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## The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

### CHAPTER XXI.

"Madame and Monsieur Colbert-Rempin, you say, are constant visitors at the house of the Vicomte de Valair," remarked M. Cassagne, on the morning following his adventure in the garden.

"Yes," replied D'Auburn. "They are both there nearly every night."

"Now is the time you must introduce me to the rich Swiss gentleman, prepared to take shares in the Consolidated Dock Company, or whatever you call it."

"I am prepared to do that," answered D'Auburn, "whenever you are ready to assume the part. Of course I cannot answer that the mere establishment of business relations with the vicomte will lead to an invitation to his house."

"You need not frighten yourself about that. Any one who has any money to drop on his card tables need not remain long uninvited. I have seen enough of him to know that. You had better see him this evening and say that you expect me from Bernese shortly. Mention, you must post me thoroughly on the Dock Company scheme, and when I meet the vicomte I must be prepared to endorse it."

"What is your particular object in watching Madame Colbert-Rempin through the de Valair lens? There are other houses which she visits more frequently where perhaps you would have better opportunities of watching her."

"No, not according to your accounts of the de Valair entertainments. You make them appear to be of a late hour, and that Madame Colbert-Rempin herself has become a confirmed gambler. What better opportunity could you wish for than to study a person under such circumstances? Give me the atmosphere of the gambling table to show up the points in a person's character."

"As you will," assented D'Auburn. "I should have thought, though, it would have been an easy matter for you to have attached yourself to the household of Madame in some capacity; where your opportunities of studying her, and noting with whom she is in touch, would be far greater."

"You are mistaken, my friend, I assure you," replied the detective. "In your estimate of the opportunities such a course would afford. Suppose I did bribe the footman to leave, and took his place, which could, I admit, be easily done; the opportunities which would be afforded of watching Madame Rempin would not be in any measure increased. Worse, in the presence of the vicomte, she would be doubly cautious, and she would, in the capacity of mistress, impose such tasks upon members of her household as would effectually compel their absence when she wished to be entirely free from espionage. Besides, a mere servant has no opportunity to follow her and watch her in society; to note her actions when mingling with the world, to listen to her as she converses with her equals, and to read between the lines of her general conduct and behavior."

On the morning following this dialogue M. Cassagne, having met D'Auburn by appointment at his club, the two gentlemen proceeded to the office of the Mutual Credit and Trust Company, where Cassagne was formally introduced to the Vicomte de Valair, Jules Chabot, M. Colbert-Rempin and others interested in the dock enterprise.

During the conversation which ensued the broker Herr Goldstein called and brought the intelligence that such stock as he had been authorized to place upon the Bourse had found ready takers.

"It is always the way with a really sound thing," he remarked, "with good names behind it. An enterprise of that character always goes." Then he whispered in de Valair's ear:

"Who is the new man? The one in the white vest, who wears a pale green ribbon as a watch guard?"

"That is Monsieur Frederic Lazare, a rich manufacturer of Bernese, Switzerland. I suppose he eschews watch chains because he gets enough of them in his business. I have just put his name down for a large block of shares. He is sure and particularly civil to him. He is coming to the house to-night. Will you join us? We shall have a very quiet time of the evening."

"Thus early in the day fortune had favored M. Frederic Lazare. Almost a stranger in Paris, the vicomte had graciously invited him to meet the vicomtesse at their house in the Avenue Wagner.

"With much pleasure," had been the formal phrase with which the wealthy Swiss had accepted the invitation. But he uttered the words from the bottom of his heart.

"I am delighted to meet any friend of Monsieur D'Auburn's," was the expression with which the Vicomtesse de Valair welcomed the manufacturer of Bernese. "I spent a few weeks some years ago among your beautiful mountains, and I assure you I have never forgotten them. Ah, me, but it does not really pay to sigh for vanished days; they can never come again," and a reflective look came into her eyes, as if some tender recollection, connected with her early trip to the land of her guest's birth, had recurred to her mind.

"He recalled the sunny smile habitual with her when before her world, by saying:

"When a more advanced age brings with it such opportunities as have fallen to your lot, Madame, you should not regret the flight of years; and are you to be pitted, who know seemingly how to make such good use of the world's best

Swiss gentlemen seem to count that of mind-reading. Do you know what you say comes remarkably near the truth?"

Then lowering her voice, and first looking cautiously around, she added: "It is not generally known, but it can do no harm to tell you, who have guessed so near the mark—Monsieur Rempin sacrificed her heart to her ambitions. You know what I mean; you are a man of the world, Monsieur. There was a young man, with nothing but his profession, whom she adored, of course. There was a middle-aged man with a fortune, whom she tolerated at first, for the sake of the position he gave her and learned to like afterward, as all we poor creatures do."

"I understand. What became of the young man?"

"He was foolish. He became dissipated. He drifted away, and went to the dogs. He fell so low, that I understand he wrote to his former fiancée for money—did it frequently. A woman would not have stood such a thing."

"But you have not known Madame Colbert-Rempin long?"

"Something induced him to say the words and risk what followed. The effect upon the vicomtesse, indeed, seemed electrical. She regarded him for a moment with undisguised astonishment."

"How did you know that my acquaintance with Madame Rempin was a recent one?"

"Why," he answered, boldly, "you told me so yourself. You look surprised. Don't give me credit for being too great a seer. Rather impute to me an excellent memory."

"It is a great gift," said the vicomtesse, laughing. "Do you know an idea occurred to me as you spoke just now, and it was such a funny one, that you might be someone I had known once, and was masquerading in disguise."

"What a funny idea, to be sure," replied M. Lazare, also laughing. "It would not be a bad one, would it? Ha, Madame, you should try your hand at a romance. Something from your pen, I am sure, would be a sensation."

"They went in together, laughing merrily. The first person they encountered was D'Auburn.

"Ha, Monsieur D'Auburn," cried the vicomtesse, "here is your friend saying I might write a book. Let me give him some coffee. If we can find some."

"He is an honest writer D'Auburn and his friend M. Lazare took their leave. On their way home to the Hotel de l'Athenes, where D'Auburn, in order to keep up appearances, had engaged apartments for his friend M. Lazare, the latter remarked:

"Quite a deal of progress for the first evening. Several things are quite clear in my mind."

"What are they, pray?" inquired D'Auburn.

"Beyond a doubt Madame Helene Colbert-Rempin is the Helene who married Henry Graham, and who consequently is the mother of Philip Graham, alias Philip La Sear."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, we have followed the track too closely to be mistaken as to it. But, in addition, there are family traits in which I cannot be deceived. The high forehead, the peculiar expression of the mouth, the general configuration, all point irresistibly to the same conclusion."

"And when we have found Philip Graham's mother, where shall we look for Philip Graham himself? I tell you you are wrong now in not doing as I said. Your wisest course would have been to have installed yourself in the household of Madame Colbert-Rempin. You will not learn of her son's whereabouts until you do."

"You seem persistent on that point," replied Cassagne, somewhat testily. "If you are so anxious that someone should go and play footman to Madame Colbert-Rempin, go and do it yourself. I tell you I shall remain where I am. I prefer to study the situation as the guest of Madame la Vicomtesse de Valair."

"And mark my words, nothing will come of it," retorted D'Auburn. "For once you are on the wrong track."

The detective smiled broadly.

"Don't get so excited, Charles," he said. "Before a week is over, you will be kicking yourself to find how greatly you have been mistaken."

### CHAPTER XXII.

Two weeks passed, during which time M. Cassagne, in the character of the Bernese manufacturer, continued his visits to the de Valairs. He was now but rarely accompanied by D'Auburn, who adhered so closely to his contention that the detective was simply wasting his time, that, as he put it, he considered it altogether wrong to encourage him in his obstinacy.

"These detectives, after all," thought D'Auburn, "are only human. He is fascinated by the vicomtesse. Every one falls into that net. I suppose one can't blame him—she is handsome."

M. Cassagne had apparently made great strides in the good books of de Valair. He spent his mornings in the office of the Mutual Credit and Loan Company, where he gave really valuable advice concerning the floating of the Consolidated Dock enterprise.

He passed his afternoons sooting Paris, with the vicomte and Chabot; and his evenings he divided between the vicomtesse and the card table. In a house where high play was the principal event of the evening, it was impossible not to come more or less within its influence.

Certain it is that the vicomtesse had taken a more than ordinary interest in her foreign guest. Perhaps he was a good listener, which is the sincerest flattery to your brilliant conversationalist. Anyhow she insisted upon accompanying M. Lazare to the table upon the first night, and by her presence prevented the stakes running unduly high.

She need not have been so solicitous on the Swiss gentleman's account. The

first night or two he lost quite a considerable sum, to be sure; but they had hardly been playing a week before de Valair and his friends discovered that M. Lazare knew as much as they did.

De Valair particularly was nettled to see this quiet, unostentatious foreigner come in and walk away with his money. To tell the truth, pending the floating of the Consolidated Dock Company, that article was rather scarce with him.

A boom in some of his Argentine Republic securities on the Bourse had given him, however, a welcome lift. It was quite a sum. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs had been placed to his account with the Credit Foncier. That very evening he drew half of it in cash, and came prepared to pit his fortune against that of M. Frederic Lazare.

But M. Lazare would not play. From an early hour in the evening it was observed that he kept in the outer salon. He was unusually thoughtful and reserved. He passed by the side of Mme. Colbert-Rempin. An expression of pity hovered on his features as she stooped and said:

"Will you do me a favor? I ask it for the last time. Will you go quietly home? I am willing to save you all I can."

Mme. Colbert-Rempin's white hand, glittering with jewels, trembled as it lay upon the arm of her easy chair. But her face was adamant and her voice without a tremor, as she replied:

"No, I will not stir from here. I will stay and save him to his fate. I will see him go back to the galleries."

The detective looked upon the frail, white-faced woman sitting before him, and an indescribable something flashed across his features. It was the tenderness of a supreme pity, blended with admiration.

"You can do nothing," he urged. "I can feel for you, but he richly deserves it."

(To be continued.)

## PIRATE LAFITTE'S TREASURE.

Its Hiding Place Has Been Pointed Out in Dreams by Ghosts.

Since the French privateer and smuggler, Jean Lafitte, sailed the high seas and bought his treasures to the gulf coast and buried them, now and then it happens that some sensation arises as to their immediate whereabouts, says the Houston Post.

Thirty-four years ago the pirate of the gulf, as Lafitte was called, appeared in a dream to Dr. Beazly and, rather roughly taking him by the collar, told him to come with him and he would show him where there were gold and silver and diamonds buried. The doctor in his dream followed his midnight visitor and he directed him to a certain place in the cottage, which was then the Beazly home and occupied by the family, and designated the spot under which lies the much-talked-of wealth of the privateer.

The doctor, having the same dream, repeated twice in the same night, became wide awake after Lafitte's third visit and much interested, the result being that he did, and perhaps, too, very shortly afterward, begin digging under the house in pursuit of the treasure.

After getting to the depth of four or five feet he found nothing of any moment except a very unusual stone in this part of the world, where nothing of its kind was ever seen here.

Had he kept on possibly the treasure might have been found and the restless spirit of Lafitte, wherever it may be, might have been released from this burden of secrecy, a burden from which, seemingly, he wished to be relieved, as another visit has been made in the same house, and this time in a dream Lafitte appears in the presence of a lady, urging her to get the lost jewels, gold and silver.

After all these years Dr. Beazly has at last consented to have some one else who believes in the undertaking join him to find the treasure, and they have made arrangements satisfactory to all parties concerned, and now in a short time Mr. McKay, a banker at La Porte, being the associate mentioned, will begin operations to find the treasure stowed deep down under the old house.

Unchanged.

"You need to say I had a voice like a bird."

"So you had."

"Well, my voice hasn't changed that I can see."

"Nope, you still have a voice like a bird; a parrot's a bird."—Houston Post.

Too Late.

Friend (warningly)—You had better keep away from that frisky young widow, Green, my boy. She'll have her finger in your affairs the first chance she gets.

Victim (despondently)—She's got her finger in my engagement ring already.—Baltimore American.

No Reverses in His.

"Young man," said the stern parent, fixing the trembling suitor with a glare, "do you know enough to support yourself under reverses?"

"No, street!" cried the youth, emphatically. "I ain't no hard-luck acrobat!"—Baltimore American.

According to the most reliable reports, there are 262,000 Sunday schools in the world, with a total enrollment of 25,000,000 pupils.

## RICH NEVADA STRIKE

Assays Over Six Hundred Dollars to the Ton.

HUNDREDS STAMPEDE TO SCENE

Appearances Indicate Greatest Strike Ever Made in State—Ore Seems Unlimited.

Reno, Nev., Feb. 18.—At the 50-foot level of the lease of John Kearns, on Balloon mountain, at Hawthide, today, Tom Kearns set off a shot that uncovered a breast of ore literally alive with gold and assaying clear across the six-foot opening more than \$600 per ton to gold and silver, making it by far the largest gold discovery in the history of Nevada, if not in the world.

The strike is only a short distance from the estate of the Balloon Hill company's property which sold last week for \$600,000. Not since the discovery of Tonopah has the excitement been so intense in Reno. Tonight more than 200 residents of this city, many of them business men and other clerks, left for the scene. This rush has been going on for the past ten days on reports of strikes from the camp, but the confirmed story of the Kearns strike this afternoon has added to the excitement.

The population since last week has grown to 6,000 and is being added to as rapidly as conveyances can carry for long seekers to the camp. The ore to all appearances is in place. The vein forms a contact between the main backbone of Balloon hill and joins the country rock to the west, which is altered porphyry. The gangue is in a moderately solidified kaolinized rhyolite carrying about \$3 in gold to \$1 in silver.

WAR FEVER IN RUSSIA.

Rushing Troops to Frontier to Fight Turkey.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 18.—The alarmist reports of the possibility of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, which have permeated all strata of Russian society, have assumed the proportions of a veritable war scare, to which the sensational press is devoting its biggest headlines.

The situation is taken seriously, not only in military circles, but also by conservative politicians. M. Gutchkoff, leader of the majority in the duma, announced his intention to night of raising at the next meeting of the committee of national defense the question of the nation's readiness for war. This, he believes, is of the most vital importance, in view of the news from the Caucasus and all parts of Europe. He also proposes to interpellate the minister of communications on the ability of the railroads to transport troops quickly to the frontiers.

The duma, according to M. Gutchkoff, will be guilty of criminal negligence if it permits the country again to be drawn into a war for which it is wholly unprepared. The duma means to avoid a rupture, he said, is serious preparation for any eventuality.

SWEDEN FEARS RUSSIA.

Strained Relations Over Coaling Station May Bring War.

Stockholm, Feb. 18.—The relations between Sweden and Russia are decidedly strained at present. The tension has arisen because Russia insists upon being released from the agreement made when Sweden surrendered Finland, that no naval stations or fortifications should be established on the Finnish shores adjacent to Sweden. The part taken by Russia in the Norwegian integrity treaty and her present attitude on the Baltic "closed sea question" also have greatly irritated Sweden.

War is feared in Sweden, because Russia for some time past has been preparing to establish a naval station on the western shores of Aland island, which is 25 miles from the Swedish coast and only a few hours by steamer from Stockholm.

Continued Over Objection.

San Francisco, Feb. 18.—The trolley bribery cases of Calhoun, Mullaly, Ford, Abbott and Schmitts were continuing today by Judge Lawlor for one week over the objection of Attorney A. A. Moore, who declared that all the United railroad officials were ready for immediate trial. All the cases against Reef except the one which is now set for trial were also continued after an objection was entered by Attorney Henry Ach on the ground that Reef had never been arraigned or received a copy of the indictment.

Standard Declares Dividend

New York, Feb. 18.—The directors of the Standard Oil company declared a quarterly dividend of \$15 per share. The same amount was paid in the corresponding quarter last year. Standard Oil is an unlisted stock. The amount of stock outstanding is \$100,000,000.

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No. 2—Train leaves Albany..... 12:25 P. M.  
" " Corvallis..... 1:15 "  
" " 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.  
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Trains for Corvallis.

No. 5—Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:30 A. M.  
Arrives Corvallis..... 8:35 A. M.

No. 22—Leaves Albany..... 7:30 P. M.  
Arrives at Corvallis..... 8:00 P. M.

Leaves Albany..... 7:35 P. M.  
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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 Albany..... 11:15 A. M.  
Arrives at Albany..... 12:15 P. M.

No. 12—Leaves Albany..... 12:30 P. M.  
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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.

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