

# CHAPTER XXIII.

### The Double Scent.

HAD hardly recovered from the surprise into which this new discovery had plunged me when Rouletabille touched me on the shoulder and asked me to follow him into his room to think it over I confess I was in no condition for doing much thinking. His self control was more than I could explain. Closing the door of his room, he motioned me to a chair and, seating himself before me, took out his pipe. We sat there for some time in slience, and then I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was daylight. It. was 8 o'clock by my watch. Rouletahille was no longer in the room I rose to go out, when the door opened and my friend re-entered. He had evidently lost no time.

"How about Mile. Stangerson?" asked him.

"Her condition, though very alarm ing, is not desperate."

"When did you leave this room?" "Toward dawn."

"Have you found out anything?" "Two sets of footprints."

"Have they anything to do with the mystery of the keeper's body?"

"Yes; the mystery is no longer a mystery. This morning, walking round the chateau, I found two distinct sets of footprints made at the same time last night. They were made by two persons walking side by side. I followed them from the court toward the oak grove. Larsan joined me. They were the same kind of footprints as were made at the time of the assault in the yellow room. One set was from clumsy boots and the other was made by eneat ones, except that the big toe of one of the sets was of a different size from the one measured in the yellow room incident.

"Still following the tracks of the prints, Larsan and I passed out of the oak grove and reached the border of the lake. There they turned off to a little path leading to the highroad to Epinay, where we lost the traces in the newly macadamized highway.

"We went back to the chateau and parted at the courtyard. We met again, however, in Daddy Jacques' room, to which our separate trains of thinking had led us both. We found the old servant in bed. His clothes on the chair were wet through and his boots very muddy. He certainly did not get into that state in heiping us to carry the body of the keeper. It was not raining then. Then his face showed extreme fatigue, and he looked

CHAPTER XXIV. Rouletabille Knows the Two Halves of the Murderer.

LLE. STANGERSON had been for the second time almost murdered. Unfortunately she was in too weak a state to bear the severer injusies of this second attack as well as she had those of the first. She had received three wounds in the breast from the murderer's knife, and she lay long between life and death. Her strong physique, however, saved her; but, though she recovered physically. It was found that her mind had been affected. The slightest allusion to the terrible incident sent her into delirium, and the arrest of Robert Darzac, which followed on the day following the tragic death of the keeper, seemed to sink her fine intelligence into complete melancholia.

Robert Darzac arrived at the chateau toward half past 9. 1 saw him hurrying through the park, his hair and clothes in disorder and his face a deadly white. Rouletabille and I were looking out of a window in the gallery. He saw us and gave a despairing cry. "I'm teo late!"

Ronletabille answered, "She lives!" A minute later Darzac had gone into Mile. Stangerson's room, and through the door we could hear his heartrending sobs.

1000 . "There's a fate about this place!" groaned Rouletabille. "Some infernal geds must be watching over the misfortunes of this family! If I had not been drugged 1 would have saved Mile. Stangerson, I should have silenced him forever. And the keeper would not have been killed!"

. . . . . M. Darzac came in to speak with us

His distress was terrible. Rouletabille told him everything-his preparations for Mile, Stangerson's safety, his plans for either capturing or for disposing of the assailant forever and how he would have succeeded had it not been for the drugging.

"If only you had trusted me!" said the young man in a low tone. "If you had but begged Mlle. Stangerson to confide in me! But, then, everybody here distrusts everybody else. The daughter distrusts her father and even her lover. While you ask me to protect her, she is doing all she can to frustrate me. That was why I came on the scene too late!"

At M. Robert Darzac's request Rouletabille described the whole scene. of the magist all to preve the w self from failing, he had made his way to Mile. Stangerson's room, while we were running after the supposed murderer. The anteroom door was open and when he entered he found Mile. Stangerson lying partly thrown over the desk. Her dressing gown was dyed with the blood flowing from her bosom. Still under the influence of the drug, he felt he was walking in a horrible nightmare. \* He went back to the gallery auto matically, opened a window, shouted his order to fire and then returned to the room. He crossed the deserted boudoir, entered the drawing room and tried to rouse M. Stangerson, who was lying on a sofa. M. Stangerson rose stupidly and let himself be drawn by Rouletabille into the room, where, on seeing his daughter's body, he uttered a heartrending cry. Both united their feeble strength and carried her to her bed. On his way to rejoin us Ropletabille passed by the desk. On the floor, near it, he saw a large packet. He knelt down, and, finding the wrapper loose, he examined it and made out an enor mous quantity of papers and photographs. On one of the papers he read: "New differential electroscopic con denser. Fundamental properties of sub stance intermediary between ponderable matter and imponderable ether." Strange lrony of fate that the professor's precious papers should be restored to him at the very time when an attempt was being made to deprive him uncovered the body, that the man had of his daughter's life! What are papers worth to him now?

without any further delay. Probably it chimed in with the conclusions he had already arrived at as to the keeper and his intrigues with the wife of Mathieu, the landlord of the Doujon inn. This Mathieu later in the afternoon was arrested and taken to Corbell in spite of his rheumatism. He had been heard to threaten the keeper. and, though no evidence against him had been found at his inn, the evidence of carters, who had heard the threats, was enough to justify his retention.

The examination had proceeded thus far when, to our surprise, Frederic Larsan returned to the chateau. He was accompanied by one of the employees of the rallway. At that moment Rance and I were in the vestibule discussing Mathieu's guilt or innocence, while Rouletabille stood apart, buried apparently in thought. The examining magistrate and his registrar were in the little green drawing room, while Darzac was with the doctor and Stangerson in the lady's chamber. As Frederic Larsan entered the vestibule with the rallway employee Rouletabille and I at once recognized him by the small blond beard. We exchanged meaning glances. Larsan had himself announced to the examining magistrate by the gendarme and entered with the railway servant as Daddy Jacques came out. Some ten minutes went by, during which Rouletabille appeared extremely impatient. The door of the drawing room was then opened, and we heard the magistrate calling to the gendarme, who entered. Presently he came out, mounted the stairs and, coming back shorts ly, went in to the magistrate and said: "Monsieur, M. Robert Darzac will not come!" "What! Not come!" cried M. de Mar-

auet. "He says he cannot leave Mile. Stan-

gerson in her present state," "Very well," said M. de Marquet. Then we'll go to him."

M. de Marquet and the gendarmes mounted the stairs. He made a sign to Larsan and the railway employee to follow. Rouletabille and 1 went along

On reaching the door of Mile. Stangerson's chamber M. de Marquet knocked. A chambermaid appeared. It was Sylvia, with her hair all in disorder and consternation showing on her face.

"Is M. Stangerson within?" asked the magistrate. "Yes, monsieur."

"Tell him that I wish to speak with him." Stangerson came out. His appear-

ance was wrotched in the extreme. "What do you want?" he demanded



A Convenience. Curate-And so, Mrs. Howard, you

ome to church every Sunday? Mrs.

Howard - Yes, Mr. Priestly, We're

such strangers in town yet that we

have no other engagements,-Brooklyn

The Poor Woman. "He climbed almost to the top of the

"There was a woman at the bottom

Liberty cannot be established with-

out morality nor morality without

If you have backache and urinary

troubles you should take Foley's Kid-

ladder-and then fell off."

of it."-Life,

faith.-Greeley.

"What was the trouble?"

Life.

THOS M. DILL house to give you, my poor man, bu ATTORNEY-AT-LAW would you like a piece of my pie? The Hobo-No, indy, But have yer got a old black coat? The Lady-Why do Office first door south of New Fraternal Bidg., Enterprise, Ore. you want a black one? The Hobo--De feller yer gave a piece o' pie to de odder day was a pai o' mine... Cleveland Leader.

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ney Remedy and strengthen and build u the kidneys so they will act prop-Office upstairs in Bank Builderly, as a serious kidney trouble ing. Ind. Home phone in office and residence. may develop, Burnaugh & Mayecroscaceccesocooooooooooo

a groan.

We were all much moved by theseppearance of the man. We felt that what was about to happen would decide the fate of M. Robert Darzac. Frederic Larsan's face alone was radiant, showing a joy as of a dog that had at last got its prey.

Pointing to the rallway servant, M. de Marquet said to M. Darzac: "Do you recognize this man, monsleur?

"I do," said M. Darzac in a tone which he vainly tried to make firm. "He is an employee at the station at Eninay-sur-Orge."

"This young man," went on M. de Marquet, "affirms that he saw you get off the train at Epinay-sur-Orge"-

"That night," said M. Darzac, interrupting, "at half past 10. It is quite true. An interval of silence followed.

"M. Darzac," the magistrate went on in a tone of deep emotion-"M. Dar

sac, what were you doing that night at Epinay-sur-Orge-at that time?"

M. Darzac remained silent, simply closing his eyes. "M. Darzac," insisted M. de Mar-

quet, "can you tell me how you employed your time that night?" M. Durzac opened his eyes. He

seemed to have recovered his self con trol. 'No, monsieur."

"Think, monsieur, for if you per sist in your strange refusal I shall be under the painful necessity of keeping

you at my disposition." "I refuse."

"M. Darzac, in the name of the law I arrest you!"

The magistrate had no sooner pronounced the words than I saw Roule tabille move quickly toward M. Dar-

glad to get away, and there was noth ing more to keep us there. I declared DIX intention to give up the whole matter. It had been too much for me Rouletabille, with a friendly tap on my shoulder, confessed that he had noth ing more to learn at the Glandier; he had learned all I had to tell him. We reached Paris about 8 o'clock, dined and then, tired out, we separated agreeing to meet the next morning at my rooms

Rouletabille arrived next day at the hour agreed on. He was dressed in a suit of English tweed, with an uister on his arm and a valise in his hand Evidently he had prepared himself for journey.

"How long shall you be away?"

"Do you know," he asked, "what the word was that Mile. Stangerson tried to say before she fainted?

"No. Nobody heard it." "I heard it." replied Rouletabille. "She said "Speak!" "Do you think Dargac will speak?"

"Never." I was about to make some further

observations, but he wrung my hand warmly and wished me goodby. I had only time to ask him one question before he left.

"Are you not afraid that other attempts may be made while you're away?"

"No; not now that Darzac is in prison?" he answered. With this strange remark he left. I

was not to see him again until the day of Darzac's trial at the court when he appeared to explain the inexplicable.

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Tax on Hats.

Not only have hats at various times been subject to taxation, but have even been made the subject of special laws. Thus in Henry VII.'s reign none was allowed to sell hats at a larger price than 20 pence or caps for more than 2s, 8d. Some compensation, however, for this interference with free trade could be found in the fact that in 1571 on Sundays and holidays every one above seven years of age was required to wear a cap of wool of English make under penalty of 3 farthings fine for every day's neglect.-London Chronicle.

## For Constipation.

Mr. L. H. Farnham, a prominent druggist of Spirit Lake, Iowa, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are certainly the best thing on the market for cons.lpation." Give these tablets a trial. You are ce tain to find then agreeable and leasant in e'fe t. Price 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

**Nature Provides** but one California

asked. "A month or two," he said. "It all depends." I asked him no more questions.

at as out of terror stricken eyes. "Ou pressing him he confessed that

he had been away from the chateau. He explained his absence by saying that he had a beadache and went out into the fresh air, but had gone no farther than the oak grove. When we then described to him the whole route he had followed he sat up in bed trembling.

"'And you were not alone!' cried Larsan

"'Did you see it, then?' gasped Daddy Jacques.

"'What?' I asked.

"The phantom-the black phantom!" "Then he told us that for several nights he had seen what he called the black phantom. It came into the park at the stroke of midnight and glided stealthily through the trees. It appeared to him to pass through the trunks of the trees. Twice he had seen It from his window by the light of the moon and had risen and followed the strange apparition. The night before last he had almost overtaken it, but it had vanished at the corner of the donjon. Last night, however, he had not left the chateau, his mind being disturbed by a presentiment that some new crime would be attempted. Suddenly he saw the black phantom rush out from somewhere in the middle of the court. He followed it to the lake and to the highroad to Epinay, where the phantom suddenly disappeared.

'Did you see his face?' demanded Larsan.

"'No. I saw nothing but black vells." "'Did you go out after what passed on the gallery?

"'I could not. I was terrified.'

"'Daddy Jacques,' I said in a threat-ening voice, 'you did not follow it. You and the phantom walked to Epinay together, arm in arm.'

"'No.' he cried, turning his eyes away; 'I did not. It came on to pour, and I turned back. I don't know what became of the black phantom."

"We left him, and when we were outside I turned to Larsan, looking him full in the face, and put my ques tion suddenly to take him off his guard: "'An accomplice?

"How can I tell?' he replied and left me, saying he was off to Epinay."

"Well, what do you make of it?" asked Rouletabille after he had ended his recital. "Personally I am utterly in the dark. I can't make anything out of it. What do you gather?"

"Everything, everything," he ex-claimed, "But," he said abruptly, "let's find out further about Mile. Stangerson."

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The morning following that awful night saw M. de Marquet once more at the chateau with his registrar and gendarmes. Of course we were all ques tioned. Rouletabille and I had already agreed on what to say. I kept back any information as to my being in the dark closet and said nothing about the drugging. We did not wish to suggest in any way that Mile. Stangerson had been expecting her nocturnal visitor. Arthur Rance told everybody in a manner so natural that it astonished me that he had last seen the keeper toward 11 o'clock of that fatal night. He had come for his valise, he said, which he was to take for him early next morning to the St. Michel station

and had been kept out late running after poachers. Arthur Bance had, indeed, intended to leave the chateau and, according to his habit, to walk to the station.

M. Stangerson confirmed what Rance had said, adding that he had not asked

in peace, monsieur?"

"Monsieur," said the magistrate, "It is absolutely necessary that I should see M. Darzac at once. If you cannot induce him to come I shall be compelled to use the help of the law." The professor made no reply. He looked at us all like a man being led to execution and then went back into the room.

Almost immediately after M. Robert Darzac came out. He was very pale. He looked at us, and, his eyes falling on the rallway servant, his features stiffened, and he could hardly repress Rance to dine with him because his friend had taken his final leave of them both earlier in the evening. M. Rance had had tea served him in his poom because he had complained of a slight indisposition.

Bernier testified, instructed by Rouletabille, that the keeper had ordered him to meet him at a spot near the oak

grove for the purpose of looking out for poachers. Finding that the keeper did not keep his appointment, he, Bernier, had gone in search of him. He had almost arrived at the donjon when he saw a figure running swiftly in a direction opposite to him, toward the right wing of the chateau. He heard pevolver shots from behind the figure and saw Rouletabille at one of the gallery windows. He heard Rouletabille call out to him to fire, and he had fired. He believed he had killed the man until he learned, after Rouletabille had died from a knife thrust. Who had given it he could not imagine. "Nobody could have been near the spot without my seeing him." When the examining magistrate reminded him that the spot where the body was found was very dark and that he himself had not been able to recognize the keeper before firing, Daddy Bernier replied that neither had they seen the other body, nor had they found it. In the narrow court, where five people were standing. it would have been strange if the

other body, had it been there, could have escaped. The only door that opened into the court was that of the keeper's room, and that door was closed, and the key of it was found in the keepar's pocket.

However that might be, the examining magistrate did not pursue his inquiry further in this direction. He was evidently convinced that we had missed the man we were chasing and we had come upon the keeper's body

in our chase. This matter of the keep er was another matter entirely. He wanted to satisfy himself about that

trate. "May I not be left isleur?" zac. He would certainly have spoken to him, but Darzac by a gesture held him off. As the gendarme approached his prisoner a despairing cry rang through the room:

"Robert! Robert!" We recognized the voice of Mile. Etangerson. We all shuddered. Lar-In response to the cry had flown back into the room.

The magistrate, the gendarme and Larsan followed closely after. Rouletabille and I temained on the threshold. It was a heartbreaking sight that mer our eyes. Mile. Stangerson, with a face of deathly pallor, had risen or her had in spite of the restraining efforts of two doctors and her father. She was holding out her trembling arms toward Robert Darzac, on whom Larsan and the genderme had laid hunds. Her distended eyes saw-she

understood-her lips seemed to form a word, but nobody made it out, and she fell back insensible.

M. Darzae was hurried out of the room and placed in the vestibule to wait for the vehicle Larsan had gone to fetch. We were all overcome by emotion, and even M. de Marquet had tears in his eyes. Rouletabille took advantage of the opportunity to say to M. Darzne:

"Are you going to put in any defense?

"No." replied the prisoner. "Very well, then, I will, monsieur." "You cannot do it." said the unbap

py man, with a faint smile, "I can do it, M. Robert Darzac, be cause I know more than you do?" "Come! Come!" murmured Darzac

almost angrily. "Have no fear. I shall know only what will benefit you."

"You must know nothing, young man, if you want me to be grateful." Rouletatille shook his head, going tone up to Darme.

"Listen to what I am about to say. name of the murderer. Mile. Stangerson knows it, but only half of it. But I know his two halves. I know the whole man" Robert Darzac opened his eyes with

look that showed he had not under-

That same evening Rouletabille and and can always be depended upon? I left the Glandier. We were very For sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

#### (continued next we

Mr. F. G. Fritts, Oneonta, N. Y., writes: "My little girl was greatly benefitted by taking Foley's Orino Laxative, and I think it is the best remedy for constipation and liver san himself turned pale. M. Darzae trouble." Foley's Orino Laxatinve is best for women and children, as it is mild, pleasant and effective, and is a splendid spring medicine, as it cleanses the system and clears the complexion, Burnaugh & Mayfleld.

#### An Easy Grade.

Patronage, political, religious and so clut, has seen its best days in England, and it is becoming more and more difficult, St. James' Budget opines, to find material for such a story as follows:

At the end of a political campaign many years ago a young man who had worked valiantly for the successful candidate claimed a reward. The prize promised was a sergeantcy in the artillery. But the candidate found that and that he was unable to carry out his prom he was manuch as it required six years' service to qualify a man for the rank. He became thoughtful, but finally saw light.

"Does it require six years to qualify a man for a lieutenaucy?" he asked one who knew.

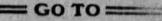
"Certainly not." was the reply. "Well, make young Blank a lieuten-ant, then," said the candidate, with a sigh of relief.

Blank was thus made a lieutenant for no other reason than that he was not fit to be a sergeant.

## Best Treatment for Colds,

"Most ordinary colds will yield to the simplest treatment, "says the Chicago Tribune, "moderative laxa he said in a low tone. "and let it give tives, hot foot baths, a free perspiyou confidence. You do not know the ration and an avoidance of exposure to cold and wet after treatment." While this treatment is simple, it requires considerable trouble and the one adopting it must remain in doors for a day or two, or a fresh stood a word of what Rouletabille had cold is almost sure to be contracted, said to him. At that moment the con- and in many instances pneumonis fol vevence arrived, driven by Frederic lows, Is it not better to pin your Larsan. Darzac and the gendarme en- faith to an old reliable preparation tered it, Larsan remaining on the driv-like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, er's sent. The prisoner was taken to that is famous for its cures of colds

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