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694

Without a Name

BY W. T. ROBERTS.

As a handsome young man, with good health, fashionable friends, and an allowance of £500 per annum from his father, William Roupel was in a position that many would have envied.

But his allowance was far from being sufficient to enable him to gratify his extravagant tastes. He kept horses at livery stables. He showered costly presents on ladies in the theatrical profession, gave extravagant dinner-parties, and was a constant and unlucky gambler.

RAISING THE WIND.

At twenty-two he found himself in debt to the extent of nearly £10,000, the money being mainly due to money-lenders and jewellers who knew that his fother, old Dick Roupel, of Cross House, Kennington, for all his mean way of life and shabby attire, was enormously wealthy.

William Roupel knew that it would mean ruin if he disclosed his liabilities and how they had been incurred to the old man. So, at the age of twenty-two, he committed his first forgery.

His father was possessed of several estates. One, the Kingston property, was worth £20,000. William Roupel had access to his father's deed boxes; he took the title deeds to this estate, forged a deed of gift of it from his father to himself, and on this raised £15,000.

THE SECRET SHADOW.

Relieved for the moment of his financial anxieties, Roupel plunged into new extravagances. A year later he was again hopelessly involved in financial difficulties. Once again he resorted to forgery to rid himself of them. He forged a deed of gift of another of his father's estates worth £25,000, and raised £20,000 on it. Again he was free to devote himself to the pursuit of pleasure in its most costly forms.

I must turn now to a tragic circumstance in the life of this man, who, with all his faults, had some good qualities. He was generous and, when in funds, gave freely to those in need. He had many personal attractions, including a strikingly handsome face and great charm of manner.

But legally he had no name. He had been born eight years before his father married his mother. He only learned this when he was sixteen; and from that time onwards the knowledge of his illegitimacy seems to have eaten like a canker into his whole moral nature.

BY FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

More than that, it filled him with terror lest his father should die without making a will, and thus leave him a nameless and penniless outcast.

When old Roupel died his wife, arriving at the house with William after all was over, would not at first go to the room where her dead husband lay. She sat, blinded with tears a broken-hearted woman, in the small sitting-room.

Her son went upstairs to the death chamber. In the room was a bureau, in which he suspected that his father's will, if there was one, would be.

He had searched before for a will, but he had never dared to search that bureau. It was the one thing in the house whose contents his father had kept concealed from him.

The key was in it. Roupel turned the lock and opened the desk. At one side of a pile of papers lay the last will and testament of his father.

He read it without flinching. It was not a lengthy document. There were some twelve bequests to relations, an annuity for life to Mrs. Roupel of £2,000 per annum, and the whole of the remainder of an estate worth nearly £750,000 was bequeathed to Richard Roupel, William's junior by a number of years, but his father's legitimate son.

William Roupel was not even mentioned in the will. Why must always remain a mystery, for old Roupel had always appeared to have the greatest possible affection for him, and had entrusted him with he management of his affairs.

The young man walked to the bed where his dead father lay, and looked down at him. What a tumult of thoughts must have rushed through his brain! But one thing emerged clearly. Unless he could produce another will he was not only a ruined man, but his forgeries would be discovered.

His mind worked swiftly. He would not destroy the real will, but he would produce another of later date.

That very night he forged that other will in the room where his father lay dead, and he forged the names of the witnesses also.

In the forged will he made his father bequeath the whole of his estate to his wife, whom he appointed his sole executrix. He did this because he knew that his mother would renounce her duties as executrix in his favor, and allow him to administer the estate.

"TO SOME FRIGHTFUL END!"

The forged will was proved without much difficulty, and Roupel then launched out on a life of greater extravagance than ever.

He stood for Parliament and was elected for Lambeth. He sold most of his father's estates and banked the proceeds. At one time he had over £200,000 on current account, and was living at the rate of £100,000 per annum. But he knew he was heading for ruin and that his forgeries must ere long be discovered.

He kept a diary at this time. Here is one extract from it which throws an interesting light on his state of mind:

"I seem sometimes to be living in a state of exultation," he wrote. "I have the command of almost unlimited sums of money. I can gratify every desire, enjoy every pleasure, and can even satisfy my ambition to enter Parliament . . . and then I seem at other moments to be living in the horrible hell of my own thoughts, in the blackest misery, in the most frightful mental agonies. I am rushing downwards or to some frightful end. What it will be I know not, but I long for the end to come."

INTO THE LION'S JAWS.

It came quickly. One morning, while riding in the Park, he was accosted by the buyer of one of his father's properties.

"I believe," said the man, "that there is something wrong about that property I purchased from you."

"Something wrong?" repeated Roupel.

"Yes; and you will hear more about it."

The man who had spoken to him suspected that something was wrong because his solicitor had suggested that there might be something wrong with old Roupel's will. Others soon began to suspect the same thing. Roupel fled to America, leaving behind him a letter to his mother in which he confessed all his forgeries.

His brother Richard shortly afterwards commenced proceedings to eject the holders from the properties purchased from William Roupel.

It had at first been William Roupel's intention to have remained abroad. He was well supplied with cash, and there were many countries where he could have found a safe refuge. But he changed his intentions. He came to England and gave evidence in the actions taken by his brother. He left the witness-box a self-confeseed forger, and was arrested in court.

A month later he stood in the dock at the Central Criminal Court, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He died in prison.—Answers.

Minard's Liniment for Earache.

Anglo-American Co-operation

London Sunday Dispatch (Ind. Con.): Goodwill between the British and American peoples, which ever since the war has run strongly beneath the eddies of occasional superficial differences, is today more vigorous and active than ever. Both countries demand that their statesmen shall "take the current when it serves" and translate this powerful sentiment into practical masures for the peace of the world.

Do Animals Reason?

Whenever it can be proved that an animal has reached a conclusion by pure reasoning, it is well worth recording, and it is equally interesting to find out why that animal used its reasoning power when hundreds of its species never showed any signs of it.

Some years ago, I had a young stallion named "Mischief." He surprised me one day by displaying reasoning powers he was not supposed to possess. On that particular day like many other days, I drove up to the village to get the mail. On such occasions Mischief always waited patiently for a reasonable length of time after which he would commence pawing the ground. He had been pawing that day for some time when I untied him, jumped into the two-wheeled cart, and then went flying down the road to the ranch.

It was always necessary to stop at a gate, which was made out of stall poles mortised into two heavier poles, on eat each end. The gate swung on a pivot, but was always fastened securely against the pressure of wind or any other cause, by means of a chain, one end of which was stapled firmly to the heavy standard post that formed the gateway. The loose part of the chain was looped over the pole of the gate, the uper part of which stood upright about ten inches above the top of the uppermost horizontal pole. On reaching the gate I always got out and lifted the chain off the perpendicular pole standard, then gave the gate a good push and it would swing open.

On this particular day Mischief was in a great hurry to get home, for he tore down the road at his fastest trotting pace. Just as we reached the gate he rushed up to the pole standard, seized the chain in his mouth, flung it off the standard, then gave the gate a sharp fillip with his nose and was through the opening before I could quite take in what had happened, though I witnessed it all.

The next day I purposely kept the horse waiting until he was very anxious to go. As we reached the gate I slackened the reins and he immediately stepped over, stretched out his neck and opened the gate precisely as before. I felt justified in believing that one horse at least had reasoning powers. That conclusion was emphasized by the fact that whenever Mischief was in a hurry he opened the gate as quickly as he got there, but when he felt lazy or tired after a long trip, such as hauling a load of grain twenty miles, he would wait for me to get down and open the gate for him. On such occasions, knowing he could do it, I would gently tap him with the whi pand tell him not to be so lazy, that I was tired as well as he, and he was nearer—not that he understood the language, but he knew and sensed I was expecting something of him. I never had to wait but a few seconds before he would reach over and do the job as well as I could.

If Mischief was endowed with greater reasoning powers than other horses—whic hof course is quite probable—they were developed in him because he was a pet of the family from his birth, and he was also the son of a pet. He never had to fear anything, because he knew nothing but kindness from the human family. Had one of those men, who thrash a horse every time it stubs its toe on a rock, driven him up to the gate, that man could not have coaxed him or thrashed him into opening it, because the horse's intellect would be clouded too much by fear.—J. T. Parsons.

Salesmanship

London Times Trade Supplement: It is very difficult to avoid the conclusion that British selling methods abroad are not on a par with the quality of British goods; it seems clear that in recent years factory organization has made far greater progress than the marketing methods of the sales department. In the intense competition of modern business price is very important, even if it be admitted that in some directions quality is the deciding factor, but it is becoming clear that even a combination of competitive price and good quality cannot make up for failure to show the goods to the consumer, neglect to emphasize their merits, inattention to convenience of delivery, and insufficient provision for such matters as service and the supply of spare parts.

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The Tale of a Pet Pig

By P. B. Prior

Boys and girls, as a rule, have many kinds of pets in the country, but its seldom they make a pet of a pig.

Well, I did as a boy, and I will tell you all about it.

This particular pig was given me by my father, with the idea that I should bring it up, as its mother had died. At this time Billy—as we called him—was only the size of a small dog, and was very wild, for every time we went near him he would run away. But he gradually got so that we could handle him, until he got that quiet that he became a nuisance to father and mother, for every time they would go outside he would run after them like a dog, squealing all the time, and when he found that they had no feed to give him he would start picking up things from the ground about their feet, such as chips, bits of wood, or old boots, and stand in front of them chewing it as much as to say he wanted something to eat. If they took no notice of what he was doing he would start rubbing against their legs, and when he would find he could not make them take notice he would leave them and come to us children and do the same tricks with us then. I would start scratching along his ribs with the toe of my boot, and then he would lie down on his side, after I had scratched it with my foot for a while roll on the other side for me to scratch it. One day he rubbed against father's leg, and he rubbed him with the toe of his boot, but he could not have rubbed him as gently as I did for he made a grab at his boot as if to bite him. He missed his boot and grabbed the bottom of his overcoat, and his teeth must have got fastened in it somehow and he couldn't let go. So there was father singing out to come and make the pig let go, and the pig pulling in the opposite direction and squealing all the time. At last the piece gave way—then there was trouble. Father was chasing the pig—whether he was after the piece of his overcoat or not I don't know. He picked up an empty jam tin and threw it at him. Billy gave one squeal, then he lay down and rolled over and over. Mother and all of us ran out to see what all the noise was and when the pig saw mother, he ran and stood behind mother looking around the side of her skirts at father and grunting all the time, and then we discovered what the squeal had been for, as he had only half a tail. After that Billy and father were far from friendly, you may be sure.

A few days after that we had another funny experience with Billy. The baby was laid in the pram out in the sun and my sister went out a few minutes after to see how the baby was, and Billy had crawled up into the pram and was lying across the baby's feet. My sister shooed him out of the pram as soon as she saw him. When he jumped down we discovered he had the baby's rubber pigeon in his mouth by the tail. It was one of those with the squeaker in it. Then we all started to run to get the pigeon from Billy, and at every step he would take the pigeon would squeak. Billy ran into a little outhouse where father kept all his tools and he knocked a stick away that was keeping the door open and the door came shut on him. Then the noise of his squealing and the tools rattling was terrible. We were that frightened, none of us were brave enough to open the door, but mother plucked up courage enough to open it and see what was doing. Some of the things that had been on the bench were scattered on the floor, and strange to say the pigeon was on the bench. That sounds as if it not true, but it is easy accounted for, as there was a lot of bundles at the end of the bench that Billy could easily have got up on and run along the bench and dropped the pigeon, and then jumped down. Billy nearly knocked mother over in his excitement to get out. When father came home that evening and wanted to know what had knocked his tools about so much, we told him Billy had done it, but he would not believe us, so we went to prove it to him by putting the pig in again. My sister and I tried all we knew to coax him by putting feed just inside the door and coaxing him and petting him. In the end we tried to carry him, but as soon as we got him near the door he would wriggle and squeal. My young brother, who was then just over four years of age, was standing there with his hands in his pockets laughing, and telling us to pull his tail. My young sister that was only two years old, said: "How tan oo pull him tail, he only dot 'ittle one 'eft!"

But with all the advice we could not get him in, so at last we had to give up trying. After we were all inside explaining to father, my young brother came running into the kitchen and said: "I got him in."

When we went to see where he had got him, he had got hold of Billy's ear and led him into the drawing-room and shut the door on him. But there was no noise in there, it was very quiet; not a sound. We thought he was having a joke on us, but when we hunted around the pig had escaped from the drawing-room through a door leading to our bedroom and made himself nice and comfortable on our bed. We didn't let mother know, but we put the pig out in a hurry for fear mother would come in and find him there, when there would have been trouble.

Next morning, when I went out to milk, I found Billy cuddled to one of the cows in the shed. When I woke him up he started to poke the cow about with his nose until at last the cow got up. Then he started to such the cow, so father said he would get rid of him.

Another day Billy was lying in the sun, when mother went out my young brother had the cat sitting on the side of the pig's neck with his head near his ear, telling it to sing pretty things in his ear, and my young sister was sitting alongside him with a comb, combing the pig's hair, and saying:—

"Oou will hab to dat oou hair turled ot we ten't take oou to dee piches!"

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

She: "Will you love me as much in December as you do in June, dear?" He: "More, darling! There's one more day in December!"

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Waiter—"Yes and so was my photograph when I was a child."

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