Emile Gaboriau.

He drew from his pocket a small key, which he laid on the table, and said: "Here is the key of your safe, monsieur.
I hope for my sake that you will some day I hope for my sake that you will some day be convinced of my innocence; and I hope for your sake that the truth will not come too late. Before leaving I hand over the books, papers, and accounts necessary for my successor. I must at the same time inform you that, without speaking of the stolen sum, I leave a deficit in each."

"A deficit!" thought the commissary; "how, after this, can his guilt be doubted? Before stealing the whole contents of the safe, he has practiced by occasional small

"A deficit !" said the detective to him self; "now, no doubt, the very innocence of this poor devil gives his conduct an appearthis poor devil gives his conduct an appearance of great depravity; were he guilty, he would have replaced the first money by a portion of the second."

The grave importance of Prosper's statement was considerably diminished by the explanation he proceeded to make:

"There is a deficit of three thousand five hundred francs of my cash account, which has been disposed of in the following manner: two thousand taken by myself in advance of my salary; fitteen hundred advanced to several of my fellow-clerks. This is the last day of the month; to-morrow the

salaries will-be paid, consequently—"
The commissionary interrupted him.
"Were you authorized to draw whenever you wished to advance the clerk's

pay?"
"No; but I knew that M. Fauvel would not have refused me permission to oblige my friends in the bank. What I did is done ever-where; I have simply followed my

predecessor's example.

The banker nodded. The police commissary shut up his portfolio, bowed to the banker, and said to Bertomy:

Prosper had put on his coat and hat coolly, and he lett the room with the two re-presentatives of the law, while the banker sorrowfully regarded the departure.

CHAPTER IV. NINA GIPSY.

It was Fanferlot's duty to take the prisoner to prison, but he asked his principal to let him proceed in another direction. He wanted to secure the note of Bertomy's which he knew to be in Cavaillon's charge. The easiest way was to arrest him, but he might refuse to betray who the "Gipsy" was, and, on second thoughts, the detective concluded to dog the envoy until he could catch him in the act of delivering the note. This was the enbut play to the detective.

Fanferlot waited a long time, but did not wax impatient; for he had often had to re-main on watch entire days and nights at a time, with much less important objects in view than the present one. Besides, his mind was busily occupied in estimating the value of his discoveries, weighing his chances, and, like Alnaschar in the "Arabian Nights," building the foundation

of his fortune upon present success.

Finally, about one o'clock, he saw
Cavaillon rise from his desk, change his coat, and take down his hat.
"Very good!" he exclaimed, "my man out; I must keep my eyes

In another moment the clerk came forth, and after a slight hesitation in choosing the hortest route, he darted off at such a smart windows, and hung in front of the doors.

"Our cashier was certainly well lodged," and after a slight hesitation in choosing the shortest route, he darted off at such a smart pace that the Squirrel had much to do to keep up with him. On reaching the Rue Chaptal, Cavaillon suddenly stopped, and entered the house numbered 39.

He had scarcely taken three steps up the narrow corridor when he felt a touch on his shoulder, and, turning abruptly, found himself face to face with Fanferlot. He recognized him at once, and turning very pale, he looked around for means of

tempt, barred the passage-way. Cavaillon saw that he was fairly caught. "What do you want with me?" he asked,

in a voice tremulous with affright.

Fanferlot was distinguished for his exquisite suavity and unequaled urbanity. Even with his prisoners he was the perfection of courtesy, and never was known to handcuff a man without first obsequiously apologizing for being compelled to do so. "You will be kind enough, my dear monsieur," he said, "to excuse the liberty I take; but I wished to say that M. Bertomy

Cavaillon saw the folly of contradicting a man so well informed; so he said: "It is true Prosper gave me a note this morning; but it was intended for me alone, and, after reading it, I tore it up, and threw the pieces into the fire."

threw you a note this morning.'

This might be the truth. Fanferlot feared so; but how could he assure himself of the fact? He remembered that the most palpable tricks often succeeded the best, and, trusting to his star, he said at haz-

"Permit me to observe that this statement is not correct; the note was intrused to you to give to Gipsy. You not only preserved the note, but you came to this house tor the purpose of giving it to Gipsy, and it is in your pocket now."
"No, monsieur, no!"

Fanferlot paid no attention to this denial, but continued in his gentlest tone:

"And I am sure you will be kind enough
to give it to me; believe me, nothing but

the most absolute necessity—"
"Never!" exclaimed Cavaillon; and, be lieving the moment favorable, he suddenly attempted to jerk his arm from under Fanattempted to jerk his arm from under Fan-ferlot's, and escape. But his efforts were vain ; the detective's

strength was equal to his suavity.

"Don't hurt yourself, young man," he said. "If you persist in being so obstinate, I shall call two policemen, who will take you by each arm, and escort you to the commissary of police; and, once there, I I shall be under the painful necessity of searching your pockets, whether you will or not."

Cavaillon was devoted to Prosper, and willing to make any sacrifice in his behalf; but he clearly saw that it was worse than

useless to struggle any longer, as he would have no time to destroy the note. To de-liver it under force was no betrayal; but se cursed his powerlessness, and almost

wept with rage.

"I am in your power," he said, and then suddenly drew from his pocket-book the unlucky note, and gave it to the detective. Fanferlot trembled with pleasure as he unfolded the paper; yet, faithful to his habits of fastidious politeness, before reading it, he bowed to Cavaillon, and said:

"You will permit me, will you net, monsieur?"

"DEAR NINA,—If you love me, follow my instructions instantly, without a moment's hesitation, or asking any questions. On the receipt of this note, take everything you have in the house and establish yourself in furnished lodgings at the other end of Paris. Do not appear in public, but conceal yourself as much as possible. My life may depend on your

Vainly did he puzzle over the letter, hop-ing to discover some hidden meaning; twist the words as he would, they proved nothing for or against the writer.

The word "everything" underlined could be interpreted in so many ways. The detective, however, determined not drop the matter here.
"This Madame Nine Gipsy is doubtless a

riend of M. Bertomy?"
"She is his dearest friend."
"Ah, I understand; and she lives here?" "You know it well enough, as you saw

"I suspected it to be the house, mon sieur; now tell me whether the apartments she occupies are taken in her name.

and which floor, if you "Exactly;

During this colloquy, Fanferlot had folded up the note, and slipped it into his information; and, in return, I will relieve you of the trouble of executing your commission. With your permission, I will my-

mission. With your permission, I wil self take this note to Madame Gipsy." Cavaillon began to remonstrate; but Fanferlot cut him short by saying: "I will also venture to give you a piece of advice. Return quietly to your business, and have nothing more to do with

"But Prosper is a good friend of mine, and has saved me from ruin more than

"Only the more reason for your keeping uiet. You cannot be of the slightest assistance to him, and I can tell you that you may be of great injury. As you are known to be his devoted friend, of course your absence at this time will be remarked upon. Any steps that you take in this matter will receive the worst interpretation."

"Prosper is innocent, I am sure."

Fanferlot was of the same opinion, but he had no idea of betraying his private thoughts; and yet for the success of his investigations it was necessary to impress the importance of prudence and discretion upon the young man; he would have told him to keep silent concerning what had passed between them, but he dared not.

"What you say may be true," he said. "I hope it is, for the sake of M. Bertomy, and on your own account, too; for, if he is guilty, you will certainly be very much an-noyed, and perhaps suspected of complicity, as you are well known to be intimate with

"Now, you had best take my advice, onsieur, and return to your business, and -Good-morning, monsieur.' The poor fellow had no sooner turned the

corner of the street, than Fanferlot entered No. 9, gave his name to the porter as Prosper Bertomy, went upstairs, and knocked at the first door he came to.

It was opened by a tiger dressed in the most fanciful livery.

"Is Madame Gipsy at home?"

The groom hesitated; seeing this, Fanferlot showed his note, and said:

murmured the detective. But he had no time to pursue his inven tory. One of the door curtains was pushed aside, and Madame Nina Gipsy stood before

Madame Gipsy was quite young, small, and graceful, with dark complexion, and tiny hands and feet. Long curling silk lashes softened the

piercing brilliancy of her large black eyes; her lips were full, and her teeth were very She wore a velvet dressing-wrapper which did not conceal the lace ruffles be But her hair was curled and frizzed high on her forehead, and confined by nar-row bands of red velvet; her black hair was

rolled in an immense coil, and held by a neautiful gold comb. She was ravishing. Her beauty was so startling that the dazzled detective was speechless with admiration.

"Well," he said to himself, as he remem bered the noble, severe beauty of Made-leine, "our young gentleman certainly has good taste—very good taste—two perfect

While he thus reflected, perfectly be-wildered, and wondering how he could be-gin the conversation. Madame Gipsy eyed him with the most disdainful surprise; she was waiting for this shabby little man in a threadbare coat and greasy hat to explain his presence in her dainty parlor.

She had many creditors, and was recalling them, and wondering which one had dared to send this man to wipe his dusty boots on her blue velvet carpet.

After scrutinizing him from head to foot with undisguised contempt, she said,

haughtily:
"What do you want?"
Anyone but Fanferlot would have been offended at her manner; but he only noticed it to gain some notion of the young wo-

"She is ugly," he thought, "and unedu

While he was speculating upon her merits, Madame Nina impatiently tapped her little foot, and waited for an answer; "Why don't you speak? What do you want here?"

"I am charged, my dear madam," he answered, in his softest tone, "by M. Bertomy, to give you this note."
"From Prosper. You know him, then?"
"I have that honor, madam; indeed, I may be so bold as to claim him as a friend."

"Monsieur! You a friend of Prosper!"

exclaimed Madame Gipsy, in a scornful tone, as if her pride were wounded. Fanferlot did not condescend to notice this offensive exclamation. He was ambitious, and contempt failed to irritate

him.
"I said a friend of his, madam; and there are few people who would have the ceurage to claim friendship for him new."

Madame Gipsy was struck by the words and manner of Fanferlot.

"I never could guess riddles," she said, tartly; "you will be kind enough to explain what you mean?"

The detective slowly drew Prosper's note from his pocket, and, with a bow, presented it to Madame Gipsy.

"Read, madam," he said.
She certainly anticipated no misfortune; although her sight was excellent, she stopped to fasten gold eye-glasses on her nose, then carelessly opened the note.

At a glance she read its contents.

She turned very red, then very pale; she tettered so that Fanferlot, thinking she

of the detective, she held it as it her delicate little hand were a vice, and cried out:
"Explain yourself! what does all this mean? Do you know anything about the contents of this note?".

Although Fanferlot betrayed courage in daily contending with the most dangerous rascals, he was positively terrified by Moderne (hinsey)

Madame Gipsy.
"Alas!" he murmured. "Prosper is to be arrested, accused of being a thief?"

thousands from the bank-safe." "It is false, infamous, absurd!" she screamed. She had dropped Fanferlot's hand; and her fury, like that of a spoiled child, found vent in violent actions. She tore her web-like handkerchief, and the magnificent lace on her gown to shreds.
"Prosper steal!" she cried; "what a stupid idea! Why should he steal! Is he

"M. Bertomy is not rich, madam ; he has nothing but his salary.

This answer seemed to confound Madame

'Sut," she insisted, "I have always een him have plenty of money; not rich

"She dared not finish; but her eye et Fanferlot's, and they understood each

Madame Nina's look meant. "He committed the robbery in order gratify my extravagant whims. 'Fanferlot's glance answered.

"Very likely."
"No," she cried. "I regret to say that rosper would never have stolen from me. One can understand a man robbing a bank to obtain means of bestowing pleasure nd luxury upon the woman he loves; but loved me. I know what love is. Once I was beloved by an affectionate, true-hearted man; and my own sufferings of the last year make me know how miserable I must have made him by my cold return. Alas! we must suffer ourselves before we can feel for others. No, I am nothing to Prosper; he would not care if——'

"But, then, madam, why——"
"Ah, yes," interrupted Nina, "why? you will be very wise if you can answer me.
For a year have I vainly sought an answer to this question, so sad to me. I, a woman, cannot answer it; and I defy you to do so. He is kind and indulgent; but he does not betray himself, never will he commit himself. Ignorant people call him weak, yielding; I tell you that fair-haired man is a rod f iron painted like a reed."

Carried away by the violence of her feel-ngs, Madame Nina betrayed her inmost ughts. She was without distrust, never suspecting that the stranger listening to her was other than a friend of Prosper As for Fanferlot, he congratulated himself upon his success. No one but a woman ould have drawn him so excellent a por trait; in a moment of excitement she had given him the most valuable information; he now knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, which in an investigation like that he was pursuing is the prin

cipal point.

"You know that Mr Bertomy gambles," he ventured to say, "and gambling is apt to lead man—"

Madame Gypsy shrugged her shoulders, and interrupted him.
"Yes, he plays," she said; "but he is not a gambler. I have seen him lose and gain large sums without betraying the slightest agitation. He plays as he drinks, madam, and wait for an answer."

"Walk in!"

The name of Prosper had produced its probable effect. Fanferlot was ushered into a little room furnished in blue and gold silk

Signtest agitation. He plays as he drinks, sups, and makes love—without passion, enthusiasm, or pleasure. Sometimes he frightens me; he seems to drag about a body without a soul. Ah, I am not happy!

Never have I been able to overcome his interest agitation. He plays as he drinks, sups, and makes love—without passion, enthusiasm, or pleasure. Sometimes he frightens me; he seems to drag about a body without a soul. Ah, I am not happy!

Never have I been able to overcome his interest agitation. He plays as he drinks, sups, and makes love—without passion, enthus as so sure of being alone that he at once gave vent to his suppressed feeling, and, dropping his mask of impassibility, buttered as it was in this formal, brief tone, it seemed to strike him with horses which difference, so great and reckless that I often think it must be despair; nothing will convince me that he has not some terrible secret, or misfortune weighing upon his mind, and making life a burden,"

"Then he has never spoken to you of his "Why should he tell me? Did you not hear me? I tell you he does not love me." Madame Nina was overcome by thoughts of the past, and tears silently coursed down her cheeks.

But her despair was only momentary. She started up, and, her eyes sparkling with generous resolution, she cried out:
"But I love him, and will save him! will see his master, the miserable wretch who dares to accuse him. I will haunt the dges, and I will prove that he is innocent

Come, monsieur, let us start, and I promise you that before sunset he shall befree, or I shall be in prison with him." Madame Gipsy's project was certainly laudable, and prompted by the noblest sentiments; but unfortunately it was im-

practicable. "I am at your command, fair lady," he said; "let us go if you desire it; only permit me, while there is yet time to say that we are probably going to do great injury to Monsieur Bertomy. He has by no means the appearance of a man who has given up in despair. On the contrary, I think he has already shown his plan of defence By showing yourself, when he advised you to remain in concealment, you will be very

ikely to make vain his best precautions.' Gipsy was silently weighing the value of Fanferlot's objections. Finally she said: "I cannot remain here inactive, without

"I cannot remain here inactive, without attempting to contribute in some way to his safety. Can you not understand that this floor burns my feet?"

Evidently, if she was not absolutely convinced, her resolution was shaken. Fanferlot saw that he was gaining ground, and this certainty, making him more at ease, gave weight to his eloquence.

"You have it in your power, madam," he said, "to render a great service to the man you love."

"In what way, monsieur, in what way?"
"Obey him, my child," said Fanferlot, in
a paternal manner. "It is your duty,"
said Fanferlot, with grave dignity, "your

said Fanferlot, with grave dignity, "your sacred duty."

She remained thoughtful for a moment; then a ray of light seemed to cross her mind, and she cried:

"Oh, I understand now! Fool that I was for not seeing it before! My presence here, where I have been for a year, would be an overwhelming charge against him. An inventory of my possessions would be taken—of my dresses, laces, and jewels—and my luxury would be brought against him as a crime. He would be asked to tell where he obtained so much money to

lavish all these elegancies to me."
The detective bowed, and said: "That is true, madam."
"Then I must flee, monsieur, at once Did not M. Bertomy say to the other

cell where he obtained so much money

"I know of a hotel," he said; "but it might not suit you. It is not elegantly furnished like this room."
"Would I be comfortable there?"

"Upon my recommendation you would treated like a queen, and, above all, "On the other side of the river, Quay Saint Michel, the Archangel kept by Madame Alexandre."

"He was unable to come, madam," inter-rupted the detective; but I will give him your address. Madame Gipsy was about to send for a hack, but Fanferlot said he was in a hurry, and would send her one. He seemed to be in luck that day; for a hack was passing the door and he hailed it.

"Wait here," he said to the driver, after telling him what he was, "for a little brunette who is coming down with some trunks. If she tells you to drive her to Quay Saint Michel, crack your whip; if she gives you any other address, get down from your seat, and fix your harness. I will keep in sight."

He stepped across the street, and stood a the door of a wine store. He had not cracking of a whip apprised him that Madame Nina had started for the Archangel.

"Aha," he said, gayly, "I hold her, at any rate."

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE PROGRESSES. At the same hour that Madame Nina Gipsy was seeking refuge at the Archangel, so highly recommended by Fanferlot, Bertomy was being entered on the commitment book at the police office.

Since the moment when he had resumed his habitual composure, he had Vainly did the people around him watch

for a suspicious expression, or any sign of giving way under the danger of his situa-tion. His face was like marble. To the court clerk, while he was goin through the formalities of the committal, Prosper replied with haughty brevity to in

oneshie questions. But when he was ordered to empty his pockets on the table, and they began to search him, his eyes flashed with indignation, and a single tear dropped upon his flushed cheek. In an instant he had reovered his stony calmness, and stood up motionless, with his arms raised in the air, so that the rough creatures about him could more conveniently search him from head to foot, to assure themselves that he had no suspicious object hidden under his

The search would have, perhaps, been carried to the most ignominious lengths, but for the intervention of a middle-age gentleman, who wore a white cravat and gold spectacles, and was sitting quite at home by the fire.

He started with surprise, and seemed much agitated when he saw Prosper brought in by the officer; he stepped forward, and seemed about to speak to him, but suddenly changed his mind and sat down again.

In spite of his own troubles, Prosper could not help seeing that this man kept his eyes fastened upon him. Did he know him? Vainly did he try to recollect having This man, treated with all the deference due to a superior, was no less a personage than M. Lecoq, the celebrated me

the detective corps. When the men who were searching Prosper were about to take off his boots, saying that a knife-blade might be concealed in them, M. Lecoq waved them aside with authority, and said:

"You have done enough."

He was obeyed. All the formalities eing ended, the unfortunate cashier was taken to a cell; the heavily barred door was swung to and locked upon him; he breathed

smouldering fire. In a paroxysm of rage he uttered impre-cations and curses. He dashed himself against the prison walls like a wild beast in

Prosper Bertomy was not the man he ap-

peared to be.
This haughty, correct gentleman ardent passions and a fiery temperament. One day, when he was about twenty-four years of age, he had become suddenly fired by ambition. While all of his desires were repressed, imprisoned in his low estate, like an athlete in a strait-jacket, seeing around him rich people with whom money assumed the place of the wand in the fairy-tale, he envied their lot.

He studied the beginnings of these financial princes, and found that at the starting point they possessed far less than

How, then, had they succeeded? By dint of energy, industry, and assurance.

He determined to imitate and excel

From this day, with a force of will much From this day, with a force of will much less rare than we think, he imposed silence upon his instincts. He reformed not his morals, but his manners, and so strictly did he conform to the rules of decorum, that he was regarded as a model of propriety by those who knew him, and had faith in his character and his combilities and ambition inacter; and his capabilities and ambition in-spired the prophecy that he would be successful in attaining eminence and

At the end of all was this - imprison for robbery : that is, ruined. For he did not attempt to deceive him-self. He knew that, guilty or innocent, a man once suspected is as ineffaceably branded as the shoulder of a galley-slave.

Therefore what was the use of struggling? What benefit was a triumph which could not wash out the stain?

when the jailor brought him his supper, he found him on his pallet, with his face buried in the pillow, sunk from a state of frenzy into one of stupefying despair, and vainly did he endeavor to clear his confused mind, and account for the dark cloud gathering about him; no loop-hole for escape did he discover.

The night was long and terrible, and for the first time he had nothing to count the hours by as they slowly dragged on but the measured tread of the patrol who came

At dawn he dropped into a sleep, a heavy, oppressive sleep, which was more wearisome than refreshing; from which he was startled by the rough voice of the

he was startled by the rough voice of the jailer.

"Come, monsieur," he said, "it is time for you to appear before the judge of instruction. You are very lucky in having your case brought before an honest man."

He was right.

Endowed with remarkable penetration, firm, unbiased, equally free from false pity and aggressive severity, M. Patrigent possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary for the delicate and difficult office of judge of instruction.

Finally Prosper reached a long narrow gallery, upon which opened many doors, bearing different names.

Nothing is more terrible and lugubrious than this gallery of the judges.

Stretching the whole length of the wall is a wooden bench blackened by constant use by all the murderers, thieves, and suspicious characters of the Department of the

"With these three lines, madam, you make Madame Alexandre do anything certain magistrate as the great public wash-house of all the dirty linen in Paris.

house of all the dirty linen in Paris.

It was full of people. The bench was almost entirely occupied.

This stifling atmosphere, and the sight of so much misery, made the cashier ill and faint; he was feeling as if another five minutes' stay among these wretched creatures would make him deadly siek, when a little old usher dressed in black, wearing the insignia of his office, a steel chain, cried out; "Prosper Bertomy!"

The unhappy man arose, and, without knowing how, found himself in the office of the judge.

For a moment he was blinded. He had come out of a dark room; and this one had

come out of a dark room; and this one had a window directly opposite the door, so that a flood of light fell suddenly upon him. This office, like all those on the gallery, was of a very ordinary appearance, small and dingy.

and dingy.

Opposite the door was a large desk, filled with bundles of law papers, behind which was seated the judge, facing those who entered, so that his face remained in the shade, while that of the prisoner or witnesses whom he questioned was in a glare of light.

At the right, before a little table, sat a clerk writing, the indispensable auxiliary

of the judge.

But Prosper observed none of these details; his whole attention was concentrated upon the arbiter of his fate, and as he closely examined his face he was convinced that the jailer was right in calling him an honorable man. M. Patrigent's plain face with its irregu-lar outline and short red whiskers, lit up by

a pair of bright, intelligent eyes, and a kindly expression, was calculated to impress one favorably at first sight.
"Take a seat," he said to Prosper

This little attention was gratefully welcomed by the prisoner, for he had expected to be treated with harsh contempt. He looked upon it as a good sign, and his mind felt slight relief. M. Patrigent turned toward the clerk. and said : "We will begin now, Sigault; pay at

looking at Prosper,
"Auguste Prosper Bertomy.
"How old are you?" "I shall be thirty the 5th of next May." "What is your profession?"
"I am—that is I was—a chief cashier in

"What is your name?" he then asked

M. Fauvel's bank." M. Fauvel's bank."

The judge stopped to consult the little memorandum lying on his desk. Prosper, who followed attentively every movement, began to be hopeful, saying to himself that never would so unprejudiced a man have the cruelty to send him to prison again.

After finding what he looked for, M. Patrigent resumed the examination.
"Where do you live?" he asked. "At No. 39 Rue Chaptal, for the last four years." "Where were you born?" "At Beaucaire."

"Are your parents living?"
"My mother died two years ago; my father is still living."
"Does he live in Paris?" "No, monsieur; he lives at Beaucaire with my sister, who married one of the engineers of the Southern Canal. He was ormerly superintendent of bridges and canals; then he was employed on the Southern Canal, with my brother in-law; now he has retired."

There was a moment's silence. The judge had turned his chair around, that his head rently averted, he had a good view of the

workings of Prosper's fac

"Well," he said, abruptly, "you are accused of having robbed M. Fauvel of three
hundred and fifty thousand francs."

rendered him incapable of opening his lips.
"What have you to answer?" asked the "I hope you are," said M. Patrigent, "and you may count upon me to assist you to the extent of my ability in proving your innocence. You must have a defence, some

acts to state; have you not?" "Ah, monsieur, what can I say, when I cannot understand this dreadful business myself? I can only refer you to my past

The judge interrnpted him.
"Let us be specific; the robbery was committed under circumstances that prevent suspicion from falling upon any but M. Fauvel and yourself. Do suspect any one else?"

'No. monsieur." "You declare yourself to be innocent herefore the guilty party must be M. Prosper remained silent.

"Have you," persisted the judge, "any cause for believing that M. Fauvel robbed The prisoner reserved a rigid silence.
"I see, monsieur," said the judge, "that
you need time for reflection. Listen to the

you need time for reflection. Listen to the reading of your examination, and after signing it you will return to prison."

The unhappy man was overcome. The last ray of hope was gone. But on the way back, the man in the gold spectacles was at his elbow, and he whispered to him:

"Your case looks dark, monsieur; but never say die."

Still Propper reproached himself bitterly Still Prosper reproached himself bitterly for having trusted to the judge's benevolent

"What a farce, he angrily exclaimed, "to call this an examination." It was not really an examination, but mere formality.

In summoning Prosper, M. Patrigent obeyed Article 93 of the Criminal Code, which says: "Every suspected person under arrest must be examined within twenty-four hours."

But it is not in twenty-four hours, especially in a case like this, with no evidence or aterial proof, that a judge can collect the materials for an examination.

To triumph over the obstinate defence of a prisoner who shuts himself up in absolute denial as if in a fortress, valid proofs are needed. These weapons M. Patrigent was busily preparing.

Five o'clock struck before the list of wit-

resses summoned for the day was exhausted. But the task of M. Patrigent was not yet finished. He rang for his usher, who instantly appeared, and said to him:

"Go at once, and bring Fanferlot here."

It was some time before the detective and the said to him the said to wered the summons. Despite his smiling ace, he was very uneasy. To prosecute (To be Continued.)

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