

DOWNLOAD PDF THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF ARSENE LUPIN

Chapter 1 : The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin by Maurice Leblanc

The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin is the same book as The Exploits of Arsene Lupin! The only difference is the very clumsy language and formatting of the.

To tell the truth, the mounting alone was genuine. Retaux de Villette had kept it, whilst the Count de la Motte and his wife scattered to the four winds of heaven the beautiful stones so carefully chosen by Bohmer. Later, he sold the mounting to Gaston de Dreux-Soubise, nephew and heir of the Cardinal, who re-purchased the few diamonds that remained in the possession of the English jeweler, Jeffreys; supplemented them with other stones of the same size but of much inferior quality, and thus restored the marvelous necklace to the form in which it had come from the hands of Bohmer and Bassenge. For nearly a century, the house of Dreux-Soubise had prided itself upon the possession of this historic jewel. Although adverse circumstances had greatly reduced their fortune, they preferred to curtail their household expenses rather than part with this relic of royalty. More particularly, the present count clung to it as a man clings to the home of his ancestors. As a matter of prudence, he had rented a safety-deposit box at the Credit Lyonnais in which to keep it. He went for it himself on the afternoon of the day on which his wife wished to wear it, and he, himself, carried it back next morning. On this particular evening, at the reception given at the Palais de Castille, the Countess achieved a remarkable success; and King Christian, in whose honor the fete was given, commented on her grace and beauty. The thousand facets of the diamond sparkled and shone like flames of fire about her shapely neck and shoulders, and it is safe to say that none but she could have borne the weight of such an ornament with so much ease and grace. This was a double triumph, and the Count de Dreux was highly elated when they returned to their chamber in the old house of the faubourg Saint-Germain. He was proud of his wife, and quite as proud, perhaps, of the necklace that had conferred added luster to his noble house for generations. His wife, also, regarded the necklace with an almost childish vanity, and it was not without regret that she removed it from her shoulders and handed it to her husband who admired it as passionately as if he had never seen it before. As he had done on previous occasions, he hid it on a high shelf amongst hat-boxes and piles of linen. He closed the door, and retired. He dressed, drank a cup of coffee, and went to the stables to give his orders. The condition of one of the horses worried him. He caused it to be exercised in his presence. Then he returned to his wife, who had not yet left the chamber. Her maid was dressing her hair. When her husband entered, she asked: No, I have not taken anything. I have not even opened that door. Then the count said, quite discouraged: I put it here, on this shelf. And, when the room was emptied, they confessed, in despair, that the famous necklace had disappeared. Without losing time in vain lamentations, the countess notified the commissary of police, Mon. Valorbe, who came at once, and, after hearing their story, inquired of the count: Besides, the chamber door was bolted, and I remember unbolting it this morning when my wife rang for her maid. Valorbe observed at once that the lower half of the window was covered by a large press which was, however, so narrow that it did not touch the casement on either side. That is why this room is so dark. But nobody knew that it was hidden in that cabinet. She is clever with her needle and has done some work for me. Valorbe then asked to see Henriette. They went to her apartment; she was sewing, whilst her son Raoul, about six years old, was sitting beside her, reading. The commissary was surprised to see the wretched apartment that had been provided for the woman. It consisted of one room without a fireplace, and a very small room that served as a kitchen. The commissary proceeded to question her. She appeared to be overwhelmed on learning of the theft. Last evening she had herself dressed the countess and placed the necklace upon her shoulders. Not the least suspicion? Is it possible that the thief may have passed through your room? I never go out. And, perhaps, you have not seen? It had been mentioned in my presence. And it now assumed an expression of anxiety as if some danger threatened her. She drew her son toward her. The child took her hand, and kissed it affectionately. When they were alone again, the count said to the commissary: I can answer for her. She is honesty itself. But I confess that even that theory must be abandoned, as it does not help solve the problem

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now before us. He questioned the servants, examined the condition of the bolt, experimented with the opening and closing of the cabinet window, and explored the little court from top to bottom. All was in vain. The bolt was intact. The window could not be opened or closed from the outside. The inquiries especially concerned Henriette, for, in spite of everything, they always turned in her direction. They made a thorough investigation of her past life, and ascertained that, during the last three years, she had left the house only four times, and her business, on those occasions, was satisfactorily explained. As a matter of fact, she acted as chambermaid and seamstress to the countess, who treated her with great strictness and even severity. At the end of a week, the examining judge had secured no more definite information than the commissary of police. We are brought face to face with two obstacles: It is thus a double mystery. How could anyone enter, and, moreover, how could any one escape, leaving behind him a bolted door and a fastened window? He closed the investigation. The loss of the famous jewel was a severe blow to the Dreux- Soubise. Their credit being no longer propped up by the reserve fund that such a treasure constituted, they found themselves confronted by more exacting creditors and money-lenders. They were obliged to cut down to the quick, to sell or mortgage every article that possessed any commercial value. In brief, it would have been their ruin, if two large legacies from some distant relatives had not saved them. Their pride also suffered a downfall, as if they had lost a quartering from their escutcheon. And, strange to relate, it was upon her former schoolmate, Henriette, that the countess vented her spleen. Toward her, the countess displayed the most spiteful feelings, and even openly accused her. For some time, the count and countess passed an uneventful life. They traveled a great deal. Only one incident of record occurred during that period. Some months after the departure of Henriette, the countess was surprised when she received and read the following letter, signed by Henriette: It could not have been anyone else. No one but you knows where I live. If I am wrong, excuse me, and accept my sincere thanks for your past favors. The present or past favors of the countess consisted principally of injustice and neglect. Why, then, this letter of thanks? When asked for an explanation, Henriette replied that she had received a letter, through the mails, enclosing two bank-notes of one thousand francs each. The envelope, which she enclosed with her reply, bore the Paris post-mark, and was addressed in a handwriting that was obviously disguised. Now, whence came those two thousand francs? Who had sent them? And why had they sent them? Henriette received a similar letter and a like sum of money twelve months later. And a third time; and a fourth; and each year for a period of six years, with this difference, that in the fifth and sixth years the sum was doubled. There was another difference: At the end of six years, Henriette dies, and the mystery remained unsolved. All these events are known to the public. The case was one of those which excite public interest, and it was a strange coincidence that this necklace, which had caused such a great commotion in France at the close of the eighteenth century, should create a similar commotion a century later. But what I am about to relate is known only to the parties directly interested and a few others from whom the count exacted a promise of secrecy. As it is probable that some day or other that promise will be broken, I have no hesitation in rending the veil and thus disclosing the key to the mystery, the explanation of the letter published in the morning papers two days ago; an extraordinary letter which increased, if possible, the mists and shadows that envelope this inscrutable drama. Five days ago, a number of guests were dining with the Count de Dreux-Soubise. There were several ladies present, including his two nieces and his cousin, and the following gentlemen: After the repast, coffee was served by the ladies, who gave the gentlemen permission to smoke their cigarettes, provided they would not desert the salon. The conversation was general, and finally one of the guests chanced to speak of celebrated crimes. Each one expressed his own opinion of the affair; and, of course, their various theories were not only contradictory but impossible. I--I have no opinion, madame.

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Chapter 2 : Arsène Lupin - Wikipedia

1. The Arrest of Arsene Lupin. It was a strange ending to a voyage that had commenced in a most auspicious manner. The transatlantic steamship 'La Provence' was a swift and comfortable vessel, under the command of a most affable man.

For those who have known and loved these works in the past, this is an invitation to reunite with old friends in a fresh new format. From Shakespeare's finesse to Oscar Wilde's wit, this unique collection brings together works as diverse and influential as *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Othello*. As an anthology that invites readers to immerse themselves in the masterpieces of the literary giants, it is a must-have addition to any library. His remarks are always polite to women and vitriolic to the police that pursue him. Never violent, he manages to escape all dangers with a smile. An absolute must read; he will make you dream and want to be a better person. This book is the perfect example of these attributes. By Michael D Toole on Oct 14, These stories are forgotten classics-- in terms of truly excellent mystery stories, they rank right up there with the best of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie. He is constantly being pursued by Inspector Ganimard, his only worthy adversary, yet is never caught-- and while Lupin may be an unscrupulous, good-humored bandit on the surface, his larcenous actions end up aiding the common good as often as not. Lupin is something of a folk hero in France, having recently spawned an excellent animated cartoon series entitled "Nighthood"-- hopefully, in light of that, these wonderful old stories will be rediscovered. A great mystery which has unfortunately been forgotten. He is cunning, clever, witty and a gentleman in every way except for being a thief I suppose. If you can get a copy of this book, I highly recommend it. Also, I hope other books by Maurice LeBlanc become available again soon Great stories but this edition has numerous typos! Despite my enjoyment, however, I contemplated giving this particular book three stars instead of four. My main reservation about this edition ISBN is the poor proof-reading job done by the Dodo Press - often there are words with letters omitted and, in more than one instance, whole paragraphs are repeated before the story continues. Other than the disappointing editing job, however, I highly recommend getting acquainted with Arsene Lupin and this is why I ultimately decided on a four star rating. Arsene Lupin - robs the rich and gives to the reader. His wit, style and daring make him the unquestioned hero of the book, easily out-dazzling his two detective rivals, the plodding Ganimard and the brilliant logician Herlock Sholmes. Although these nine loosely-connected mysteries are pure fantasy, their detail and context open out the Belle Epoque milieu in which they are set. The antiquity of French history and national character is in conflict with the disruption of modernity telephones, photographs, automobiles etc. With wit, playfulness and a light touch, LeBlanc undermines our certainties as readers, just as Lupin does his victims, filling each tale with alternative narratives, jarring tones, shifting modes, unfulfilled expectations. Lupin is always taking his bow, leaving the stage and slipping away, as terrified by his own lack of a recognisable identity as he terrifies everyone else. For omnipotence and fame come at a price - existential dread and sexual impotence: The only difference is the very clumsy language and formatting of the former. I ordered both books together as was suggested and am going to return *The Extraordinary Adventures*. Five Stars By M. Mcginnm on Jul 02, These are great classic stories. Wry and twisting even years later. As a child I used to read the Chinese version and imagine the awesome adventures he goes on. He may be an actor and dislikes being one person and only have one personality but he ends not having a personality I can see. I was hoping for a long book series but Hercule Poirot and Arsene Lupin are just not on my list, so far only Sherlock and finished all of his books already. The setting of the Lupin stories is slightly more modern than those of Holmes--more automobiles and fewer horses, for example--but both series sport an entertaining combination of period chic, intellectual challenge, delightful suspense, and good-natured fun. It collects nine short stories that were originally published in the French magazine *Je sais tout*. Like the Holmes stories, however, it does pay to read them sequentially. A transatlantic liner heading for America receives a telegram informing the crew that the notorious criminal is on

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board their vessel. This news leaks to the passengers, and everyone on board plays amateur detective, hoping to capture the infamous thief. Though I was prepared for a surprise ending, this one still managed to confound my expectations. The eight stories that follow this auspicious debut are cleverly diverse in format but inconsistent in quality. Sometimes Lupin is a thief, planning a major heist. Other times he functions as a detective, thwarting the schemes of other criminals. Unlike Holmes, who possesses a very idiosyncratic and charismatic personality, Lupin is a chameleon. Not only is he a master at concealing his true identity, he actually has no true identity, but continually adapts himself to whatever circumstances require. Often a story proceeds for most of its length with no mention of Lupin whatsoever. At the end of the story it is revealed that this or that character was Lupin. Not every story here is a winner. The climactic unmasking of Lupin delivers no surprise. I will certainly be checking out the further adventures of this gentleman-burglar. Not the French equivalent to Holmes By A Critic on May 17, A few of these adventures of Lupin are mildly amusing or contain spots of good writing. My favorite is the one where he accuses a robber who got the drop on him of being himself, and proceeds to use his own deductive reasoning to track him down and capture him with the aid of the police. Another funny one is where Lupin inadvertantly becomes the patsy of the very folks he was trying to elaborately defraud. But, I feel, most of the stories tend rather to the bland. Seldom is there much sense of urgency or struggle; Lupin seems too capable, too impossibly slippery to ever get caught. Many of the devices seem weak. In one story, the solution involves a plank between windows. In another, there is a secret passage. In yet another, Lupin screws up his face into a disguise, and none of the prison guards or even his arch enemy recognizes him. Francophiles interested in Sherlockian adventures should look to "Monsieur Lecoq. The incident between Lupin and Holmes is vaguely amusing in its outcome, but simultaneously it feels very out of place and Holmes seems very out of character and wooden. Asene Lupin, the original gentleman burglar. As for his nature, while Lupin is most definitely a criminal, it would be difficult to call him a villain. In the last one, he talked about Arsene Lupin. He also drew Lupin wearing a top hat, which, if you know Detective Conan, is something the character Kaitou Kid wears Kid is also a thief. Kid is my favorite DC character, and I had to see exactly who this Lupin guy was. This book is excellent. And I laughed and smiled much more than I did reading the Sherlock Holmes stories. Add a Book Review Book Summary: This particular edition is in a Paperback format. It was published by CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform and has a total of pages in the book. To buy this book at the lowest price, [Click Here](#).

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Chapter 3 : The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin, Gentleman-Burglar by Maurice LeBlanc ()

Arsène Lupin, Gentleman Burglar (French: Arsène Lupin, gentleman-cambrioleur) is the first collection of stories by Maurice Leblanc recounting the adventures of Arsène Lupin, released on 10 June

The escape of Arsene Lupin Maurice Leblanc Arsene Lupin had just finished his repast and taken from his pocket an excellent cigar, with a gold band, which he was examining with unusual care, when the door of his cell was opened. He had barely time to throw the cigar into the drawer and move away from the table. It was the hour for exercise. They went out together. As soon as they had disappeared at a turn in the corridor, two men entered the cell and commenced a minute examination of it. One was Inspector Dieuzy; the other was Inspector Folenfant. They wished to verify their suspicion that Arsene Lupin was in communication with his accomplices outside of the prison. Some days before the opening of my trial I will call you to account. Consequently, he sent letters; and, no doubt, received letters. It was certain that he was preparing for that escape thus arrogantly announced by him. The situation had become intolerable. Acting in conjunction with the examining judge, the chief of the Surete, Mon. They raised every stone, ransacked the bed, did everything customary in such a case, but they discovered nothing, and were about to abandon their investigation when the guard entered hastily and said: When I entered just now he was closing it. The chief will want to make an inventory. Dudouis examined the contents of the drawer. He read the titles of the books. On examining the books, he found that all the pages were underlined and annotated. Were they prepared as a code for correspondence, or did they simply express the studious character of the reader? Then he examined the tobacco-box and the pipe. Finally, he took up the famous cigar with its gold band. Immediately he uttered a cry of surprise. The cigar had yielded under the pressure of his fingers. He examined it more closely, and quickly discovered something white between the leaves of tobacco. Delicately, with the aid of a pin, he withdrew a roll of very thin paper, scarcely larger than a toothpick. It was a letter. He unrolled it, and found these words, written in a feminine handwriting: Eight out of ten are ready. On pressing the outer foot the plate goes downward. From twelve to sixteen every day, H-P will wait. Rest easy; your friend is watching over you. Dudouis reflected a moment, then said: H-P, horsepower, is the way they indicate strength of the motor. A twenty-four H-P is an automobile of twenty-four horsepower. Concealed in his bread of in a potato, perhaps. His food was allowed to be brought in simply to trap him, but we have never found anything in it. Detain him outside for a few minutes. I shall take this to the examining judge, and, if he agrees with me, we will have the letter photographed at once, and in an hour you can replace the letter in the drawer in a cigar similar to this. The prisoner must have no cause for suspicion. Dudouis returned to the prison in the evening, accompanied by Inspector Dieuzy. Three empty plates were sitting on the stove in the corner. Dudouis examined the plates, the fork, the spoon, and the knife—an ordinary knife with a rounded blade. He turned the handle to the left; then to the right. It yielded and unscrewed. The knife was hollow, and served as a hiding-place for a sheet of paper. You, Dieuzy, go and search the restaurant. I will go ahead. Au revoir, dear friend. Dudouis, rubbing his hands gleefully, "I think we have the affair in our own hands. A little strategy on our part, and the escape will be a success in so far as the arrest of his confederates are concerned. If, however, he displays too much cleverness, ma foi, so much the worse for him! As to his band of robbers, since the chief refuses to speak, the others must. For several months, Mon. Jules Bouvier, the examining judge, had exerted himself in vain. The investigation had been reduced to a few uninteresting arguments between the judge and the advocate, Maitre Danval, one of the leaders of the bar. From time to time, through courtesy, Arsene Lupin would speak. One day he said: I confess everything in a lump, everything and even ten times more than you know nothing about. Now, one afternoon, this return trip was made under unusual conditions. The other prisoners not having been examined, it was decided to take back Arsene Lupin first, thus he found himself alone in the vehicle. These prison-vans, vulgarly called "panniers a salade"—or salad-baskets—are divided lengthwise by a central corridor from which open ten compartments, five on either side. Each compartment is so arranged that the occupant must

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assume and retain a sitting posture, and, consequently, the five prisoners are seated one upon the other, and yet separated one from the other by partitions. A municipal guard, standing at one end, watches over the corridor. Arsene was placed in the third cell on the right, and the heavy vehicle started. Then, about the centre of the bridge Saint Michel, with his outer foot, that is to say, his right foot, he pressed upon the metal place that closed his cell. Immediately something clicked, and the metal plate moved. He was able to ascertain that he was located between the two wheels. He waited, keeping a sharp look-out. The vehicle was proceeding slowly along the boulevard Saint Michel. At the corner of Saint Germain it stopped. A truck horse had fallen. The traffic having been interrupted, a cast throng of fiacres and omnibuses had gathered there. Arsene Lupin looked out. Another prison-van had stopped close to the one he occupied. He moved the plate still farther, put his foot on one of the spokes of the wheel and leaped to the ground. A coachman saw him, roared with laughter, then tried to raise an outcry, but his voice was lost in the noise of the traffic that had commenced to move again. Moreover, Arsene Lupin was already far away. He had run for a few steps; but, once upon the sidewalk, he turned and looked around; he seemed to scent the wind like a person who is uncertain which direction to take. Then, having decided, he put his hands in his pockets, and, with the careless air of an idle stroller, he proceeded up the boulevard. It was a warm, bright autumn day, and the cafes were full. He took a seat on the terrace of one of them. He ordered a bock and a package of cigarettes. He emptied his glass slowly, smoked one cigarette and lighted a second. Then he asked the waiter to send the proprietor to him. When the proprietor came, Arsene spoke to him in a voice loud enough to be heard by everyone: Perhaps, on the strength of my name, you will be pleased to give me credit for a few days. I am Arsene Lupin. I venture to assume that the name inspires you with perfect confidence in me. Lupin strolled along the rue Soufflot, and turned into the rue Saint Jacques. He pursued his way slowly, smoking his cigarettes and looking into the shop-windows. At the Boulevard de Port Royal he took his bearings, discovered where he was, and then walked in the direction of the rue de la Sante. The high forbidding walls of the prison were now before him. He pulled his hat forward to shape his face; then, approaching the sentinel, he asked: The van left me on the way, and I would not abuseâ€™” "Now, young man, move alongâ€™” quick! And if you prevent Arsene Lupin from entering the prison it will cost you dear, my friend. What are you talking about! The sentinel eyed him from head to foot, in astonishment. Then, without a word, he rang a bell. The iron gate was partly opened, and Arsene stepped inside.

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Chapter 4 : Arsène Lupin, Gentleman Burglar - Wikipedia

The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin, Gentleman-Burglar Contents The arrest of Arsène Lupin -- Arsène Lupin in prison -- The escape of Arsène Lupin -- The mysterious traveller -- The queen's necklace -- The seven of hearts -- Madame Imbert's safe -- The black pearl -- Sherlock Holmes arrives too late.

The Arrest of Arsene Lupin It was a strange ending to a voyage that had commenced in a most auspicious manner. The passengers constituted a select and delightful society. The charm of new acquaintances and improvised amusements served to make the time pass agreeably. We enjoyed the pleasant sensation of being separated from the world, living, as it were, upon an unknown island, and consequently obliged to be sociable with each other. Have you ever stopped to consider how much originality and spontaneity emanate from these various individuals who, on the preceding evening, did not even know each other, and who are now, for several days, condemned to lead a life of extreme intimacy, jointly defying the anger of the ocean, the terrible onslaught of the waves, the violence of the tempest and the agonizing monotony of the calm and sleepy water? Such a life becomes a sort of tragic existence, with its storms and its grandeurs, its monotony and its diversity; and that is why, perhaps, we embark upon that short voyage with mingled feelings of pleasure and fear. But, during the past few years, a new sensation had been added to the life of the transatlantic traveler. The little floating island is now attached to the world from which it was once quite free. A bond united them, even in the very heart of the watery wastes of the Atlantic. That bond is the wireless telegraph, by means of which we receive news in the most mysterious manner. We know full well that the message is not transported by the medium of a hollow wire. No, the mystery is even more inexplicable, more romantic, and we must have recourse to the wings of the air in order to explain this new miracle. During the first day of the voyage, we felt that we were being followed, escorted, preceded even, by that distant voice, which, from time to time, whispered to one of us a few words from the receding world. Two friends spoke to me. Ten, twenty others sent gay or somber words of parting to other passengers. On the second day, at a distance of five hundred miles from the French coast, in the midst of a violent storm, we received the following message by means of the wireless telegraph: The electric waves were interrupted. The remainder of the dispatch never reached us. Of the name under Arsene Lupin was concealing himself, we knew only the initial. If the news had been of some other character, I have no doubt that the secret would have been carefully guarded by the telegraphic operator as well as by the officers of the vessel. But it was one of those events calculated to escape from the most rigorous discretion. The same day, no one knew how, the incident became a matter of current gossip and every passenger was aware that the famous Arsene Lupin was hiding in our midst. Arsene Lupin in our midst! Arsene Lupin, the eccentric gentleman who operates only in the chateaux and salons, and who, one night, entered the residence of Baron Schormann, but emerged empty-handed, leaving, however, his card on which he had scribbled these words: Then consider this startling situation: Arsene Lupin was wandering about within the limited bounds of a transatlantic steamer; in that very small corner of the world, in that dining saloon, in that smoking room, in that music room! Arsene Lupin was, perhaps, this gentleman I hope he will be arrested. She was one of those magnificent creatures who inevitably attract attention in every assembly. Wealth and beauty form an irresistible combination, and Nelly possessed both. Educated in Paris under the care of a French mother, she was now going to visit her father, the millionaire Underdown of Chicago. She was accompanied by one of her friends, Lady Jerland. At first, I had decided to open a flirtation with her; but, in the rapidly growing intimacy of the voyage, I was soon impressed by her charming manner and my feelings became too deep and reverential for a mere flirtation. Moreover, she accepted my attentions with a certain degree of favor. She condescended to laugh at my witticisms and display an interest in my stories. Yet I felt that I had a rival in the person of a young man with quiet and refined tastes; and it struck me, at times, that she preferred his taciturn humor to my Parisian frivolity. He formed one in the circle of admirers that surrounded Miss Nelly at the time she addressed to me the foregoing question. We were all comfortably seated in out

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deck-chairs. The storm of the preceding evening had cleared the sky. The weather was now delightful. In the first place, let me ask, do you find the problem a complicated one? I took it out and glanced through it. And of those thirteen, I find that nine of them are accompanied by women, children or servants. That leaves only four who are traveling alone. Miss Nelly burst into laughter, and exclaimed: Does anyone know him? But Miss Nelly turned to the taciturn young man, whose attentions to her had annoyed me, and said: He was a blonde. I must confess that I myself felt a shock of surprise, and the profound silence that followed her question indicated that the others present also viewed the situation with a feeling of sudden alarm. However, the idea was an absurd one, because the gentleman in question presented an air of the most perfect innocence. His thin lips were drawn closer than usual and his face was ghastly pale, whilst his eyes were streaked with blood. Of course, he was joking, yet his appearance and attitude impressed us strangely. But that action did not deceive me. He had shown us his left arm, and I was on the point of calling his attention to the fact, when another incident diverted our attention. Some one has stolen them all! The thief had taken only part of them; a very curious thing. Of the diamond sunbursts, jeweled pendants, bracelets and necklaces, the thief had taken, not the largest but the finest and most valuable stones. The mountings were lying upon the table. I saw them there, despoiled of their jewels, like flowers from which the beautiful colored petals had been ruthlessly plucked. And this theft must have been committed at the time Lady Jerland was taking her tea; in broad daylight, in stateroom opening on a much frequented corridor; moreover, the thief had been obliged to force open the door of the stateroom, search for the jewel-case, which was hidden at the bottom of a hat-box, open it, select his booty and remove it from the mountings. Of course, all the passengers instantly reached the same conclusion; it was the work of Arsene Lupin. That day, at the dinner table, the seats to the right and left of Rozaine remained vacant; and, during the evening, it was rumored that the captain had placed him under arrest, which information produced a feeling of safety and relief. We breathed once more. That evening, we resumed our games and dances. Her charm and good-humor completed my conquest. At midnight, under a bright moon, I declared my devotion with an ardor that did not seem to displease her. But, next day, to our general amazement, Rozaine was at liberty. We learned that the evidence against him was not sufficient. He had produced documents that were perfectly regular, which showed that he was the son of a wealthy merchant of Bordeaux. Besides, his arms did not bear the slightest trace of a wound. And as to the wound, he never had it, or he has removed it. To which fact, his enemies replied that a man like Arsene Lupin could commit a crime without being actually present. And then, apart from all other circumstances, there remained one point which even the most skeptical could not answer: Who except Rozaine, was traveling alone, was a blonde, and bore a name beginning with R? To whom did the telegram point, if it were not Rozaine? And when Rozaine, a few minutes before breakfast, came boldly toward our group, Miss Nelly and Lady Jerland arose and walked away. An hour later, a manuscript circular was passed from hand to hand amongst the sailors, the stewards, and the passengers of all classes. It announced that Mon. Louis Rozaine offered a reward of ten thousand francs for the discovery of Arsene Lupin or other person in possession of the stolen jewels. Rozaine against Arsene Lupin, or rather, according to current opinion, Arsene Lupin himself against Arsene Lupin; the contest promised to be interesting. Nothing developed during the next two days. We saw Rozaine wandering about, day and night, searching, questioning, investigating. The captain, also, displayed commendable activity. He could pretend to take pictures and no one would suspect the game. He quickened his efforts and watched Rozaine more closely than before. This incident caused considerable astonishment, and displayed the humorous side of Arsene Lupin, burglar though he was, but dilettante as well. He combined business with pleasure. He reminded us of the author who almost died in a fit of laughter provoked by his own play. Certainly, he was an artist in his particular line of work, and whenever I saw Rozaine, gloomy and reserved, and thought of the double role that he was playing, I accorded him a certain measure of admiration. On the following evening, the officer on deck duty heard groans emanating from the darkest corner of the ship. He approached and found a man lying there, his head enveloped in a thick gray scarf and his hands tied together with a heavy cord. He had been assaulted, thrown down and robbed. A card, pinned to his coat, bore these

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words: Of course, some accused the unfortunate man of having simulated this attack on himself. But, apart from the fact that he could not have bound himself in that manner, it was established that the writing on the card was entirely different from that of Rozaine, but, on the contrary, resembled the handwriting of Arsene Lupin as it was reproduced in an old newspaper found on board. And the presence of Arsene Lupin was once more affirmed, and that in a most alarming manner. Such was the state of terror amongst the passengers that none would remain alone in a stateroom or wander singly in unfrequented parts of the vessel. We clung together as a matter of safety. And yet the most intimate acquaintances were estranged by a mutual feeling of distrust.

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Chapter 5 : The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin, Gentleman-Burglar (by Maurice Leblanc)

The Extraordinary Adventures of Arsene Lupin, Gentleman Burglar is an early 20th century book by Maurice Leblanc. This first book is comprised of nine short stories about the skilled and humorous thief.

And, believe me, you are not the first one who has noticed it. The large dining-hall of the Chateau de Thibermesnil contained on this occasion, besides Valmont, the following guests: Father Gelis, the parish priest, and a dozen officers whose regiments were quartered in the vicinity and who had accepted the invitation of the banker Georges Devanne and his mother. One of the officers then remarked: It contained ancient chests, credences, andirons and chandeliers. The stone walls were overhung with magnificent tapestries. The deep embrasures of the four windows were furnished with benches, and the Gothic windows were composed of small panes of colored glass set in a leaden frame. Between the door and the window to the left stood an immense bookcase of Renaissance style, on the pediment of which, in letters of gold, was the word "Thibermesnil," and, below it, the proud family device: When the guests had lighted their cigars, Devanne resumed the conversation. Devanne was about to reply, when his mother mentioned to him to keep silent, but the excitement of the occasion and a desire to interest his guests urged him to speak. Besides the robbery of the Baron Cahorn, he is credited with the thefts at Montigny, Gruchet and Crasville. There were three engraved plates in the book; one of which was a general view of the whole estate; another, the plan of the buildings; and the third—"I call your attention to it, particularly"—the third was the sketch of a subterranean passage, on entrance to which is outside the first line of ramparts, while the other end of the passage is here, in this very room. Well, that book disappeared a month ago. There was another copy of this book in the National Library at Paris, and the two books differed in certain details relating to the subterranean passage; for instance, each of them contained drawings and annotations, not printed, but written in ink and more or less effaced. I knew those facts, and I knew that the exact location of the passage could be determined only by a comparison of the two books. Now, the day after my book disappeared, the book was called for in the National Library by a reader who carried it away, and no one knows how the theft was effected. His guests pressed him with questions and he was pleased to observe the interest that his remarks had created. No one knows it. The legend is to the effect that the former lords of the castle transmitted the secret from father to son on their deathbeds, until Geoffroy, the last of the race, was beheaded during the Revolution in his nineteenth year. Surely, someone has looked for it since that time? After I purchased the castle, I made a diligent search for it, but without success. You must remember that this tower is surrounded by water and connected with the castle only by a bridge; consequently, the passage must be underneath the old moat. The plan that was in the book in the National Library showed a series of stairs with a total of forty-eight steps, which indicates a depth of more than ten meters. You see, the mystery lies within the walls of this room, and yet I dislike to tear them down. Devanne, we should turn our attention to the two quotations," suggested Father Gelis. Devanne, laughing, "our worthy father is fond of reading memoirs and delving into the musty archives of the castle. Everything relating to Thibermesnil interests him greatly. But the quotations that he mentions only serve to complicate the mystery. He has read somewhere that two kings of France have known the key to the puzzle. And the legend runs like this: On the eve of the battle of Arques, Henry the Fourth spent the night in this castle. And now that we have the magic key, where is the man who can fit it to the invisible lock? Devanne, "unless Arsene Lupin gets ahead of him. What is your opinion, Velmont? I thank you for it. Now that I have it, I can go to work at once," said Velmont. The company dispersed, and a few moments later Devanne and Velmont were speeding toward Dieppe in an automobile. Devanne dropped the artist in front of the Casino, and proceeded to the railway station. A half hour later the automobile was at the entrance to the castle. The lights were extinguished, and the castle was enveloped in the darkness and silence of the night. The moon appeared through a rift in the clouds, and filled the drawing-room with its bright white light. But only for a moment. Then the moon again retired behind its ethereal draperies, and darkness and silence reigned supreme.

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No sound could be heard, save the monotonous ticking of the clock. It struck two, and then continued its endless repetitions of the seconds. Suddenly, something clicked, like the opening and closing of a signal-disc that warns the passing train. A thin stream of light flashed to every corner of the room, like an arrow that leaved behind it a trail of light. It shot forth from the central fluting of a column that supported the pediment of the bookcase. It rested for a moment on the panel opposite like a glittering circle of burnished silver, then flashed in all directions like a guilty eye that scrutinizes every shadow. It disappeared for a short time, but burst forth again as a whole section of the bookcase revolved on a pivot and disclosed a large opening like a vault. A man entered, carrying an electric lantern. He was followed by a second man, who carried a coil of rope and various tools. The leader inspected the room, listened a moment, and said: Arsene Lupin passed quickly from one piece of furniture to another, examined each, and, according to its size or artistic value, he directed his men to take it or leave it. If ordered to be taken, it was carried to the gaping mouth of the tunnel, and ruthlessly thrust into the bowels of the earth. Such was the fate of six armchairs, six small Louis XV chairs, a quantity of Aubusson tapestries, some candelabra, paintings by Fragonard and Nattier, a bust by Houdon, and some statuettes. Sometimes, Lupin would linger before a beautiful chest or a superb picture, and sigh: Lupin said to the last man who departed by way of the tunnel: You understand, that as soon as the auto-van is loaded, you are to proceed to the grange at Roquefort. It contained a valuable collection of watches, snuff-boxes, rings, chatelaines and miniatures of rare and beautiful workmanship. He forced the lock with a small jimmy, and experienced a great pleasure in handling those gold and silver ornaments, those exquisite and delicate works of art. He carried a large linen bag, specially prepared for the removal of such knick-knacks. Then he filled the pockets of his coat, waistcoat and trousers. And he was just placing over his left arm a number of pearl reticules when he heard a slight sound. No, he was not deceived. Then he remembered that, at one end of the gallery, there was a stairway leading to an unoccupied apartment, but which was probably occupied that night by the young lady whom Mon. Devanne had brought from Dieppe with his other visitors. Immediately he extinguished his lantern, and had scarcely gained the friendly shelter of a window-embasure, when the door at the top of the stairway was opened and a feeble light illuminated the gallery. He could feel—concealed by a curtain, he could not see—that a woman was cautiously descending the upper steps of the stairs. He hoped she would come no closer. Yet, she continued to descend, and even advanced some distance into the room. Then she uttered a faint cry. No doubt she had discovered the broken and dismantled cabinet. Now he could smell the perfume, and hear the throbbing of her heart as she drew closer to the window where he was concealed. She passed so close that her skirt brushed against the window-curtain, and Lupin felt that she suspected the presence of another, behind her, in the shadow, within reach of her hand. She will go away. The candle, that she carried in her trembling hand, grew brighter. She turned, hesitated a moment, appeared to listen, then suddenly drew aside the curtain. They stood face to face. It was such an unexpected encounter that brought them face to face in that castle at that hour of the night, that they could not move, nor utter a word; they were amazed, hypnotized, each at the sudden apparition of the other. Trembling with emotion, Miss Nelly staggered to a seat. He remained standing in front of her. Gradually, he realized the situation and conceived the impression he must have produced at that moment with his arms laden with knick-knacks, and his pockets and a linen sack overflowing with plunder. He was overcome with confusion, and he actually blushed to find himself in the position of a thief caught in the act. A watch fell upon the floor; then another. These were followed by other articles which slipped from his grasp one by one. Then, actuated by a sudden decision, he dropped the other articles into an armchair, emptied his pockets and unpacked his sack. The portiere closed behind her. She was standing trembling and amazed at the sight of the devastated room. He said to her, at once: The furniture will be brought back. Nothing in the world could induce me to break that promise. Quietly, without a word, he turned away, thinking: She seemed to be overwhelmed by the thought of approaching peril. No, there was no one there. Perhaps the noise was outside. She waited a moment, then returned reassured. But Arsene Lupin had disappeared. As soon as Mon.

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Description Herein chronicles the exploits and adventures of Ars ne Lupin, a burglar who blends effortlessly into high society, adapting a gentlemanly persona as a cover for his criminal misdeeds. This classic crime caper established the antihero character of Ars ne Lupin, who is the archetypal gentleman thief.

It all begins with Marie-Antoinette becoming disenchanted with the lavish, licentious lifestyle of the Cardinal de Rohan-Soubise. She finally banned him from her company. The Cardinal was desperate to get back into her good graces and contacted Bohmer and Bassenge about this astoundingly expensive diamond necklace that they had been unsuccessful in tempting any of the Royal families to buy. Madame Du Barry seems to have told the Cardinal she did. The Cardinal made the arrangements on behalf of the Queen, but gave the necklace to Du Barry to deliver. The necklace never arrived to the Queen. When B and B does not receive their scheduled payments for the necklace, and the Queen insists that she never intended to purchase the necklace things got interesting in a hurry. The Cardinal was arrested in the Hall of Mirrors, very publicly, in front of the court. Madame Du Barry and her accomplices were arrested. The Cardinal was found to be a dupe in the whole affair and was acquitted. Madame Du Barry on the other hand was found guilty and sentenced to be branded with the letter V for voleuse thief. I always thought V was for Vendetta. Anyway in true French fashion, because they hated the Queen, the peasants interpreted this trial as a condemnation of the royals and assumed the Queen was involved in the whole affair. Now at the time of our story the necklace is in the hands of an aristocratic family, fallen on hard times. The diamonds have been sold long ago, replaced by fake stones. The setting though is still worth a small fortune and it is the most prized possession of the family. It will prove to be the very first successful theft by the soon to be famous The stories of this debonair French thief were wildly successful. He formed a band called the workers of the night. Now Jacob was not your typical criminal. He did not rob people in a useful profession such as architects, doctors, artists, etc. He was very clever in how he committed his robberies leaving very little trace and a puzzle of how he actually accomplished the crime. Of course he will also inform you if you have been duped by an unscrupulous dealer. I would often intend to only read one story before moving on to other reading, but would find myself usually reading three or four before I could pull myself away. I was often fooled by the solutions and would actually find myself smiling at being so cunningly deceived. He is a man against the world and winning. He very cleverly has Lupin and Holmes involved in the same mystery, but not competing against each other. It was a very reverential piece of writing that I think must have pleased Doyle immensely. Highly recommended to those that appreciate clever thieves and are fans of Sherlock Holmes.