## Emile Gaboriau.

CHAPTER I.

The following item appeared in the evening journals of Paris, dated Tuesday, February 28, 18—, under the head of "City

There was great consternation this morning in the banking and financial centers, caused by a daring robbery at the house of one of our eminent money-spinners, M. Andre Fauvel. The bold and skillful depredators by some means entered the banking establishment, where they torced a patentlock of a safe considered impregnable, and made themselves masters of the enormous sum of 350,000 francs in notes of the Bank of France. The police, immediately notified, displayed more than their customary zeal, and, having a clew, at once took into custody, P. B., a clerk in the bank, and there are good grounds for the belief that his associates will be speedily grasped by the Hand of Justice.

This robbery was for a few days the town talk. But public attention was soon drawn away to another incident, and the newsitem of the late date in the second month

was soon forgotten.
But for once this blunt statement of the

press was wrong.

The amount recorded had been abstracted from the bank safe, but not in the man-ner related; a clerk had also been arrested, but no confirmatory proof against him had been found, and this theft remained to This is our task in the folbe explained. lowing pages.

### CHAPTER II.

THE DISCOVERY. The Fauvel Bank, Rue de Provence, is an important institution, and, from its large staff, presents the appearance of a govern-ment office. In an old-fashioned way the banker's dwelling is under the same roof, although he has a country residence in the nodern taste. His private office is on the first floor over the offices, and leads into his own apartments, which communicate directly with the bank by means ef a narrow staircase, opening into the room occupied by the head cashier.

This cash-room is reckoned proof against all attacks, able to stand a siege, being sheathed in steel like an ironclad. A strong grate prevents a burglar coming down through the fire-place. Clamped to the wall is a formidable chest, calculated to fill with longing the man whose wealth may be comprised in one little wallet.

This masterpiece of wrought-iron is six feet by four and a half, with triple sides, and divided into separate fireproof compartments. It is opened by a special key, but this cannot be inserted into the lock, or used, unless the five knobs, on which are the alphabetical letters, are turned to form a word in combination. This word is often changed, as usual in such cases. The banker and his chief teller alone know it, and they alone have a key in duplicate. But one danger impends, that both should forget the word. On the morning of February 28th, the bank clerks were all busy in their departments, at about ten o'clock, when one

ing cry:
'Here comes the cashier!" Prosper Bertomy, the head cashier of the bank, was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, with fair hair and large dark-blue eyes, scrupulously neat, and dressed in the

named Cavaillon suddenly raised the warn-

He would have been very prepossessing, but for a cold, reserved English-like man-ner and self-sufficiency which spoiled his naturally bright, open features.
"Ah, here you are ?" cried Cavaillon.
"Someone has just been asking for you."

"Who? The iron manufacturer, was it Well, he will come back again. Knowing that I would come late this morning, I made all my arrangements

vesterday. Prosper had unlocked his office door, and, as he finished speaking, entered, and closed it behind him.

"Look !" exclaimed one of the clerks, "there is a man who sits up all night, and leads a fast life, and doesn't feel like going to work early in the morning. Did you no-tice how very pale he looked when he came

"Playing heavily again. Couturier says he lost fifteen thousand francs at one game last week.' "His work is none the worse done for all that," interrupted Cavaillon. "If you were

in his place-He stopped short. The cash-room door suddenly opened, and the teller appeared before them with tottering step, and a hag-

gard look on his ashy face. "Robbed!" he gasped; "I have been Prosper's horrified expression, hollow

voice, and trembling limbs betrayed such fearful suffering that the clerks jumped up from their desks, and ran toward him. He almost fell into their arms; he was sick and faint, and fell into a chair. His colleagues gathered round and begged

him to explain.
"All the cash in the safe has been taken," said Bertomy, as soon as he had recvoered; "three packets each of one hundred thousund franc notes, and one of fifty thousand-all four done up in one paper wrapper, tied and sealed.' With the swiftness of lightning the news

had spread and the main room was crowded with the inquisitive. As Cavaillon was about to run and tell the banker, he arrived, having already been notified.

M. Andre Fauvel was a man of fifty, in-

clined to stoutness, medium in height, gray-haired, and with a slight stoop like brain Never did he by a single action con-

trovert his kindly expressions; he had a Trank air, lively eye, full red lips.

The news had extremely agitated him, for his usually florid face was pale.

"What is this I hear has happened?" he said to the clerks, who respectfully stood aside when he entered the room.

The voice inspired the cashier with facti-tious energy. The dreaded and decisive moment had come: he arose, and advanced toward his chief.

"Monsieur," he began, "having, as you know, a payment to make this morning, I yesterday drew from the Bank of France three hundred and fifty thousand francs." "Why yesterday, monsieur?" interrupted the banker. "I think I have a hundred times ordered you to wait until the pay

"I know it, monsieur, and did wrong to disobey you. But the evil is done. Yesterday evening I locked the money up; it has disappeared, and yet the safe has not been broken open."

"You must be mad?" exclaimed M. Fauvel, "speak! Who do you pretend to say opened the safe? Answer me."

"No one but you and I know the secretord. No one but you and I had keys."
This was a formal accusation; at least I present so understood it.

"In other words, monsieur, I am the

osper drew himself to his full height, looking M. Fauvel square in the face,

"Or you!"

The banker made a threatening gesture, and there is no knowing what would have happen if they had not been interrupted by loud, angry voices at the front door.

by loud, angry voices at the front door. A man insisted upon entering, in spite of the janitor, and succeeded in forcing his way in. It was M. de Clameran, the iron-founder, who did not appear to observe anything unusual. He advanced, and, without lifting his hat, said in a imperti-

"It is after ten o'clock, gentlemen."
No one answered; and Clameran was
about to centinue, when, turning around, he
for the first time saw the banker, and walk-

ing up to him, said:

"Well, monsieur, I congratulate myself
upon finding you in at last. I have been
here once before this morning, and now I
am refused admittance, and am compelled to force my way in. Be so good as to tell

me whether I can have my money."

M. Fauvel's face turned pale with anger, as he listened to this insolence; yet he con-"I would be obliged to you, monsieur, for

a short delay. "I thought you told me-"Yes, yesterday. But this morning, this very instant, I find I have been robbed of three hundred and fifty thousand francs."
Clameran bowed ironically, and said:
"Shall I have to wait long?"

"Long enough for me to send Then, turning his back, M. Fauvel said

"Write and send as quickly as possible to the bank an order for three hundred thousand francs. Let the messenger take a to his cashier:

The cashier trembled, as if trying shake off a terrible nightmare.
"It is useless to send," he said, measured tone; "we owe this gentleman three hundred thousand francs, and we have less than one hundred thousand at the

Clameran evidently expected this answer, for he muttered: "Of course.

Although he only pronounced this word, his voice, manner, and face clearly said: "This comedy is well acted; but nevertheless it is a comedy, and I don't intend to Alas! after Prosper's answer, and the iron-founder's coarsely expressed opinion, the clerks knew not what to think.

M. Fauvel had had too much experience not to instantly divine the impression produced by Prosper's answer; he read the most mortifying doubt around him.
"Oh, don't be alarmed, monsieur!" said

he to M. de Clameran; "this house has other resources. Be kind enough to await He left the room, went up the narrow steps leading to his office, and in a few min-

utes returned, holding in his hand a letter "Here, quick, Couturier !" he said to one of his clerks, "take my carriage, waiting at the door, and go with this gentleman to Rothschild's. Hand him this letter and securities; in exchange you will receive three hundred thousand francs, which you will

hand to this gentleman." The iron-master was visibly disappointed; he seemed desirous of apologizing for his I assure you, monsieur, that I had intention of giving offence. Our relations for some years have been such that I

"Enough, monsieur," interrupted the friendship counts for money, I am not ready to pay; you have a perfect right to demand what is your own.

Follow my clerk, he will pay you."

Then he turned to his clerks, who stood curiously gazing on, and said:
"Gentlemen, be good enough to resume

your desks." In an instant the room was cleared of every one except the clerks belonging there, and they sat at their desks with their noses almost touching the paper before them, as if too absorbed in their work to think of

Still, excited by the events so rapidly succeeding each other, M. Fauvel walked up and down the room with quick, nervous steps, occasionally uttering low exclama-

Prosper remained leaning against the door, with pale tace and fixed eyes, looking as if he had lost the faculty of thinking.
Finally the banker, after a long silence, stopped short before Prosper; he had detered upon the line to pursue. 'We must have an explanation," he

"Let us go into your office." The cashier mechanically obeyed without a word, and his chief followed him, taking the precaution to close the door after them. The cash-room bore no tokens of burglary; everything was in perfect order, not ven a paper was misplaced.

The safe was open, and on the top shelf

lay several rolls of gold, overlooked or disdained by the thieves. M. Fauvel, without troubling himself to

examine anything, took a seat, and ordered his cashier to do the same. He had entirely recovered his equanimity, and his countenance wore its usual kind expression. "Now that we are alone, Prosper,"

said. "Pray, confide in me; it is your only chance of salvation. I am your employer, it is true; but I am before all and above all your friend—your best and truest friend. I cannot forget that in this very room, fifteen years ago, you were entrusted to me by your father; and ever since that day have I had cause to congratulate myself on possessing so faithful and efficient a clerk. Have I not always been like a father to you? From the very first day my house has been open to you; you were treated as a member of my family. Madeleine and my sons looked upon you as a brother. But you grew weary of this peaceful life. One day, a year ago, you suddenly began to shun us, and since then—Ah, do you think I am ignorant of the life you have been leading since ant of the life you have been leading since you left my roof a year ago? Can you not understand that all your fellow clerks are jealcus of you? and cannot forgive you for earning twelve thousand francs a year? Never have you committed a folly without my being immediately informed of it by an anonymous letter. I can tell the exact number of nights spent at the gamingtable, and the amount squandered. Oh, envy has good eyes and a quick ear! I have great contempt for these cowardly denunciations, but was forced not only to heed them, but to make inquiries myself. ant of the life you have been leading since

heed them, but to make inquiries myself. It is only right that I should know what life is led by the man to whom I intrust my

tune and my commercial fame."
Prosper seemed about to protest against "Yes, my fame." M. Fauvel nursued. in "Yes, my tame." M. Fanvel nursued. In voice that humilation rendered still more ribrating. "Yes, my credit might have been compromised to-day by this M. de lameran. Do you know how much I thall lose by paying him this money? And suppose I had not had the securities I sacrificed? You did not know I possessed

"Your generosity is useless, monsieur,"
he said, bitterly; "having taken nothing I
can restore nothing. I have searched
carefully; the bank notes have been

"But by whom, madman? By whom?"
"By all that is sacred, not by me."
The banker's face turned crimson.
"Wretch!" cried he, "do you mean to

"Wretch?" cried he, "do you mean to say that I took the money?"

Prosper bowed, and did not answer.
"Ah, then!" said M. Fauvel, unable to contain himself any longer, "you dare—
Then between you and me, Betromy, justice shall decide. Heaven is my witness that I have done all I could to save you. You will have yourself to thank for what follows. I have sent for the comnissary of police; he must be waiting in my rooms. Shall I call him down?" Prosper, with fearful resignation, replied in a stifled voice: "Io as you will."

The banker was near the door, which he pened, and after giving the cashier a last earching look, said to an office boy:
"Anselme, ask the commissary of police to come."

CHAPTER III.

BLAME AND COUNTERBLAME. The commissary soon made his appear It was with calm, if not perfect indiffere, that he entered. He was followed by a short man dress

in black, slightly relieved by a crumpled The banker, scarcely bowing, said : "Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which npels me to have recourse to your assist-

"It is about a robbery, I believe." 'Yes; an infamous and mysterious robery committed in this office, from the safe ou see open there, of which my cashier (pointing to Prosper) alone possesses the This declaration seemed to arouse the

fortunate cashier from his dull stupor. "Excuse me, monsieur," he said to the commissary, in a low tone. "My chief also has the word and the key." "Of course, that is understood." The commissary at once drew his own

These two men accused each other. From their own statements, one or the other was guilty.

One was the head of an important bank

the other was a simple cashier. But the commissary was too well skilled concealing his impression to betray his thoughts by any outward sign. Not a muscle of his face moved. But he became more grave, and alternate-

watched the cashier and M. Fauvel, as if trying to draw some profitable conclusions rom their behavior. Prosper was very pale and dejected. He

had dropped into a seat, and his arms hung inert on either side of the chair. The banker, on the contrary, remained standing, with flashing eyes and crimson face, expressing himself with extraordinary

"And the importance of the theft is immense," continued M. Fauvel; "a fortune—three hundred thousand francs. This robbery might have had the most disastrous consequences. In times like these, the want of this sum might compromise the credit of the wealthiest banking-house in

"I believe so, if notes fall due." "Well, monsieur, I had this day a very eavy payment to make. "Ah, really !" There was no mistaking the commissary's

tone; a suspicion, the first, had evidently entered his mind. The banker understood it; he started and said quickly : "I met the demand, but at the cost of a

disagreeable sacrifice. I ought to add fur-ther, that, if my orders had been obeyed, the cash would not have been in." "How is that ?" "I never like to have large sums in my house over night. My cashier had positive orders to wait always until the last moment

before drawing the money from the bank. I above all forbade him to leave money in the safe over night."
"You hear this?" said the commissary t 'Yes, monsieur," replied the cashier

"M. Fauvel's statement is quite correct." After this explanation, the suspicions of the commissary, instead of being strengthened, were dispelled. "Well," he said, "a robbery has been erpetrated, but by whom? Did the rob-

per enter from without?" The banker hesitated a moment. "I think not," he said, at last.

"And I am certain he did not," said The commissary expected and was pre pared for these answers; but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up imme-

"However," said he, "we must make sure of it. Turning toward his companion, he said : "M. Fanferlot, see if you cannot discover traces that escaped the attention of these

M. Fanferlot, nicknamed "the Squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little Slim and insignificant in appear ance he might, in spite of his iron mus be taken for a law clerk, as he walked along, buttoned up to the chin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress disagreeably—an odiously turned-up nose, thin lips, and small, rest-less black eyes.

Fanteriot, who had been on the force for five years, burned to make himself a name. He was ambitious. Alas! he was unsuccessful, lacking opportunity-

Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywhere; studied the doors, sounded the partitions, examiu ed the wicket, and stirred up the ashes in the fire-place. 'I cannot imagine," said he, "how an

outsider could have effected He walked around the office "Is this door closed at night?" he

"And who keeps the key?"
"The porter, to whom I always give it in before leaving the bank," said "This porter," said M. Fauvel, "ale

in the outer room on a sofa-bed, which unfolds at night, and folds up in the m "Is he here now?" inquired the con

This porter was the favorite servant of M. Fauvel, and had lived with him for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected; but the idea of being connected in any way with a robbery is terrible, and he entered the room trembling like a leaf.

com when I am asleep, I am instant wakened by the sound of his footsteps.

"M, Fauvel often comes to the cash-rounght, does he?"

"No, monsieur; very seldom."
"Did he come last night?"
"No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not; for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drank with the valet." "That will do ; you can retire," said the

Where do these stairs lead to? "To my private office," replied M.

"Is not that the room whither I was con-'I would like to see it," said Fanferlot,

"and examine the entrances to it."
"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel,
eagerly; "follow me, gentlemen. And you come, too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted M. Fauver's private office consisted of two rooms; the waiting-room, sumptuously furnished and beautifully decorated, and the study where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office-desk, several leather-covered chairs, and, on either side of the fire-place, a secretary and a book-shelf.

These two rooms had only three doors; one opened on the private stairway, another into the banker's bed-room, and the third into the main vestibule. through this last door that the banker's

lients and visitors were admitted.

M. Fanferlot examined the study at glance. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering some clew and had found noth-

ng. "Let us see the adjoining room," He passed into the waiting-room, followed by the banker and the commissary.

Prosper remained alone in the study.

Despite the disordered state of his mind,

he could not but perceive that his situa-tion was momentarily becoming more In the eyes of justice, who would be the innocent man?

Alas! the unfortunate cashier saw only

on clearly that the chances were terribly unequal, and was overwhelmed with the ense of his own inferiority. Never had he thought that his chief would carry out his threats; for, in a contest of this nature, M. Fauvel would have

as much to risk as his cashier, and more to He was sitting near the fire-place, absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings, when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened, and a beautiful girl appeared upon the

She was tall and slender; a loose morn ng-gown, confined at the waist by a simple plack ribbon, betrayed to advantage the grace of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft; her complexion had the creamy pallor of white camellia; and her beautiful dark hair, carelessly held to-gether by a tortoise-shell comb, fell in a confusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was Madeleine, M. Fauvel's

Seeing Prosper in the study, where pro ably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation

"You, Prosper—you!"
These words broke the spell. The cashier ropped the white hand which he had tht, and answered, bitterly "Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of cour childhood—suspected, accused of the your childhood—suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft; Prosper, whom your

uncle has just delivered up to justice, and who, before the day is over, will be arrested, and thrown into prison."

Madeleine, with a terrified gesture, cried n a tone of anguish:

"Great Heaven! Prosper, what are you "Alas, mademoiselle!" answered Prosper, "you will only too soon learn my mis-fortune and my disgrace; then, yes, then you will applaud yourself for what you

But she became more urgent; instead of ommanding, she entreated; and Prosper "Your uncle is in the adjoining room, iselle, with the commissary of olice and a detective. They will soon re-

turn. I entreat you to retire that they may not find you here." As he spoke he gently pushed her through the door, and closed it upon her. It was time, for the next moment the commissary and M. Fauvel entered. They had visited the main entrance and waiting-room, and had heard nothing of what had

passed in the study.

But Fanferlot had heard for them. This excellent sleuth-hound had not lost sight of the cashier. He said to himself: "Now, that my young gentleman believes himself to be alone, his face will betray him. I shall detect a smile or a wink that

will enlighten me."

Leaving M. Fauvel and the commissa to pursue their investigations, he posted himself to watch. He saw the door open, and Madeleine appear upon the threshold; and Madeloine appear upon the threshold; he lost not a single word or gesture of the rapid scene which had passed.

It mattered little that every word was an enigma. M. Fanferlot was skillful enough te complete the sentences he did not understand. As yet he only had a suspicion; but a mere suspicion is better than nothing; it is a point to start from. So prompt was he in building a plan upon the slightest incident, that he thought he saw in the past

of these people who were utter strangers to him, glimpses of a domestic drama.

If a commissary of police is a skeptic, a detective has faith; he believes in evil. "I understand the case now," said he, to himself. "This man loves the young lady, who is really very pretty; and, as he is handsome, I suppose his love is reciprocated. This love affair vexes the banker, who, not knowing how to get rid of the importunate lover by fair means, has to re

ort to foul ones and plans this imaginary robbery, which is very ingenious."

Thus to M. Fanferlot's mind, the banker had simply robbed himself, and the innocent cashier was the victim of his shameful

But this con little service to Prosper.

Fanferlot, the ambitious man, who had determined to obtain renown in his profession, decided to keep his conjectures to

"I will let the others go their way, and I'll go mine," he said. "When, by dint of close watching and patient investigation, I shall collect sufficient to insure conviction, I will unmask the scoundrel." He was radiant. He had at last four the crime so long looked for, which won make him celebrated. Nothing was wan ing, neither the odious circumstances, nother mystery, not even the romantic an sentimental element represented by Prosper and Madeleine.

The commissary, so cam when he me, me, now looked grave and perplexed, me moment for taking a decisive part had me, yet it was evident that he hesitated. "You see, gentlemen," he began, "our arch has only confirmed our first suspi-

M. Fauvel and Prosper bowed assenting "And what do you think, M. Fanferlot?"

Fanferlot did not answe Occupied in studying the safe-lock, he manifested signs of surprise. Evidently he had just made an important discovery.

M. Fauvel, Prosper, and the commissary rose, and surrounded him.

"Have you discovered any clew?" said the banker, eagerly. Fanferlot turned around with a vexed air. He reproached himself for not having oncealed his impressions.
"Oh!" said he, carelessly, "I have dis-

overed nothing of importance."
"But we should like to know," said Prosper.

"I have merely convinced myself that
this safe has been recently opened or shut,
I know not which, with great violence and

"Why so?" asked the commissary, be-"Look, monsieur, at this scratch near the

The commissary stooped down, and carefully examined the safe; he saw a slight scratch several inches long that had removed the outer coat of varnish.
"I see the scratch," said he; "but what does that prove?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" said Fanferlot.
"I just now told you it was of no impor-Fanferlot said this, but it This scratch, undeniably fresh, had for

him a signification that escaped the others. He said to himself : "This confirms my suspicions. If the cashier had stolen millions, there was no occasion for his being in a hurry; whereas the banker creeping down in the dead of the night, for fear of the dead of the night, awakening the porter in the antercom, in order to rob his own safe, had every reason to tremble, to hastily withdraw

key, which, slipping along the lock, scratched off the varnish." Resolved alone to unravel the tangled thread of this mystery, the detective de-termined to keep his conjectures to himself; for the same reason he was silent as to the interview between Madeleine and

He hastened to divert attention from the scratch upon the lock.
"To conclude," he said, addressing the commissary, "I am convinced that no one outside the bank could have obtained access to this room. The safe, moreover, is intact, No suspicious pressure has been used on the movable buttons. I can assert that the lock has not been tampered with by burglars' tools or false keys. Those who opened the safe knew the word, and pos-

essed the key."

This formal affirmation of a man whom he knew to be skillful, ended the hesitation "That being the case," he replied, "I

must request a few moment's conversation with M. Fauvel." "I am at your service," said the banker. Prosper foresaw the result of this conversation. He quietly placed his hat on the table, to show that he had no intention of attempting to escape, and passed into

Fanferlot also went out, but not before the commissary had made him a sign, and received a nod in return. This sign signified, you are responsible The detective needed no caution to make

him keep a strict watch. His suspicions were too vague, and desire for success too ardent, for him to lose sight of Prosper an Following the teller closely, he slipped

into a dark corner, took a seat, and pretended to doze off. Bertomy took a seat in the chair of an absent clerk, with his usual manner, which surprised the beholders-the frigid haughtiness which keeps even sympathizers aloof— and had made him disliked in the bank. No stranger entering would have imagined that this calm young gentleman was under the accusation of a robbery and on the

point of being arrested. But he presently stopped playing with a pencil, and drew toward him a sheet of paper upon which he scribbled a few lines. "Ah!" thought the Squirrel, whose hearing and sight were wonderfully good in spite of his profound sleep, "ch! ch! he makes his little confidential communication on paper, I see ; now we will dis-

cover something positive." His note written, Prosper folded it carefully in the smallest possible size, and after furtively glancing toward the detective, who remained motionless in his corner threw it across the desk to little Cavaillon with this one word: "Gipsy !"
All this was so quickly and skillfully done

that Fanferlot was confounded, and began o feel a little uneasy. "The devil take him !" said he to himself; "for a suffering innocent, this young beau has more nerve than many of my oldest customers. This, however, shows the result of education."

Yes; innocent or guilty, Prosper must have been endowed with great self-control and dissimulation to wear this presence of mind at a time when his honor and future happiness, all that he held dear in life, were at stake. And he was only thirty Either from natural deference, or from

the hope of gaining some light by a private conversation, the commissary determined to speak to the banker before acting de-"There is not a shadow of doubt, mon sieur," he said, as soon as they were alone, "this young man has robbed you. It would be a gross neglect of duty if I did not secure his person. The law will decide whether he shall be released or sent to

This declaration seemed to distress the banker. He sunk into a chair, and muttered : "Poor Prosper!"
"Be calm, monsieur," said the official;

"before the week ends justice will have col-lected sufficient proof to establish the guilt of this unfortunate man, whom we may now call in." Prosper entered with Fanferlot—whom they had much trouble to awaken—and with the most stolid indifference listened to the announcement of his arrest.

In response, he calmly said:
"I swear that I am innocent." (To be Continued.) ONTARIO

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