The Santiam News.

VOL. XI. SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, FEBRUARY 14, 1908. NO. 34.

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"But it is quite likely that she would give us any clew to the whereabouts of one who was almost a son to her. Besides, I thought you said you couldn't find Madame La Seur."

"I had some difficulty at first; but I have had one of my men on the track for the past two days. He now reports her as residing in Belleville. I shall move up into that neighborhood to-night, and commence my investigations. In the meantime I want you to continue to watch Monsieur Chabot and report what steps our deluded friend the prefect of police is taking."

So they parted, Cassagne to his lodgings to assume such a dress as would harmonize with the humble quarters of the town where he proposed to pursue his investigations, D'Auburon to his club, where he had an appointment with M. Jules Chabot, and in whose company he would presently repair to the drawing rooms of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Valair.

At about half past eight the next evening, anyone who had taken the trouble to look might have seen enter the Rue Banquiere by its western end, a man dressed in rough garments, who looked like a well-to-do workman, with his heavy shoes and lime-bespattered corduroys. He wore no collar on his check cotton shirt, but around his throat was loosely tied a red pocket handkerchief. A bag containing a few tools was slung over his shoulder.

Presently he stopped, ostensibly to purchase some fruit, which a hawker in one of the barrows in the middle of the street was vociferously offering for sale. As he stood there chatting in a friendly way with the peddler, however, his gaze in reality fixed upon a scene before him unique even among the curious phases of life to be encountered in the Rue Banquiere.

In a shop which in point of size was double at least that of either of its adjoining neighbors, a crowd of the very poorest of Belleville had gathered. There must have been thirty or forty men, women and children inside the doors, at the very least, and as many more waiting outside on the pavement.

Over this shop swung a sign-board, on both sides of which was painted the figure of a man-cook, in a white cap and apron, industriously carving an unnaturally red round beef; and underneath, apparently unharmed by the steam and the gravy, for it was plainly to be read, was the democratic legend, "I carve for the people."

Inside the shop a gentleman similarly habited, but a trifle less corpulent and dignified than his counterfeit presentment on the sign, was at that moment actually engaged in the very occupation which the legend advertised. He was engaged in carving for the people.

In place, however, of operating upon a round of beef, he was engaged in slicing, with great rapidity, a meat pudding. This pudding itself, apart from the hungry crowd waiting to devour it, was an object worth looking at. It was at least five feet long and as thick as a ship's cable. As the cook cut off a slice, a stout woman of about fifty-five years of age would seize it, wrap it up in a piece of newspaper, and hand it to someone in the crowd, not letting go of the appetizing morsel, however, until she had received in exchange therefor two coins in copper, a great heap of which lay in a drawer beside her.

The workman at the huckster's barrow finished his apple and bought another. The intent gaze which he kept fixed upon the cook shop at length attracted the attention of the vender

"You seem to be amused," he said. "Have you never seen a pudding cut before?"

"Not such a pudding as that," replied the man with the bag. "It's quite a sight, ain't it? Why, there's another."

"That's nothing. They'll keep that thing up for an hour yet. Old Mother Merchant's puddings have a reputation, I tell you, in the Rue Banquiere."

"The shop, then, belongs to Madame Merchant, who, I suppose, is that old lady?"

"Yes, and not only the shop, but the house as well. She has not been cutting puddings all these years for nothing. She's a pretty good-hearted woman, though, and nobody begrudges her her money. In the winter time she lets me sell hot pies right in front of her shop here, though it's against her own trade."

The glare of the petroleum lamps flickered up less brightly. The night crept on apace. The fierce glare of the street changed to a dingy twilight. It was as if the footlights had been turned half-way down in some realistic melodrama. The crowd melted away at last.

Only the stub end of one of the puddings remained on the greasy counter. The drawer was piled full of coins. A wretched woman, gaunt with famine, was the only customer left. She was bargaining for a bone with which to make soup. Her two starving children, clinging to her tattered gown, eyed with wistful looks the remnant of the pudding; but it was a luxury beyond their mother's means.

The workman took up his bag, and nodding good-night to the huckster, crossed over into the shop. The man in the cap and apron was resting from his labors. The workman called to him and he came up to the counter.

"A slice of pudding," said the workman.

The man in the cap and apron cut it.

"There's no more paper," he said. "You'll have to take it in your hands. It's nearly cold now, anyway. Why didn't you come in when it was hot? It was grand then, I tell you."

The wretched mites clinging to the tattered skirts of their mother, moved reluctantly toward the door. The woman had secured her bone. Soup in the immediate future was of course excellent; but here was meat pudding being eaten under their very eyes. They would have liked to stay a while. Perhaps the workman would have dropped some.

"You are right," said the man with the bag. "These puddings are better hot. Here, little girl. I've—I've lost my appetite."

"Give it to me," cried the gaunt woman. "I will divide it fairly."

"No, let the children have that," replied the man with the bag. "Cut another slice for madame."

The woman burst into tears. Even the man with the cap and apron was affected; but it was at the generosity of the man with the bag.

It was getting late. The Rue Banquiere was becoming deserted. The hucksters outside had covered up their wares and were beginning to take their departure.

The man with the bag, however, still loitered in the cook shop. He had made a few purchases, and had chatted pleasantly with the man in the cap and apron on the latest local sensation, a raiding which had resulted in the death of two officers.

"Not but what it serves them right," remarked the man with the bag. "Why don't these swells of the police let Belleville folks alone?"

"And they must have known the kind of place into which they were going," added madame, speaking for the first time.

The man with the bag applauded her sentiments. Of course they did. Madame was a woman of good sense. If madame had her way, perhaps, she would have the police let the people of Belleville alone altogether, and never come near them. Madame was emphatic that she would, "for some of the worst of them were her best customers," she remarked, laughing.

"I am in the door and window business," replied the man with the bag, significantly.

"I thought you were not in a straight line when I first saw you," said the cook. "Your hands ain't rough enough, and you look altogether too fat. Workmen don't live as you've lived."

"Oh! they feed us well enough where I've just come from," replied the workman; and he kept his eyes steadily fixed on madam's face. "I've just spent five years in the prisons of Toulon—why, what's the matter, madame? You never had anyone there, did you—no friend of yours?"

But madame was deadly white, and clutching spasmodically at the greasy counter.

"It is nothing," she gasped at length. "It is the heat—it is—I am not well. Monsieur will call again. I hope he will be a good customer. We have many like him."

"And I'm all right, you know," said the man with the bag. "The police can't touch me, for I've served my time."

He slung his bag over his shoulder, picked up his parcels, and wishing the pair good night, passed out on to the nearly deserted street, with the hang-dog look of a man who had been hunted often, and dreaded to be hunted again. He trudged on to the top of the Rue Banquiere, and gained a broader thoroughfare. Immediately around the corner there was a cab in waiting. The man with the bag entered it, and raising the trap door in the roof, said to the sleepy driver:

"Home!" And as he rattled along on the pavement, he said to himself: "Mendotti was right. The woman is undoubtedly Madame La Seur. Of course she would change her name when she married again. How she blanched when I spoke of Toulon. And another thing I'm sure of: she never bought that house and lot she owns by cutting up puddings in Belleville. She must be watched and followed night and day."

CHAPTER XX.

"The woman you want went in there!" It was Mendotti, one of Cassagne's men, who spoke to his employer, as both stood in the deep shadow of a tree, whose furthest branches spread over the narrow street and beyond a high brick wall opposite.

"She went in there, not twenty minutes ago," repeated Mendotti, pointing with his finger to a wooden door, which was let into the wall. "I at once sent you a message. I have not moved from here except to do that. She's in there yet. I don't know whose house it is."

"But I do. It is the residence of Colbert-Remplin, the rich banker of the Place de l'Opera. That door leads into his garden. Tell me how she got in. Did she have a key?"

"No, a woman admitted her."

"What kind of a woman was she?"

"An elderly woman. She looked as though she might be a housekeeper, or an upper servant. I crept up near enough to hear her say, 'My mistress is busy now, but she will see you in a few minutes. Go into the summer house.'"

Cassagne thought deeply for a minute or two. At last he said:

"Run around in front of the house and see what is going on. The house is well lit up. The Colbert-Remplins are not people who entertain much; but there must be something on to-night. Do I not hear the sound of music? Whoever is to meet the woman," continued the detective, "is to meet her in the summer house. Oh, to be able to scale that wall, and get into those grounds!"

Looking around him his quick eye fel, upon the tree immediately over their heads, along the branches of which he thought he might possibly work his way and so drop into the garden.

The night was tolerably dark. But few people were passing in that fashionable quarter. After a moment's hesitation he determined to attempt it. After first instructing Mendotti to await his return, he then climbed upon his assistant's shoulders, and was just able to reach the lower limb of the cedar.

"I am all right," he whispered, and he commenced to work his way very cautiously along one of the branches. It bent tremendously with his weight; but he put up his hand and drew down an upper bough. Thus distributing the burden, he managed to pass the wall, and continued to creep along the branches until, they gradually bending with their load, he was enabled to drop noiselessly into the garden.

"I will go and wait for my lady in the center of the lawn, and I had better be quick about it," he said.

Relying upon his general knowledge of the construction of a Parisian garden, M. Cassagne walked rapidly forward, struck his foot against some unforeseen obstacle, tripped, stumbled, and the next moment found himself struggling in the water. He had overlooked the fact that some gardens have fountains.

* * * * * * * *

"Where have you come from, and what have you been doing?" was the astonished inquiry of Charles D'Auburon.

He had been aroused from his bed at midnight by a thunderous knocking at his door, and on going to see what all the noise was about, had discovered Cassagne, standing, the picture of misery, under the lamp on the landing.

Dripping yet with the moisture which ran from all his garments; minus his hat, and shivering like an aspen, the famous detective presented a picture well calculated to excite the utmost commiseration; but a gleam of triumph was in his undimmed eye; and he wore the air of a conqueror rather than of a man who had met with a humiliating accident.

Cassagne entered into a circumstantial relation of his adventures. When he arrived at what he facetiously termed the "frog-pond incident," D'Auburon could not restrain his mirth, and it was so contagious that Cassagne, though the joke was against himself, could not refrain from joining him. The two men roared until the room shook again. When their merriment had somewhat subsided M. Cassagne took up the thread of his narrative in this wise:

"I had hardly got my head out of water, and cleared my ears and eyes, before I heard a door open and shut, in the back part of the house. I crept softly out of the fountain and lay extended at full length upon the grass. Straining my eyes in the direction of the house, I perceived the figure of a woman coming toward me. She was a woman daintily dressed in full ball costume. I had no difficulty in following her. She had slipped unperceived from the ball room, and no doubt believed herself to be entirely free frmm surveillance. I crept along on my hands and knees and got close to her as she came around the bend in the gravel walk. As she neared me, the moon, which had hitherto been concealed by passing clouds, shone out a little and gleamed upon her soft silk dress and her white shoulders. In that brief moment I saw and recognized her."

"Who was she?" exclaimed D'Auburon, in a tone of almost breathless interest.

"She was the woman I expected. She was Madame Colbert-Remplin, the banker's wife."

"You are joking," exclaimed D'Auburon. "Both Mendotti and yourself must have been mistaken. The light was uncertain, you say. It was some young lady of the household going to meet her lover."

"It was nothing of the kind. It was Madame Colbert-Remplin, going to meet Madame Mechant, nee La Seur, who has learned some secret of hers and is trading upon it to her own advantage."

"Impossible!"

"It is a fact. I can understand now how Madame Mechant is able to become a property owner by selling meat puddings in the Rue Banquiere. She is a blackmailer. I myself heard money pass between them. The chink of gold pieces. It is a sound which I cannot be deceived in."

D'Auburon knew the almost marvelous gift which his friend had received from nature in the matter of hearing. No stag in the forest could catch a slighter sound than his highly trained and exquisite organ.

"You are probably correct," he said. "Were you able to glean any particulars of their secret?"

"I was not. The interview was very brief, and what little conversation there was was carried on in a very low tone. In fact, only once or twice did I catch a broken sentence. Once they spoke louder than usual. Madame Mechant was threatening the banker's wife; and Madame Colbert-Remplin was begging the other not to expose her."

"She has her thoroughly in her power?" asked D'Auburon.

"Undoubtedly, and that her secret is in some way connected with Philip Graham, I feel convinced."

"Why?"

"There was one other sentence I heard, 'if you have no mercy for me, do not ruin my child. At least respect the feelings of his unhappy mother.'"

(To be continued.)

Not the Same.

Merchant—I thought you told me he was a man of very good character.

Quibble—I guess you misunderstood me. I said he was a man of good reputation.—Philadelphia Press.

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.

The battleship fleet has passed Magellan straits and is now in the Pacific ocean.

The Swift Packing Company has completed plans for a $3,500,000 plant in Portland.

A Yale graduate and athlete has been found to possess a complete outfit of burglar's tools.

Premier Franco, dictator of Portugal has not left his room since arriving in Bordeaux, France.

Roosevelt says the charges that he is using his influence to help Taft along are false and malicious.

Claims of alleged illegitimate heirs of Alfonso XII are creating considerable trouble for the Spanish government.

One child was killed and many persons injured in the crush at the funeral of the dead king and prince of Portugal.

Members of the royal household declare that the Portugese crown prince rose and fired twice at the assassins before he himself fell dead.

California railroad commission has evidence to convict the Southern Pacific of rebating on about 4,000 separate counts, the fines for which will amount to $80,000,000.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and many government officials attended the memorial services for the late King Carlos of Portugal and the Crown Prince.

The battleship fleet has turned to the north.

Germany has reduced the import duty on sugar.

A leader of the Black Hand has been captured in New York.

The senatorial deadlock in the Kentucky legislature continues.

The Pennsylvania railroad has just ordered 55,000 tons of steel rails.

Seattle ministers have started an agitation against Sunday theaters.

Governor Pennypacker has been implicated in the Pennsylvania capitol frauds.

Franco, the deposed premier of Portugal, has arrived in France, fearing murder but defending his policy.

The Elgin National Watch company has closed its factory for an indefinite period on account of dullness in trade.

Government troops will be removed from Goldfield March 7, at which time the Nevada police will be ready to take charge.

Warren Oliver, a member of the electoral college which named Lincoln, is dead. He was a pioneer of California and 93 years old.

Associate Public Printer Bram has assumed contol of the government printing office. W. S. Rossiter will continue the inquiries into the conduct of the office.

Woman suffragists are making a hard fight in New York.

Judge Hargis, a leader of Kentucky fueds, has been killed by his son.

Florida Republicans are holding Taft and anti-Taft conventions and having fist fights.

Great Britain has paid the bandit Raisuli $200,000 for the release of Sir Harry Maclean.

The Western Bar Iron association, of New York, will advance the price of bar iron $5 per ton.

The house committee on naval affairs opposes four new battleships and the president has prepared to fight.

A greyhound has returned on foot to its old home at Oakland from Western Montana, a distance of 1,500 miles.

Franco, former premier and dictator of Portugal, has arrived in Madrid. He was driven from home by the many threats of assassination.

By an agreement of trans-Atlantic steamship companies the rate war between Europe and the United States has come to an end.

Owing to opposition to the erection of a statue to the late Senator Quay on the capitol grounds at Harrisburg, Pa., it is proposed to put the question to a popular vote.

Bryan declares that Wall street is worse than Monte Carlo.

The national convention of the Socialist party will be held in Chicago May 10.

LIABLE TO FINES OF $80,000,000

Clear Case Against S. P.—Paid Rebates for Years.

San Francisco, Feb. 11.—Penalties unprecedented in the history of the prosecution of corporations in California, or a complete revision and vitalizing of the laws applicable to railroads, will be the outcome of the investigation to be instituted this week by the State Railroad Commission, in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, in the Merchants' Exchange building.

Assistant Attorney-General Raymond Benjamin said today that 4,000 cases of rebating have been perfected against the Southern Pacific Company, practically through its own admissions. These cases will be presented to the Railroad Commission by Attorney-General U. S. Webb, Mr. Benjamin and O. K. Cushing, special counsel for the California Traffic Association. Should convictions be obtained on each of these cases, and the Maximum penalty of $20,000 be imposed for each violation of the law, the Southern Pacific will face an aggregate fine of $80,000,000.

In each case the evidence practically is conclusive, from bills of lading to the indorsed checks issued by the company to the shipper, in reimbursement. When the State Board of Railroad Commissioners requested the Southern Pacific to submit its books to Mr. Benjamin, Peter F. Dunne, counsel for the railroad, replied that the railroad's books would be available at any time. The complacency with which the railroad corporation greets the investigation foreordains that it will not fight the action of the Railroad Commission on merits but rather upon the law involved.

Section 222 of the state legislation which creates the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, with their power to fix rates, provides:

"Any railroad corporation or transportation company which shall fail to conform to such rates as shall be established by such commission * * * shall be fined not exceeding $20,000 for each offense. * *"

In 4,000 cases the railroad company failed to conform to the rate set by the Commissioners. The practice is of long standing, but the only records available are those subsequent to May, 1906. In some of these rebates the railroad refunded 53 per cent of the original charge to the shipper.

DRAG OUT SKELETONS.

Alleged Illegitimate Heirs of Alfonso Making Trouble.

Madrid, Feb. 11.—The question of alloting a pension of 250,000 pesetas to the Infanta Alfonso, the son of Don Carlos of Bourbon and the Princess of Asturias, who recently married Princess Louise of Orleans in England, has received the approval of the Council of State and now goes before the Cortes. But it has raised many complications, not the least interesting of which are suits for similar allowances brought by the natural children of Alfonso XII by Elena Sanz, a former well-known Spanish actress, and a natural cousin of the king named Carlos Allen Perkins, a second-rate but popular actor in the music halls of the capital.

Perkins claim goes back to his great-grandmother, the famous Infanta Carlotta, who provoked the Carlist war by obliging Ferdinand VII to admit the principle of the Salic law. It was she who slapped the face of Calomarde, the Premier, and drew from him the historic retort:

"White hands are not offensive."

Perkins' birth is not recorded in Gotha ,but he insists that his real name is Don Francisco Carlos Pio Rose Alfonso Luis Fernando Allen Perkins Guerowsky Bourbon Lutherlan Hossen Drichma Vrichna and Ottendorf" and consequently a blood relation of most of the reigning sovereigns of Europe.

Survey for New Tunnel.

Seattle, Wash., Feb. 11.—Surveyors and engineers in the employ of the Northern Pacific have for months been locating a new tunnel through the Cascades. The fact became known yesterday, when the men, driven from their work by the heavy snows, arrived at Green River Hot Springs on their way to St. Paul.

From Hot Springs comes word that the big Stampede tunnel is to be abandoned as soon as the new bore is completed. The new bore is to be seven miles long and will cost upward of $10,000,000.

Franco Excites Curiosity.

Bordeaux ,France, Feb. 11.—Sunday passed with Senor Franco, the ex-Premier of Portugal, still in Bordeaux and still in seclusion. His privacy has remained unbroken; since his arrival Friday he has not emerged from the hotel where he is stopping, not even, from his room. The former dictator has become a problem which the people are discussing with curious, wondering, even sympathetic interest, but no one has been enlightened as to the hour of his departure, or his destination, for it is certain that he is not to remain here long.

Temperance Worker Dead

New York, Feb. 11.—John W. Oliver, editor and principal owner of the Yonkers Statesman, died at his home in Yonkers today, aged 92 years. Mr. Oliver was an early leader in the temperance movement, and with his brother, Isaac Oliver, founded the Sons of Temperance.

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 1st Street ALBANY, OREGON

C. C. BRYANT
Attorney-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 ..... 11.58 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 ..... 12.50 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 ..... 3 2 P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis ..... 3 56 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 ..... 12.58 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.