

THE MAN IN THE WELL

BY PIERRE SALES

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SYNOPSIS

The body of a man is discovered in the well located on the dividing line between the estates of Arthur and Louis Faradeo, two brothers. The police are called and upon learning that the body is that of M. Jean Velizay, a nephew of the two brothers, the latter are accused of murder. Paul Merceus, who is engaged to the daughter of Arthur Faradeo, is called out to clear his father of the crime. Velizay and Merceus find a partly effaced receipt for 450,000 francs belonging to Jean Faradeo. They go to a reception given by M. Calosse. Velizay finds that he had known Calosse when she was a dancing girl and the better to get evidence proposes to him that they go into business together.

"I began to feel uneasy. This adventure was rather risky. But the two men passed on."

"They are my masters," said Fedeja, "and if they find me, they will beat me. Take me with you. They dare not search for me in the English quarters. Let me hide there."

"I must admit that my arid cooled somewhat. At a little distance we could see the dark waters of the Ganges, and I knew enough that the Hindu would not hesitate to throw a man in if he crossed his path."

"And Fedeja," asked Merceus, "I left her installed in my hotel. I made a promise to write to her and let me know how she got along after I had left. I was traveling from one place to another."

"And you have not seen her since?"

"Yes, two days before I returned to France I saw a gorgeously gowned woman seated in a handsome carriage. She was waiting on the principal street in Calcutta."

"Who had become a princess?"

"The princess," answered Jacques. "I thought no more about her until tonight. Mme. Calosse is Fedeja."

"They strove back to the house. The two friends stood on the terrace looking through the open window. They saw Fedeja sitting on a stool, leaning to the piano, where an accompanist was already seated."

"Mme. Calosse began her song, a weird Hindu romance. The song sung in the beautiful language, which has been the mother of all languages, thrilled the listeners. As her rich voice poured forth the notes her slender body swayed to and fro. Her guests crowded round her fascinated. Calosse watched her from the distance—he was proud of her triumph."

"That is the song she sang to me that night in Calcutta," said Jacques, catching his breath.

The evening passed, the drawing rooms were almost empty, for most of the guests had departed. Only a group of men and women stood chatting in the small salon.

"Shall we go now?" whispered Merceus.

"No, I am mightily interested."

"I believe you are still in love with Fedeja or Mme. Calosse."

to the drawing room. Jacques's good-natured face was a serious expression, while Fedeja's nonchalant manner led him to believe that he was pleased strangely. The two friends bade her good night. Jacques ordered the cabmen to take him to the avenue and they followed on foot.

"What did she want to show you?" asked Merceus, when they were outside the grounds.

"The embroidered veil which she had worn the first time that I met her," said Jacques.

Paul looked at his friend fixedly. "The situation was grave, but he knew that Jacques was a man of honorable and the advice he was going to give was left unsaid. Instead he remarked casually:

"One can hardly believe that that charming woman is the dancing girl you once knew."

"It is Fedeja," replied Jacques pensively. "She is very intelligent, and has studied very hard since I last saw her. That is why she has acquired so much knowledge."

He lapsed into silence and Merceus refrained from questioning him. They got into their respective apartments.

Some days passed. The police seemed to be making no progress against the two brothers.

On the third day, when Merceus called upon his friend, he found him sitting in his armchair eating into space.

"You have seen Fedeja again," said Paul quietly.

"Then you have written to her," said Paul.

"No, she has written to me. You can read the letter if you wish."

"The Hindu maid had not forgotten the man who twice saved her from the man who loves him. He will not come to her? The master is absent."

"But how can I serve you?" asked Calosse. "I only export from India, and you know India as well as I."

"We both know the trade there thoroughly. And it seems to me that we could unite our knowledge, our capitals, and the business relations of your firm," asked Calosse.

"Exportation—that is just my affair. Bourne exportation. I know that you are a business man. I know that you are a business man. I know that you are a business man."

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Let him wait for a few minutes. This was the rule of the house. All clients were kept waiting some time before they were shown into the study. At the end of twenty minutes a bell rang. This was to inform the clerk that he could show up the visitor.

An odd idea had come to Jacques and he had at once begun to carry it out. He was silent as they eyed each other. Calosse pointed to a chair.

"Did not expect this visit. Velizay, I owe you a call," replied Calosse, smiling good-naturedly.

"You owe me a call," corrected Calosse, emphasizing the word us. "But did not expect you, my dear sir, this is a business call—purely business."

"Indeed," replied the commission agent, his curiosity aroused. "In what way do I serve you?"

"That is a question that I was going to put to you. You call yourself a merchant. Merchants—Commission Agents. That seems rather vague to me. Will you give me some enlightenment on the subject?"

"Velizay's frank look was fixed upon the man seated opposite him. The commission agent felt decided to tell him the truth. He decided to tell him the truth. He decided to tell him the truth."

"Certainly, monsieur. I can tell you in a few words what I do: Bourne Commission. Exportation."

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husband, was afraid and was trying in some way to escape him. "Well, when shall we exchange the final word?" asked Calosse.

"When you like."

"A week from now, then, and if you find anything more to add we will let each other know. In the meantime I hope you will come and see us."

"I shall be delighted if it is agreeable to madame."

Calosse put his paper in his pocket, then rose and took leave of Calosse. When the door was opened he almost ran along the landing to the stairs and left the Pecheberts.

While this conversation was taking place between Calosse and his secretary Velizay had taken a taxi and had driven to the Boulevard. He went at once to the private office of the head of the firm. He had a long, serious talk with him.

"Early the next morning he was seen at the Bank of France, and at three-thirty that afternoon he was seen in the office of the head of the firm. He smiled affably as he shook hands with the commission agent and said:

"I was busy last evening preparing your receipt for the 450,000 francs."

"That's good," replied the commission agent. "I have commenced," replied Calosse. "And you?"

"Here," he said, and he handed him a receipt from the Bank of France, which he hurriedly took and read.

The commission agent's eyes were fixed on the paper; his look was full of eagerness and greed. "I have commenced," replied Calosse. "And you?"

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"No, we won't," said Jacques decisively. "These are clues, but not proof. What do you mean?"

"Look at the seal and the ink used for it. It is the same as this one on the receipt."

"If Jean Faradeo's murderer is Andre Calosse, you may be sure that he has taken every precaution not to be found out. This might not be sufficient even to arrest him."

"But the writing is the same! What is the good of this receipt and your contract, then?"

"I will keep the receipt here under lock and key. The contract affords me the opportunity to get more acquainted with Calosse. Perhaps in time I shall find some genuine, convincing proofs, instead of mere clues."

While Velizay and Merceus passed their evening thus, the two men whom they suspected were conversing over their dinner in the commission agent's house.

It was not until the coffee and liqueurs had been placed upon the table, and the servants had withdrawn, that they attacked the subject which held such interest for them both. Mme. Calosse had refused to dine with Pechebert, so the men were alone.

"Was that a bona-fide receipt?" asked Pechebert for the third time that day.

"I have told you so; it was perfectly genuine. It was a legal receipt from the Bank of France."

"And the money has three hundred thousand francs to his credit, and he is going to hand it over to you, is he not?"

"Yes, but it is not mad; neither is he a sharper. He is just a fool. He quite believes that he is going into partnership with me, and that we are to share a tremendous business between London, Paris, and India."

"What are you going to do?"

"Let it go on, and when the papers are ready to sign introduce some clause that will give us absolute power."

Two weeks passed, Jacques paid his call upon Mme. Calosse when he knew her husband would be there. She seemed very ill; he was surprised to find her so changed in so short a time. Two celebrated physicians had seen her, but they were unable to state the cause of her sudden illness. Her face was drawn and haggard, and when she spoke there was a catch in her voice like a sob.

To Be Continued.

ABNORMAL DROWSINESS.

Correct Habits in Regard to Sleep.

Sleeplessness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering; but it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental wakefulness.

There are less fortunate persons who have never a complete and satisfactory night's rest, who are yet always constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head is thrown back the pillow sleep recedes, and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semiconsciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is a symptom and indicates something wrong either in the body of the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep in the "light" hours, and the burners of the midnight oil, may for their nocturnal habits be sure to need a sleep in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off the drowsiness disappears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up" all hours again thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his evil habit, go to bed betimes and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep, he would find that his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear; he could do more and better work and find life more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. Such in the afternoon, cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sleepiness occasioned suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous system—usually a self-manufactured poison which because it is made in too great quantity or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Mme. Calosse and Jacques returned

he muttered. Then turning to the

What the doctor does he wants

But if he puts down the cash, if

What he

Wood alcohol will take vaseline

in a few minutes in the alcohol.