French which was simply execrable. "I have the honor of addressing Monsieur Lablanche, the prefect of the Parisian police?"

"I am he, monsieur."

"Permit me to present you to my wife, Madame Russell—Monsieur Victor Lablanche."

The Frenchman bowed more gallantly than ever. Really, notwithstanding their gaiters, these English women were quite charming. In fact, the prefect was agreeably surprised with his visitors. The Englishman's manner was perfect. With his native dignity was blended a delightful air of deference and politeness. Notwithstanding his villainous pronunciation of the French language, he managed to make himself clearly understood. The evident cordiality of his manner, thesed whatever reserve the prefect had sought to hedge himself in with. His heart quite warmed to the intelligent Londoner.

"I have the great fortune to be the bearer of a letter to you, monsieur," he said, "from the superintendent of police at Scotland Yard, our mutual friend, Mr. James T. Henderson."

"I am delighted to see anyone who comes to me introduced by Monsieur Henderson," replied the prefect.

He scarcely glanced at the letter. He was afraid he had but little to show them of the magnificent department of his friend, M. Henderson, in London. Still he should be happy to place himself at their disposal. What would they like to see first?

"Oh, the rogues' gallery, by all means," suggested Mrs. Russell, enthusiastically.

"Or your splendid Bertillon system of measurement for prisoners, which you have brought to such perfection in Paris," added her husband.

It was a telling compliment, because it was true. M. Lablanche had been indeed the first to adopt the Bertillon system, and under his supervision it had attained a marvelous degree of accuracy and perfection. He had taken the theory of a prison reformer, and reduced it to a practical science.

"Our rogues' gallery is not as extensive as it used to be," he explained. "Since the adoption of the system of measurements we have not photographed any but the most notorious criminals. You can probably see more pictures in London. However, I will show you some of the most important."

He led the way into a square, high-ceilinged chamber, lighted from the roof only, the walls of which were literally covered with portraits of the desperadoes of France.

"You see we have them arranged alphabetically, and here is an index book on the table for instant reference. Opposite each name, you see, I have placed the Bertillon measurement of all those prisoners who have come here since the adoption of that system. There they are, men and women, from all classes of society, and of every degree of crime and infortune."

The fair English woman seemed strangely moved.

"Poor creatures," she murmured, softly, as her little hand rested involuntarily on the officer's coat sleeve.

The prefect regarded her admiringly. Tears of genuine pity were in her bright, laughing eyes.

"But it is strangely interesting," she added. "Oh! monsieur, please show me one or two of the most desperate and relate their history."

The prefect turned to M. Russell. The Englishman was evidently deeply engrossed in the index, hunting up the characters for himself, in his independent English fashion.

"No, I don't want to hear the histories," he said, looking up from the book with a cordial smile. "I'm perfectly happy. But Mrs. Russell is an enthusiast on criminal heroes. She would be for raising a monument to Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, if I would allow her."

"It is a sad thing to have a brutal husband," cried Madame, with a pretty pout, as she went across the room on the

arm of the prefect. "Let us leave him to his own devices, monsieur, since he says he is happy, and amuse ourselves." The susceptible M. Lablanche was in the seventh heaven. He was entirely at the service of Madame. So he proceeded to regale her with short sketches of his favorite malefactors, and Madame looked on and laughed or became sad, just as the proper time.

They had completed the circuit of the room and were near the door again. M. Russell was still investigating on his own account. Mrs. Russell, the pressure of her little hand still upon the arm of her gallant conductor, looked up imploringly at him with those fatal eyes.

"Oh! monsieur," she said, "do show me some of the prisoners."

"It is not a pleasing sight for Madame," he feebly protested the prefect. It was a rule of his never to leave a stranger alone in the rogues' gallery. Pictures had been abstracted before now by rick hunters. Still a friend of the London superintendent of police, and a man so evidently to be trusted; it would be all right. Besides it would give him another five minutes of the society of Madame. As many another man in his place would have done, he took Mrs. Russell to see the prisoners. "You minutes later, with a thousand thanks, the cordial Englishman and his wife took their leave.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A comparison of this portrait with the miniature in the locket," remarked M. Cassagne, "now convinces me beyond a doubt that Philip La Seul and Philip Graham are one and the same person. His Bertillon measurements, which I have carefully noted down, are at present of but little use to us, but as a means of identification should we hereafter succeed in running him to earth, they may prove invaluable. Beyond any question whatever, we may now assume that Philip Graham is in some way connected with the murder of Madame Roupell."

Charles D'Aubouron stared at his friend in speechless surprise as he uttered these words.

"I think your experience of yesterday must have turned your head," he said, at last. "There has been no commutation of Philip La Seul's sentence. Being still a prisoner at Toulon, how is it possible for him to have been connected with the mystery of Villeneuve? My dear friend, I beg of you not to think any more of this case to-day. You need a rest. You have been taxing your brain too much."

"And you, my dear Charles," retorted Cassagne, "have been taxing your brain too little. You think that because there is no commutation of sentence recorded in the case of this Philip La Seul that he is still in the custody of the prison officials at Toulon?"

"Most decidedly."

"Well, Philip La Seul broke prison nearly five years ago, and he has never yet been retaken."

"Impossible, escape from Toulon prison! I will not believe it. It is the most strongly fortified of any penal establishment in France."

"Perhaps, but here is a convincing proof of it. Look at this foot note, copied from the register of Monsieur Lablanche: 'Escaped from Toulon,' and under it every year since is marked: 'This prisoner is still at large.' Besides that," added M. Cassagne, laughing, "the prefect related the history of this particular prisoner to my supposed wife, Madame Cresson, as one of the most daring escapes on record."

"Well, of course that settles it," exclaimed D'Aubouron. "No, I don't want any more proof. You overwhelm me as it is. But what is the next step which you propose to take?"

"I now intend to find," replied M. Cassagne, with the utmost deliberation, "Philip La Seul, alias Philip Graham, late of Toulon, and who may be, while we are talking, at the present moment, in Paris, and only waiting for this murder to blow over to come forward and claim his share of his aunt's fortune."

"But who," remarked D'Aubouron, "may not be in Paris at all; but may perhaps be in Rio Janeiro, for all we know to the contrary. You must not forget that in these days of lightning express trains, and ocean greyhounds, one can travel a good way in three weeks—especially if one has money in one's pocket."

"Philip Graham never left Paris," answered the detective, "of that I feel convinced. A man who could escape from Toulon is too smart a fellow not to know he is safest when he remains right at home. Besides, when he committed this murder he was in a condition of financial desperation. He did not have plenty of money, as you seem to suppose."

"How do you know that?"

"It has since transpired that Madame Roupell had, besides the loose bank notes found in her secretaire, a considerable sum of money in her chamber. That sum of money disappeared on the night of the murder. I believe that murderer was Philip Graham. I believe he took that money. I believe, if we wait long enough, he will come forward and declare himself, for the purpose of claiming his share of Madame Roupell's property."

"Well, why not wait a bit and give him a chance?"

"Because, simpaton, justice won't wait. If we don't prove she's altogether wrong, she'll have Charles Van Leth's head under the ax of her guillotine before two more months are passed. It would be a poor satisfaction for his friends if we failed to avert such a calamity, and brought in our evidence in time only to prove that the government had killed an innocent man. The next step will be to call on Madame La Seul. It is not unlikely that Philip Graham, after his escape from Toulon, went to see her."

(To be continued.)

The way to be safe is never to feel secure.—French.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

### HAPPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Black Hand murders continue in Chicago.

Japan is diverting many emigrants to South America.

A new cabinet opposed to Franco has taken office in Portugal.

A plotter against Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has been captured.

The steamer St. Cuthbert was burned off the coast of Nova Scotia and 15 of her crew drowned.

The higher officers of the battleship fleet have been given a banquet by officers of the Chilean fleet.

Heinze has been sued for \$97,500 on account of alleged irregularities in the management of the Butte bank.

Japanese militarists are said to be losing power, as the middle class is rebelling at the increased taxation.

Dynamite has been found in the coal of one of the warships. It is believed to have been left there by the miners.

It is claimed by officers of the Ohio National guard that inquiries have been made regarding the number of militiamen that could be dispatched to the Pacific coast on four hours' notice.

Bryan says Roosevelt is an honest reformer.

The entire middle West is suffering from a bilisard.

The Heinze savings bank at Butte will be reopened.

Senator Forsaker says Roosevelt is the champion muckraker.

The new battleship Mississippi has been placed in commission.

The government has brought suit to dissolve the Harriman merger.

The English expect a visit from Roosevelt as soon as his term is ended.

Two of the smaller street car systems of New York have gone into the hands of a receiver.

A New York newspaper man claims William A. Rockefeller, father of John D., died in 1906.

Most French newspapers comment the recent special message of the president to congress.

A Kansas City jury grand has just returned 200 indictments for violation of the Sunday closing law.

It is believed the talk of war with Japan will bring increased appropriations for the defense of the Pacific coast.

Hawaii fears a flood of Japanese coolies.

Bryan praises the president's special message to congress.

The battleship fleet has started through Magellan straits.

The house committee on census wants a census of all standing timber in the United States.

President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, denies the charges of Roosevelt that his road has granted rebates on oil.

Senator Bourne says Roosevelt's special message is bound to carry him to the White House for another term.

A tornado just north of Wesson, Miss., laid waste a strip three-quarters of a mile wide and several miles long. Six persons were killed and a number injured.

Officials of the Japanese government say that they, like other nations, are interested in the fleet's trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as they want to know how the ships stand the strain.

Ruef has pleaded not guilty to 14 charges of offering a bribe. The cases will be set for trial February 14. Schnitz, who is also indicted on these same counts, has already pleaded not guilty.

China looks on the movement of the Atlantic fleet as more than a pleasure cruise.

Terror reigns supreme in Lisbon due to the arrest of conspirators against the government.

Ruef says he did not negotiate with the graft defendants and that Langdon broke his immunity contract.

Japanese who are supposed to be spies have been at every port where the battleship fleet or torpedo squadron has stopped.

Chinese printers have been excluded under the alien contract labor laws, and New York Chinese papers are temporarily tied up.

## NEW LAND POLICY.

Secretary Garfield Aids Entrymen Instead of Hindering.

Washington, Feb. 4.—It is the purpose of Secretary Garfield to so conduct the Interior department and so interpret the public land laws as to actually aid every bona fide entryman who is endeavoring to establish a home on the public domain. Secretary Garfield holds that the land laws were enacted for a purpose, and so long as the law is not abused, he intends that the entryman shall enjoy its provisions, and so long as he acts in good faith, shall have the encouragement and aid of representatives of the department. In other words, Secretary Garfield is proceeding on the theory that every man is honest until proven guilty; he is human enough to recognize that honest men may make errors which do not lay them, or should not lay them liable to the law. A reading of Mr. Garfield's annual report, made public yesterday, will convince any man that there has been a phenomenal—almost incomprehensible—change in the manner of conducting the Interior department.

Under Secretary Hitchcock, the entire force of the Interior department and general land office, on special instructions from the secretary, proceeded on the theory that the public land laws were enacted to prevent men acquiring public lands; every technical failure to comply with the law was regarded as ground for criminal prosecution; every obstacle was placed in the path of the honest, as well as the dishonest entryman, and Mr. Hitchcock retired from office with the astounding record of having actually deprived hundreds of honest settlers of their lands, while he permitted shrewd thieves to gobble up large tracts under his very nose. The report of Secretary Garfield will carry encouragement to every entryman who is striving to acquire public land for an honest purpose. It is a most cheering document.

## IMPERIAL VALLEY CONTESTS

Fifty Improved Claims of Non-Residents Are Jumped.

Imperial, Cal., Feb. 4.—Out of 1,500 land claims in the Imperial valley, about 50 improved claims belonging to non-residents have been jumped on the ground of failure to comply with the law. A recent decision of the commissioner of the general land office reverses the practice that office has held heretofore that any person could take a number of assignments from claimants so long as the total does not exceed 320 acres. It is now held that a person can take but one assignment.

Many claims, including scores of well developed farms, are affected by the reversal, and a number of contests are filed. The mutual water companies have combined to send representatives to Washington and lay the matter before Secretary Garfield. An appeal will be taken from the decision of Commissioner Bennett on the ground that the Supreme court holds that an established ruling of a department of the government cannot be annulled by a reversal of the ruling.

No apprehension is felt by claimants as to the outcome, but it is considered necessary to present the matter to Secretary Garfield.

## WOOD CHIEF MATERIAL.

Small Percentage of Buildings Built of Cement or Brick.

Washington, Feb. 4.—In a report today regarding building operations and the timber supply the geological survey says that the increasing price of lumber and a rapidly increasing use of perfected fire proof systems of construction should do much in holding down the amount which forests are called upon to yield each year, but so far these more substantial materials have not decreased the lumber cut of the nation. Notwithstanding the increased use of cement and other fireproof materials, the last reports of the building operations in 49 of the leading cities of the United States for the year collected by the geological survey, show that 59 per cent were of wooden construction. This does not include the large quantity of lumber used for the construction of dwellings, stores and other buildings in the thousands of small cities and towns, scattered over the country and not included in the 49 cities on which a reckoning was made.

## Filipino Lads Stowaways.

San Francisco, Feb. 4.—Pedro Jajomera and Isaac Villanueva, Filipino stowaways, after having hidden in the coal bunkers for three days on the transport Crook, which arrived today, were driven by hunger from concealment. They came on deck and announced their willingness to be put to work. Both were bright lads, having gone to the public school at Honolulu and they paid for their voyage by shining shoes, cleaning decks and waiting on table. The Filipinos sneaked on board the transport at Honolulu.

## Mail From Fleet.

New York, Feb. 4.—The steamer Thepsia which arrived today from Rio Janeiro brought 20 sacks of mail from the American battleships.

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TIME CARD NO. 35.

Trains From and To Albany.

No. 1—Leaves Yaguma..... 7:15 A. M. Arrives Albany..... 11:58 A. M.

No. 2—Train leaves Albany..... 12:35 P. M. " " Corvallis..... 1:18 " " " arrives Yaguma..... 5:40 "

Trains To and From Detroit.

No. 3—Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:50 A. M. Arrives Detroit..... 12:50 P. M.

No. 4—Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P. M. Arrives Albany..... 5:40 P. M.

Trains for Corvallis.

No. 4—Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:55 A. M. Arrives Corvallis..... 8:55 A. M.

No. 12—Leaves Albany..... 3:1 P. M. Arrives at Corvallis..... 3:06 P. M.

No. 6—Leaves Albany..... 7:55 P. M. Arrives Corvallis..... 8:15 P. M.

Trains for Albany.

No. 5—Leaves Corvallis..... 6:30 A. M. Arrives Albany..... 7:58 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..... 12:58 P. M.

No. 13—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 Breitenbach Hot Sp. Ings.

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