By GASTON LEROUX

BY BRENTANO'S

Stand aside, mesoro. Shertock With the solution of the mous Stang roon enigma he be- der-help-papa-papa,"reduce han to our readers.

that

ters

Taple-

### CHAPTER 1.

In Which We Begin Not to Understand.

HE yellow room!" Who now remembers this affair which enused so much ink to flow? On the 25th of October, 1892, wing note appeared in the lat-

of the forest of Sainte Genewhile the master was working writes in, N.

Stangerson. impression made on Paris by ws may be easily imagined. Alat that time the learned world enly interested in the labors of or Stangerson and his daugh-These labors-the first that were med in radiography-served to the way for M. and Mme. Curie discovery of radium. It was ted the professor would shortly to the Academy of Sciences a senal paper on his new theory, the ion of matter, a theory desoverthrow from its base the f official science, which based n the principle of the conserva-

of the tragedy. The Matin d the following article, entitled matural Crime."

are the only details," wrote ymous writer in the Matin re been able to obtain concernrime of the Chateau du Glan-The state of despair in which st Stangerson is plunged and ossibility of getting any inforfrom the lips of the victim ndered our investigations and of justice so difficult that at we cannot form the least idea hat has passed in 'the yellow room' ich Mile. Stangerson, in her night onies of death. We have at least ble to interview Daddy Jacques, is called in the country, an old

was half past 12 at night,' this chamber. e laboratory she rose, kissed M. son and bade him good night. she said "Good night, Daddy of "the Bete du Bon Dieu."

deur and not even hear me, he clawing of a cat. "Is that keep us awake all night?" I wrielf for I must tell you, that, to the end of October. an attle of the pavilion over not be left alone through the codemoirelle to spend the ad it more cheerful than the all she had never failed to r lodging there in the spring. return of winter mademoiplace in the rellow room. ware staying in the pavi'-

ion then-M. Stangerson and I. Wie made no noise. He was seated at his the door, which is narrow and on the stand aster, Martin Hewitt, Dupin, desk. As for me, I was stitting on a threshold of which the conclerge stool cog, Vidocq, and all the crew chair, having finished my work and, with the lamp while her husband and famous detectives of fiction looking at him, I said to myself: I searched for him in every corner of dhistory! Enter Joseph Rou- What a man! What intelligence: the little room, where it is impossible for which while, reporter-detective, su- tance to the fact that we made no had been forced open against the wa for to you all in the faculties noise; for, because of that, the assassin could not conceal anything belind bserving everything, remem- rertainly thought that we had left the as we assured ourselves. By the wi place. And, suddenly, while the cuckoo dow, still in every way secured, was sounding the half after midnight, a desperate clamor broke out in the yellow room. It was the voice of the floor—yes, my revolver! Oh, the and Rule-ta-bee solved the mademoiselle, crying "Murder-mur- brought me back to the reality!

amervel of reasoning power, s great noise of tables and furniture man who had been there had first though he was only a boy in the course of a struggle, and again the volver from the drawer where I kep voice of mademoiselle calling, "Mur-

> and I threw ourselves upon the door But, alas, it was locked, fast locked. on the inside by the care of mademoiselle, as I have told you, with key and bolt. We tried to force it open, but it remained firm. M. Stangerson was like a madman, and, truly, it was enough to make him one, for we heard madenfoiselle still calling "Help, help!" M interview the following lines: Stangerson showered terrible blows on

"It was then that I had an inspira

dow of the yellow room looks out in tied on at the chateau, makes it im most famous detectives. such a way that the park wall, which tossible for us to gain admission at It was at the Bar cafe that I became du Glandier." sinate Mile. Stangerson, who abuts on the pavillon, prevented my at the Clandier, and, as to the oak wood, intimately acquainted with him. Crimbeeping in 'the yellow room,' a once reaching the window. To get up it is guarded by a wide circle of police inal lawyers and journalists are not boundless." of adjoining this laboratory. to it one has first to go out of the men who are fealously watching all enemies; the former need advertisecors do not answer for the life park. I can toward the gate and on traces that can lend to the payling ment, the latter information. We chatgate keepers, who had been attracted covery of the assassin. by the pistol reports and by our cries. "We have also wished to question keen and so original, and he had a retary to Maitre Barbet Delatour. M. In a few words I told them what had the conclerges, but they are invisible quality of thought such as I have Robert Darzac, who was at that time happened and directed the conclerge Finally, we have waited in a roadside never found in any other person. to join M. Stangerson with all speed, inn, not far from the gate of the chathe park gate. Five minutes later she Marquet, the magistrate of Corbell. At learned to love him, for in spite of his Stangersons and after an assiduous and I were before the window of the half past 5 we saw him and his cler's careless extravagance I had discovered seven years' courtship of the daugh-

and I saw clearly that no one had him the following question: touched the window. Not only were I had myself drawn them early in the course of your inquiry? were just as I had left them, fastened we are from knowing anything!" with an iron catch on the inside. The

neither could I get in. "'It was unfortunate - enough to recognize: turn one's brain! The door of the room locked on the inside and the facts so far established, I fear that the blinds on the only window also fast- mystery which surrounds the abominaened on the inside, and mademoiselle ble crime of which Mile, Stanger-

to the pavillon. The door, in spite of row intrust to the builder who con-In the Stangerson family, the furious attempts of M. Stangerson structed the pavilion four years ago"The Glandier crime?" If Jacques entered 'the yellow and Bernier to burst it open, was still discourses us. For the problem is This chamber adjoins the labo- way before our united efforts, and is a pavillon at the end of the should tell you that, behind us, the bod awalling Mile Standard under the committed the crime." a powerful lamp that lit the whole appropriately for the powerful lamp that little powerful lamp that lamp tha about a thousand feet from the conclerge held the laboratory lamp-

old man told us, and I was in "I must also tell you, monsieur, oratory, where M. Stangerson that the yellow room is a very small working, when the thing hap- room. Mademoiselle had furnished it ed I had been cleaning and put- with a fairly large iron bedstead, a struments in order all the even- small table, a dressing table and two was waiting for M. Stangerson chairs. By the light of the big lamp bed. Mile. Stangerson had we saw all at a glance. Mademoiselle, with her father up to midnight, in her nightdress, was lying on the be twelve strokes of midnight floor in the midst of the greatest disen sounded by the cuckoo clock order. Tables and chairs had been overthrown, showing that there had been a violent struggle. Mademoiselle had certainly been dragged from her as she passed into the yel- bed. She was covered with blood and on We heard her lock the had terrible marks of finger nails on and shoot the bolt, so that I her throat, the flesh of her neck havof help laughing and said to ing been almost torn by the nails. There's mademoiselle dou- From a wound on the right temple a cking herself in. She must be stream of blood had run down and made a little pool on the floor. When M. Stangerson saw his daughter in deeply absorbed in what he that state he threw himself on his ag. Just then we heard the knees beside her, uttering a cry of breathed.

"But how to explain that he was not there, that he had already escaped? immediately to Paris. It passes all imagination. Nobody untoom so that mademolselle der the bed, nobody behind the furniture! All that we discovered were the lovel park. It was the traces, blood stained marks of a man's large hand on the walls and on the at in the pavilion. No doubt door, a big handkerchief red with blood without any initials, an old cap and many fresh footmarks of a man and many fresh footmarks of a man with on the floor-footmarks of a man with large feet whose boot soles had left a sort of sooty impression. How had this man got away? How had he vanwhis to the chateau, for there ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished? Don't forget, monsieur, that a beginner at the bar and often met ished?

"What a man! What intelligence: | the little room, where it is impossible for

cry of the Yellow Room he ler-help!" Immediately afterward devil would not have needed to st known to the Paris police revolver shots rang out, and there was my revolver to kill made moise

was there with him, for otherwise, with this business of my revolver, I been-I should now be under lock and kampf.

the bars that protect it intact, but the give us any information as to this af-

"We asked Monsieur de Marquet to assassin, therefore, could not have be good enough to explain his last passed either in or out that way, but words, and this is what he said, the

"'If nothing is added to the material and of the celling of the yellow room— an examination which I shall tomor-"Well, my dear Sainclair, have you discourage us. For the problem is you think of it?"

one must really believe in the devil!" "We wanted to know what Daddy Jacques meant by the cry of 'the Bete du Bon Dieu.' The landlord of the Donjon inn explained to us that it is the particularly sinister cry wuich is uttered sometimes at night by the cat of an old woman-Mother Angenoux, as she is called in the country. Mother Angenoux is a sort of saint, who lives in a hut in the heart of the forest not far from the grotto of Sainte-Gene-

vieve. In conclusion and at a late hour the same journal announced that the chief despair. He ascertained that she still of the Paris police had telegraphed to affair of stolen securides, to return

# CHAPTER II.

In Which Joseph Rouletabille Appears For the First Time.

FIRST knew Joseph Rouletawhen he was a young re- never understood," I said.

en of Mazas or for Saint-Lazare. He the story it tells equally strange." had, as they say, "a good nut." He "Well, but-the locked door-with billiard players, had given him that "The box?" to one of the editors of the Epoque, a paper then rivaling the Matin for inmissing from the basket in which the For this left foot the police had been avoid the terrible blow on the right It is not with M. de Marquet that I devainly searching for a week, and young temple." Rouletabille had found it in a drain where nobody had thought of looking not done with the revolver?" for it. To do that he had dressed him-

When the editor in chief was in possession of the precious foot and informed as to the train of intelligent don't know where we should have paper the left foot of the Rue Obers- mer."

The editor of the Matin added to this made many friends, for he was serv- I observed. iceable and gifted with a good humor bed with despair and helplessness. crime of the yellow room. We have a reputation as an unraveler of intri- whether you will go with me." reproduced it in his own words, only cate and obscure affairs which found tion. "The according must have on sparing the reader the continual tamen- its way to the office of the chief of Jacques, but the inquiry of the exam | been started on the scent by his editor iring magistrate, which is being car. in chief he often got the better of the use to you?"

my way met Bernier and his wife, the and that may perhaps lead to the case ted together, and I soon warmed to- ing been of great service to him in a ward him-his intelligence was so civil action while I was acting as sec-

while his wife came with me to open teau, for the departure of Monsieur de and the better I knew him the more I was intimately acquainted with the and, before he was able to enter his in him what was, considering his age, ter had been on the point of marrying "The moon was shining brightly, carriage, had an opportunity to ask an extraordinary seriousness of mind. her. In spite of the fact that she had "'Can you, Monsieur de Marquet, gay, and, indeed, often too gay, 1 of a certain age," she was still rewould many times find him plunged in | markably good looking. blinds inside of them were drawn, as fair, without inconvenience to the the deepest melancholy. I tried then evening, as I did every day, though "'It is impossible for us to do it.' change of humor, but each time he moving about my sitting room: made moiselle, knowing that I was replied Monsieur de Marquet. 'I can laughed and made me no answer. One "Have you any idea as to the murtired from the heavy work I had been only say that it is the strangest affair day, having questioned him about his derer's station in life?" doing, had begged me not to trouble I have ever known. The more we parents, of whom he never spoke, he

While things were in this state between us the famous case of "the yellow room" took place. It was this leading newspaper reporter and to ob- rough boots on the floor," he replied. tain for him the reputation of being

the greatest detective in the world. Rouletabille entered my room on the tell the truth." morning of the 26th of October, 1892. He was looking redder than usual, and still calling for help! No, she had son has been the victim will never his eyes were bulging out of his head. ceased to call! She was dead perhaps. But I still heard her father, in hoped, for the sake of our human reathe pavilien, trying to break down the son, that the examination of the walls, citement. He waved the Matin with

Laboratory and yellow room then what a sight met our eyes! I sassin gained admission—he entered by devil or 'the Bete du Bon Dieu' that

escape? If no trap, no secret door, derers who make their escape through no hiding place, no opening of any sort walls of solid brick. I think Daddy is found; if the examination of the Jacques did wrong to leave behind him walls-even to the demolition of the the weapon with which the crime was pavilion-does not reveal any passage committed, and, as he occupied the atpracticable-not only for a human be- tic immediately above Mile. Stangering, but for any being whatsoever-if son's room, the builder's job ordered by the celling shows no cracks, if the the examining magistrate will give us floor hides no underground passage, the key of the enigma, and it will not be long before we learn by what natural trap or by what secret door the old fellow was able to slip in and out and return immediately to the laboratory to M. Stangerson without his absence being noticed. That, of course, is only an hypothesis."

Rouletabille sat down in an armchair. Ift his pipe, which he was never with: out, smoked for a few minutes in sience-no doubt to calm the excitement which visibly dominated him-and then

"No trap will be found, and the mystery of the yellow room will become more and more mysterious. That's who had been sent to Lerdon for an why it interests me. The examining magistrate is right. Nothing stranger

than this crime has ever been known." "Have you any idea of the way by which the murderer escaped?" I asked. "None," replied Rouletabille, "none, for the present. But I have an idea as

to the revolver. The murderer did not 1350 It "

was it used?" "Why, by Mile, Stangerson," bille [pronounced Rule-ta-bee] "I don't understand, or, rather, I have

porter. At that time I was Rouletabille shrugged his shoulders.

"permit to communicate" for the pris- "Nothing. I have found the whole of "Excuse me, gentlemen, this com-

as a bullet, out of a box of marbles, "That's the only perfectly natural

alckname, which was to stick to him "Yes, the bolt, also inside the room, a with the inquiry he has in hand." and be made libustrious by him. He still further protection against entry. "Ah! His laquiry, pray believe me was always as red as a tomato, now Mile. Stangerson took quite entraor is absolutely a matter of indifference gay as a lark, now grave as a judge. dinary precautions. It is clear to me, I am no scavenger of odds How while still so young he was only that she feared some one. That was and ends," he went our with infinite sixteen and a half years old when I why she took such precautions -even contempt in his lower lip; "I am a thesaw him for the first time-had be al- Daddy Jacques' revolver-without tell- atrical reporter, and this evening ready won his way on the press? ing him of it. No doubt she dain't shall have to give a little account of That was what everybody who came wish to alarm anybody and, least of the play at the Scala." into contact with him might have ask- all, her father. What she dreaded "Get in, sir, please," said the regised if they had not known his history. took place, and she defended herself | trar. At the time of the affair of the woman There was a struggle, and she used Rouletabille was already in the comcut in pieces in the Rue Oberskampf, the revolver skillfully enough to wound partment. I went in after him and another forgotten story, he had taken the assassin in the hand, which ex- seated myself by his side. The regisplains the impression on the wall and trar followed and closed the carriage on the door of the large, blood stained door, formation, the left foot, which was hand of the man who was searching M. de Marquet looked at him. for a means of exit from the chamber "Ah, sir," Rouletabille began, "you grewsome remains were discovered. But she didn't fire soon enough to must not be angry with M. Maleine

self as an extra sewer man, one of a I don't think it was, because logically Rouletabille, having first introduced number engaged by the administration It appears to me that the revolver was me, introduced himself, of the city of Paris owing to an over- used by Mile. Stangerson against the M. de Marquet, with a nervous gesme a national figure in the litme a national figure in the litlaboratory when the affair took place miration he felt for such detective attic was inhabited by Daddy Jacques tine." and had seen with his own eyes that I cunning in a brain of a lad of sixteen and that was one of the reasons. I years and delight at being able to ex- think, why he must have used a quiet cried Rouletabille. hibit in the "morgue window" of his weapon-a life preserver or a ham-

"All that doesn't explain how the The boy faced reporter speedily murderer got out of the yellow room,"

"Evidently," replied Rouletabille, ris-"We have, without interrupting him, that enchanted the most severe tem- ing, "and that is what has to be exallowed Daddy Jacques to recount to pered and disarmed the most zealous plained. I am going to the Chateau the door and wept with rage and sob us roughly all he knows about the of his companions. He began to win du Glandier and have come to see

"Yes, my boy, I want you. The mightful crime has been committered by the window!" I cried. "I will tations with which he garnished his police. When a case was worth the Epoque has definitely intrusted this chateau du Glandier, on the go to the window!" and I rushed from narrative. We should have liked to trouble and Rouletabille—he had alcase to me, and I must clear it up as of the forest of Sainte Gene- the pavilien and ran like one out of put some further questions to Daddy ready been given his nickname—had quickly as possible." "But in what way can I be of any

"M. Robert Darzac is at the Chateau

"That's true. His despair must be

"I must have a talk with him." I knew M. Robert Darzac from hav-

about forty years of age, was a pro-Nearly two years passed in this way, fessor of physics at the Sorbonne. He Accustomed as I was to seeing him become, as the phrase goes, "a person

While I was dressing I called out to to question him as to the cause of this Rouletabille, who was impatiently

"Yes." he replied. "I think if he him in ignorance of the fact that we myself, but leave her to do it, and they think we know something, the further that I said man belonging to the upper class. But purpose of shaking hands with an "old that, again, is only an impression."

"What has led you to form it?" "Well, the greasy cap, the common perhaps seen cuce in his life. importance of which no one will fail to case which was to rank him as the handkerchief and the marks of the "I understand," I said. "Murderers his Ceath-he is so deeply in love with don't leave traces behind them which Mile. Stangerson. It is to be hoped

> "We shall make something out of saved." you yet, my dear Sainclair," concluded

# CHAPTER III.

"A Man Ilas Passed Like a Shadow Through the Blinds."

ALF an hour later Rouletabille blow was given with great force." and I were on the platform of the departure of the train glancing at me in triumph. which was to take us to Epinay-sur-

On the platform we found M. de Marquet and his registrar, who repre- to say anything. I will not say anysented the judicial court of Corbell, thing," he said. And he turned toward M. de Marquet had spent the night in his registrar as If he no longer knew Paris, assisting in the final rehearsal us. at the Scala of a little play of which But Rouletabille was not to be so he was the unknown author, signing easily shaken off. He moved nearer to himself simply "Castigat Ridendo."

"noble old gentleman." Generally he et, he showed it to him and said: was extremely polite and full of gay humor and in all his life had had but I may inquire of you without commitone passion-that of dramatic art. Because of the mystery which course, seen the account given in the

shrouded it the case of the yellow Matin? It is absurd, is it not?" room was certain to fascinate so theatrical a mind.

trar with a sigh: "I hope, my dear M. Maleine, this builder with his pickax will not de-

stroy so fine a mystery."

"Have no fear," replied M. Maleine. "His pickax may demolish the pavilion ed into thought. A quarter of an hour perhaps, but it will leave our case in- thus passed. tact. I have sounded the walls and Coming back to himself again, he examined the ceiling and floor, and I said, addressing the magistrate; know all about it. I am not to be de-

Having thus reassured his chief, M. "I don't know," replied M. de Mar-Maleine, with a discreet movement of quet the head, drew M. de Marquet's attention to us. The face of that gentie- Rouletabille. "Her hair was done up man clouded, and as he saw Roule- in bands, wasn't it? I feel sure that "Good heavens! By whom, then, tabille approaching, hat in hand, he on that evening, the evening of the sprang into one of the empty carriages, crime, she had her hair arranged in saying half aloud to his registrar as bands." he did so, "Above all, no journalists!"

M. Maleine replied in the same tone, "I understand," and then tried to prevent Rouletabille from entering the

seemed to have taken his head, round the key on the inside Y' ad on the Epoque," said my your and it is from that, I think, that his thing in the whole article."

and politoness, "and I have a word of two to tay to M. de Marquet."

sire to have the honor of speaking, but "Then the wound on the temple was with M. 'Castigat Ridendo.' Permit me to congratulate you-personally, as well "The paper doesn't say it was, and as the writer for the Epoque." And

assassin. Now, what weapon did the ture, caressed his beard into a point. murderer use? The blow on the tem- "The work of the dramatic author ple seems to show that the murderer may interfere," he said, after a slight wished to stun Mile. Stangerson after hesitation, "with that of the magis-

"Oh, you may rely on my discretion!"

The train was in motion. "We have started!" said the examining magistrate, surprised at seeing us still in the carriage.

"Yes, monsieur, truth has started," said Rouletabille, smiling amiably, "on its way to the Chateau du Glandler. A fine case, M. de Marquet, a fine case!"

"An obscure, incredible, unfathoni able, inexplicable affair, and there is only one thing I fear, M. Rouletabille, that the journalists will be trying to

My friend felt this a rap on his

"Yes," he said simply, "that is to be feared. They meddle in everything. As for my interest, monsieur, I only referred to it by mere chance—the mere chance of finding myself in the same train with you and in the same compartment of the same carriage.'

"Where are you going, then?" asked M. de Marquet,

"To the Chateau du Glandier," replied Rouletabille, without turning. "You'll not get in, M. Rouletabille!"

"Will you prevent me?" said my friend, already prepared to fight. "Not I! I like the press and jour-

nalists too well to be in any way disagreeable to them, but M. Stangerson has given orders for his door to be closed against everybody, and it is well guarded. Not a journalist was able to pass through the gate of the Glandier yesterday."

M. de Marquet compressed his lips and seemed ready to relapse into obstinate silence. He only relaxed a little when Rouletabille no longer left and intimate friend," M. Robert Darzac-a man whom Rouletabille had

"Poor Robert" continued the your reporter, "this dreadful affair may be that Mile. Stangerson's life will be

"Let us hope so. Her father told in yesterday that if she does not recover it will not be long before he joins be in the grave. What an in sient loss to science his death would be!" "The wound on her temple is serious

Is f: not?" "Evidently, but by a wonderful chance it has not proved mortal. The

"Then it was not with the revolver the Orleans station, awaiting she was wounded," said Rouletabille, M. de Marquet appeared greatly embarrassed.

"I didn't say anything, I don't want

the examining magistrate and, draw-M. Marquet was beginning to be a ing a copy of the Matin from his pock

> "There is one thing, monsieur, which ting an indiscretion. You have, of "Not in the slightest, monsieur."

"What! The yellow room has but At the moment of meeting him I one barred window, the bars of which heard M. de Marquet say to the regis- have not been moved, and only one door, which had to be broken open, and the assassin was not found!" "That's so, monsieur; that's so.

That's how the matter stands." Rouletabille said no more, but plung-

"How did Mile. Stangerson wear herhair on that evening?"

"That's a very important point," said

(Continued Next Week.)

there is no chimney in the yellow there is no chimney in the scaped by magistrates when I had gone to get a larly struck?

Is there nothing in this article in the Matin by which you were particularly same compartment with the examining magistrates when I had gone to get a larly struck?

Is there nothing in this article in the Matin by which you were particularly struck?

For negatin and nappiness Determining the Matin by which you were particularly struck?

Is there nothing in this article in the Matin by which you were particularly struck?

Daughter's Head Encrusted with Dandruff-Feared she Would Lose her Hair-Many Treatments were Futile - Baby had Milk-Crust.

#### BOTH CHILDREN CURED BY FAMOUS REMEDIES

"For several years my husband was a missionary in the Southwest, and we were living on the edge of the desert at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet. Every one in that high and dry atmosphere has more or less trouble with dandruff and my daughter's scalp became so encrusted with it that I was alarmed for fear she would lose all her hair, which was very heavy. After spending between five and six dollars bing the Cuticura Ointment thoroughly into the roots of the hair, I gently combed the crust of dandruff free from the scalp, and then gave her head a thorough shampoo with the Cuticura Soap. This left the scalp beautifully clean and tree from dandruff, and after clean and free from dandruff, and after the hair was dry, I again rubbed the Cuticura Ointment, this time sparingly, into the roots, and I am happy to say that the Cuticura Remedies were a complete success. My troubles with dandruff were over, although for a long time afterward I used the Cuticura Ointment as at first, after shampooing, which kept the scalp and roots of the hair moist. I have used successfully the Cuticura Remedies for so-called 'milk-crust' on baby's head, and have never found anything to equal them. You are at liberty to publish this loates, for I do sincerely believe that the Cuticura Remedies are a blessing to mankind. Mrs. J. A. Darling, 310 Fifth St., Carthage, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1908."

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