

The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY BRENTANO'S

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Double Scent.

I HAD hardly recovered from the surprise into which this new discovery had plunged me when Roulettable 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 silence, and then I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was daylight. It was 8 o'clock by my watch. Roulettable 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 Mlle. Stangerson?" I asked him.

"Her condition, though very alarming, 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 neat 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 helping us to carry the body of the keeper. It was not raining then. Then his face showed extreme fatigue, and he looked at us out of terror-stricken eyes."

"On pressing him he confessed that he had been away from the chateau. He explained his absence by saying that he had a headache 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 veils."

"Did you go out after what passed on the gallery?"

"I could not. I was terrified."

"Daddy Jacques," I said in a threatening 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 question 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?" I asked Roulettable 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 exclaimed. "But," he said abruptly, "let's find out further about Mlle. Stangerson."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Roulettable Knows the Two Halves of the Murderer.

Mlle. STANGERSON had been for the second time almost murdered. Unfortunately she was in too weak a state to bear the severer injustices 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. I saw him hurrying through the park, his hair and clothes in disorder and his face a deadly white. Roulettable and I were looking out of a window in the gallery. He saw us and gave a despairing cry. "I'm late!"

Roulettable answered, "She lives!"

A minute later Darzac had gone into Mlle. Stangerson's room, and through the door we could hear his heartrending sobs.

"There's a fate about this place!" groaned Roulettable. "Some infernal gods must be watching over the misfortunes of this family! If I had not been drugged I would have saved Mlle. 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. Roulettable told him everything—his preparations for Mlle. 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 Roulettable described the whole scene. Leaning on the wall to prevent himself from falling, he had made his way to Mlle. Stangerson's room, while we were running after the supposed murderer. The anteroom door was open, and when he entered he found Mlle. 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 automatically, 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 Roulettable 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 Roulettable 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 enormous quantity of papers and photographs. On one of the papers he read: "New differential electroscopie condenser. Fundamental properties of substance intermediary between ponderable matter and imponderable ether." Strange irony 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 of his daughter's life! What are papers worth to him now?

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 questioned. Roulettable 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 Mlle. 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 Rance 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

without any further delay. Probably he had already arrived at as to the keeper and his intrigues with the wife of Mathieu, the landlord of the Donjon 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 railway. At that moment Rance and I were in the vestibule discussing Mathieu's guilt or innocence, while Roulettable 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 railway employee Roulettable and I at once recognized him by the small blond beard. We exchanged meaningful 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 Roulettable 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 shortly, went in to the magistrate and said: "Monsieur, M. Robert Darzac will not come!"

"What! Not come!" cried M. de Marquet.

"He says he cannot leave Mlle. Stangerson 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. Roulettable and I went along too.

On reaching the door of Mlle. 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 appearance was wretched in the extreme.

"What do you want?" he demanded of the magistrate. "May I not be left 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 railway 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 room because he had complained of a slight indisposition.

Berlier testified, instructed by Roulettable, 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, Berlier, 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 revolver shots from behind the figure and saw Roulettable at one of the gallery windows. He heard Roulettable call out to him to fire, and he had fired. He believed he had killed the man until he learned, after Roulettable had uncovered the body, that the man 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 Berlier 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 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 keeper'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 keeper was another matter entirely. He wanted to satisfy himself about that

Professional Directory of Wallowa County

THOS. M. DILL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office first door south of New Fraternal Bldg., Enterprise, Ore.

BURLEIGH & BOYD
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Practice in all State Courts and Interior Department. Careful attention to all business.

D. W. SHEAHAN
LAWYER - ENTERPRISE
Practice in State and Federal Courts and Interior Department.

C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office upstairs in Bank Building, Ind. Home phone in office and residence.

Needed Mourning.
The Lady—I haven't much in the house to give you, my poor man, but would you like a piece of my pie? The Hobo—No, lady. But have yer got a old black coat? The Lady—Why do you want a black one? The Hobo—De feller yer gave a piece o' pie to de odder day was a pal o' mine... Cleveland Leader.

A Convenience.
Curate—And so, Mrs. Howard, you come to church every Sunday? Mrs. Howard—Yes, Mr. Priestly. We're such strangers in town yet that we have no other engagements.—Brooklyn Life.

The Poor Woman.
"He climbed almost to the top of the ladder—and then fell off."
"What was the trouble?"
"There was a woman at the bottom of it."—Life.

Liberty cannot be established without morality nor morality without faith.—Greely.

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy and strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. Burnaugh & Mayfield.

W. C. KETCHUM
DENTIST - ENTERPRISE
Office Berland Building, Home Independent Phone.

COLON R. EBERHARD
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR
Practices in all Courts and Interior Dept. Notary Public. Ind. Home phone, Joseph.

E. T. ANDERSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Calls attended to day or night. Home phone, Enterprise, Ore.

DR. C. A. AULT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.

glean.

We were all much moved by the appearance 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 railway servant, M. de Marquet said to M. Darzac: "Do you recognize this man, monsieur?"

"I do," said M. Darzac in a tone which he vainly tried to make firm. "He is an employee at the station at Epinay-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. Darzac, 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 Marquet, "can you tell me how you employed your time that night?"

M. Darzac opened his eyes. He seemed to have recovered his self control.

"No, monsieur."

"Think, monsieur, for if you persist 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 Roulettable move quickly toward M. Darzac. 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 Mlle. Stangerson. We all shuddered. Larsan himself turned pale. M. Darzac in response to the cry had flown back into the room.

The magistrate, the gendarme and Larsan followed closely after. Roulettable and I remained on the threshold. It was a heartbreaking sight that met our eyes. Mlle. 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 gendarme had laid hands. Her distended eyes saw—she understood—her lips seemed to form a word, but nobody made it out, and she fell back insensible.

M. Darzac 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. Roulettable took advantage of the opportunity to say to M. Darzac:

"Are you going to put in any defense?"

"No," replied the prisoner.

"Very well, then, I will, monsieur."

"You cannot do it," said the unhappy man, with a faint smile.

"I can do it, M. Robert Darzac, because 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."

Roulettable shook his head, going close up to Darzac.

"Listen to what I am about to say," he said in a low tone, "and let it give you confidence. You do not know the name of the murderer. Mlle. 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 a look that showed he had not understood a word of what Roulettable had said to him. At that moment the conveyance arrived, driven by Frederic Larsan. Darzac and the gendarme entered it. Larsan remaining on the driver's seat. The prisoner was taken to Corbell.

That same evening Roulettable and I left the Glandier. We were very

glad to get away, and there was nothing more to keep us there. I declared my intention to give up the whole matter. It had been too much for me. Roulettable, with a friendly tap on my shoulder, confessed that he had nothing 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.

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

"How long shall you be away?" I asked.

"A month or two," he said. "It all depends."

I asked him no more questions.

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

"No. Nobody heard it."

"I heard it," replied Roulettable. "She said 'Speak!'"

"Do you think Darzac 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.

(Continued next week.)

Mr. F. G. Fritts, Oneonta, N. Y., writes: "My little girl was greatly benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative, and I think it is the best remedy for constipation and liver trouble." Foley's Orino Laxative 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 & Mayfield.

An Easy Grade.
Patronage, political, religious and social, 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 serjeanty in the artillery. But the candidate found that he was unable to carry out his promise, inasmuch 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 lieutenantcy?" he asked one who knew.

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Well, make young Blank a lieutenant, 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 serjeant.

Best Treatment for Colds.
"Most ordinary colds will yield to the simplest treatment," says the Chicago Tribune, "moderate laxatives, hot foot baths, a free perspiration 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 cold is almost sure to be contracted, and in many instances pneumonia follows. Is it not better to pin your faith to an old reliable preparation like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, that is famous for its cures of colds and can always be depended upon? For sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

Foley's Honey and Tar is a safeguard against serious results from spring colds, which inflame the lungs and develop into pneumonia. Avoid counterfeits, by insisting upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, which contains no harmful drugs. Burnaugh & Mayfield.

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 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 constipation." Give these tablets a trial. You are certain to find them agreeable and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

Nature Provides but one California

It is the natural winter home of many thousand of the world's best people. Under the gentle influence of its mild winter climate every amusement and recreation abounds. Such bathing, boating, fishing, driving; such picnics parties and "jollifications."

GO TO

Los Angeles, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Hotel del Monte, Santa Barbara, Venice, Long Beach Santa Cruz, or a score of similar resorts, and you will find health, congenial surroundings, hospitable associates, faultless accommodations and numberless attractions and conveniences.

The O. R. & N. C.
Connecting with
The Southern Pacific Co.

Make inexpensive round trip excursion rates to California. A six months stopover ticket Wallowa to Los Angeles and return is **\$76 80**

Corresponding rates are in effect to other points.

We have some very distinctive literature covering California's winter resorts, and will take pleasure in giving you all of the information and assistance at our command.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations etc., call on, telegraph or write
E. T. Campion, Agent, Wallowa.
OR
W. M. McMURRY, GEN. PASS. AGT.
Portland, Ore.

A. B. Conaway. O. M. Corkins.
CONAWAY & CORKINS,
LAWYERS
Enterprise, Oregon.