## THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX, Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

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CHAPTER X.

His Agony From the Perfume of the Lady In Black.

PUT my head out of the window saw on his way to make his inspection square tower. I followed him. quite calm and entirely master of him-

the object of his constant surveillance. as he picked up the potatoes, When M. and Mme. Darzac were not in their spartment, the only key which face of Mme. Darzac appearing for a opened the door was in the keeping of the Berniers, and it was a special kind of key made purposely for the room within the last twenty-four hours in a place which no one but Rouletabille knew. He had let no one into the storm, and we believed that it would

Rouletabille wished that the watch lieve us. might be kept also upon the rooms of Old Bob, but the latter swore that fall. he would not be treated like a prisoner, and he said that on no account would he give up the privilege of going and coming to his own rooms when he saw fit without asking the keys from the lodge keepers,

Mme, Edith had said, with her lips pressed together in a narrow little line, "But, M. Rouletabille, my uncle bolt drawn from the inside. (These doesn't think that any one is coming to carry him away!"

Rouletabilie, after asking after the health of Mere Bernier, who was gath- entered. He had been seated beside be necessary to save is life. ering up potatoes and putting them in a little reading table facing the door. a bag, requested Pere Bernier to open the door of the Darzacs' room.

This was the first time that I had entered the apartment. The atmos- firmed the telegram which he had rephere was almost freezing. The large ceived in the morning and pressed him room, furnished with simplicity, con- to return to Paris. His paper insisted tained a bed and a toilet table placed at one of the two openings in the wall around which there had formerly been loopholes. The two windows were fitted with bars of iron between which one could scarcely pass one's arm. Op- which I had received. It was from posite in the angle of the tower was my friend in Paris, who, after having a panel. It would have been impossible given me some important details refor any one to hide in this chamber ungarding the departure of Brignolles. less behind this panel. And the Berniers informed me that the latter had left had received orders to look every time his address for mail to be forwarded they visited the room both behind the to Sospel, the Hotel des Alps. This panel and in the closet where Darzac | was extremely interesting, and Darzac thing his clothes.

room of Mme. Darzac we were abso- as soon as it could be arranged, and

Mme. Darz e's room was smaller than than that of a husband. But it was bright and well lighted from the way that the windows were placed. As soon as we set foot over the threshold I saw Rouletabille turn pale. and be turned to me and said: "Sainclair, do you perceive the per-fume of the Lady in Black?"

I did not. I perceived nothing at all Rouletabille, after having looked under the bed, gave the signal for departure and motioned us from the the low basement Darzac uttered an room. He lingered for a moment, but exchamation of surprise at seeing the no longer. Bernier locked the door with the tiny key, which he put in his inside pocket and tightly buttoned his coat over it. We made the tour of the corridors and also that of Old Bob's apartment, which consisted of kind which had existed in the fifteenth a bedroom and sitting room, as easy to examine and as incapable of hiding any one as those of the Darzacs.

in short and in fact, nothing escaped Rouletabille, and when we had Old Bob. made the rounds of the square tower we had left no one behind us save M. | ish humor, we left him-that is, Rouleand Mme. Bernier. One would have said, too, that there could have been no human being in the apartment of the Darzacs before Bernier, a few minutes later, opened the door to Darzac himself, as I am now about to re-

It was almost 5 o'clock when, leav- The tempest was near at hand. ing Bernier in his corridor in front of the door of the Darzacs' room, Rouleagain in the court.

At that moment we climbed to the platform of the ancient tower at B". We seated ourselves upon the parapet. At that moment we noticed upon the edge of the Barma Grande the disturbed and wrathful countenance of Old Bob. His shadow was the only dark thing about. By what prodigious anachronism it was that this modern scholar with his coat and hat in the height of fashion should be moving about, grotesque and ghoulish, in front of this cavern 300,000 years old formed by the ardent lava to serve as the first roof for the first family in the first days of the world! We could see him brandishing his skull as he had done at the table, and we could hear him laugh, laugh, laugh. It tore our ears and our bearts.

Our attention was drawn to Darzac, who was coming through the postern of the gardener. He did not see us. He was not laughing! Rouletabille felt the deepest pity for him, for he saw that he was at the end of his endurance. In the afternoon he had said to my friend, who now repeated the words to me; "Eight days is too much! four hours or I shall no longer have I do not believe that I can bear this strength to act."

torment for eight days?

We followed him with our eyes to the door of the square tower. We could see from his looks that he could endure no more. Well, M. Darzac a little after this gave me cause to experience the most frightful thrill of ter-

for which could freeze human bones. Darsac went straight to the square tower, where, of course, he found Bernier, who opened the door for him. As Bernier had been keeping constant guard before the door of the room, as he had kept the key in his pocket and as we had proved by our investigation that the place was empty when we had left it we had established the fact that when Darac entered his room there could be no one else there. And this is the truth.

At the moment that we saw Darzac go to his room we heard a clock strike 5. Rouletabille and I remained chatting on waking next morning. Mme. upon the platform of the tower B for Edith was walking in the court, another hour. Suddenly my friend chatting carelessly with Roule- struck me a little tap on the shoultabille and twisting the stem of a der and exclaimed, "For my part I beautiful rose between her pretty fin- think"- And then, without completgers. I followed Rouletabille, whom I ing the sentence, he started for the

of the square tower. I found him He thought of Mere Bernier's bag of potatoes which he emptied out on the self-and also entirely the master of white floor of the room to the great his eyes. It was worth while to see amazement of the good woman; then, the manner in which he looked at ev- satisfied with this act, which evidently erything around him! Nothing es. corresponded to the state of his mind, caped him. And the square tower, he returned with me, while behind us the abode of the Lady in Black, was we could hear Pere Bernier laughing

> As we reached the court we saw the moment at the window of the room occupied by her father on the first story of la Louve.

> The heat had become insupportable We were threatened with a violent begin to lighten immediately and re-

A few drops of water had begun to

We turned to the door of M. Darzac's room. Bernier was smoking his pipe

"He hasn't stirred since he went in," of this city early yesterday. Bernier replied.

We knocked. We heard the heavy bolts can only be used by the person within the room.)

Darzac was writing letters when we Now mark well all our movements. Rouletabille complained that the letter which he held in his hand conupon his proceeding at once to Russia. him and put them in his pocket. I now held out to Rouletabille a letter and Rouletabille were greatly excited When we passed into the sleeping over it. We decided to go to Sospel Stely certain that we had left noth- we went out of the room. The door chind us of which we did not of Mme. Darzac's sleeping room was

> not closed. I have mentioned that Mme. Darza was not in her own room.

Then the three of us went out of the square tower, leaving Pere Bernier in his corridor like the good watchdog that he never ceased to be until the last day of his life.

It was about half past 6 o'clock when, in emerging from the square tower, we went to pay a visit to Old Bob in the round tower, Rouletabille, Darzac and I. As soon as we entered destruction which had been wrought upon a wash drawing upon which he had been working and which represented the plan for a great scaling ladder for the Fort of Hercules of the century. This drawing had been gashed with a knife and paint had been smeared over it. He endeavored in vain to obtain some explanation from

As Old Bob seemed to be in a churltabille and myself did. M. Darzac remained gazing at his spoiled drawing, but thinking, doubtless, of altogether different things.

As we went out we raised our eyes to the sky, which was rapidly becoming covered with great black clouds.

"I am going to lie down in my room," I said. "I can't stand any more of tabilie and myself found ourselves this. Perhaps it may be cooler there with all the windows open."

Rouletabille followed me into the new castle. Suddenly, as we reached the first landing of our winding stairease, he stopped me:

"Ah," he said in a low'voice, "she is there-the Lady in Black! Can't you smell the perfume?" And he hid himself behind a door

motioning me to continue without wait-What was my amazement in opening

the door of my room to find myself face to face with Mathilde!

She uttered a low cry and disappeared in the shadow, gliding away like a surprised bird. She swept down the steps like a ghost. She soon gained the ground floor, and I saw below me the face of Rouletabille, who, leaning over the rail of the first landing, looked at her too.

He mounted the steps to my side. "Oh, my God!" he cried. "What did

He seemed to be in the greatest agi "This thing must be ended in twenty-

He threw blinself into a chair as if exhausted. "I can't breathe!" he moaned. He tore his collar away from his throat, "Water!" he entreated. "! want the water from the heavens! must have it!" And he waved his hands

toward the dark skies. For ten minutes he remained stretch ed out in the chair, thinking. What surprised me was that he asked no question or uttered no conjecture as to what the Lady in Black had been seeking in my room. I would not have known how to answer if he had done At length he rose and went to

take the guard at the postern He would not even come in to din ner and sent word to have some soul brought out to him. The dinner was served in la Louve at 8:30. Darris who came to the table from Old Bob' workroom, said that the latter refuse to dine also. Mme, Edith, fearing the her uncle might be ill, went immed ately to the round tower.

The Lady in Black came in on the arm of her father. She cast on me look of sorrowful represelt which of turbed me greatly. Her eyes seeme never to wander from me.

(To be continued.)

## CALIFORNIA SHERIFF SHOT BY ROBBER

Berkeley Officer Probably Fatally Wounded While Stopping Saloon Holdup in the Early Morn.

BERKELEY, Cal., Jan. 13 .- Deputy Sheriff Andrew W. Lindquist was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by in the corridor, sitting astride a chair. a masked man who attempted to hold "Is M. Dargae still there?" asked up the saloon of Albert Moore near the Contra Costa younty line, north

Lindquist was wounded in the shoulder and another bullet penetrated the walls of his stomach. He was taken to the Roosevelt hospital, where it was anounced an operation would

The officer was stan 'ing at the bar in the saloon talking with Moore when the highwayman, stered, Levelling a revolver at each man, he or dered them to hold up their hands.

Linquest swung the heavy umbrella he carried striking the thug on the Darzac read indifferently the two or head. The man then fired twice at three letters which we had brought the officer, and escaped through a rear door. Efforts of the police to find him met with no success.

# It Is Running



Is your subscription to this paper running out? If so, don't you Cam Hobbouse). want to renew it and start the

Name to Fit the Trade. Old newspapers give us many in-

stances of men's names fitting their callings. Thus we have Last, a shoemaker of Exeter, and Treadway, who plied the same trade in Hammersmith. There was a Bristol schoolmaster named Rod. Dodge and Wynne, attorneys at law of Liverpool, must have been the butts of their fellow townsmen, while few could have a more appropriate name than the Primitive Methodist preacher River Jordan.-London Chronicle.

No Escape Via Temperament. "Mabel is getting past the marriageable age, isn't she?"

"Yes, and it's too bad she hasn't any talents."

"She won't be able to tell her friends that temperament prompts her to give up matrimony and devote herself to art."-St. Louis Star.

A Foolish Question. A reader of the New York World writes to that paper to ask whether it is proper for a young man to send candy to a girl whom he has met but once. What a question! Why, most young men begin banding a girl taffy as soon as they are introduced to her .-Washington Post.

Mrs. Crabshaw-The new giri I have said she had taken a course in domestic science. Mrs. Crawford-is she different from the other girls you've bad? Mrs. Crabshaw—Only in one way; she are all in harmony. wanted \$5 a month more.—Lippincott's.

## Savoy Theatre TONIGHT

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A Costly Ctlent. Bayley told me that Mr. Phipps the oculist, told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire: Mr. Phipps was sent for to Chatsworth to operate upon the duchess' eye. He stayed there some time and at parting received from the duke a fee of £1,000. Just before he stepped into his carriage a message from the duchess brought him to her chamber. She hoped the dake had done what was handsome by Mr. Phipps. The gentleman protested;

"Yes, and more than handsome." "It is an awful thing," continued her grace, "to ask, but really I am at this moment in immediate want of such a sum, and if you could, Mr. Phipps." What could the oculist do? He produced his £1,000, took his leave and never heard of his money from that day to this .- From "Recollections of a

Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John

Shakespeare's House. The house in which the master bard was born is located in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon, England. Washington Irving said of this famous abode of genius: "It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalld chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to

the great poet of nature." Several years ago the bouse was purchased by subscription with a view to the careful preservation of it and of its contents for the inspection of future generations.

Tuning a Bell. No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true note. As a matter of fact, every bell sounds five notes, all of which must blend together harmoniously. If one is the least bit out the tone will be spoiled. The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the second by the vibrations a little higher up, the third still higher up, and so on to the fifth, which is produced perature, quite near the top. As the character of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal, it is possible, by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell, to alter the five notes until they

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"Yes, my bushend and I quarrel in essantly? "Why don't you get a divorce?" "We can't bear to. What would be

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