

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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"You lie!" retorted the jailer. M. Paul sprang to his feet. "Take that back!" he ordered, with a look of menace, and the rough man grumbled an apology. "Just the same," he muttered, "it's mighty queer how she knows it unless you told her."

"Knew what?" "The jailer eyed Coquell searchingly. "Now don't chide. I guess you're straight, after all, but how did she come to write that? He scratched his dull head in mystification. "I have no idea."

Coquell took off his glasses and rubbed them carefully. Then without more discussion he left the prison and drove directly to the Palais de Justice to see Hauteville, who had previously summoned him. What did this mean? What could it mean?

As he approached the lower arm of the river he saw Bobet sauntering along the quay.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "I told you to watch that diver."

The young detective shrugged his shoulders. "The job's done. He found the auger."

"Ah! Where is it?" "I gave it to M. Gibelin because he told me so."

"You must be crazy! You take your orders from me."

"Do I?" laughed the other. "M. Gibelin says I take orders from him."

"We'll see about this," muttered M. Paul. He entered the courtyard of the Palais de Justice and hurried to the office of Judge Hauteville. On the stairs he met Gibelin.

"See here," he said abruptly, "what have you done with that auger?" "Put it in the department of old iron," rasped the other. "We can't waste time on foolish chaps."

Coquell glared at him. "We can't, eh? I suppose you have decided that?" "Precisely," retorted Gibelin.

"And you've been giving orders to young Bobet?"

"Go in there and you'll find out," sneered the fat man, jerking a derisive thumb toward Hauteville's door.

M. Paul entered the judge's private room.

"My dear Coquell," exclaimed Hauteville, with cordial hand extended. "I'm glad to see you, but you must prepare for bad news. They have taken you off the force. Your commission is cancelled."

"But—but why?" "For influencing Dedet to break a rule about a prisoner au secret."

"I thought the girl might get important evidence from her lover."

"No doubt, but you ought to have asked me for an order. I'm afraid you will have to suffer."

"Did you make the complaint?" "No, no! The order came from higher up."

"The chief revoked my commission?" "The order came from his office."

"And now Gibelin is in charge of the case?"

"Yes."

"And I am discharged from the force—discharged in disgrace? Then I'll tell you what Gibelin will do, and that is important. He will let this American go to trial and be found guilty for want of evidence that would save him."

"Not if I can help it," replied Hauteville.

"Thanks," said M. Paul. "I think I'll have a word with the chief."

The chief came out, followed by a black bearded judge, who was bidding him obsequious farewell.

As M. Simon moved away briskly his eye fell on the waiting detective, and his genial face clouded.

"Ah, Coquell," he said, "I'm sorry about this business."

"Sorry?" exclaimed M. Paul. "So in Hauteville sorry, but if you're sorry why did you let the thing happen?"

M. Simon laid a warning finger on his lips. "This is in strictest confidence. The order came through his office, but I don't believe the prefect de police issued it personally. It came from higher up."

Coquell kept his appointment that night at the Three Wise Men and found Papa Tignol waiting for him, his face troubled even to the tip of his luminous purple nose. Later, with Tignol and Pougeot, he started on a ride in a taxicab, which mystified his two companions. During the ride, which took them into the country, Coquell ordered the chauffeur to knock at the door of a desolately isolated house. No sooner had the operator obeyed when Coquell climbed into the chauffeur's seat and started the machine ahead at full speed despite the cries and imprecations of the deserted machinist, who plunged desperately after the machine. "That was Gibelin," laughed the great detective to his astounded companions. "He was the chauffeur and was spying on me. He'll have only fifteen miles to walk to reach Paris."

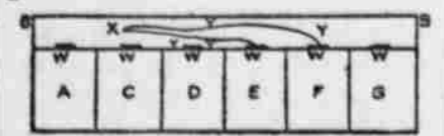
During the return to Paris Coquell said to Pougeot in very serious tones: "I may have to call on you suddenly. You may get some strange message by some queer messenger. Look at this ring. Will you know it—a brown stone marked with Greek characters? It's a talisman. You'll listen to any one who brings you this ring, and defend, eh?"

Pougeot grasped M. Paul's hand and

wring it affectionately. They went to the room of Tignol, who announced to Coquell, "I have found a little shrimp of a photographer who has seen your murderer, all right."

"The devil!" started M. Paul. "Where?"

Tignol pointed out of a window to a balcony running along the front of the hotel. "There! There are six rooms opening on that balcony." Taking a sheet of paper, he made a rough diagram:



"Now, then," continued Papa Tignol, surveying his handwork with pride. "I think this is clear. B, here, is the balcony just outside, and there are the six rooms with windows opening on it. We are in this room, D, and my friend the little photographer is in the next room, E, peacefully sleeping, but he wasn't peaceful when he came home tonight and heard me playing that flute, although I played in my best manner—eh, eh? He stood it for about ten minutes, and then, eh, eh? It was another case of through the wall, first one boot, bang, then another boot, smash, only there were no holes for the boots to come through. And then it was profanity!"

"Well, well!" fretted Coquell. "Then we got acquainted. I apologized and offered him beer, which he likes. Then he apologized and told me his troubles. He's in love with a pretty dressmaker who lives in this Room C. She is fair, but fickle. He tells me she has made him unhappy by flirting with a medical student who lives in this Room G. It seems the little photographer has been getting more and more jealous lately. He was satisfied that his ladylove and the medical student used this balcony as a lover's lane, and he began lying in wait at his window for the medical student to steal past toward the dressmaker's room. For several nights last week he waited and nothing happened. But he's a patient little shrimp, so he waited again Saturday night, and something did happen."

"The night of the murder?"

"That's it. He saw a man pass his window, and he was sure it was the medical student. He stepped out softly and followed him as far as the window of Room C. Then he sprang upon the man from behind, intending to chastise him. The man turned on him like a flash, and it wasn't the medical student."

"Who was it? Go on!"

(To Be Continued.)

NOTICE TO ARCHITECTS.

The board of directors of school district No. 49 will meet Friday evening, May 13, 1910, at the high school building at 7 o'clock p. m. to consider plans and estimates for a six-room annex to the Washington school and a ten-room ward school.

40 ORIS CRAWFORD, Clerk.

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PERNOLL SPRINGS ONE SINGLE JOKE

Southern Oregon Lad Is Becoming Noted for Having Nothing to Say, But Pitching and Winning Ball—Detroit Well Satisfied.

The Detroit papers are saying all kinds of good things about Jud Pernoll, the Southern Oregon pitcher, and the special writers are telling all kinds of stories on Jud.

The following is taken from the Detroit News which is only a sample of what the boy is getting:

"Pernoll, the quiet boy with the baby face and the baby stare, made good everything that had been predicted for him. The air of nonchalance and that abundance of muscle gathered during days of hard toil on the family farm at Grants Pass, Oregon, carried him to victory in his first regular length battle. Pernoll made good.

"Hughie decided that Pernoll was a fixture on his pitching staff before the champions returned from their training trip. Hughie can quickly recognize merit in ball players, and he judged Pernoll before he had him out a week. There never was an question about the Oregonian staying. He looked best of the Tigers recruit players.

"The face of Pernoll has been called 'expressionless.' Looking at him you try to figure out whether he will laugh or cry. Every man is his friend and the world rolls along at an even pace with nothing to worry him.

"He rarely ever speaks. He had the reputation of being the only man on the club who had not cracked a joke or tried to crack one before the team reached Indianapolis.

"The players were on their way to a theatre one evening when Bush and Willett got into an argument. Willett got into an argument. Willett said a person took more steps with his right foot than with his left, while Bush said that it was the left that did the most work.

"Pernoll was listening to this conversation with as much emotion as a cigar store Indian. The argument was warm and both sides were seeking evidence. Bush volunteered this clinching statement:

"When I start walking I put my left foot out first, don't I?"

Willett admitted that he did.

"That settles it," announced Bush. Willett loudly protested. Pernoll interrupted. Since he spoke on an average of but one time daily, they all listened.

"You say," turning to Bush, "that you put your left foot out first?"

"Yes."

"Well—that's right, isn't it?"

"It was Pernoll's only misstep from the serious path, and the surprise he caused ended the argument.

"There are those who would not pick Pernoll as a good man for the big leagues at first sight. The Grants Pass recruit has a short jerky motion. He doesn't wind up, just makes a half turn, a twist, and lets the ball go.

"This easy going youth subscribes to brevity of motion. But he gets them across with speed that reminds you of Walter Johnson.

"Hughie put the proper tag on the kid last March: 'He will do for a champion club.'"

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