

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
Paul Coqueni, famous French detective, meets a mysterious young girl selling candles in Notre Dame cathedral. The girl, Alice, loves an American, Lloyd Kittredge.—Coqueni believes a great crime is about to be committed, and presents it to the minister of justice. He is recognized as a senator or something like that? "Much more," said Coqueni grimly. Coqueni pointed to his table, where a book lay open. "Do you see that red book? It's the Annuaire de la Noblesse Francaise. You'll find his name there—marked with a pencil."

Tignol glanced at the printed page, and there came over his face an expression of utter amazement. "It isn't possible!" he cried. "Then slowly in awestruck tones the old man read from the great directory on French titles:

Baron Felix Raoul de Heideimann-Bruck, only son of the Baron Georges Raoul de Heideimann-Bruck, upon whom the title was conferred for industrial activities under the second empire. He was born in 1852. Lieutenant in the Forty-fifth cuirassiers, now retired. Has extensive iron and steel works near St. Etienne; also several construction yards at Drest. Member of the Jockey club, the Cercle de la Rue Royale, the Yacht Club of France, the Automobile club, the Aero club, etc. Decorations: Commander of the Legion of Honor, the Order of St. Maurice and Lazare (Italy), the Order of Christ (Portugal), etc. Address: Paris, Hotel Rue de Valenciennes, near Langier, Touraine Marrieu Mrs. Elizabeth Coogan, who perished with her daughter, Mary, in the charity bazaar fire.

"You see, it's all there," said M. Paul. "His name is Raoul and his wife's name is Margaret. She died in the charity bazaar fire, and his stepdaughter Mary is put down as having died there too. We know where she is."

"This will rip things wide, wide open," said Tignol. "It won't rip anything open. How can I prove it? The courts are closed against me. And even if they weren't do you suppose it would be possible to convict the Baron de Heideimann-Bruck of any crime? Nonsense! He's the most powerful man in France. He controls the banks, the bourse, the government. He can cause a money panic by lifting his hand. He can upset the ministry by a word over the telephone."

Coqueni lit a cigarette and breathed in the smoke deeply. "Papa Tignol," he said, "I am through with this case."

Tignol bounded to his feet, and his little eyes flashed indignantly. "I don't believe it!" he cried. "I won't have it! You can't tell me Paul Coqueni is afraid. Are you afraid?"

"I don't think so." "And Paul Coqueni can't be bought, can he?" "I hope not."

M. Paul felt in his coat pocket and drew out a folded telegram. "Read that, old friend," he answered with emotion. Slowly Tignol read:

M. Paul Coqueni, Villa Montmorency, Paris: House and barn destroyed by incendiary fire in night. Your mother saved, but seriously injured. M. Abel says insurance policy had lapsed. Come at once. ERNESTINE.

"Quel malheur! Quel malheur!" exclaimed the old man. "And you—you think it's his doing?" "Of course. They had warned me, they had killed my dog, and—now they have struck at my mother." He bent down his head on his hands. "She's all I've got, Tignol; she's seven years old and infirm, and—no, no, I quit, I quit."

"And the insurance?" Tignol asked presently. "What does that mean?" "I sent the renewal money to this lawyer Abel," answered Coqueni in a dull tone. "They have used him against me to—take my savings."

There followed three days of pitiful anxiety for Coqueni at his stricken mother's side. Mme. Coqueni, however, never wavered in her sweet faith that all was well. She was comfortable now in the home of a hospitable neighbor.

Finally Coqueni told her all—of the murder of Martinez and of the adventures that had befallen him in his quest of the slayer. The old woman would not listen to her son's stopping his hunt because of any danger that might threaten her, and she insisted that it was his duty to track down the guilty man. Coqueni pondered over the situation for a day and a night.

The next morning he came again to his mother's bedside, with his old buoyant smile, and after loving greetings he said simply: "It's all right, little mother; I see my way. I'm going to take the chance, and, as I needed confidence, between you and me, I think I have discovered the way to win this fight against the most powerful forces in all France."

Starting on his newly outlined campaign against the false nobleman, Coqueni succeeded in having himself employed as a stableman at his luxurious establishment on the Rue de Valenciennes. Next, by a judiciously expended bribe, he gained the aid of a bewildered dunkey who was one of the household attendants and who kept him informed as to the going and coming of the master of the house. Thus it came to pass that on a certain night in August, about 2 o'clock in the morning, Paul Coqueni found himself alone in the baron's spacious, silent library before a massive safe. An experienced burglar chaper naturally becomes a bit of a burglar himself. At any rate, the safe swung open in due course, without accident or interference, and the detective stood before it.

All this Coqueni had done on a chance, without positive knowledge, save for the assurance of the black-whiskered valet that the baron wrote frequently in a diary which he kept locked in the safe. Coqueni was certain that in this diary would be found records that would prove valuable evidence in fastening the guilt of crime on the unprincipled nobleman. And the result of his dangerous quest proved the great detective to have deduced correctly. On one of the shelves of the safe, among valuable papers

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With a thrill of triumph, Coqueni seized upon the volume, then closed the safe carefully.
Coqueni now paused, opened the diary and began to read. There were some 400 neatly written pages—brief separate entries without dates, some rather thoughts, as it were—and as he turned through them he found himself more and more absorbed until presently he forgot time, place, danger everything. He was absolutely lost in a most extraordinary human dream—In one of those terrible utterances, shameless and fearless, that are flung out once in a century or so from the hot, somber depths of a man's being:

"L-I have kept this diary because it amuses me, because I am not afraid, because my nature craves and demands honest expression somewhere. If these pages were read I should be destroyed, understood that, but I am in constant danger of being destroyed. I am in constant danger of being killed by an automobile accident. A small artery in my brain might snap. Besides, I have no fear, since I regard my own life as a mere trifling inconvenience. I have no fear of death."

It—Half the great men of this world are great criminals. The Napoleons of war murder thousands, the Napoleons of trade and finance plunder tens of thousands. In the same manner beasts and fishes, among birds and insects, probably among plants and trees. Every creature finds one inescapable law, resistance or gravitation, that impedes the strong to plunder and destroy the weak.

It—It is five years since I committed what would be called a monstrous and cowardly crime. As a matter of fact, I did what my intelligence recognized as necessary and what was therefore my duty. However, let us call it a crime. I have been interested to watch for any consequences or effects of this crime in myself, and I have discovered none. I study my face carefully and fail to find any marks of wickedness. My eyes are clear and beautiful; my skin is remarkably free from lines. I am in splendid health. My nerves are absolutely steady. I have a keen sense of humor. I am certainly a better man, better looking, better feeling, a better citizen, than I was before I committed this crime. It is absolute nonsense, therefore, to say that sin or crime—mean intelligent sin or crime—puts an ugly stamp on a man. The ugly stamp comes from bad surroundings, bad conditions of life, and these can usually be changed by money, which I have in abundance.

IV.—Last night, July 4, I shot a man, Martinez, at the Ansonia hotel. I observed my sensations carefully and must say that they were of a most common-place character. There was no danger of the adventure, nothing difficult about it—in fact, it was far less exciting than shooting moose in the Maine woods, or tracking grizzlies in the Rockies, or going after tigers in India. There is really nothing so tame as shooting a man!

Get the Choice Oranges of Our 5,000 Groves

We pick, pack and ship 60% of the California Orange crop. These are of varying grades. The choicest selections are packed under the "Sunkist" label. To get the finest oranges you must insist on fruit that is wrapped in tissue paper with the word "Sunkist" printed thereon.

"Sunkist" Navel Oranges Are Seedless
They are delightfully sweet, juicy and fiberless. They are firm, thin skinned and deep tinted. "Sunkist" oranges and lemons are picked by gloved hands, wrapped in "Sunkist" tissue paper, packed carefully so as to eliminate chances of becoming bruised or soft. No bruised fruit or fruit that falls to the ground is put in a "Sunkist" wrapper.

Look for "Sunkist" on the wrapper. Ask your dealer for oranges and lemons with "Sunkist" label on the tissue paper wrapper. Oranges and lemons without "Sunkist" wrappers are not "Sunkist" brand. Be sure you get oranges and lemons in their original "Sunkist" wrappers.

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To make it doubly interesting for you to insist on "Sunkist" in the original wrappers—either oranges or lemons—we will give you a beautiful Rogers' Orange Spoon. Just send us twelve wrappers and six 2c stamps for postage, packing, etc., and we will send the spoon by return mail. Get a dozen "Sunkist" and send today for your first spoon. Address

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34 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN'S WOES

Salem Women Are Finding Relief at Last.

It does seem that women have more than a fair share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity; they must "keep up," must attend to duties in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, bearing-down pains; they must stoop, over, when to stoop means torture. They must walk and bend and work with racking pains and many aches from kidney ills. Kidneys cause more suffering than any other organ of the body. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Read of a remedy for kidneys only that helps and cures the kidneys and is endorsed by people in this locality.

Mrs. Mary Bumgardner, Highland Ave., Fairgrounds P. O., Ore., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and have derived great benefit. I consider this remedy to be an excellent one for kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

There Were Two More.

A census enumerator went to the home of F. M. Carter, in Santiam precinct in the evening, finding five in the family, but waited until next day to make his enumeration, when there were seven in the family, twins, a boy and girl, having been added during the night.—Albany Democrat.

Not Sorry for Blunder.

"If my friends hadn't blundered in thinking I was a doomed victim of consumption, I might not be alive now," writes D. F. Sanders, of Harrodsburg, Ky., "but for years they saw every attempt to cure a lung-racking cough fail. At last I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. The effect was wonderful. It soon stopped the cough and I am now in better health than I have had for years. This wonderful life-saver is an unrivaled remedy for coughs, colds, influenza, grippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhages, whooping cough or weak lungs. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry.

A Twilight League game is a certain cure for the blues.



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