

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

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

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CHAPTER XX.

"You Are Larsan!"

ROULETTEVILLE, still merciless, continued: "When I recall all the acts from San Romo I can see now in each one of them an expression of the terror which she experienced from her fear that she should allow the secret to escape her. Everything must be said, everything must be explained, here and now if there is to be peace in the future! We are about to clear up the situation. There was nothing natural or happy in Mlle. Stanger's behavior. The very eagerness with which she assented to your desire to hasten the marriage ceremony proved the longing she felt to definitely banish the torment of her soul.

"From the moment of your return from the south until the apparition at the railroad station, monsieur, she lived in the most utter misery. She was already crying for help—for help against herself, against her thoughts and perhaps even against you. But she dared not reveal her thought to any person, because she dreaded that any confidant might say to her—

"And Rouletteville leaned over and said in M. Darzac's ear, not so low that I could not hear, but so softly that the words did not reach Mathilde. 'Are you going mad again?'

Then, lifting his head again, he continued:

"You ought to understand everything better now, my dear M. Darzac, both the strange coldness with which you were treated occasionally and also the fits of remorseful tenderness which in the doubt which filled her brain would impel Mme. Darzac to surround you with every evidence of attention and affection. I have fancied that you must have discovered that whenever Mme. Darzac looked at you she could not in spite of herself chase from her mind the image of Larsan, and consequently it was not the belief that she would have known it which removed my suspicions, since in spite of herself she entertained the fear all the while that you and Larsan were one. No, no; my suspicions were removed by another cause."

"They might have been removed," exclaimed M. Darzac at once ironically and despairingly—"they might have been removed by the simple course of reasoning that if I had been Larsan, having her for my wife, I would have had every cause for making her believe in Larsan's death. And I would have never resuscitated myself. Was it not upon the day that Larsan returned to earth that I lost Mathilde?"

"Pardon, monsieur, pardon!" replied Rouletteville, whose face had grown as white as a sheet. "You are abandoning now, if I may say so, the directions of pure reason. The facts which you mentioned show us just the contrary of that which you believe we should see. For my part, it seems to me that when one has a wife who believes or who comes very near to believing that one is Larsan one has every interest in showing her that Larsan exists outside of oneself!"

As Rouletteville uttered these words the Lady in Black, supporting herself by groping with her hands against the wall as she walked, came stumbling to the side of Rouletteville and devoured with her eyes the face of Darzac, which had grown frightfully harsh and strained. The young man imperturbably went on:

"And, if you had an interest in showing her that Larsan existed elsewhere than in your body, there arose an exigency in which that interest was transformed into an immediate necessity. Imagine—I say imagine, M. Darzac, that you had really brought Larsan to life once—once only—in spite of yourself, in your own rooms, before the eyes of Professor Stanger-Yon's daughter, and you will be, I repeat, under the necessity of bringing him to life again and yet again, outside of yourself, in order to prove to your wife that the Larsan whom she has seen returned to life is not you! Ah, calm yourself, my dear M. Darzac. I entreat you. Have I not told you that my suspicion has been banished—completely banished? See, then, where I am obliged to come in considering this hypothesis as realized (these are the procedures of mathematics which you know better than I—you who are a scholar)—in considering, as I said, as realized the hypothesis that you are the counterfeit Darzac, the one who hides Larsan. According to my reasoning, then, you are Larsan! And I asked myself what could have happened in the railway station at Bourg to make you appear in the form of Larsan before the eyes of your wife."

He paused for a moment, but Darzac did not utter a word.

"As you were saying, M. Darzac," Rouletteville went on. "It was because of this apparition of Larsan that your cup of happiness was dashed empty to the ground. Therefore, if this resurrection should not have been voluntary, there is only one other way in which it could have happened—through accident. And now just let us consider how this latter supposition clears up the entire situation. Oh, I have spent a lot of thought upon the incident at Bourg. You see, I am still reasoning out the problem. You (the

you who is Larsan, be it understood are at Bourg in the buffet. You believe that your wife is waiting for you somewhere in the station, as she told you she would do. After having finished your letters you wish to go to your compartment in the car in order to attend to some detail of your toilet or to cast a critical eye over your disguise to see if in any point it might be lacking. You think to yourself, 'A few more hours of this comedy and we shall have passed the frontier, she will be all my own, entirely alone with me, and I will throw aside this mask.' You cast away your assumed character and your disguise. You relieve yourself of the false beard and the spectacles, and at that very moment the door of the section opens. Your wife, thrown into a spasm of terror at the sight of Larsan's smooth, beardless face in the glass, does not wait to make any further investigation and rushes out into the night, her screams drowned by the noise of another train. You comprehend the danger at once. You realize that everything is lost unless you can immediately arrange matters so that your wife shall see Darzac somewhere else. You quickly resume the mask; you hurry out of the compartment and reach the buffet by a shorter route than that taken by your wife, who rushes there to look for you. She finds you standing up. You have not even had time enough to seat yourself before she enters. Is everything safe now? Alas, no! Your troubles are only beginning, for the fearful thought that you may be at one and the same time both Darzac and Larsan will not leave her mind. Upon the platform of the station, while passing beneath the gas jet, she casts a frightened glance at you, lets go your hand and runs wildly into the office of the station master.

"You read her thought as though she had spoken it. The abominable idea must be banished without a moment's delay. You quit the office, leaving the lady in the care of the superintendent, and immediately return, closing the door quickly, seeking to give the impression that you, too, have seen Larsan. In order to ease her mind and also for the purpose of deceiving us all in case she dared reveal her suspicions to any one, you are the first to warn me that something unforeseen has happened—to send me a dispatch. See how clear and plain as the day your every thought becomes! You cannot refuse to take her to rejoin her father. She would go without you. And, since nothing is yet really lost, you have the hope that everything may be regained. In the course of the journey your wife continues to have alternating periods of faith in you and of fear of you. She gives you her revolver in a sort of half delirium, which might sum itself up in some such phrase as this: 'If he is Darzac, let him protect me; if he is Larsan, let him kill me! But in pity, let me know which he is.' At Rochers Rouges you realized once more how utterly she had withdrawn herself from you, and in order to reassure her as to your identity you showed her Larsan again. See how in accordance with reason such a proceeding would be, my dear Darzac! Every fact would fit perfectly into every other under the supposition which I am placing before you. There is not a single point up to your appearance as Larsan at Mentone, during your journey as Darzac to Cannes, at the time when you came to meet us, which cannot be explained in the easiest way imaginable. You had taken the train at Mentone-Garavan before the eyes of your friends, but you alighted from the train at the next station, which is Mentone, and there, after a short stay for the purpose of altering your looks, you appeared in the image of Larsan to the same friends who were pronouncing in the gardens at Mentone the following train brought you to Cannes, where you met Salmalair and myself. Only, as you had on this occasion the vocation of hearing from the lips of Arthur Rance when he met us at the station at Nice the news that Mme. Darzac had not on this occasion caught sight of Larsan, you were under the necessity that same evening of showing her Larsan under the very windows of the square tower, standing erect in the prow of Tullio's boat. So, you see, my dear Darzac, how even those things which appear most complicated would have become entirely simple and logically explicable if by chance my suspicions should have been confirmed."

At these words I myself, who had seen and touched "the map of Australia," was unable to repress a shudder as I looked pityingly at Darzac, just as one might look at some poor man who is on the point of becoming the victim of some hideous judicial error.

"But, since you no longer have these suspicions, monsieur," exclaimed Darzac, his intonation singularly calm in spite of the fact that his voice was raised, "I should be glad to know, after all this exercise of your talent of reasoning, what could have driven them away?"

"In order to have them driven away, monsieur, one thing was essential—an absolute certitude! And I found it—simple but conclusive proof which showed me in a manner complete and undeniable which of the two manifestations of Darzac was in reality Larsan. That proof, monsieur, was, happily, furnished me by yourself at the very moment when you closed the circle—the circle in which there had been found the 'body too many'—the time when, after having sworn that which was the truth, that you had drawn the bolt of your apartment as soon as you had entered your sleeping room, you had lied to us in concealing from us that you had entered that room at 5 o'clock instead of at 5 o'clock as Professor Bernier said and as we ourselves could have proved. You were then the only person except myself who knew that the Darzac who had entered at 5

o'clock and of whom we had spoken to you as yourself was in reality another man. But you said nothing. And you need not pretend that you did not attach any importance to that hour of 5 o'clock, since it explained everything to you—since it told you that another Darzac than yourself—the true Robert Darzac—had come into the square tower at that time. And, after your false expressions of astonishment, how quiet you kept! Your very silence led to us! And what interest could the true Darzac have in concealing that another Darzac, who might be Larsan, had come in before you had and was hiding in the square tower? Larsan was the only one who was interested in hiding from us that there was another manifestation of Darzac than the one he himself bore! Of the two manifestations of Darzac the false must have necessarily been that one which lied! Thus my suspicions were driven away by certainty. You are Larsan! And the man who was hidden behind the panel was Darzac!"

"You lie!" shouted the man I could not even yet believe him to be Larsan, hurling himself upon Rouletteville.

But none of us stirred a finger, and Rouletteville, who had lost nothing of his calm demeanor, extended his arm toward the panel and said: "He is behind the panel now!"

(To be continued.) JOSHES HURLED. (Continued from Page Four.)

Portland, Or., Jan. 25.—Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Or.: If depot location not satisfactory to Reddy and Getchell, will let them build two more on our right of way in spots to suit each.

Portland, Or., Jan. 25.—Mike Hanley, Wasson Canyon: Your success in keeping Medford dry prompts us to offer you position as field boss to make all Oregon dry. STATE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE. J. A. Knodell, Superintendent.

Manila, P. I., Jan. 25.—Society Editors, Mail Tribune, Medford, Or.: Please inform ladies of Medford smart set that I will be in Medford in time to give a course of instruction in houchi coach, can-can and other dances suitable for next New Year's eve. LITTLE EGYPT.

Portland, Or., Jan. 25.—Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Or.: In spite of me and the Oregonian, understand Medford is growing faster than Eugene and threatens to become larger. Call a halt at once. Eugene is our favorite city and must not be passed. TOM RICHARDSON.

Salt Lake, Utah, Jan. 25.—Charles Hazelrigg, Medford, Or.: Wire quick probable attitude constitutional convention new state of Siskiyou on prizefights. Can stage Jeffries-Johnson in Medford in 1914. TEX RICKARD.

Ashland, Or., Jan. 25.—John R. Allen, care Commercial club, Medford, Or.: In submitting trolley franchise your representative states it may enable us overtake Medford. Nothing stirring in Ashland in the overtaking line; better business for undertaking. Try Tolo or some live place with your franchise. SNELL, Mayor of Ashland.

Ashland, Or., Jan. 25.—Wm. M. Colvig, Medford: Please wire written opinion as to legal effect of our becoming suburb of Medford. If we can come in under present Medford charter will vote Allen franchise and start Greater Medford move. E. T. STAPLES.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Jan. 25.—Col. F. L. Ton Velle, care Commercial club, Medford: Congratulate you. Alfaherry wonderful hybrid. Have just succeeded in grafting it onto the ginseng plant, resulting in marvelous creation of an alfaherry gin fizz which sings a vocal solo, "I Want What I Want When I Want It." This plant should be a wonderful moneymaker in Ashland. LUTHER BURBANK.

Portland, Or., Jan. 25.—J. F. Reddy, Medford, Or.: I have just resigned as president "Can't Do It club" in your favor. Your attitude on Medford depot places you in fore ranks; would you accept an offer on Oregonian staff. HARVEY SCOTT.

Salem, Or., Jan. 25.—Shorty Garnett, President State Hardware Trust, Medford, Or.: Quote giant powder eruptions f. o. b. Medford. May have to blow up Crater Lake. Looks like supreme court about sustain road bill, in which event hell will be to pay on the Willamette. L. H. M'MAHON.

Roseburg, Or., Jan. 25.—George Putnam, Medford: Return toothbrush you removed from county jail. SHERIFF DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Portland, Or., Jan. 25.—Medford Commercial Club, Medford, Or.: The new booklet is a hum-dinger; beats 'e mall. Ready next Christmas. WM. BITTLE WELLS.

SNOW SHOE TRIP ACROSS CASCADES

Supervisor Erickson Will Make the Trip Over the Cascade Mountains With Snow-shoes.

Supervisor M. Erickson of the Crater Forest left Medford today for the Pelican bay section in Klamath county, where he will look over the work of the cruisers who have been estimating timber to be sold.

Mr. Erickson will cross the Cascades from Ashland, going as far east as possible by team and then taking to snow shoes.

The cruising party has been working on snow shoes for the past several weeks.

Cheering Him Up. Benham—I'm broke again. Mrs. Benham—Well, we must save the pieces.—New York Press.

Wasn't Necessary. "Our family is awfully exclusive," said one little girl to another who had just moved into the adjoining flat. "Is yours?" "Oh, no!" replied the other. "We haven't anything to be ashamed of."—Exchange.

Opportunity. Foolish is he who says that at his door I knock but once, a furtive moment stay. Fearing lest he shall hear, then haste away. Glad to escape him—to return no more. Not so; I knock and wait and o'er and o'er. Come back to summon him. Day after day. I come to call the idler from his play Or wake the dreamer with my vain uproar.

Out of a thousand, happy, now and then One, if he hear again and yet again, Will tardy rise and open languidly. The rest, half puzzled, half annoyed, returns To play or sleep nor seek nor wish to learn Who the untimely, clownish guest may be. —William H. Eddy in Atlantic.

A Tart Answer. The Rev. John McNeill was holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows: "Dear Mr. McNeill—if you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said: "I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

Might Come in Handy. A charming Louisville girl, the daughter of a minister, has always been famed for her habit of saving things because they may come in handy, and last summer the family told a story on her which she would give a good deal to suppress. She had been away at White Sulphur Springs and, being especially popular, had become the recipient of such a variety of souvenirs that before coming home she sent one trunk ahead in which she put many of the various trinkets for her smaller brothers and sisters and some summer frocks which had become too faded for wear. Her mother industriously unpacked the trunk and finally, when reaching the bottom, was transfixed to find several hundred poker chips and about half a dozen decks of cards. When her horrified father later demanded an explanation the daughter quite innocently and unconsciously said:

"Why, father, they were left in the room I was occupying by some former occupant, and I just took them because I thought they might come in handy." And even the minister smiled at her explanation.—Louisville Times.

Satisfied. One evening a very tall man went to the theater and took a prominent seat in the third or fourth row from the stage. Before the curtain rose a cry of "Down in front!" became general from behind. The tall man, finding the eyes of the entire audience turned toward him, felt obliged to do something, and so he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. He was, in fact, nearly seven feet high, and when at last he had risen to his full height he slowly glanced around at the astonished audience and very deliberately remarked: "Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down I now stand up."

A burst of laughter and applause followed, amidst which the manager, with beaming face, came forward and conducted the gentleman to a private box.

Notice. Is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the regular meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, on February 1, 1910, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon for a period of six months, at lot 11, block 20, in Medford, Oregon. W. M. KENNEDY. Dated January 21, 1910.

A WELL-KNOWN LADY OF YOLO, MODOC AND SACRAMENTO COUNTIES.

Sacramento, Jan. 22, 1910.

I wish to state to the public, for the benefit of my fellow-men and women that are suffering from asthma, complicated with kidney trouble, that for years my wife was in a frightful condition—could not sleep only as she sat up in bed or on a chair, and finally had a severe attack that could not be relieved by any one of the four doctors that I called in, so I suggested Dr. Hing. He not only gave her immediate relief, but in six months cured her, and she has not had an attack nor shown any asthmatic symptoms since. This was in August, 1908. And that she is well and healthy, which can be proven to any one that will take the trouble to call at 601 1/2 K street.

Hoping this may be of benefit to some poor sufferer, I am pleased to refer to and recommend Dr. Hing, Chinese physician, at 725 J street, Sacramento.

Dr. Hing has cured many of my friends of appendicitis, without the use of the knife. W. W. WILSON.

Mrs. E. D. Wilson is the daughter of W. S. Houston, a former prominent merchant of Woodland, and lived in Modoc county for 25 years. Mrs. Wilson was formerly Mrs. W. D. Morris, whose husband, the late Mr. Morris, at one time represented Modoc county in the legislature. Mrs. W. W. Wilson formerly resided at 3115 Cypress avenue, Oak Park, and is now at 601 1/2 K street.

Aged Lady Victim of Pneumonia.

ASHLAND, Jan. 25.—Mrs. Jaquish the aged mother of Arthur Jaquish, contractor and builder, and of Mrs. Dr. J. H. Fawcett of this city, died of pneumonia at the home of her daughter, corner of Church and Almond streets, Monday evening, Jan. 24. Funeral arrangements await the arrival of a son residing in Washington, who is expected to reach here tonight.

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years; and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. Sixty days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy.

MONEY MAKERS

Nice 5-room modern house, electric light, bath, four blocks from city park, for one week at \$25.00.

One 5-room bungalow, completed February 15; modern conveniences; well located; two blocks from pavement; bargain at \$2200. \$1000 will handle it.

One 6-room house, electric lights, close to sewer, half block from Main. Good buy at \$1850.

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RESOLVED The best resolution for you to make is to come to us for your next suit, if you want something out of the ordinary. We do the best work and charge the lowest prices. W. W. EIFERT THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

ANNOUNCEMENT The Rogue River Canning & Evaporating company will devote Mondays and Thursdays of each week to custom work in the manufacture of cider, apple butter and jellies. Phone your orders for nice sweet cider to 11X2. Deliveries will be made on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. ROGUE RIVER CANNERY & EVAPORATING COMPANY Mill in West Medford. Phone 11X2.

The JACKSON COUNTY REALTY COMP'Y 604 WEST TENTH STREET, OR 124 KING STREET. MEDFORD - - - - - OREGON Office in residence, corner West Tenth and King Streets. Always prepared to show you the best Jackson county has in the real estate line from the unimproved land to the best bearing orchards, farm land or stock ranches; also city property. The manager has had ten years' experience in the county, which will aid the prospective purchaser. Seeing is knowing. We also have modern rooms to accommodate our patrons. Following are Some of our Good Buys 16 acres Newtowns and Spitz apples, \$16,000 easy terms; just ready to bear. 360 acres 1-2 miles north of Eagle Point, \$18,000, easy terms. Also city property, nearly two acres, with good buildings, well located, modern improvements. Price \$5500. 10 acres Newtown and Spitz apples, 4-year-old trees; \$5000, easy terms. 200 acres south Eagle Point, \$10,000, easy terms. Two lots, fine location, \$1500. Several nice small tracts near town just coming in bearing. House, two lots, well located; price \$1700; terms. Several acre tracts, fine location to subdivide for lots for sale. 293 acres near coal mines, \$9000, easy terms.