and Boots-they're made to stand rough usage.

Weatherproof, waterproof, snag proof, comfortable. All styles. Get a pair this winter. "The mark of quality" on every pair.

citurer nor his expignations appeared

to affect the clerks.

ing near a window, said:

for you."

ing his hat.

fashion.

"The cashier has not yet arrived,"

they repeated, "and we can do nothing

"Then conduct me to M. Fauvel."

There was some hesitation, then a

"The chief is always out at this

"Then I will call again," said M. de

Clameran. And he departed without

saying "Good morning" or even touch-

"Not very polite," said little Cavail-

Prosper Bertomy, cashler of Fauvel's

banking house, was a tall, handsome

man of thirty, with light hair and blue

eyes, and dressed in the height of the

"Ah, here you are!" cried Cavaillon.

"Who? An iron manufacturer, was

"Well, he will return. Thinking that

I would be late this morning, I at-

Prosper had unlocked his office and

There is a cashier," exclaimed one

of the clerks, "who never lets any-

thing disturb him. The chief has quar-

reled with him twenty times for being

tardy, and his remonstrances have no

"And with reason-he knows he can

get anything he wants out of the chief.

Besides, how could be come any soon-

er? He sits up all night and leads a

fast life. Have you noticed how pale

The cashroom door opened, and the

cashler appeared before them with tot-

"Robbed!" he gasped out. "I have

Prosper's expression, his hollow voice

arms. He was sick and faint and fell

"Robbed?" they said. "Where? How!

Gradually Prosper recovered himself.

"Yes, all-three packages, each con-

taining 100 notes of a thousand francs,

and one package of 50,000. The four

With the rapidity of lightning the

news of the robbery spread through-

out the bank. The curious clerks rush-

"Did you find the safe broken open?"

"Yesterday I put 350,000 francs in

A messenger had already informed

M. Fauvel of the disaster, and at this

moment he entered the room. M. An-

dre Fauvel appeared to be a man of

fifty, inclined to corpulency, of medi-

um height, with iron gray hair, and,

like all hard workers, he had a slight

stoop. Never did he by a single action

belie the kindly expression of his face.

He had an open countenance and a

The sound of M. Fauvel's voice in-

spired the cashier with the energy of a

great crisis. The dreaded and decisive

moment had come. He arose and ad-

"Monsieur," he began, "having, as

you know, a payment to make this

morning, I yesterday drew from the

"Why yesterday, monsieur?" inter-

rupted the banker. "It seems to me

that I have a hundred times ordered

you to wait until the day of the pay-

"I know, monsieur, and I did wrong

to disobey you. But the evil is done.

Yesterday evening I locked up the

funds. They have disappeared, and

Bank of France 350,000 francs."

the safe, and this morning it is gone."

begged him to explain himself.

"All I had in the safe."

paper and tied together."

said young Cavaillon.

"Well?"

lively, frank eye.

"What's this I hear?"

clerks, who stood before

vanced toward his chief.

fully. "What's happened?"

"No; it is untouched."

as he finished speaking entered and

tended to the matter yesterday."

closed the door behind him.

effect upon him whatever."

he looks this morning?"

tering step.

"Some one has just been inquiring for

lon. "But here comes Prosper."

cierk named Cavaillon, who was writ-

UNIVE

By EMILE GABORIAU. CHAPTER I.

N the Paris evening papers of Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1866, the following announcement appeared:

"A great robbery, committed against one of our most honorable bankers, M. Andre Fauvel, caused intense excitement this morning throughout the neighborhood of the Rue de Provence. The robbers with extraordinary skill and boldness succeeded in making an entrance to the offices, in forcing the lock of a safe that has heretofore been considered impregnable and in getting away with the enormous sum of 350,-000 francs in bank notes. The police, immediately informed of the robbery, displayed their accustomed zeal, and their investigations have been crowned with success. Already, it is said, one P. B., a clerk in the bank, has been arrested, and there is every reason to hope that his accomplices will be soon overtaken by the hand of justice."

But this time the newspapers were inaccurate in their information. The sum of 350,000 francs certainly had been stolen from M. Andre Fauvel's bank, but not in the manner described. The following are the facts as they were related with scrupulous exactness at the preliminary examination:

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TION.

The banking house of Andre Fauvel, 87 Rue de Provence, is an important establishment and, owing to its large force of clerks, presents very much the appearance of a government department. On the ground floor are the offices, with windows on the street, protected by strong iron bars, sufficiently large and close together to discourage all burgiarious attempts. M. Fauvel's private office is on the first floor over the offices and leads into his private apartments. This private office communicates directly with the bank by means of a narrow staircase, which opens into the room occupied by the head cashier. This room, which in the bank goes by the name of the "cashier's office," is proof against all attacks, no matter how skillfully planned. Fastened in the wall by enormous iron clamps is a safe, a formidable and fantastic piece of furniture, calculated to fill with envy the poor devil who easily carries his fortune in

a pocketbook. The safe is opened by a curious little key. But this is the least important part of the mechanism. Five movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet, constitute the real power of this ingenious piece of furniture. Before inserting the key into the lock the letters on the buttons must be in the exact position in which they were placed when the rafe was locked. In M. Fauvel's bank, as everywhere, the safe was always closed with a word which was changed from time to time. This word was known only to the head of the bank and the cashier. They each had also a key. There was but one danger-that of forgetting the word which was indispensable.

On the morning of the 28th of February the employees were all busy at their various desks about half past 9 o'clock when a middle aged man of very dark complexion and military bearing, in deep mourning, presented himself in the office adjoining the safe, where he found five or six employees. He asked to see the cashier. He was told that the cashier had not yet arrived and that the cashroom was not opened till 10 o'clock, a notice of which was posted in the entry.

"I thought," he said in a tone of cool Impertinence, "to find some one here ready to attend to my business, having arranged the matter with M. Fauvel yesterday. I am Count Louis de Clameran, an iron maker at Oloron, and have come to draw 300,000 francs deposited in this bank by my late brother, whose heir I am. It is surprising that no orders were given about it "

Neither the title of the noble manu-

yet the safe has not been forced." "You are crazy," exclaimed M. Fau-

vel, "or you are dreaming!" "I am not crazy, neither, unfortunately, am I dreaming. I am simply saying what is true." This calmness at such a moment ap-

peared to exasperate M. Fauvel. He seized Prosper by the arm and shook | ever, form a single and therefore striking him roughly. "Speak!" he cried out. "Speak! Who do you say opened the safe? Answer

"I cannot say." "No one but you and I knew the secret word. No one but you and I had

This was a formal accusation. At least, all the auditors present so understood it. Yet the cashier's strange calmness did not leave him. He gently released himself from the chief's grasp and said:

"In fact, monsieur, I am the only one who could have taken this money." "Unhappy man!"

Presper drew himself up and, looking M. Fauvel full in the face, added:

"Or you!" The banker made a threatening gesture, and there is no knowing what would have happened if they had not been interrupted by loud and angry voices in the entry. A man insisted upon entering in spite of the protestations of the employees and succeeded in forcing his way in. It was M. de Clameran. The clerks stood looking on, bewildered, motionless, in profound silence. It was easy to see that some terrible question-a question of life or death-was being weighed by all these men. The iron founder did not appear to observe anything unusual. He advanced, his hat on his flead, and said in the same impertinent tone:

"It is after 10 o'clock, gentlemen." No one answered, and M. de Clameran was about to continue when he for the first time saw the banker. He went straight to him.

"Well, monsieur," he said, "I congratulate myself upon finding you in at last. I have been here once before this morning and found the cashroom not opened, the cashier not arrived; you were absent." "You are mistaken, monsieur; I was

in my office." "I return, and this time not only the eashroom is closed, but I am refused admittance to the office. I am compelled to force my way in. Will you

M. Fauvel listened, trembling with anger, yet he controlled himself. "I would be obliged to you, monsieur, for a short delay."

tell me, yes or no, can I have my mon-

"I thought you said"-"Yes, yesterday, but this morning, this very instant, I find I have been

robbed of 350,000 francs." M. de Clameran bowed ironically and said:

"Shall I have to wait long?" "Long enough for me to send to the

bank." Then, turning his back on the iron maker, M. Fauvel said to his cashier: "Write a note to the bank for a loan of 300,000 francs. Send at once. Let the messenger take a carriage." Prosper did not move.

"Do you hear me?" said the banker angrily. The cashier trembled. He seemed as

if he was in a stupor. "It is useless to send," he said. "There is a credit to this gentleman of

300,000 francs, and we have less than 100,000 in the bank." M. de Clameran evidently expected

and trembling limbs betrayed such this answer, for he muttered: fearful suffering that the clerks got "Naturally." up from their desks and ran toward Although he only pronounced this him. He almost dropped into their

word, his voice, his manner, his face, clearly said: "This comedy is well acted, but nev-

His companions surrounded him and ertheless it is a comedy, and I don't | the unhappy cashier. He buried his intend to be duped by it." "Oh, don't be alarmed, monsieur,"

said the banker. "This house has other resources. Have patience till my return."

He went out and up the narrow steps leading to his study and at the end of five minutes returned, holding in his hand a letter and a bundle of securi-

packages were wrapped in a sheet of "Here, quick, Couturier," he said to one of his clerks, "take my carriage, which is waiting, and go with monsieur to M. de Rothschild's. Give him this letter and these securities. In exchange you will receive 300,000 francs, which you will hand to this gentle-

> The iron founder was visibly disappointed. He seemed to wish to apologize for his impertinence.

"I assure you, monsleur, that I had no intention of offending. For some years our relations have been such that

"Enough, monsieur," interrupted the banker. "I desire no apologies. In business friendship counts for nothing. I owe you money. I am not ready to pay you. You are pressing. You have a right to demand what is your own. Follow my clerk. He will pay you your money."

Then he turned to his clerks who stood curiously gazing on and said, "As for you, gentlemen, resume your desks."

In a moment the room was cleared of every one except those who belonged there, and they sat at their desks with their noses almost touching the paper before them, as if absorbed in their work. Still excited by the events so rapidly succeeding each other, M. Andre Fauvel walked up and down the room with quick, nervous steps, occasionally uttering some low exclamation. Prosper remained leaning against the door, with pale face 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 determined upon his line

of conduct. "We must have an explanation," he said. "Let us go into your office." The cashier obeyed without a work

and his chief followed him, taking the

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tenance wore its usual kind expression.

"Now that we are alone, Prosper,"

he said, "have you nothing to tell me?" The cashier started, as if the question surprised him. "Nothing, monsleur, that I have not already told you." "What? Nothing? Do you persist in asserting a fable so absurd and ridiculous that no one can possibly believe it? It is folly! Confide in me. It is your only chance of salvation. I am your chief, it is true, but I am, above all, your friend-your best and truest friend. I cannot forget that here fifteen years ago you were intrusted to me by your father, and ever since that day have I had cause to congratulate myself on possessing your faithful service. Yes, it is fifteen years since you came to me, I was then just commencing to build my fortune, and you have seen it gradually grow step by step from almost nothing to its present size. As my wealth increased I endeavored to better your condition, you

creased your salary." express himself in so feeling and paternal a manner. Prosper was silent with

I not always been like a father to you? From the first day my house has been open to you. You were treated as a member of my family. My niece, 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"-

ed by the banker seemed too much for father without fear," resumed M. Fauinordinate desires which break down the firmest principles. Speak, Prosper,

"What do you wish me to say?" "The truth. An honorable man may yield to temptation, but his first step toward atonement is confession. Say to me: Yes, I have been tempted, dazzled. The sight of these piles of gold turned my brain. I am young. I have

"Poor boy!" said the banker sadly. He paused, as if hoping for a confes-

"Come, Prosper, have courage. Make a clean breast of it. I will go up stairs. Go again to the safe. I am sure that in your agitation you did not search thoroughly. This evening I will return, and I am sure that during the day you will have found, if not the 350,000 francs, at least the greater portion of it. And neither you nor I

M. Fauvel had risen and was about to leave the room when Prosper arose and held him by the arm.

"Your generosity is useless, monsleur," he said bitterly. "Having taken nothing, I can restore nothing. I have searched carefully. The bank notes have been stolen."

"By all that is sacred, I swear that it was not by me."

The banker's face turned crimson. "Miserable wretch," cried he, "do you mean to say that it was I?" Prosper bowed his head and did not

vel, unable to contain himself any longer. "You dare- Then between you and me, M. Prosper Bertomy, justice shall decide. God 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 commissary of police. He must be wait-

The banker was near the door. He opened it and after giving the cashier

a last searching look said to an office "Anselme, ask the commissary of po-

lice to step down."

CHAPTER II. HE commissary sent for by M. Fauvel soon made his appearance. A short man dressed in a full sult of black, which was slightly relieved by a crumpled collar, followed him. The banker, scarcely bowing to him, said:

"Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which compels me to have recourse to your assistance?"

"It is about a robbery, I believe." "Yes; an infamous and mysterious rebbery committed in this office, from the safe you see open there, of which my cashier"-he pointed to Prosper-"alone possesses the key and the

This declaration seemed to arouse the unfortunate cashier from his stu-

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said to chief also has the word and the key." "I should have said so."

The commissary at once understood that these two men accused each other. "Well," he said, "a robbery has been perpetrated, but by whom? Did the robber 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 was prepared for those answers, but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up immediate-

"However," said he, "we must make ourselves sure of it." Turning toward his companion, "M. Fanferlot," he said, "go and see if you cannot discover some traces that may have escaped the attention of these gentlemen."

M. Fanferlot, nicknamed "The Squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little proud. Slim and insignificant in appearance, he might, in spite of his iron muscles, be taken for a balliff's under clerk as he walked along buttoned up to the chin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress us disagreeably-an odiously turned up nose, thin lips and little restless black eyes. Fanferlot, who had been on the police force for five years, burned to distinguish himself, to make for himself a name. He was ambitious. Alas, he was unsuccessful, lacking opportunity or genius. Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywherestudied the doors, sounded the parti-

tions, examined the wicket and stirred up the ashes in the fireplace. "It would be very difficult," said he, "for a stranger to enter here."

He walked around the office. "Is this door closed at night?" he in-

quired. "It is always locked."

"And who keeps the key?" "The office boy, to whom I always give it in charge before leaving the bank," said Prosper.

"This boy," said M. Fauvel, "sleeps in the outer room on a sofa bedstead, which he unfolds at night and folds up in the morning."

"Yes, monsieur," answered the bank-

He opened the door and called:

This boy had been a confidential servant of M. Fauvel for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected,

robbery is terrible, and he entered the room trembling like a leaf. "Did you sleep in the next room last night?" asked the commissary of po-

"Yes, monsieur; as usual." "At what hour did you go to bed?" "About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a cafe near by with mon-

sleur's valet." "Did you hear no noise during the

if monsieur comes down to the cash-

awakened by the sound of his foot-"Does M. Fauvel often come to the

cashroom at night?" "No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?" "No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not, for I was kept awake nearly

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precaution to shut the door after them. ing in my study. Shall I call him?" your own doctor about taking Ayer's Nothing in the cashroom bore evi-Prosper, with the fearful resignation dence of the entrance of burglars. Evof a man who abandons himself, reerything was in perfect order. Not plied in a stifled voice;

separate bottle wrapper. Thus invalid sufferers are taken into Dr. Pierce's full confidence. Scores of leading medical men have written enough to fill volumes in praise of the curative value of the several ingredients entering into these Amongst these writers we find such med-

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation. even a paper was misplaced. The safe was open, and on the top shelf lay several rouleaus of gold, overlooked or disdained by the thieves. M. Fauvel, without troubling himself to examine anything, took a chair and ordered his cashier to be seated. He had entirely recovered his equanimity, and his coun-

who, although so young, are the oldest of my clerks. At each inventory I in-Never had Prosper heard his chief

astonishment. "Answer!" pursued M. Fauvel. "Have

The memories of the past thus evokface in his hands and burst into tears. "One can confide everything to his vel. "A father not only pardons, but forgets. Do I not know the terrible temptations that in a city like Paris beset a young man? There are some

passions." "I!" murmured Prosper. "I!"

sion, which, however, did not come.

will tomorrow remember anything about this false alarm."

"But by whom, poor fool? By

answer. "Ab, it is thus, then," said M. Fau"Is he here?" inquired the commis-

but the idea of being connected & ... a

drunk with the valet,"

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