# Through the Wall

#### By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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for M. Pougeot. The commissary for he was close behind, and I wanted glanced at it quickly and then, with a this knowledge for myself." word of excuse, left the room, returning a few minutes later and whispering earnestly to M. Simon.

chief. "Why, certainly, ask him to two." A moment later Coquenil entered.

mud all rose with cordial greetingsthat is, all except Gibelin. "As you know," explained Coquent) briefly at the judge, "I resigned from the force two years ago. I need not

go inte details. The point is I now ask to be taken back. That is why I "Bot, my dear fellow," replied the

stood that you had received a magdiscent offer with"-"Yes, yes, I bave."

With a salary of a hundred thound francs?" "It's true, but I have refused it."

on and Hauteville looked at Coenfi incredulously. May I ask why you have refused RtT' asked the chief,

Tartly for personal reasons, largesecause I want to have a hand in

Gibella moved uneasily. "You think this case so interesting?" out in the judge.

The most interesting I have ever known," answered the other, and then he added, with all the authority of his one, grave face: "It's more than interesting. It's the most important crimianl case Paris has known for three

Again they stared at him. "My dear Coquenil, you exaggerate," ected M. Simon, "After all, we have only the shooting of a billiard

M. Paul shook his head and replied impressively: "The billiard player was pawn in the game. He became troume and was sacrificed. He is of no importance, but there's a greater nme than billiards here with a master player, and I'm going to be in it."
"Why do you think it's a great
game?" questioned the judge.

Why do I think anything? Why did I think a commonplace pickpocket at the Bon Marche was a notorious eriminal, wanted by two countries? Why did I think we should find the clew to that Bordeaux counterzeiting gang in a Passy wineshop? Why did I think it necessary tonight to be on the cab this young American rah?" He shot a quick glance at Gibe-"Because a good detective knows certain things before he can prove them and acts on his knowledge. That as what distinguishes him from an ordinary detective."

"Meaning me?" challenged Gibelin. "Not at all," replied M. Paul smoothby. "I only say that"-

"One moment," interrupted M. Sion. "Do I understand that you were with the driver who took this Ameriman away from here tonight?"

Coquenil smiled. "I was not with the driver. I was the driver, and I had the honor of receiving 5 francs from my distinguished associate." He bowed mockingly to Gibelin and held up a silver piece. "I shall keep this among my curiosities.

"It was a foolish trick, a perfectly mseless trick," declared Gibelin, furi-

"Perhaps not," answered the other, It was a rather nice coup leading to lous to say something. very important results,"

"Huh! What results?" "Yes. What results?" echoed the

fudge. deliberately, "what you regard as the mest important thing to be known in this case just now." "The name of the woman," answered

Hauteville promptly. "Then the man who gives you this woman's name and address will ren-

er a real service?" "A service?" exclaimed Hauteville. The whole case rests on this woman." me, come," interrupted the chief.

What are you driving at?" "I have the woman's name and ad-

gress," exclaimed Coquenil. ssible?" they cried. I got them by my own efforts, and

I will give them up on my own terms." He spoke with a look of fearless purse that M. Simon well remembered from the old days.

"A thousand devils! How did you do it?" cried Simon.

watched the American in the cab as he leaved forward toward the lanzern light, and I saw exactly what he and cut out a leatner flap that had her name and address stamped on it."

was no name in the bag. I examined It my self." "The name was on the underside of

the flap," laughed the other, "in gilt

"And you took this flap from the

\* "No, no! Any violence would have sechnicalities a note was brought in brought my colleague into the thing.

"What did you do?" pursued the

"I let the young man cut the flap "You say he is here?" exclaimed the into small pieces and drop them one Entter. "I thought he was sailing for" by one as we drove through dark lit-M. Pougeot bent closer and whis- tie streets. And I noted where he dropped the pieces. Then I drove back "Paul Coquenil!" exclaimed the and picked them up-that is, all but

> "Marvelous!" muttered Hauteville. "I had a small searchlight lantern to help me. That was one of the things took from my desk," he added to Pougeot

> "And these pieces of leather with the name and address, you have them?" continued the chief.

"I have them." "With you?" "Yes."

"May I see them?" "Certainly. If you will promise to espect them as my personal prop-

Simon hesitated. "You mean"- He frowned and then said impatiently, "Oh, yes, I promise that."

Coquenil drew an envelope from his breast pocket and from it he took a number of white leather fragments. And he showed the chief that most of these fragments were stamped in gold

letters or parts of letters. "I'm satisfied." declared Simon after examining several of the fragments and returning them. "Bon Dieu!" he stormed at Gibelin. "And you had

that bag in your hands!" Gibelin sat silent. This was the wretchedest moment in his career. "Well," continued the chief, "we

must have these pieces of leather. What are your terms?" "I told you," said Coquenil, "I want to be put back on the force. I want

to handle this case;" M. Simon thought a moment. "That ought to be easily arranged. I will see

the prefet de police about it in the morning." But the other demurred. "I ask you to see him tonight. It's ten minutes to his house in an automobile. I'll

wait here.' The chief smiled. "You're in a hurry, aren't you? Well, so are we. Will you come with me, Hauteville?"

"Yes." In less than an hour the men returned with good news for the great detective.

"The prefet was extremely nice," said M. Hauteville. "He took our view at once."

"Then my commission is signed?" "Precisely." answered the chief. You are one of us again, and-I'm

glad." "Thank you, both of you," said M. Paul, with a quiver of emotion.

CHAPTER VL

THE WEAPON. IGHT across from the Ansonia, on the Rue Marboeuf, was a little wineshop that remained open all night for the accommodation of cab drivers and belated pedestrians, and to this Coquenil and the commissary now withdrew. Before anything else the detective wished to get from M. Pougeot his impressions of the case. And he asked Papa Tignol to come with them for a fortifying glass. They analyzed the known facts carefully.

Suddenly Coquelin stopped talking abruptly to look at a comical little man with A large mouth, the owner of the place, who had been hovering with aggravating politeness. "Perhaps about for some moments as if anx-

"What is it, my friend?" asked Co-

quenil good naturedly. At this the proprietor coughed in embarrassment and motioned to a "Let me ask first," replied Coquenil prim, thin faced woman in the front room, who came forward with fidgety shyness, begging the gentlemen to forgive her if she had done wrong, but there was something on her conscience, and she couldn't sleep without telling

> "Well?" broke in Pougeot impatiently, but Coquenil gave the woman a reassuring look, and she went on to explain that she was a spinster living in a little attic room of the next house overlooking the Rue Marboeuf. She worked as a seamstress all day in a hot, crowded atelier, and when she came home at night she loved to go out on her balcony. She would stand | week only. there and brush her hair while she watched the sunset deepen and the swallows circle over the chimney tops.

"But, my dear woman," smiled Coquenil, "what has that to do with me? I have very little hair and no time to

brush it." The seamstress begged his pardon The point was that on the previous was doing. He opened the lady's bag evening, just as she had nearly finished brushing her hair, she suddenly heard a sound like a pistol shot from "No." contradicted Gibelin; "there across the street, and, looking down, she saw a glittering object thrown from a window. She saw it distinctly and watched where it fell beyond the high wall that separated the Ansonia hotel from an adjoining courtyard. She had not thought much about it at the moment; but, having heard that something dreadful had happened-

longer, and, taking the woman's arm. he hurried her to the door. "Now," he said, "show me just where

you saw this glittering object thrown over the wall' "There," she replied, pointing, "it

lies to the left of that heavy doorway on the courtyard stones. I could see

it from my balcony." "Wait!" and, speaking to Tignol in low tone, M. Paul gave him quick



"IT LIES TO THE LEFT OF THAT SEAVY DOORWAY."

instructions, whereupon the old man hurried across the street and pulled the bell at the doorway indicated. "Did you happen to see the person

who threw this thing?" continued M. "No, but I saw his arm." Coquenil gave a start of satisfaction. 'His arm: Then a man threw it?"

"Oh, yes; I saw his black cont sleeve and his white cuff quite plainly." "Do you remember the window from which he threw this object?" The detective looked at her anxiously.

It's the end window on the first floor of the hotel. There!" Coquenil felt a thrill of excitement,

"Yes, indeed; it is easy to remember.

for, unless he had misunderstood the commissary's diagram, the seamstress was pointing not to private room No.

6, but to private room No. 7! "Lucien!" he called, and, taking his friend aside, he asked, "Does that end window on the first floor belong to No. 6 or No. 7?"

"No. 7." "And the window next to it?" "No. 6."

"Thanks! Just a moment," and he rejoined the seamstress. "But one point is not quite clear," he said. "Just look across again. You see two open windows-the end window and the one next to it. Isn't it possible that this bright thing was thrown from the window next to the end one?"

"No, no!" "They are both alike and, both being open, one might easily make a mistake.

She shook her head positively. "I

Just then Coquenil heard the click of the door opposite and, looking over, he saw Papa Tignol beckoning to him. "Excuse me," he said and hurried

across the street. "It's there," whispered Tignol. "The pistol?"

"Yes." "You remember what I told you?" The old man looked hurt. "Of course I did. I haven't touched it. Nothing could make me touch it."

Again Coquenil rejoined the seamstress. "Thanks, my good woman," he "Now go right back to your room and don't breathe a word of this to any one.'

(To Be Continued.)

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