

# The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

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## CHAPTER XV.

And now, after having accused Dantini of lying, he felt that he was acting a comedy, after smiling disdainfully at that common invention—a vow which one could not break—the perception of a possibility entered the magistrate's mind that this man might heartily sympathize for this man. They had met in mutual hostility.

The manner in which Jacques Dantini approached the question, the resolution with which he spoke, no longer resembled the obstinate attitude which he had before assumed in this same room.

Reflection, the prison—the cell, without doubt—a frightful and stilling cell—had done its work. The man who had been excited to the point of not speaking now wished to tell all.

"Yes," he said, "since nothing has happened to convince you that I am not lying."

"I am listening to you," said the magistrate.

Then in a long, close conference Jacques Dantini told M. Ginory his story. He related how from early youth he and Rovere had been close friends; of the warm affection which had always existed between them; of the shame and deceptions of which he had been guilty; of the bitterness of his ruined life; of an existence which ought to have been beautiful, and which, so useless, the life of a viveur, through need of money and a lack of moral sense, descended to crime.

This Rovere, whom he was accused of killing, he loved, and, to tell the truth, in that strange and troubled existence which he had lived, Rovere had been the only "true" friend whom he had known. Rovere, a sort of pessimistic philosopher, a recluse, lycanthropic, after a life spent in feasting, having surfeited himself with pleasure, recognized also in his last years that disinterested affection is rare in this world and his savage misanthropy softened before Jacques Dantini's warm friendship. He continued to search for in what he called pleasure and what as one's hair whitens becomes vice, in play, in the crowd of Paris, in the hope of finding the dull life of a man growing old, alone, without home or family, an old, stupid fellow, whom the young people look at with hate and say to each other, "Why is he still here? Rovere, more and more, felt the need of withdrawing into solitude, thinking over his adventurous life, as bad and as ruined as mine, and he wished to see no one—a wolf, a wild boar in his lair. Can you understand this friendship between two old fellows, one of whom tried in every way to direct his thoughts from himself and the other waiting death in a corner of his fireside, solitary, unsociable?"

"Perfectly. Go on."

And the magistrate, with eyes riveted upon Jacques Dantini, saw this man, excited, making light of this recital of the past, evoking remembrances of forgotten events, of this lost affection—lost, as all his life was.

"This is no conference. Is it not so? You no longer believe that it is a comedy? I loved Rovere. Life had often separated us. He searched for fortune at the other end of the world. I made a mess of mine and ate it in France. But we always kept up our relations, and when he returned to France we were happy in again seeing each other. The grayer turned the hair, the more tender the heart became. I had always found him morose—from his twenties he was always dragged after him a sinister companion—ennui. He had chosen a consular career, to live far away and in a fashion not at all like ours. I have often laughingly said to him that he probably had met with unsuccess in his career, but he had experienced some unhappy passion. He said no; I feigned to believe it. One is not sadder and melancholy like that without some secret grief. After all, there are others who do not feel any grayer with the years, and I had a guess in his sight. Neither is gaiety!"

His face took on a weary, melancholy expression, which at first astonished the magistrate; then he experienced a feeling of pity. He listened, silent and grave.

"I will pass over all the details of our life, shall I not? My monologue would be too long. The years of youth passed with a rapidity truly astonishing. We come to the time when we found ourselves—he, weary of life, established in a chosen apartment in the Boulevard de Clichy, with his paintings and books, sitting in front of his fire and awaiting death, I continuing to spur myself on like a foundered horse. Rovere moralized to me. I feared at his sermons, and I went to sit by his fireside and talk over the past. One of his joys had been this portrait of me, painted by Paul Baudry. He had hung it up in his salon, at the corner of the chimney piece, at the left, and he often said to me:

"Don't you know that when thou art not here I talk to it?"

"I was not there very often. Parisian life draws us by its thousand attractions. The days which seem interminable when one is 20 run by as if on wings when one is 50. One has not even time to stop to see the friends one loves. At the last moment, if one is right, one ought to say: 'How I have cast to the winds every precious thing which life has given me. How foolish I have been—how stupid.' Pay no attention to my philosophisms—the cell. Mazas forces one to think."

"One day—it was some morning—on returning from the club where I had passed the night stupidly losing sums which would have given joy to hundreds of families, I found on my desk a message from Rovere. If one would look through my papers, one would find it there. I kept it. Rovere begged me to come to him immediately. I shivered—a sharp presentiment of death struck me. The writing was trembling, unlike his own. I struck my forehead in anger. This message had been waiting for me for some time before, while I was spending the hours in gambling. If, when I hurried toward the Boulevard de Clichy, I had found Rovere dead on my arrival, I could not, believe me, have experienced greater despair. His assassination seemed to me atrocious, but I was at least able to assure him that his friendship was returned. I hastily read the telegram, threw myself into a flare and hastened to his apartments. The woman who acted as housekeeper for him, Mme. Moniche, the portress, raising her arms as she opened the door for me, said:

"Ah, monsieur, but monsieur has waited for you. He has repeated your name all night. He nearly died, but he is better now."

"Rovere, sitting the night before by his fire, had been stricken by lateral paralysis, and as soon as he could hold a pen, in spite of the physician who had been quickly called, had written and sent the message to me some hours before."

"As soon as he saw me—he—the strong man, the mad misanthrope, silent and

that she was beautiful. I would be proud to cry aloud, 'This is my daughter!' To pronounce with her on my arm—and I must hide this secret from all the world. That is my torture. And it is the chastisement of all that has not been right in my life. Ah, sad, unhappy loves! That same malediction for the past came to his lips as it had come to his thoughts. The old workman, burdened with labor throughout the week, who could promenade on the Boulevard de Clichy on Sunday, with his daughter on his arm, was happier than Rovere. And—a strange thing, sentiment of shame and remorse—feeling himself traveling fast to his last resting place in the cemetery, he expressed no wish to see that child, to send for her to come to Blois under some pretext or other, easy enough to find.

"No, he experienced a fierce desire for solitude, he shrank from any interview in which he saw all his grief would rush to his lips in a torrent of words. He feared for himself, for his weakness, for the strange feeling he experienced in his head.

It seems as if it oscillated upon my shoulders, I said to myself, 'Marthe came'—and he repeated the name as a child would have pronounced it who was just learning to name the letters of a word—I would give her but the sad spectacle of a broken down man and leave on her mind only the impression of a human ruin. And then—and then—not to see her, not to have the right to see her, that is all right—it is my chastisement."

"Let it be so. I understood. I feared that an interview would be mortal; he had been so terribly agitated when he had sent for me that other time."

"But I at least wished to recall to him his former wish which he had expressed of providing for the girl's future. I desired that he should make up the past, since money is one of the forms of reparation. But I dared not speak to him again in regard to it or that trust of which he had spoken."

"He said to me, this strong man whom death had never frightened and whom he had braved many times, he said to me now, weakened by this illness which was killing him hour by hour:

"If I knew that my end was near, I would die. But I have time."

"Time! Each day brought him a little nearer to that life about which I feared to say to him, 'The time has come.' The fear in urging him to a last resolution, of seeming like an executioner whose presence seemed to say 'Today is the day,' prevented me. You understand, monsieur? And why not? I ought to have known longer. Rovere's confidence had made of me a second Rovere who possessed the strength and force of will which the first one now lacked. I felt that I held in my hands, so to speak, Marthe's fate. I did not know her, but I looked upon her as a martyr in her vocation of nurse to the old paralytic to whom she was paying, in love, the debt of the dead wife. I said to myself: 'It is to me, to me alone, that Rovere must give instructions of what he wishes to leave to his daughter, and it is for me to urge him to do this. It is for me to brace his weakened will.' I was resolved. It was a duty. Each day the unhappy man's strength failed. I saw it—this human ruin. One morning, when I went to his apartments, I found him in a singular state of terror. He related me a story, I knew not what, of a thief, whose victim he was. The lock of his door had been forced, his safe opened. Then suddenly, interrupting himself, he began to laugh—a feeble laugh, which made me ill.

"I am a fool," he said. "I am dreaming awake. I continue in the daytime the nightmares of the night. A thief here! No one has come. Mme. Moniche has watched. But my head is so weak, I cannot have known so many rascals in my life. Rascals always return, hein!"

"He made a sad attempt at a laugh. 'It was delirium—a delirium which soon passed away, but which frightened me. It returned with increased force each day and at shorter intervals.'

"Well, I said to myself, during a lucid interval, 'He must do what he has resolved to do, what he had willed to do, what he wishes to do.' And I decided it was the right before. She was assisting him in his last moments, to aid his hesitation. I found him calmer that day. He was lying on his lounge, enveloped in his dressing gown, with a traveling rug thrown across his thin legs. With his back skull cap and his grayish beard he looked like a dying dog."

"He held out his bony hand to me, giving me a sad smile, and said that he felt better, a period of remission in his disease, a feeling of comfort, pervading his entire condition."

(Continued Next Week)

### Mary's Accomplishments.

From Tit-Bits.

Mrs. B.—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college?

Mrs. Proudmother—La! yes. Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently impoverishes music libraries. Among the most attractive novelties is a lovely periwinkle blue, which is as effective by night as by day, and equally charming in its way is the new "tourterelle" or turtledove, a pinkish mauve shade. A delicate silver gray and some rich mole shades will make a splendid background for rich furs, and there are some beautiful brown and chestnut shades suitable for outdoor wear.

### EMBROIDERED STOCKINGS.

Why not embroider a pair of stockings for one of your friends for Christmas? This is not a very difficult undertaking. It is only necessary to outline a tiny flower upon the stockings, and this may be done by the use of transfer paper or by the regular stamping process. It is always wise when embroidering stockings to use a very fine needle and very fine thread and to do the work over a damask egg. The stocking should be held very tight.

### Meant to Be Funny.

From Life.

"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb, but you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will be, mum, but dat don't encourage me, fer it wuz cut off when I wuz a baby an' it won't come widin a couple of foot of de ground."

### The Knowledge That Hurts.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

Towne—So Dumley married a college woman. My, it must be fierce for him to be tied to a woman who knows so much that he doesn't know!

Browne—Oh, that doesn't hurt him so much as the fact that she knows "how" much he doesn't know.

### WHY THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW.

Miss Brown—Heah am de engagement band dat Mose put on mah finger. Et sartainly do attract a lot of attention.

Miss Black—Et ought to. Brass bands always attract attention.

## THIS BRIDE'S LACE WORN BY ANCESTOR MANY YEARS AGO



MRS. ROBERT M. THOMAS.

New York, Special: Few brides, if ever another, have it to say that the lace on their gowns was worn by their ancestors 260 years ago. This distinction belongs to Miss Margaret de G. Hiss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip G. Hiss, who was married to Mr. Robert McKean Thomas in the Church of the Ascension. This lace is of a variety of the rose point and Venetian, and at the time it was worn at the marriage of Miss Hiss' relatives in New York in 1650 was known only as lace. Her

veil was of the same lace, and it was fastened with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley, and she wore a gift of the bridegroom, a pendant of diamonds.

Miss Hilda R. Hiss, a sister, was the bride's only attendant. Mr. George C. Thomas, of Elizabeth, N. J., was his brother's best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have planned a long trip in the south, and will spend the winter on a houseboat in the James river.

### HINTS ON LETTERWRITING.

Love letters, business letters, ordinary letters. These are the three heads under which letters will obviously fall. With regard to the first, there is no need to say more than that if they are acceptable they will never be criticised. Always write naturally, as you would speak.

But it is the ordinary everyday letter that needs attention, the letter passing from friend to friend. Such a letter has often altered a whole life, changed the face of the world.

Never aim at literary effect. This may please yourself, but will have no chance of pleasing your friend. Avoid self-consciousness, and do not try to dress your thoughts in a new fashion.

Create the impression of heartiness, and a keen interest in your friend's welfare. Above all, study neatness. Nothing leaves a more marked impression than a blotted and slipshod letter. It stamps the nature of a woman, and to my mind, takes away all the charm of the maybe clever and elegant letter.

### VELVETEEN IN VOGUE.

Velveteen is having a greater vogue than ever this season, and the reason is not far to seek, for it is one of the most artistic of fabrics and it can be dyed in shades that even the richest silk velvet or expensive woolen fabrics will not take. Among the most attractive novelties is a lovely periwinkle blue, which is as effective by night as by day, and equally charming in its way is the new "tourterelle" or turtledove, a pinkish mauve shade. A delicate silver gray and some rich mole shades will make a splendid background for rich furs, and there are some beautiful brown and chestnut shades suitable for outdoor wear.

Among the bright colors there is a brilliant begonia pink and some rich reds, while for evening cloaks, dresses and tea gowns there are pale shades of shell pink, green, eggshell blue, primrose yellow, white and cream, all with the soft chiffon finish which makes them drape gracefully.

Why not embroider a pair of stockings for one of your friends for Christmas? This is not a very difficult undertaking. It is only necessary to outline a tiny flower upon the stockings, and this may be done by the use of transfer paper or by the regular stamping process. It is always wise when embroidering stockings to use a very fine needle and very fine thread and to do the work over a damask egg. The stocking should be held very tight.

otherwise when it is put on it will tear round the embroidery. The design should be placed at the bend of the ankle, in a straight line with the reinforcement in the heel. Be very sure, however, to see that it is directly in the middle of the stocking and not toward one side. If a design is too difficult to handle, why not embroider the initial? The best color to use is blue or pink. Red is somewhat too startling, and unless the girl who is to receive the gift wears a great deal of yellow, she will not find even a pair of stockings thus decorated very useful.

### TIME TABLE FOR BROILING MEAT.

Bacon, four to eight minutes. Birds, six to eight minutes. Chicken, 15 minutes per pound. Chops, six to eight minutes. Small, thin fish, five to eight minutes. Thick fish, 12 to 15 minutes. Liver, four to eight minutes. Squab, 10 to 15 minutes. Steak, one inch thick, six to eight minutes. Steak, one and a half inches thick, eight to 10 minutes. Tripe, four to eight minutes.

### MADRAS FOR SHIRTS.

The girl who must have several white wash waists during the season will find the new white cotton madras a good choice. It saves laundry bills, for it does not need ironing.

It sells at a small price per yard and wears better than muslin.

Shirt waists of it should be made up on simple lines, with flat plaits and separate collar.

Stocks may be worn with it, with high ruchings at top and a full bow in front. Or white turnover collars with a fancy butterfly bow in the center.

### TRIFLES WORTH KNOWING.

Clear soup or consommé should be strained through a folded towel laid on a colander. It must not be squeezed or some of the small particles of egg used in clearing will be forced through and spoil it.

Ammonia should not be used in the evening or near a fire, nor should the bottle be allowed to remain uncorked. It is inflammable, and its fumes are not specially healthful.

If fresh fish is to be kept over night it should be salted and laid on an earthen dish, not placed on a board or shelf.

Covering the pan when fish is frying is apt to make the flesh soft. A solid, firm meat, that is at the same time flakey, is what the good cook likes.

If a lamp wick does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from one side.

### "Then You'll Remember Me."

From the Washington Star.

George W. Coleman, the noted sociologist, discussed during the recent sociologist conference at Sagamore beach tips and tipping.

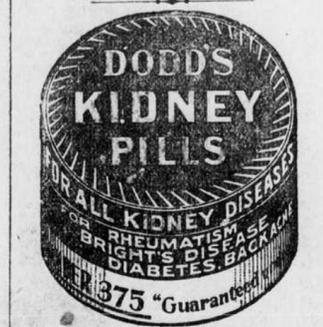
"I have a friend," so Mr. Coleman concluded, "who belongs to an anti-tipping association. My friend, in obeying the rules of his society, has many quaint experiences."

"He went traveling in the west in the spring. He dined one night in a fashionable western restaurant and after paying his bill he gathered up the change that had been brought him upon a silver plate and dropped it into his waistcoat pocket."

"As he rose to depart the waiter said in a low, appealing voice:

"Surely you won't forget me, sir?"

"No, no," said my friend; "I'll write to you."—Washington Star.



Didn't Care for a Pitcher's Battle.

Rooter—it was a great game. Neither side could make a run.

Grunter—That kind of a game wouldn't suit me. I want to get a run for my money.

An artillery lieutenant in Kragevats, Serbia, has been sentenced to 21 days' imprisonment for compelling a recruit to undergo the most cruel indignity in Serbian eyes. This consisted in making him shave his mustache.

Austria's government has brought forward a bill in the chamber of deputies making insurance against illness and old age compulsory on all workmen and domestics and those employees whose annual income does not exceed \$500.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss  
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 9th day of December, A. D. 1888.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Italian Revenger.

This is a story of Italian revenge. A vendor of plaster statuettes saw a chance for a sale in a well-dressed, bibulous man who was tacking down the street.

"You buy a de statuette?" he asked, alluringly holding out his choicest offering. "Gar-r-ri-baldi—I sell-a him verra cheap. De gr-reat-a Gar-r-ri-baldi—only 30 cents."

"Oh, tel with Garibaldi," said the bibulous one, making a swipe with his arm that sent Garibaldi crashing to the sidewalk.

For a moment the Italian regarded the fragments. Then, his eyes flashing fire, he seized from his stock a statuette of George Washington. "You tell-a with my Gar-r-ri-baldi!" he hissed between his teeth. "So." He raised the immortal George high above his head and—crash! it flew into fragments alongside of the ill-fated Garibaldi. "Ha! I to hell-a wild your George Wash! Ha ha!"

### Wanted to Be Peaceful.

Mrs. Henry Farnum, the wife of the noted aeronaut, said in an interview in New York:

"What I particularly like about you Americans is your naivete. This naivete often makes selfish traits seem quite charming. For instance:

"I lunched the other day with a Brooklyn woman. After luncheon, as we took our coffee in the drawing room, my hostess's son, a little lad in white, came in.

"He talked to me politely for a while then he crossed the room to his mother.

"Ma," he said in his little hard, nasal voice, 'did you buy Harrod a birthday present when you were out this morning?"

"Yes, dear," said his mother.

"And, ma," he went on, 'what did you buy to pacify me 'cause it ain' my birthday?"

### HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

#### Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Iowa found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"It is two years since we began using Postum in our house. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion was blotchy and yellow. After meals I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache.

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee, and asked her, to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum.

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully.

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea, but that was just as bad.

"She finally was induced to try Postum, which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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



A GREAT DISPLAY.

Harry—Mrs. Grand has a great many diamonds, hasn't she?

Dorothy—I should say so! Before she goes to the opera she sends for a window dresser.