

## *STEALING A MILLION*

Monsieur Bouloy was a broker and banker on the Rue St. Augustin, Paris, Feb. 5, 1860, an elderly lady, in widow's weeds, accompanied by a young man about 20 years of age, who walked with a crutch and a stick, alighted from a carriage at the door of Monsieur Bouloy's office, which they entered.

The lady, who was shown into the private room of the principal, introduced herself as the widow of a Monsieur Duperre and the young man as her son Henri. She assisted the young man to sit down in a comfortable position, saying:

"My son, monsieur, has the misfortune to be lame, owing to an injury he received when a child."

Monsieur Bouloy expressed regret and asked the lady how he could serve her.

"My late husband," she replied, "left some valuable stocks, and I am anxious to dispose of a part of them. My physician, Dr. Tocanier, recommended me to apply to you as a gentleman of honor and one well acquainted with the best methods of transacting such business, and was good enough to send us hither in his coupe."

Monsieur Bouloy bowed and assured the lady that it would give him great pleasure to aid her in any way in his power. He glanced through the window and recognized the handsome bays and the livery of the famous physician.

"These," she continued, drawing forth a large envelope from her reticule, "are what I thought of parting with at the present."

"I regret to say, madame," he said, "that at present this stock is selling far below par. I may inform you, however, that it is liable at any time to take a rise."

"That is just it, monsieur," she said; "and I desire you to keep it by you until such time as you think it judicious to sell."

After some talk Monsieur Bouloy opened the safe and placed the envelope with its contents therein. While he was so occupied the young man gave a groan. The lady rose hastily and cried:

"Dear me, another of those dreadful fits!"

Monsieur Bouloy turned and saw the lady with her arm around the neck of the youth, gazing with tearful eye and an expression of anguish upon her countenance at the closed eyes and drawn face of her son.

"Ah, it is very sad, madame," he said. "What can I do for you?"

“Oh, monsieur,” was the answer, “if you could procure him a glass of brandy it would speedily restore him.”

“I will do so with pleasure,” he replied, and quitted the room, going into the adjoining one and directing a young clerk to get the restorative. Then he returned to the private apartment and said that he had dispatched an employee for the brandy. It was speedily brought, and the young man revived soon after a few drops had been swallowed. Then, with many thanks and expressions of gratitude, the widow and her son withdrew, being accompanied to the carriage by Monsieur Bouloy. Monsieur Bouloy returned to his sanctum, locked his safe, and attended to further business.

Next day a Monsieur Piat visited Monsieur Bouloy, and the latter gentleman, knowing that the former had a short time before held a large amount of the stock which Mme. Duperre desired to sell, asked his visitor what he had done with it.

“Why,” he said, “I hold it still, and should be glad to have more of it.”

Then Monsieur Bouloy said he had a large quantity of it to sell, and Monsieur Piat asked to see it. Monsieur Bouloy opened his safe and took out the envelope. On opening it his astonishment was great when he found inside a lot of blank scrip.

“What means this?” he exclaimed, as he examined the worthless stuff. Then he turned toward the safe, and began nervously to remove its contents. “I am robbed!” he cried. “Robbed of over a 1,000,000 francs in notes of the Bank of France. I was directed by Gen. — to realize for him on valuable securities, and to keep the proceeds at hand to give to him at a moment’s notice, and I am robbed of all. I am a ruined man!”

“Have you no clew to the thief?” asked Monsieur Piat.

“I am dazed—I cannot think,” was the answer. “I will at once consult the police. I beg that you will say nothing of this affair to any one.”

Monsieur Piat pledged his word readily, and the gentlemen quitted the office together, Monsieur Bouloy going straight to the prefecture of police, and laying his statement before the chief there. Roquepine, a famous detective, was called in, and all the facts were disclosed to him.

“It is all very clear to me, monsieur,” said the detective. “Mme. Duperre and her son are the thieves, without doubt. The fainting fit was a ruse, and the request for brandy was made with the hope that you would quit the room and leave them alone with the safe. The groan and the fit came on just as you had placed the envelope in the safe and before you had time to secure it. As soon as you left the room another envelope was substituted for the one in the safe, and the package of money was abstracted.”

“But how did the thieves know the money was there?” asked M. Bouloy.

“At present this is hard to say, but by and by the question may be answered,” the detective replied.

“But they came in Dr. Tocanier’s coupe,” said the broker, “and said they were recommended to me by him. He is my physician and an intimate friend.”

After further talk M. Bouloy departed and soon after his arrival at his office he was joined by Roquepine. The latter examined the safe, listened anew to the recital of all the facts, and departed.

He first went to the residence of Dr. Tocanier, and found that gentleman at home. As he related to the doctor the circumstances of the visit of the lady calling herself Mme. Duperre and the young man whom she represented as her son, to the office of M. Bouloy, and the subsequent disappearance of the money from the safe, the doctor’s astonishment grew beyond description.

“I had never seen the lady or young man before,” he said. “She represented that she had been recommended to consult me as to the fainting spells to which she said the young man was subject, and after questioning him I prescribed for him. They were about to take their leave, when the young man was seized with a fit. The lady seemed almost distracted with grief, and appeared most anxious to get her son home.

“‘However shall I get him home,’ she exclaimed ‘for to tell you the truth, doctor, I am too poor to hire a vehicle.’

“My coupe was at the door, and what could I do less than place it at their disposal? It was accepted with thanks, and, out of delicacy, I told the coachman to receive his instructions from the lady.”

Dr. Tocanier summoned the coachman and questioned him. He said that he was first directed to drive to the [xxxxxxx] and that the lady requested [then that he drive] them to the office of M. Bouloy in the Rue de St. Augustin. There they alighted and he was asked to await their return. As he had been directed by Dr. Tocanier to receive his instructions from the lady, he thought that it was all right. When they returned to the coupe the lady directed him to drive to the Rue d’Enghien, soon after turning into which they alighted and he saw them no more.

The detective was more puzzled than ever. These persons had evidently been cleverly disguised, and more than likely the lameness of the young man had been assumed for the occasion. They were not likely to go in company again, and he might search months in a vain effort to come across for either one of them.

Then another thought struck him. The stock which had deceived M. Bouloy was probably counterfeit. Were this lady and this young man connected with a gang of forgers? Supposing they were, in what direction must he look for the outlaws? One thing the detective thought was certain—namely: that by some means they must have known that

valuable property was in the safe. Another thing seemed equally clear—namely: that they must have known the location of the safe.

Roquepine made his way once more to see the envelope and its contents. He examined these mementoes of a crime with great care, and he made a discovery. Inside the flap of the envelope were a few figures in pencil. They were very indistinct, but with the use of a powerful lens Roquepine made them out thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 17,400 \text{ frs} \\ \underline{270} \\ 17,670 \end{array}$$

Now the question was, What did these figures signify? To what did they relate? The detective copied them, took them away with him, meditated over them far into the night. He reached no satisfactory conclusion. Next day he went to see M. Bouloy.

“Monsieur,” he said, “what do you take these figures to signify?”

“It is very hard to say,” was the reply. “All that strikes me is that it is an addition of 17,400 francs and 270 francs.”

“Under what circumstance would you add figures together in that way?” the detective asked.

M. Bouloy smiled.

“Ah,” said he, “how could I tell, under any circumstances, when I wished to reach the amount of two numbers?”

“When do you do it most frequently, monsieur?” was the next question.

“When I am adding the interest to the principal,” was the answer.

“That is it!” exclaimed the officer. “Now I have it. One or the other of those parties had 17,400 francs on deposit somewhere and, on drawing it, they put the figures down and added the interest. I have a clew at last.”

Roquepine went on a tour of the banks where deposits were usually made. On this day in the Rue de Maubeuge he found a small private bank, the cashier of which found that Jan. 26, 1860, Mme. Fourey had drawn from the bank the sum of 17,400 francs, leaving on deposit 1,237 francs, and that the interest due to her on the whole deposit was 270 francs and some centimes.

“Where does Mme. Fourey reside?” asked the officer.

“Her address as given to us is, No.—Rue de Laval,” was the answer.

“Did she usually come herself to the bank?” asked the detective.

“She came herself, as a rule, but she was sometimes accompanied by a young man,” the cashier replied.

“Many thanks, monsieur,” said Roquepine, and departed.

As he went along the street he said to himself, “Now I think I am on the track.”

He went to the prefecture of police and reported progress. Accompanied by another officer he visited the Rue de Laval. No.—Mme. Fourey’s residence was a respectable, well kept dwelling. Roquepine rang the bell.

Was Mme. Fourey at home? No. Was the young gentleman at home? No. When was either expected? The domestic did not know, but thought both would be in soon.

The detectives watched, one at each end of the block. Presently a well built, good looking young man, dressed very becomingly, came along. Roquepine strolled after him. He went up the steps of No.—. As he entered the door with a latchkey Roquepine was upon him, with a revolver to his head.

“You are my prisoner,” said the officer; “offer no resistance or it will be worse for you.” He offered none for a very good reason. He was so utterly amazed and taken aback that he became as limp as a wet rag. Roquepine put handcuffs upon him and led him to a side room, closing the door so as to leave it slightly ajar. In a few seconds a ring came to the bell. The domestic’s footsteps were heard, and the door was opened. The next instant there was a scuffle, and Roquepine knew that his assistant was doing his part of the work. But a prolonged struggle and many screams in a woman’s voice were heard before an elderly woman, elegantly dressed, was forced against the door and into the parlor, the officer grasping her by the wrist and preventing her, as far as he was able, from biting him.

The two prisoners were made to sit down, and while his assistant stood guard over them Roquepine searched the house.

The domestic, who appeared to be an innocent young person, was greatly alarmed at what had happened, and was hastily preparing to quit the house. Roquepine marched her into the parlor, and placed her in charge of the officer on duty there. Papers were seized, and Roquepine, calling a cab, conducted the woman and the young man to the prefecture of police, leaving the other officer in care of the house.

Investigation showed that the young man, whose name was Frederick, was in reality the son of the woman known as Mme. Fourey. He had been for some time in the employ of Gen.— as private secretary, and had thus become acquainted with the fact that if Bouloy had converted the general’s stock into money, and that it was in the safe awaiting the

general's pleasure. As soon as the letter informing the general of the fact came into young Fourey's hands, he conceived the idea of getting possession of the money. How to do it, however, was the difficulty. As a preliminary measure, and to prolong the time for consideration, he poured into the usual noonday cup of coffee of the general a drop of a powerful drug, which brought on a sudden and painful attack of dysentery. Then the young man's active brain concocted a scheme which his mother, a very unscrupulous woman, readily undertook to aid him in executing.

The following say the general was too ill to go out, and, at his own suggestion, the secretary visited M. Bouloy to inform him that the general would call upon probably the next day or the day after, He carefully noted the position of the safe, then he immediately went home, and assuming the disguise which he had prepared, departed with his mother, also thoroughly disguised, to carry out the plot they had devised. The fact that Dr. Tocanier was the general's medical attendant, and possessed an elegant coupe, suggested to young Fourey the first part of the programme.

The money was recovered, and mother and son convicted of the robbery and sentenced to penal servitude, the one for three years and the other for five—Translation.

*Tyrone Herald* [PA], February 9, 1881  
*The Chicago Tribune*, November 14, 1886  
*Warren Ledger*, December 10, 1886  
*Portage* [WI] *Daily Register*, December 24, 1886  
*The Hope* [CO] *Pioneer*, January 7 & 28, 1887  
*Evening Telegraph* [Dixon, IL], January 10, 1887  
*Unionville* [MO] *Weekly Republican*, January 12, 1887  
*Lewisburg* [PA] *Journal*, January 19, 1887  
*Iowa County Democrat* [Mineral Point, WI], January 28, 1887  
*Wood County Reporter* [Grand Rapids, WI], February 3, 1887  
*Watertown* [WI] *Republican*, March 16, 1887  
*The Chippewa Herald* [Chippewa Falls, WI], March 18, 1887  
*Clay County Sentinel* [Morganville, KS], April 28, 1887  
*The Ames* [KS] *Reporter*, April 29, 1887  
*Woodston* [KS] *Register*, April 29, 1887  
*Fremont* [KS] *Weekly Star*, May 5, 1887  
*Howard* [KS] *Courant*, May 13, 1887  
*Fall River* [MA] *Daily Herald*, August 10, 1887  
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