

# The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

In Which It Is Proved That One Does Not Always Think of Everything.

Great excitement prevailed when Roulettable had finished. The courtroom became agitated with the murmurings of suppressed applause. Maitre Henri Robert called for an adjournment of the trial and was supported in his motion by the public prosecutor himself. The case was adjourned. The next day M. Robert Darzac was released on bail, while Daddy Jacques received the immediate benefit of "a no cause for action." Search was everywhere made for Frederic Larsan, but in vain. M. Darzac finally escaped the awful calamity which at one time had threatened him. After a visit to Mile. Stangerson he was led to hope that she might by careful nursing one day recover her reason.

Roulettable and I left Versailles together, after having dined at the Dog That Smokes. In the train I put a number of questions to him. "My friend," I said, "I am still in the dark as to your reason for going to America. When you left the Glandier you had found out, if I rightly understand, all about Frederic Larsan. You had discovered the exact way he had attempted the murder?"

"Quite so. And you," he said, turning the conversation, "did you suspect nothing?" "I don't see how I could have suspected anything. You took great pains to conceal your thoughts from me. Had you already suspected Larsan when you sent for me to bring the revolvers?"

"Yes! I had come to that conclusion through the incident of the 'Inexplicable gallery.' Larsan's return to Mile. Stangerson's room, however, had not then been cleared up by the eyeglasses. My suspicions were the outcome of my reasoning only, and the idea of Larsan being the murderer seemed so extraordinary that I resolved to wait for actual evidence before venturing to act. Nevertheless the suspicion worried me, and I sometimes spoke to the detective in a way that ought to have opened your eyes. I spoke disparagingly of his methods. But until I found the eyeglasses I could but look upon my suspicion of him in the light of an absurd hypothesis only. You can imagine my elation after I had explained Larsan's movements. I remember well rushing into my room like a madman and crying to you: 'I'll get the better of the great Fred! I'll get the better of him in a way that will make a sensation!'"

"But one important point escaped us both. It was one which ought to have opened our eyes to Larsan. Do you remember the bamboo cane? I was surprised to find Larsan had made no use of that evidence against Robert Darzac. Had it not been purchased by a man whose description tallied exactly with that of Darzac? Well, just before I saw him off at the train after the recess during the trial I asked him why he hadn't used the cane evidence. He told me he had never had any intention of doing so; that our discovery of it in the little inn at Episcay had much embarrassed him. If you will remember, he told us then that the cane had been given him in London. Why did we not immediately say to ourselves: 'Fred is lying; he could not have had this cane in London; he was not in London; he bought it in Paris?'"

"Then you found out on inquiry at Cassette's that the cane had been bought by a person dressed very like Robert Darzac, though, as we learned later from Darzac himself, it was not he who had made the purchase. Couple this with the fact we already knew from the letter at the poste restante that there was actually a man in Paris who was passing as Robert Darzac. Why did we not immediately fix on Fred himself?"

"Of course his position was against us, but when we saw the evident eagerness on his part to find convicting evidence against Darzac—nay, even the passion he displayed in his pursuit of the man—the lie about the cane should have had a new meaning for us. If you ask why Larsan bought the cane if he had no intention of manufacturing evidence against Darzac by means of it, the answer is quite simple. He had been wounded in the hand by Mile. Stangerson, so that the cane was useful to enable him to close his hand in carrying it. You remember I noticed that he always carried it."

"But," I interrupted, "if Larsan had no intention of using the cane as evidence against Darzac, why had he made himself up to look like the man when he went in to buy it?"

"He had not specially 'made up' as Darzac to buy the cane; he had come straight to Cassette's immediately after he had attacked Mile. Stangerson."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Mystery of Mademoiselle Stangerson.

During the days that followed I had several opportunities to question Roulettable as to his reason for his voyage to America, but I obtained no more precise answers than he had given me on the evening of the adjournment of the trial, when we were on the train for Paris. One day, however, on my still pressing him, he said:

"Can't you understand that I had to know Larsan's true personality?" "No doubt," I said, "but why did you go to America to find that out?"

He sat smoking his pipe and made no further reply. I began to see that I was touching on the secret that concerned Mile. Stangerson. Roulettable evidently had found out what the mysterious was that bound her to Larsan by so strange and terrible a bond. In America he had learned who Larsan was and had obtained information which closed his mouth. He had been to Philadelphia.

And now what was this mystery which held Mile. Stangerson and M. Robert Darzac in so inexplicable a silence? After so many years and the publicity given the case by a curious and shameless press, now that M. Stangerson knows all and has forgiven all, all may be told. In every phase of this remarkable story Mile. Stangerson had always been the sufferer.

The beginning dates from the time when, as a young girl, she was living with her father in Philadelphia. A visitor at the house, a Frenchman, had succeeded by his wit, grace and persistent attention in gaining her affections. He was said to be rich and had asked her of her father. M. Stangerson, on making inquiries as to M. Jean Roussel, found that the man was a swindler and an adventurer. Jean Roussel was but another of the many games under which the notorious Ballmeyer, a fugitive from France, tried to hide himself. M. Stangerson did not know of his identity with Ballmeyer. He learned that the man was simply undesirable for his daughter. He not only refused to give his consent to the marriage, but denied him admission into the house. Mathilde Stangerson, however, had fallen in love. To her Jean Roussel was everything that her love painted him. She was indignant at her father's attitude and did not conceal her feelings. Her father sent her to stay with an aunt in Cincinnati. There she was joined by Jean Roussel and, in spite of the reverence she felt for her father, ran away with him to get married.

They went to Louisville and lived there for some time. One morning, however, a knock came at the door of the house in which they were, and the police entered to arrest Jean Roussel. It was then that Mathilde Stangerson, or Roussel, learned that her husband was no other than the notorious Ballmeyer! The young woman in her despair tried to commit suicide. She failed in this, and was forced to rejoin her aunt in Cincinnati. The old lady was overjoyed to see her again. She had been anxiously searching for her and had not dared to tell M. Stangerson of her disappearance. Mathilde swore her to secrecy, so that her father should not know she had been away. A month later Mile. Stangerson returned to her father, repentant, her heart dead within her, hoping only one thing—that she would never again see her husband. The horrible Ballmeyer. A report was spread a few weeks later that he was dead, and she now determined to atone for her disobedience by a life of labor and devotion for her father. And she kept her word.

All this she had confessed to Robert Darzac, and, believing Ballmeyer dead, had given herself to the joy of a union with him. But fate had resuscitated Jean Roussel, the Ballmeyer of her youth. He had taken steps to let her know that he would never allow her to marry Darzac—that he still loved her.

Mile. Stangerson was herself helpless in the hands of such a villain. She had tried to kill him when he had first threatened and then attacked her in the yellow room. She had, unfortunately, failed and felt herself condemned to be forever at the mercy of this unscrupulous wretch who was continually demanding her presence at clandestine interviews. When he sent her the letter through the postoffice asking her to meet him she had refused. The result of her refusal was the tragedy of the yellow room. The second time he wrote asking for a meeting, the letter reaching her in her sick chamber, she had avoided him by sleeping with her women. In that letter the scoundrel had warned her that, since she was too ill to come to him, he would come to her and that he would be in her chamber at a particular hour on a particular night. Knowing that she had everything to fear from Ballmeyer, she had left her chamber on that night. It was then that the incident of the "Inexplicable gallery" occurred.

The third time she had determined to keep the appointment. He asked for it in the letter he had written in her own room on the night of the incident in the gallery, which he left on her desk. In that letter he threatened to burn her father's papers if she did not meet him. It was to rescue these papers that she made up her mind to see him. She did not for one moment doubt that the wretch would carry out his threat if she persisted in avoiding him, and in that case the labors of her father's lifetime would be forever lost. Since the meeting was thus inevitable she resolved to see her husband and appeal to his better nature. It was for this interview that she had prepared herself on the night the keeper was killed. They did meet, and what passed between them may be imagined. He insisted that she renounce Darzac. She, on her part, affirmed her love for him. He stabbed her in his anger, determined to convict Darzac of the crime. As Larsan he could do it and had so managed things that Darzac could never explain how he had employed the time of his absence from the chateau. Ballmeyer's precautions were most cunningly taken.

Larsan had threatened Darzac as he had threatened Mathilde—with the same weapon and the same threats. He wrote Darzac urgent letters declaring himself ready to deliver up the letters that had passed between him and his wife and to leave them forever if he would pay him his price. He asked Darzac to meet him for the purpose of arranging the matter, appointing the time when Larsan would be with Mile. Stangerson. When Darzac went to Episcay, expecting to find Ballmeyer, or Larsan, there, he was met by an accomplice of Larsan's and kept waiting until such time as the "coincidence" could be established.

It was all done with Machiavellian cunning, but Ballmeyer had reckoned without Joseph Roulettable.

Now that the mystery of the yellow room has been cleared up this is not the time to tell of Roulettable's adventures in America. Knowing the young reporter as we do, we can understand with what acumen he had traced step by step the story of Mathilde Stangerson and Jean Roussel. At Philadelphia he had quickly informed himself as to Arthur William Rance. There he learned of Rance's act of devotion and the reward he thought himself entitled to for it. A rumor of his marriage with Mile. Stangerson had once found its way into the drawing rooms of Philadelphia. He also learned of Rance's continued attentions to her and his importunities for her hand. He had taken to drink, he had said, to drown his grief at his unrequited love. It can now be understood why Roulettable had shown so marked a coolness of demeanor toward Rance when they met in the witnesses' room on the day of the trial.

The strange Roussel-Stangerson mystery had now been laid bare. Who was this Jean Roussel? Roulettable had traced him from Philadelphia to Cincinnati. In Cincinnati he became acquainted with the old aunt and had found means to open her mouth. The story of Ballmeyer's arrest threw the right light on the whole story. He visited the "presbytery," a small and pretty dwelling in the old colonial style, which had indeed "lost nothing of its charm." Then, abandoning his pursuit of traces of Mile. Stangerson, he took up those of Ballmeyer. He followed them from prison to prison, from crime to crime. Finally as he was about leaving for Europe he learned in New York that Ballmeyer had five years before embarked for France with some valuable papers belonging to a merchant of New Orleans whom he had murdered.

And yet the whole of this mystery has not been revealed. Mile. Stangerson had a child by her husband, a son. The infant was born in the old aunt's house. No one knew of it, so well had the aunt managed to conceal the event.

What became of that son? That is another story, which so far I am not permitted to relate.

THE END.

## Professional Directory of Wallowa County

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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.

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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.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.  
"If ever I need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beas, Me., "for after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced it is the best medicine made for Coughs, Colds, and lung trouble." Every one who tries it feels just that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Croup, LaGrippe, Sore Throat, pain in the chest or lungs it's supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

Higher Ideals.  
"He says he's interested in uplifting the farmer."  
"Partly that," answered Farmer Corntosse, "and partly in liftin' up his own voice."—Washington Star.

Lived 152 Years.  
Wm. Parr—England's oldest man—married the third time at 120, worked in the fields till 132 and lived 20 years longer. People should be youthful at 80, James Wright, of Spurlock, Ky., shows how to remain young. "I feel just like a 16-year-old boy," he writes, after taking six bottles of Electric Bitters. For thirty years kidney trouble made life a burden, but the first bottle of this wonderful medicine convinced me I had found the greatest cure on earth." They're a godsend to weak, sickly, rundown or old people. Try them. 50c at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

An Injudicious Laugh.  
Her father is a heavy man  
And careful in his feet.  
I'm sorry that I chanced to scan  
Him slip down on the street.  
He heard me laugh. It made him mad;  
He acted awful sore.  
And at his home, I grieve to add,  
I don't call any more.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Whooping Cough.  
This is a more dangerous disease than is generally presumed. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more deaths result from it than from scarlet fever. Pneumonia often results from it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in many epidemics of whooping cough, and always with the best results. Delbert McKelg of Harlan, Iowa, says of it: "My boy took whooping cough when nine months old. He had it in the winter. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which proved good. I cannot recommend it too highly." For sale by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

Her Extreme Goodness.  
The husband of a beloved deceased wife came to see her bust.  
"Look at it well," said the sculptor, "and as it is only in clay I can alter it if necessary."  
The widower looked at it carefully with the most tender interest. "It is her very self," he said. "Her large nose—the sign of goodness!" Then, bursting into tears, he added: "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Proper Training.  
Gyer—Young Slyker is taking a course in mental gymnastics.  
Myer—What's the object?  
Gyer—He's going in for politics.—Detroit Tribune.

Smashes All Records.  
As an all-around laxative tonic and health builder no other pills can compare with Dr. King's New Life Pills. They tone and regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood, strengthen the nerves; cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, jaundice, headache, chills, and malaria. Try them. 25c at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

Japalac, varnish stains, linseed oil at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.

Coyote Scalp Bounty.  
Present coyote scalps to W. F. Savage, at W. J. Funk & Co's store, Enterprise, who is authorized to take affidavits and give warrants for same on behalf of the Wallowa County Woolgrowers association. 334 THOS. MORGAN, Secretary.

Town Topics.  
There is a weekly average of 450 deaths in New York city among children under five years old.  
Philadelphia has fifty-seven parks and squares, one of them being the largest park in the world, containing over 3,400 acres.

Two interesting organizations of Montgomery, N. Y., are the Horse Thief Detective society and the Chicken Thief Detective society. The secretary of the latter is Lyman H. Taft, a relative of President Elect Taft.

Best Treatment for Colds.  
We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foey's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. Burnaugh & Mayfield.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale by Burnaugh and Mayfield.

Sim.  
A homely man and warped of limb,  
Ungainly and uncouth is Sim,  
Yet hum an air and very soon  
He'll play or sing for you the tune.  
And that is why we smile and say  
To one another every day  
That we can make Sim metrical.  
But can't make him symmetrical.  
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

Biliousness and Constipation.  
For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me. I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been today had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The Tablets relieved the ill feeling at once, strengthened the digestive functions, purified the stomach, liver and blood, helping the system to do its work naturally.—Mrs. Rosa Potts, Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale by Burnaugh and Mayfield.

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Do it Now.  
Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do so by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Nine cases out of ten are simply rheumatic rheumatism due to cold or damp, or aurotic rheumatism, and yield to the vigorous application of this liniment. Try it. You are certain to be delighted with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by Burnaugh & Mayfield.

TREES AT WHOLESALE PRICES  
We have in our packing ground trees in first-class condition we will sell at the following prices:  
Apple trees, 12c each  
Pear trees, 15c each  
Plum and Prune trees 15c each  
Cherry trees, 25c each  
Peach trees, 15c each  
Fox Elder trees, 10 to 15c each  
Roses, 25c each  
Strawberries, \$3.50 per 1000, fresh dug.  
Raspberries and blackberries, \$2.50 per 100.  
We will pay express on orders amounting to \$10.  
UNION NURSERIES  
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First Class Accommodations  
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