

The Crime of the Boulevard

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By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Yes," Prades answered.

The police officer looked at them again; then, saluting the brigadier and his men, wished them good night and even added a little gesture, rather mocking, in the direction of the arrested man. Prades made an angry, almost menacing, movement toward Bernardet. The guards standing about pulled him back, while the plump, smiling little man, caressing his sandy moustache and humming a tune, went out into the street.

One would have taken M. Bernardet for a happy little bourgeois, going home from some theater through the deserted street and repeating a verse from some vaudeville, rather than a police spy who had just secured a prize. He walked quickly, he walked quickly. He reached his home, where Mme. Bernardet, always rosy and pleasant, awaited him and where his three little girls were sleeping. He felt that like the Roman emperor, he had not lost his day.

He again hummed the quatrain, and although not in a loud tone still it sounded like a far off fanfare of victory in the gray fog of this Paris night.

CHAPTER XIV.

M. Glnory was not without uneasiness when he thought of the detention of Jacques Dantin. Without doubt, the prisoners, all accused persons, are reluctant. They try to hide their guilt under voluntary silence. They do not speak because they have sworn not to. They are bound, one knows not by whom, by an oath which they cannot break. In the ordinary system of the guilty who cannot defend themselves. Mystery seems to them safety.

But Dantin, intimately acquainted with Rovere's life, might be acquainted with some secret which could not be disclosed and which did not pertain to him at all. What secret? Had not an examining magistrate a right to know everything? Had not an accused man a right to speak? Either Dantin had nothing to reveal and he was playing a comedy and was guilty, or if by a few words, by a confidence made to the magistrate, he could escape an accusation, recover his liberty, without doubt he would speak after having kept an inexplicable silence. How could he suppose that an innocent man would hold for a long time to this mute system?

The discovery of the portrait in Mme. Colard's shop ought, naturally, to give to the affair a new turn. The arrest of Charles Braden, the most important element to these researchers. He would be examined by M. Glnory the next morning, after having been questioned by the commissary of police.

Bernardet, spruce, freshly shaven, with a red rosette like a little abbe come to assist at some curious ceremony.

On the contrary, Prades, after a sleepless night, a night of agony, paler than the evening before, his face fierce and his mustache dark, had a hard, guarded expression, and he blinked his eyes like a night bird suddenly brought into glaring sunlight. He repeated before the examining magistrate what he had said to the brigadier. But his portrait, a few hours before, had become heavy, almost raucous, as the haughty expression of his face had become sullen and tragic.

The examining magistrate had cited Mme. Colard, the shopkeeper, to appear before him. She instantly recognized in this Prades the man who had sold her the little panel by Paul Baudry.

He denied it. He did not know of what they were talking. He had never seen this woman. He knew nothing about any portrait.

"It belongs to M. Rovere," the magistrate replied—"M. Rovere, the murdered man; M. Rovere, who was consul at Buenos Ayres, and you spoke yesterday at Buenos Ayres in the examination at the station house in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld."

"M. Rovere? Buenos Ayres?" repeated the young man, rolling his sombrero around his fingers.

He repeated that he did not know the ex-consul, that he had never been in South America, that he had come from Sydney.

Bernardet at this moment interrupted him by taking his hat from him without saying a word, and Prades cast a very angry look at the little man.

M. Glnory understood Bernardet's move and approved with a smile. He looked in the inside of the sombrero which Bernardet handed to him.

The hat bore the address of London, Smithson & Co., Berner street, London.

"But after all," thought the magistrate, "Buenos Ayres is one of the markets for English goods."

"That is a hat bought at Sydney," Prades (who had understood) explained.

Before the bold, decided, almost violent affirmations which Mme. Colard made that this was certainly the seller of the portrait the young man lost countenance a little. He kept saying over and over: "You receive yourself, Madame, I have never spoken to you, I have never seen you."

When M. Glnory asked her if she still persisted in saying that this was the man who had sold her the picture, she said:

"Do I still persist? With my neck under the guillotine I would persist. And she kept repeating: "I am sure of it. I am sure of it."

This preliminary examination brought about no decisive result. It was certain if this portrait had been in the possession of this young man and been sold by him and he (Charles Prades) was an accomplice of Dantin's, if not the author of the crime. They ought, then, to be brought face to face, and possibly this might bring about an immediate result. And why not have this meeting take place at once, before Prades was sent where Dantin was, at Mazas?

M. Glnory, who had uttered this word, noticed the expression of terror which flashed across and suddenly transfigured the young man's face.

Prades stammered:

"Then—you will hold me? Then—I am not free?"

M. Glnory did not reply. He gave an order that this Prades should be guarded until the arrival of Dantin from Mazas.

In Mazas, in that walled prison, in the cell which had already made him III, Jacques Dantin said, "This man with the trooper's air seemed almost to be in a state of collapse. When the guard came to his cell, he drew himself up and endeavored to collect all his energy, and when the door was opened and he was called he appeared quite like himself. When he saw the prison wagon which had brought him to Mazas and now awaited to take him to the Palais de Justice, he instinctively recoiled; then, recovering himself, he entered the narrow vehicle."

The idea, the sensation, that he was

files were filled in one by one in the blank places:

Count of the First Instance of the Department of the Seine:

Warrant of commitment against Prades.

We, Edme-Armand-Georges Glnory, examining magistrate of the court of the first instance of the department of the Seine, do hereby commit to the custody of the public force to conduct to the prison, called the Mazas, in conformity to the law, Prades (Charles Henry) aged 23 years, commission merchant from Sydney, accused of complicity in the murder of Louis Pierre Rovere. We direct the director of the prison to lend assistance in order to execute the present order, in case of necessity arising to which we attach our name and seal.

Made at the Palais de Justice in Paris on the 12th of February, 1896.

And below the seal was attached to the order of the registrar, M. Glnory signed it, saying to Favorel:

"The description must be left blank. They will fill it out after the measurements are taken."

Then Prades, stupefied till now, not seeming to realize half that was passing around him, gave a sudden, violent start. A cry burst from him.

"Arrested! Have you arrested me?"

M. Glnory leaned over the table. He was calm and held his pen, with which he had signed the order, suspended in the air. The young man rushed forward wild with anger, and if the guards had not held him back he would have seized M. Glnory's fat neck with both hands. The guards held Prades back, while the examining magistrate, carelessly pricking the table with his pen, gently said, with a smile:

"All the same, more than one malefactor has betrayed himself in a fit of anger. I have often thought that it would take very little to get myself assassinated when I had before me an accused person whom I felt was guilty and who would not confess. Take away the man!"

While they were pushing Prades toward the corridor he shouted, "Canailles!"

M. Glnory ordered that Dantin should be left alone with him. "Alone," he said to Bernardet, whose look was a little uneasy. The registrar half rose from his chair, picking up his papers and pushing them into the pocket of his much worn paper case.

"No. You may remain, Favorel."

"Well, then when he found himself face to face with Jacques Dantin, 'have you reflected?'"

Jacques Dantin, his lips pressed closely together, did not reply.

"Now," said the registrar, "I am of an especial kind—the cell. He who invented it?"

"Yes," Dantin brusquely interrupted. "The brain suffers between those walls. I have not slept since I went there, not a day, not a night. Insomnia is killing me. It seems as if I should go crazy."

"Then?" asked M. Glnory.

"Then—"

Jacques Dantin looked fiercely at the registrar, who sat waiting, his pen over his chin, his eyes on the table, his chin on his hands.

"Then, oh, well! Then, here it is. I wish to tell you all—all. But to you—to you—"

"To me alone?"

"Yes," said Dantin, with the same fierce expression.

"My dear Favorel!"—the magistrate began.

The registrar had already risen. He slowly bowed and went out.

"Now," said the magistrate to Jacques Dantin, "you speak."

The man still hesitated.

"Monsieur," he asked, "will any word said here be repeated—ought it or must it be repeated—in a courtroom at the assize, but not where—anywhere before the public?"

"That depends," said M. Glnory. "But what you know you owe to justice, whether it be a revelation, an accusation or a confession. I ask it of you."

Still Dantin hesitated. Then the magistrate spoke these words: "I demand it."

With a violent effort, the prisoner began: "So be it. But it is to a man of honor that I address these words. If I have hesitated to speak, if I have allowed myself to be suspected and to be accused, it is because it seemed to me impossible, absolutely impossible, to do this. I should rather die than reveal—I do not know in what way that it would become known to you without compelling me to disclose a secret which was not mine."

"To an examining magistrate one may say everything," said M. Glnory. "We have listened to confessions in our offices which are as inviolable as those of the confessional made to a priest."

(Continued Next Week.)

For the Cry of a Little Child.

I dreamed of a legion of women, who waited with eyes aglow

In the shadow of Loves Forgotten, by the Ports of Long Ago;

I dreamed of a legion of women—whose faces were tenderly mild—

And hark! In the night I heard it—the cry of a little child.

I looked at the waiting women through the mist of a thousand years.

And some of their eyes were smiling, and some were suffused with tears.

Yet their song was a clear ringing, and the song of the waiting throng.

Was the old, old cry of Heaven: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

I dreamed of a legion of women who stood in a driving rain;

Who raised their voices singing, yet sang but one refrain:

I looked at the waiting women, and their faces were white and wild—

And hark! In the night I heard it—the cry of a little child!

—Alfred Damon Runyon, in December Smart Set.

BUSINESS HEAD.

"Dat automobile done killed five chile ens while it were goin' down de road."

"Yes, but de fus' cost de machine is too much to make de investment profitable."

JUST SO.

Grout—The more holidays we have the shorter our lives are.

Doubt—How do you figure that out?

Grout—A holiday is always a day off, you know.

STORIES OF BEAR HUNTERS; EXCITING PURSUITS OF BRUIN

Farmer Jackson Barked Like a Dog.

Norwich Hill, Pa., Special: Tyson Jones, an old time Sinnemahoning bear hunter, had kept his eye on a swamp in the Bear Creek country ever since huckleberry time, for he had reason to believe that it was harboring three bears, and his mind was made up regarding what he would do to those bears when the open season for bears came along.

It came October 1, and these three must have forgotten that bears were no longer under protection of the law, for they left many signs about the swamp that they were still there, notwithstanding the proximity of Tyson Jones and other bear hunters. So summoning four other hunters to join him Tyson Jones started out after the bears.

The swamp was dense with laurels. The hunters were posting themselves about so as to be sure of getting the bears when the latter were routed out, when Farmer George Jackson, who lives in the vicinity appeared on the scene much excited.

"Three bears have just gone trampin' through my barnyard," he said to Tyson Jones. "Somebody had better come over and kill 'em."

Tyson Jones said that he guessed they would first get the three bears that were in the swamp and then they would attend to the business of Farmer Jackson's three. But they didn't get the three bears that were in the swamp, because the three bears were no longer there.

Whether or not it had come suddenly to the bears what day it was does not appear, but at any rate it dawned on the hunters that the three had managed to get out of the swamp while it was being surrounded, and their trail was discovered leading in the direction of another laurel patch several miles distant. As a short cut thither the bears had taken advantage of the route via Farmer Jackson's barnyard.

The hunters and Farmer Jackson followed the trail to the distant swamp and located the bears in it, but their two dogs refused to go in and rout the bears out. In this emergency Farmer Jackson said that while he wasn't any kind of a bear hunter he could bark like a dog first rate. Tyson Jones told him to go into the swamp then and bark like a dog.

He followed instructions so well that it was only a few minutes before the bears were heard thrashing through the laurels to make their way out. The three of them plunged into the open so that Tyson Jones that he dropped one of them in its tracks and wounded another.

The wounded bear and its surviving companion dashed back into the swamp again. Farmer Jackson resumed his barking like a dog and at once the bears began to crash again in a line toward the open. The barking like a dog suddenly ceased, though, and in its place human yells rose from the swamp and from the line of thrashing laurels: out tumbled Farmer Jackson shouting: "The bears is after me! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!"

One bear certainly was after him. It evidently having discovered the fraud Farmer Jackson had played on them, in barking like a dog, but the bear's horns had no sooner come in sight through the laurels than the other two Farmer Jackson than Tyson Jones sent a rifle bullet to meet it. The bear fell and another shot ended its career.

In the excitement of this stage of the hunt the bear Tyson Jones had wounded made its way out of the laurel patch on the opposite side, where it was discovered by Frank Silsbie, one of the hunters, and he killed it.

Joe Batch came to camp one day last week with two bears and an amazing story about how they got 'em," said Captain Sam Lyman, of the Kettle Creek country, down in Potter county, Pennsylvania. "The boys went out after bears. They were trimming logs."

"Palen had his dog, a whippet, along with him. The dog was nosing around in the woods, and by and by began barking furiously and persisted in it so that Jim and Joe went to see what it was all about. They found the dog all bristled up and barking at the upturned roots of a fallen tree. The hole in the ground where the roots had been was covered by an accumulation of sticks and dead leaves."

"Jim Palen gave this dome of debris a whack with an ax. The blow made a big hole in the roof and instantly a bear shoved its nose out of the hole and began to snarl and snap its jaws."

"From a hole on the opposite side, where Jim was standing, a second bear stuck its nose out and snarped and snarled. These apparitions were so unexpected that both men dropped their axes. Palen's ax slipped into the hole it had made in the heap of leaves and sticks and Balch's dropped down among the roots of the tree."

"The men had seen bears before, and as soon as they recovered from the start the appearance of these two gave them and had sworn some at themselves for being scared into dropping their axes they got a heavy cudgel each and went to whacking the noses of the bears, which caused the noses to disappear within the mound of leaves and sticks."

"Balch had a rifle, but it was home, and home was three miles away. He wanted to shoot the bears, but there was no gun, so Palen said that if Balch would go home and get his gun Palen would stand guard over the bears and keep 'em from getting away until Balch got back."

"Joe started on a run for home. He ran all the way there and all the way back with the gun, he says, and Jim says it must be so, for Joe was gone less than an hour. But that hour had been a long one for Jim, for he had been on back the other bear would make a break to get out of the hole on its side of the mound."

"They kept Joe jumping from one side of the mound to the other, to and fro, and constantly swinging his club. If Joe had been gone 10 minutes longer Jim would have had to drop and surrender to the bears."

"Joe got back with the gun in time to relieve Jim and rescue him. Jim dropped his club and stepped back."

"Now come out, darn you," he yelled to the bears.

"But the bears wouldn't come out. Whether they were shocked at Jim's language or knew there was a man out there with a gun, Jim nor Joe doesn't say, but they wouldn't even show the tip of their nose at either hole."

"After vainly trying various means to induce the bears to come out, Joe Balch dropped a piece of blazing pine into one of the holes. Both bears came out of the den with a rush that dismantled it and Joe killed them."

The Rabbit and the Boys Got Away

Roulette, Pa., Special: Three boys were hunting rabbits the other day on the old Nelson place, on the East Fork of the Sinnemahoning. They started a rabbit and it ran into a shock of corn in the field.

One of the boys ran to the shock to kick it and scare the rabbit out. The other two stood ready to shoot it when it made its appearance.

The rabbit jumped out on one side of the shock, but neither boy shot at it, for on the other side a bear tumbled out of the shock and rising on its hind feet surveyed the youngsters as if in astonishment. The boys got away. So did the rabbit.

The bear was killed by a hunter, James Webber, in the same field next day.

Lyman's Old Gun Woke Up the Woods

Jamestown, N. Y., Special: Bert Lyman drives team for one of the big game farms on the state line in Warren county, Pa. He took a day off after the hunting season opened and went out to shoot squirrels.

He saw two gray squirrels run up a tree, and while he was trying to get a sight of them he heard a noise in the bushes. Looking in that direction he was not a little surprised to see a bear coming at him, bristles on end, and big teeth shining between its open jaws.

Lyman hadn't time to run and he had only No. 6 shot in his gun. He did two loads of it, though, and he did the only thing he could think of. He let the bear have both of those loads of No. 6 shot.

Lyman was compelled to lie down quickly on his back from the recoil of that double discharge. When he got up again the bear was lying down too, but it did not get up. There was a reason. The top of its head was missing.

Before he had time to notice what had happened to the bear, Lyman had another surprise. As he rose from the ground he heard a great scrambling in the trees and saw frightened gray squirrels, black squirrels and red squirrels scampering among the branches in all directions. Besides these he saw three young bears come sprawling down to the ground out of three different trees, look about them a moment with terror in their eyes, and then make a break for the deeper woods as fast as their dumpy legs would carry them.

"Seems like my old gun has woke up these woods amazin'," Lyman remarked after he recovered his breath, and then he went home to get help to get the dead bear in.

The bear was a female, big and fat. The hunters thereabouts say the three young bears were her offspring, and she got it into her head that the man with the gun had fell designs on them, as he was scrutinizing the tree tops trying to get sight of squirrels.

Jim Guarded the Bears While Joe Went for a Gun.

Bath, N. Y., special: "Jim Palen and

A Cheap Browout.

A canny old Scotchman, MacDougal, Who, like all of his people, was frugal, "Whene'er he felt fine, 'Stead of ordering wine, Would go blow himself on a bugle! —Success.

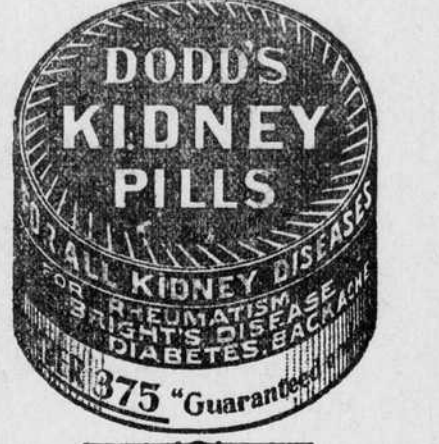
Down and Out.

Wife—The landlady has left, the cook has given notice and the waitress says she is going with the cook. Where are you going?

Husband—Up stairs to write out my resignation.

Where They Saw It.

An exchange which is very punctilious about giving full credit for clippings, credits "The Brook" to "A. Tennyson, in the New York Tribune."



Argonaut: Like most ministers' families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night. "Well," she said, after due thought, "I 'pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."

Armenia is a country of strong contrasts of opposite extremes, of heat and cold, light and shade, drought and moisture, and contains many mysteries awaiting solution. The ethnologist is still in doubt as to what branch of the great European family the Armenian people belong to; the philologist has not yet classified their language, the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history.

Wners.

Jinks—I see a judge says that a woman may bring an action for slander if, being 35 or over, she is called an old maid.

Blinks—Yes, but where is the old maid who will admit that she's 35 or over?

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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"Not exactly," replied the man who was getting tired of hearing about Miss Perkins. "It reminds me a good deal more of about 14 carrots."

A Passion for Fancy Work.

Lenox—Does your wife do much fancy work, old chap?

Branch—Well, she won't let a porous plaster come into the kitchen without crumpling a blue border around it and running a pink ribbon through the holes.

Glass and cement are both used as a substitute for wooden poles where the latter are attacked by insects or climate.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually.

Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

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To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

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The idea, the sensation, that he was