

The Crime of the Boulevard

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By Jules
Clarcie

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"No, monsieur, but you are a man of too great intelligence to say to yourself that there is nothing in this world classed, that every matter can be taken up again. The idea has come to me to try the experiment if an eye can be seen. Yes, monsieur, those eyes, did you see them—the eyes of the dead man? They seemed to speak, they seemed to see. Their expression is of lifelike intensity. They see, I tell you, they see. They perceive something which you cannot see and which is frightful. They bear—and no one can convince me to the contrary—they bear on the retina the reflection of the last being whom the murdered man saw before he died. They keep it still; they still retain that image. They are going to make an autopsy. They will tell us that the throat is cut. Eh, parbleu! We know it well. We see it for ourselves. Monicne, the porter, knows it as well as any doctor, but when one questions those eyes, when one searches in that black chamber where the image appears as on a plate, when one demands of those eyes their secret, I am convinced that one will find it."

"You are obstinate, Bernardet."

"Yes, very obstinate, M. Glnory, and very patient. The pictures which I took with my kodak will give us the expression, the interior, so to speak. Those which we would take of the retina would reveal to us the secret of the agony. And moreover, unless I deceive myself, what danger attends such an experiment? One opens the poor eyes, and that is sinister certainly, but when one holds an autopsy at the morgue, when one enlarges the gash in the throat in order to study it, when one dissects the body, is it any more respectful or proper? Ah, monsieur, if I had but your power!"

M. Glnory seemed quite struck with all that the police officer had said to him, but while he still held to his convictions he did not seem quite averse to trying the experiment. Who can say to science, "No!" and impose upon it limits which cannot be passed? No one.

"We will see, Bernardet."

And in that "we will see" there was already a half promise.

"Ah, if you only will, and what would it cost?" added Bernardet, still urgent indeed almost suppliant.

"Let us finish this now. They are waiting for me," said the examining magistrate.

As he left M. Rovere's study he instinctively cast his glance at the volumes, with their costly bindings, and he re-entered the salon where M. Jacquelin des Audrays had, without doubt, finished his examination.

CHAPTER VI.

The attorneys for the republic called in the examining magistrate. Nothing more was to be done. The magistrate had studied the position of the corpse, examined the wound, and now, having told M. Glnory his impressions, he did not hide from him his belief that the crime had been committed by a professional, as the strokes of the knife across the throat had been given neatly, scientifically, according to all the established rules.

"One might well take it for the work of a professional butcher."

"Yes, without doubt, M. Glnory, but one does not know. Brute force—a strong blow—can produce exactly what science can."

More agitated than he wished to appear by the strange conversation between the agent of Surete and himself, the examining magistrate stood at the foot of the bed, and gazed, with a fixity almost fierce, not at the gaping wound of which M. Jacquelin des Audrays had spoken to him, but at those eyes, those fixed eyes, those eyes which no opacity had yet invaded, which, open, bright, seemingly burning with anger, menace, full of conscious, of some sort and animated with vengeance, gave him a look, immovable, most powerful.

It is true; it was true. They lived; those eyes spoke. They cried to him for justice. They retained the expression of some atrocious vision, the expression of violent rage. They menaced some one. Whom? If the picture of some one was graven there, was it not the last image reflected on the little mirror of the retina? What if a face was reflected there? What if that face retained in the depths of those wide open eyes? That strange creature, Bernardet, half crazy, enthused with new ideas, with the mysteries which traverse chimerical brains, troubled him, Glnory, a man of station, and of facts.

But truly those dead eyes seemed to appeal, to speak, to designate some one. What more eloquent, what more terrible witness, could there be than the dead man himself, if it were possible for his eyes to speak? If that organ life should contain, shut up within it, preserved, the secret of death? Bernardet, whose eyes never left the magistrate's face, ought to have been content, for it plainly expressed doubt, a hesitation, and the police officer heard him cursing, shut up within it.

"Folly, stupidity! Bah, you shall see!" Bernardet was filled with hope. M. Glnory, the examining magistrate, was moreover convinced that for the present, and the sooner the better, the corpse should be sent to the morgue. There only could a thorough and scientific examination be made. The reporter listened intently to the conversation, and Mme. Monicne clasped her hands, more and more agitated by that word morgue, which among the people produces the same effect as singular and word—which means, however, careful attendance, scientific treatment and safety—hospital, does.

Nothing was now to be done except to question some of the neighbors and to take a sketch of the salon. Bernardet said to the magistrate: "My photograph will give you that. While some one went out to get a hearse the magistrates went away. The police officer placed a small guard in front of the house. The crowd was constantly increasing and becoming more and more curious, violently excited and eager to see the spectacle—the murdered man borne from his home.

Bernardet did not allow M. Glnory to go away without asking respectfully if he would be allowed to photograph the dead man's eyes. Without giving him a formal answer M. Glnory simply told him to be present at the autopsy at the morgue. Evidently if the magistrate had not been already full of doubt his reply would have been different. Why did that inferior officer have the audacity to give his opinion on the subject of conducting a judicial investigation? M. Glnory would long before this have sent him about his business if he had not become suddenly interested in him. In his quality of judge he had come to know Bernardet's history and his exploits in the service. No more capable man in his line could be found. He was perfectly and utterly devoted to his profession. Some strange tales were told of his methods. It was he who once passed an entire night on a bench, pretending intoxication, in order to gain

sufficient information to enable him to arrest a murderer in the morning in a wretched hovel at La Vilette—a murderer armed to the teeth. It was Bernardet who, without arms—as all those agents—caught the famous bandit, the noted Taurau de la Glaciere, a foreign Hercules who had strangled his mistress. Bernardet arrested him by holding to his temple the cold neck of a bottle and saying, "Hands up or I fire!" Now what the bandit took for the cold muzzle of a pistol was a vial containing some medicine which Bernardet had purchased of a pharmacist for his liver.

Deeds of valor against thieves, malefactors and insurrectionists abounded in Bernardet's life, and M. Glnory had just discovered in this man, whom he believed simply endowed with the activity and keenness of a hunting dog, an intelligence singularly watchful, deep and complicated. Bernardet had not nothing to do until the body should be taken to the morgue, left the house directly after the magistrates.

"Where are you going?" asked Paul Rodler, the reporter.

"Home—a few steps from here."

"May I go along with you?" asked the reporter.

"To find an occasion to make me speak? But I know nothing, I suspect nothing, I shall say nothing."

"Do you believe that it is the work of a thief or a revenge?"

"I am certain that it was no thief. Nothing in the apartment was touched. As for the rest, who knows?"

"M. Bernardet," laughingly said the reporter as he walked along by the officer's side, "you do not wish to speak."

"What good will that do?" Bernardet replied, also laughingly. "It will prevent you from publishing an interview."

"You think so. Au revoir! I must hurry and make my copy. And you?"

A photograph.

They separated, and Bernardet entered his house. His daughters had grieved over his sudden departure on Sunday his fete day. They met him with joyous shouts when he appeared and threw themselves upon him. "Papa! Here is papa!"

Mme. Bernardet was also happy. They could go then to the garden and finish the picture. But their joy subsided; night had fallen, and Bernardet, preoccupied, wished to shut himself up so that he might reflect on all that had happened, and perhaps to work a little, even today.

"It is thy fete day, Bernardet. Willst thou not rest today?"

"I can rest at dinner, dear. Until then I must use the time reading over a mass of evidence."

"The thing will need a lamp?" asked Mme. Bernardet.

"Yes, my dear. Light the lamp."

Next to their bedchamber M. Bernardet had fitted up a little room for his private use. It was a tiny den, with a bookcase, a table, and at night he worked when he had time, reading, annotating, copying from the papers and collecting extracts for hours at a time. No one was allowed to enter this room, filled with old papers. Mme. Bernardet well called it "a nest of microbes." Bernardet found pleasure in this sporadic place, which in summer was stifling. In winter he worked without a fire.

Mme. Bernardet was unhappy as she saw that their holiday was spoiled. But she very well knew that when her husband was devoured with curiosity, carried away by a desire to elucidate a puzzle, there was nothing to be said. He listened to no remonstrances, and the daughters knew that when they asked if their father was not coming to renew his games with them, they were obliged to content themselves with the excuse which they knew so well from having heard it so often. "Papa is studying out a crime."

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These propositions," thought Bernardet, "seem hardly new. It is 26 years since they were discovered, and now they seem as natural as that two and two make four. In 26 years from now who knows what science will have done?"

"Vernois demanded that wounds be reproduced, their size, the instruments with which the crime was committed, the leaves of plants in certain cases of poisoning, the shape of the victims' garments, the prints of their hands and feet, the interior view of their rooms, the signature of a certain accused affected with nervous disorders, parts of bodies and of bones, and, in fact, everything in any way connected with the crime. It was said that he asked too much. Did he expect judges to make photographs? Today everything that Vernois demanded in 1860 has been done, and in truth the instantaneous photography has almost superseded the minutes of an investigation. (Continued Next Week.)

The Double Dealer.

One side of his face wore a happy smile, The other side wore a frown;

One side of his face tipped smilingly up, The other side sorrowfully down.

One side of his forehead was bland and smooth, The other side scowled at one;

One eye had a joyfully twinkling look, The other eye seemed to frown.

One pocket was filled with clinking gold, The other had not a cent;

One side of his suit looked newly sold, The other was torn and rent.

Prosperity shone from one side of him, The other looked poor and glum;

One side smiled for riches and wealth, From the other was nothing to come.

One side showed no business for him, The other side he could do;

One side showed that nothing came in, Into the other the shekels flew.

The poor side showed that he dealt in coal, The rich one he dealt in ice;

For the coal business now is on the bum, And the other exceedingly nice.

Just an Experiment.

"Tip" in New York Press.

A restaurateur asked me the other day what he could do to increase the patronage of his house, where several thousand cannibals feed daily. There are 66 small tables for two braced against the walls of the place. Scattered here and there are tables for four, six and eight; some round, some square, some rectangular. "Pull every small table away from the wall," I said, "so that a chair will go behind it. One of the little sanctities of man is to have his back against something so that nobody can walk behind him. Cut the tables down to sofas and you can place 100 where only 66 are now. Every customer that comes in alone will have a table to himself, with the privilege of facing the throng, the waiter, the manager and the proprietor." Strange enough the advice was taken. Result: An increase of 200 per cent in business and always a grand rush for the waitresses.

Mary and her little lamb
Have long since passed away,
It's Mary, her sheath and her silk-hosed calf,
That is making the hit today.

The assassination had taken place on Sunday between noon and 4 o'clock. The extraction of the eyes from their orbits had not been made until the following day at 6 o'clock in the evening. The experiment on the eyes, those terribly accusing eyes of this dead man, could be made 24 hours earlier than that other experiment. The image—if there was any image—ought to be in consequence more clearly defined than in Dr. Bourion's experiment.

"About 6 o'clock in the evening," thought Bernardet, "and the photographic light was sufficient." Dr. Bourion had taken pictures of both the child's eyes as well as both of the mother's eyes. The child's eyes showed nothing but hazy clouds; but the mother's eyes were different. Upon the left eye next to the circular section back of the iris, a delicately marked image of a dog's head appeared; on the same section of the right eye another picture—one could see the assassin raising his arm to strike and the dog leaping to protect his little charge.

"With much good will, it must be confessed," thought Bernardet, looking again and again at the photograph, "and with much imagination too. But it was between 50 and 62 hours after the murder that the proof was taken, while this time it will be the while the body is still warm that the experiment will be tried."

Seventeen times already had Dr. Vernois experimented on animals—some times just after he had strangled them, again when they had died from prussic acid. He had held in front of their eyes a simple object which could be easily recognized. He had taken out the eyes and hurried them to the photographer. He had, in order to better expose the retina, made a photographic action, made a sort of Maltese cross by making four incisions on the edge of the sclerotic. He removed the vitreous humor, fixed it on a piece of card with four pins and submitted the retina as quickly as possible to the camera.

In rereading the learned man's report Bernardet studied, pored over, carefully scrutinized the text, investigated the dozen proofs submitted to the society of medical jurisprudence by Dr. Vernois:

Retina of a cat's eye killed by prussic acid. Vernois had held the animal in front of the bars of the cage in which it was confined. No result.

Retina of a strangled dog's eye. A watch was held in front of its eyes. No result.

Retina of a dog killed by strangulation. A bunch of shining keys was held in front of his eyes. No result.

Retina of a strangled dog. An eye-glass held in front of its eyes. Photograph made two hours after death. Nothing. In all Dr. Vernois' experiments—nothing, nothing!

Bernardet repeated the word angrily. Still he kept on. He read page after page. But all this was 26 years ago—photography has made great strides since then. What wonderful results have been obtained! The skeleton of the human body seen through the flesh, the instantaneous photograph, the kinesthetic views, man's voice registered for eternity in the phonograph, the mysterious dragged forth into the light of day, many hitherto unknown secrets have been obtained!

—The skeleton of the invisible—even the invisible—the occult, placed before our eyes as a spectacle!

"One does not know all that may be done with a kodak," murmured Bernardet.

He ascertained in rereading Dr. Vernois' report on "The Application of Photography to Medical Jurisprudence," the savant himself, even while denying the results of which Dr. Bourion spoke in his communication, devoted upon the role which photography played to play in medical jurisprudence. Yes, in 1860 he asked that in the researches on poisonous substances, where the microscope alone had been used, photography should be applied. He advocated the use of photography in the photographing of the features of criminals, their deformities, their scars, their tattooings. He demanded that pictures should be taken of an accused person in many ways, without wigs and without hair, and without beards, in divers costumes.

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FOR FEMININE EYES



DESIGN FOR GOWN OF SILK OR CLOTH.

Various materials would be suitable made up after the design pictured, the model being in beige meteor silk, braided in self-tone soutache. The sleeves were an especially attractive feature of the gown, and were very odd in style. They were cut in one with the bodice and were fastened over a long undersleeve of tulle and Val. edging, with tiny buttons, covered with the gown material. The skirt had a pointed overskirt, which was trimmed with a row of little buttons down the center seam. The yoke was of fine white lace laid over a lower part of tulle and tiny valenciennes trills.

THREE DELICIOUS DESSERT RECIPES

Orange Cream.

Grate the rind of one orange on three ounces of loaf sugar, pound it, and put into a large dish. Squeeze half the juice of the orange over, stir into it half a tablespoonful of brandy, then pour in gently half a pint of cream, and let stand as long as convenient. Whip and put into glasses and serve.

Baked Peaches.

Carefully wash and rub the furze off ripe peaches with a suitable cloth, cut out a little of the skin from the blossom end to allow sugar to penetrate and the juices to escape; then place in a baking pan, stem end down, pour over them water to fill half or two-thirds up, and scatter sugar according to their tartness. Place in a moderate oven till entirely tender; serve hot; but if any are left over they are nice cold.

Oatmeal Pudding.

Half cup shortening, two eggs, one cup brown sugar, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon baking soda, one cup raisins or currants, one cup flour, two cups oatmeal, little nutmeg and cinnamon, a little cloves, steam one hour, make a butter, sugar, and flour sauce, flavor with brandy or lemon.

FRIED CELERY.

Did you ever eat celery that was fried? Don't you think of it only as raw or stewed? Yet it can be fried and makes a most palatable side dish. Stalks of celery are cut into three and four-inch lengths. One egg and a tablespoonful of cold water are beaten together. The celery stalks are first rolled in the egg and fried in olive oil.

They are then sprinkled with a little salt and pepper and again rolled in the egg and fried in olive oil. Grated cheese is sifted over the stalks after taking them from the oil. If you are in doubt some day as to what to serve, try this.

FASTEN IN FRONT.

It looks as though all the garments of this winter will fasten in front, instead of the back. From shirtwaists to ball gowns one sees the same method of fastening.

This is especially true of one piece suits of elaborate blouse and of classic party gowns.

A man can have a grip on his pocket-book and still not travel.

Dyspeptic.

Clubman—I see you've been wearing plaid vests lately.

Grypes—Yes, the doctor says I must put a check on my stomach.



LITTLE GIRLS' FROCK OF CASHMERE.

Red cashmere was used for the model frock pictured, but flannel, serge or heavy washable fabric could also be made up after the same design. The little frock was entirely without trimming, but was quite odd and effective in cut. The frock was made in one piece, and was joined at the waist by a stitched belt of cloth. The yoke was of white tulle and tiny valenciennes trills.

Rather Slender.

Bings—Are the mosquitoes thick out your way?

Wings—They're not so thick but what they can get through any wire netting that ever was made.

Aviation.

"Mother, may I go out to fly?"
"You may, but cut no capers, and don't fly high, or you will get your name in all the papers."
—Buffalo Evening News.

A Philanthropist.

Victim—Here! Why are you shooting? I haven't done anything.

Bad Bill—We've just built a new hospital in this berg, and need a few patients to start it up.

Reconciled.

Husband—Well, darling, I've had my life insured for \$10,000.

Wife—How very sensible of you! Now I shan't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go.

So Cordial.

Guest—It's still raining! I'm afraid I'll have to inflict myself on you for a little longer.

Host—Oh, never mind, old chap, it won't be long. It's only a shower.

Father—What's that young man's business who I saw hugging you in the parlor last night?

Daughter (confused)—Why, er—er—he's a book agent, sir.

Father—Oh! I thought he was a press agent.

It is a woman who can beat the street car company and feel plous when she puts the saved nickel in the contribution box, says the New York Press.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES, BACKACHE
1875 "Guaranteed"

FOWL PLAY ON WORDS.



"Willis calls his wife Birdie."

"Making game of her. I see."

AVERSE.

"Oh, may I write a verse to you?"
The ardent lover cried.

"No need, I am averse to you!"
The maiden proud replied.

LITTLE DEARS.

Ethel—Maud is very shortsighted, poor girl.

Mae—Yes, but her ailment has compensations. She can't see herself in a mirror.

Poverty and Prosperity.

From International Theosophical Chronicle.

The problems of poverty and labor have become more and more puzzling the further we have gone along in national prosperity, and none feel the bewildering nature of the present state of things more than those who have daily to suffer from its sad effects.

PUZZLE SOLVED.

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them.

But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by ever-increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an ill stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 66 years old."

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart."

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all died me until I was nearly starved, but I seemed to get worse instead of better."

"Having heard of the good Postum, had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well. I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and am better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.