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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910.





FOR our Watch Clock

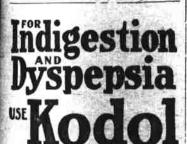
and Jewelry Repairing. HADLEY & LOY cules at Rochers Rouges to visit

GRAAAM, N.C.

Have You Read now Mme. Darzac and Larsan, the FORD "Ad" her former humber? in this weeks' Saturday Eevening Post? Read it and then call on us and

see the FORD cars





The Perfume of the By GASTON LEROUX. Copyright. 1909, by Brentano's Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room' SC

and Mile. Stangerson celebrate natist. heir wedding quietly in a Paris The editor tried to turn the youth

church on April 6, 1895. Among persistent requests, the editor said: from his project. At last, tired of his the few present is Rouletabille, "Well, my lad, since you have noth-ing special to do just now, go and find the reporter-detective, who has the left foot of the body in the Rue his doubts about the alleged Oberkampf."

death of Larsan, the government And with these strange words in turned away, leaving poor Rouletabille secret service official who is said with half a dozen young reporters titto have been lost in the wreck of tering around him. But the boy was not daunted. He searched through the La Dordogne. Mlle. Stangerson files and found that the Epoch was ofhad married him when she was a fering a large reward to the person mere girl, ignorant that her Jan finding the foot missing from the mutilated body of a woman found in the Roussel-his then name-was no Rue Oberkampf. other than the notorious scoundrel

In "The Mystery of the Yellow Ballmever, now posing as Larsan. Room" I told how Rouletabille succeeded and in what manner there re-II. Rouletabille and his best vealed itself to him his own singular friend, who is relating this story, calling-that of always beginning to reason a matter out from the point d cide to go to the Castle of Herwhere others had finished. I have told by what chance he two the Rances together with the

led to the Elysee, where he inhaled as newly married Darzacs. Rouleta- he passed the perfume of the Lady in Black He realized then that it was Mile. Stancerson who had been his visitor at the school. What more need I add? Why speak of the sensations which his knowledge as to the wearer

CHAPTER III. of the perfume aroused in the heart of Rouletabille during the events at the Glandfer and, above all, after his A Living Vision of the Dead trip to America? However, his in-Larsan. stinct drew him so strongly to the professor's daughter that he could scarce-OW I knew all. As we continly resist his longing to throw himself into her arms and press her to his ued on our journey Rouletaheart and cry out to her: "You are my

bille related to me the remarkable and adventurous story of mother! You are my mother!" his childhood, and I knew also why And he fied from her presence just he dreaded nothing so much as that as he had fled from the vestry on the Mme. Darzac should penetrate the day of her wedding in order that there mystery which separated them. should not escape from him any sign

Rouletabille had fled from school at Eu like a thief. He had been accused of stealing.

At the age of nine he had an extraordinary intelligence and could ar- were to cast him off-the little thief of the boarding school, the son of Rousrive easily at the solution of perplexsel, Ballmeyer, the heir of the crimes ing problems. By logical deductions of an almost amazing kind he astonof Larsan' However, this torture could not last ished his professor of mathematics. always, he told himself. If it were He had never been able to learn his she he would know how to say things multiplication tables and always counted upon his fingers. He would usually get the answers to the problems himself, leaving the working out to be done by his fellow pupils. But first

We consulted the time table.

Finally we reasoned that Darzac must have sent his wire from Bourg one minute before leaving for Lyons by the 9:29 train. But this train reached Lyons at 10:23 o'clock, while Stangerson's train reached Lyons at 10:24. After changing their plans and leaving the train at Bourg, M. and Mme. Darzac must have rejoined Stangerson at Lyons, which they reached one minute before him. Now, what had upset their plans? We could only think of the most terrible hypotheses, every one of which, alas, had as its basis the reappearance of Larsan. The fact which gave the greatest color to this idea was the desire expressed by each of our friends not to frighten any one.

looked worn. Somehow it frightened us only to look at him.

"No, not yet." was the reply. tabille, heaving a deep sigh.

of the secret tenderness that burned in his breast, for horrible thoughts dwelt in his mind. Suppose he were to make himself known to ber and she taking care to draw the curtains. Our friend's voice trembled have seen him."

"And has Mme. Darzac seen him?" to her that must open her heart. her believe that it was an illusion. I However, it is by no means certain could not hear it if she were to lose har mind again. poor girl! Ah. mr

ane door had not sees tocked either upon the outside with a key by the porter nor on the inside with the bolt by the Darzacs. The curtain of the glass door had been drawn over the pane from the inside by M. Darzac in such a way that no one could look into the compartment from the corridor. But the curtain between the two compartments had not been drawn. All of these circumstances were brought out by the questions asked by Rouletabille of M. Darzac.

elers learned that on account of an accident on the line at Culoz the train would be delayed for an hour and a half. M. and Mme. Darzac alighted and took a stroll on the platform. Darzac while talking with his wife

mentioned the fact that he had forgotten to write important letters before leaving Paris. Both entered the buffet, and Darzac asked for writing materials. Mathilde sat beside him for a few moments and then remarked that she would take a little walk through the station while he finished his letters. "Very well," replied Darzac. "As

soon as I have finished I will join you." From that point I will quote Dar-

zac's own words. "I had finished writing," he said "and I arose to go and look for Mathilde when I saw her approaching

the buffet pallid and trembling. As soon as she perceived me she uttered a shrick and threw herself into my arms. 'Oh, my God,' she cried, 'oh, my God!' It seemed impossible for her to utter any other words. She was shaking from head to foot. I tried to calm her, and I begged her to take some

restorative. Her teeth chattered as though she had an ague. At length she told me that she had started to walk about the station, but that she had not dared to go far lest I should finish my writing and look for her Then she went upon the platform. when she noticed the sleeping car porters making up the bed in a berth near our own. She remembered immediate ly that her night traveling bag. in which she had put her jewels, was standing unlocked, and she decided to go and lock it up without delay. She entered the car, walked down the corridor and came to the glass door of the compartment reserved for her. She opened the door and instantly uttered a cry of horror. No one hear

ner, for there was no one in that part of the car, and a train which passed at that moment drowned the sound of her voice with the clamor of the loco motive. What had happened to alarm her?

"The little door opening upon the dressing cabinet was half drawn toward the interior of the section, cutting off diagonally the view of whoever might enter. This little door was ornamented by a mirror. There in the glass Mathilde beheld the face of Lar-

CHAPTER IV.

"She Will Go Mad Again!"

count of a serious accident which had closed the line at Culoz we had decided to join him and spend a few days, with him at the home of Arthur Rance and his young wife, as we had before been entrented to do by this friend.

I here interrupted M. Darmac's narrative to recall to the memory of the reader of "The Mystery of the Lellow Room" the fact that Arthur William Rance had for many years cherished a hopeless devotion for Mile, Stangerson, but had at last overcome it and married a beautiful American girl who knew nothing of the mysterious adventures of the professor's daughter. After the affair at the Glandler and while Mile. Stangerson was still a patient in a private asylum near Paris, where the treatment restored her to health and reason, we heard one fine day that Rance was about to wed the niece of an old professor of geology at the Academy of Science in Philadelphia. Those who had known of his luckless passion for Mathilde and had gauged its depths by the excess with which it was displayed believed that Rance was marrying in desperation and prophesied little happiness for the

union. They were living at Rochers Rouges in the old castle on the peninula of Hercules.

Darmac continued his story:

"When we had given these explanations to M. Stangerson my wife and I saw that he seemed to understand very little of what we had said, and he appeared very mournful. Her father saw that something had happened since we had left him which we were concealing from him. Mathilde began to talk of the ceremony of the morning, and in that way the conversation came around to you, my young friend"-and again Darzac addressed himself to Rouletabille-"and I took the occasion to say to M. Stangerson that since your vacation was just beginning at the time that we were all going to Mentone you might be pleased with an invitation that would give you the chance of spending your holiday in our society. There was, I said, plenty of room at Rochers Rouges, and I was certain that M. Arthur Rance and his bride would extend to you a cordial welcome. While I was speaking Mathilde looked gratefully at me and pressed my hand tenderly. Thus It hapened that when we reached Valence I had M. Stangerson write the dispatch which you must have receiv. While her father rested in his compartments next to ours Mathilde opened my traveling bag and took out my revolver, saying. 'If he should atack us you must defend yourself.' Ah, what a night we passed! I longed

to console her, to comfort her, but I found no words. And when once I attempted to speak she made a gesture so full of misery and desolation that I realized that I would be far kinder if kept silence."

This was Darzac's story. We felt, Rouletabille and myself, that the narrative was so important that we both resolved on arriving at Mentone that we would write it down from memory. At the station of Mentone Garavan they found Arthur Rance, who was astonished at beholding the bride and

"Brignolles has not been away from

"Well, what does this amount to

"It was at Dijon," I rejoined, vexed

"Weil," said Rouletabille, "you have

your inquiries answered. Are you

willing to admit now that Brignolles

is not and has never been Larsan in

Rouletablile then said:

now that you have it?"

HUBBRING IN LOS BERCOUL. DUT. IL WE DAG retained the slightest hope that we had lost Larsan on the road to Culoz, Rance's words obliterated it. And he had come to warn us. Kidney trouble preys upon the n iscourages and lessens ambition; be "After taking you to the station,"

said Rance to Darzac, "and the train had pulled out, your wife, Stangerson and myself thought that we would leave the carriage for a little while and take a stroll. Stangerson gave his arm to his daughter. I was at the right of M. Stangerson, who, therefore, was walking between the two of us. Suddenly we paused to let a tram car pass. A man said to me, 'I beg your pardon, sir.' The voice made me tremble. I knew that it was Larsan He cast a long, caim look upon us. I do not know how 1 kept from crying aloud his miserable name. Happily Stangerson and Mme. Darzac had not seen him. I made them walk around the garden and listen to the music in the park, and then we returned to the carriage. Upon the sidewalk in front of the station there was Larsan. I cannot understand how Stangerson and Mme. Darsac could have helped

but see him"-"Are you sure that they did not see

him?" interrupted Darsac. "Yes. I feigned illness. We got into the carriage and ordered the coachman to drive as fast as he could. The man stood on the sidewalk, staring after us with his cruel eyes as we drove away." "And you are certain that my wife

did not see h'm?" repeated Darsac. "Certain, 1 assure you." "But, good God, Darzac," interposed Rouletabille, "how long do you think you can deceive your wife as to the

fact that Larsan has reappeared and

that she a tually saw him? At the time you reached Garavan your wife sent me the telegram I am going to ask you to read." And he held out to M. Darzac the paper which bore the two words, "Save us." Darzac read it, with whitened face. "She'll go mad again," he said.

[CONTINUED.]

LADY HESTER STANHOPE. Pitt's Eccentric Niece, Who Lived

Strange Life In Syria." Among the eccentric personages of history Lady Stanhope, who was born in London in 1766, is remarkable

She was the daughter of the Earl of Stanhope and niece of the great William Pitt. The death of her mother when

she was an infant deprived her of the care a young girl should have, and even her education was sadly neglected. When she was about twenty she went to act as a sort of secretary for her uncle, who was then prime minister. She remained with him till his death in 1806.

In the next few years she displayed such singular qualities of

child urinates too often, if the uri the flesh, or if, when the child rea age when it should be able to con

NO 51.

vigor and el

ness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or dis

by Kidney and Blaider Treat

the fiesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wet-ting, depend upon it, the cause of the diffi-culty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these importantorgans. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose. Women as well as men are mide miser-and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is scon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a about Swamp-Root. Here addressing about Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed. In writing Dr. Kilmer's & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.





road. Why was this?"

Darzac in his message, Mme. Darzac in hers, had not endeavored to conceal the gravity of the situation. As to Stangerson, we asked ourselves whether he had been made aware of the new

developments. When we reached Toulon our impatience became extreme, and at Cannes we were scarcely surprised at all to see Darzac upon the platform, anxiously looking for us. He could scarcely have received the dispatch which Rouletabille had sent him from Dijon, announcing the hour at which we would reach Mentone. Having arrived there with Mme. Darzac and M. Stangerson the day before at 10 o'clock in the morning, he must have left Mentone almost at once and have come to meet us at Cannes. His face

"Trouble?" questioned Rouletabille briefly.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Roule "W have come in time!"

Darzac pressed both our hands in silence, following us into our compartment in which we locked ourselves. "Well," he said, "he is not dead.

"Alas, yes! But it is necessary that we should use every means to make

When your stomach cannot properly dgest food, of itself, it needs a little stance-and this assistance is readstomach, by temporarily digesting all of the food in the stomach, so that the somach may rest and recuperate.

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example ought to be done. He applied his admirable faculties of reasoning to his daily life as well as to his studies, ly supplied by Kodol. Kodol assits the using the rules both materially and morally. For example, an act had been committed in the school-I have forgotten whether it was of cheating or talebearing-by one of ten persons

whom he knew, and he picked out the right one with a divination which seemed almost supernatural, simply by deduction. He later found in this abnormal fashion a small sum of money which had been stolen from the super-

intendent, who refused to believe that the discovery was due only to the lad's intelligence and clearness of insight. They tried to make him acknowledge his fault. He defended himself with such indignation and anger that it drew upon him a severe punishment. The principal held an investigation and a trial, at which Joseph Josephin, as he was called, was accused by some of his youthful comrades in that spirit of falsehood which children sometimes possess. The fact

that the boy seemed to have no relatives and that no one knew where be came from made him particularly likely in that little world to be suspected of crime. Finally the superintendent told the lad that if he did not confess his guilt it was decided not to keep him in the school and that a letter

would be written to the lady who interested herself in him to tell her to come after him. The child allowed himself to be tak-

en to his little room a prisoner. Upon the morrow he had disappeared. He had run away. He had felt that the principal was no longer his friend since he believed him guilty of theft.

And he could see no reason why the self-had it not been for the influence Lady in Black would not believe it of the odor-if the letter from Matoo. To appear as a thief in the sight thilde, which I had handed to Rouleof the Lady in Black! He would rather die. So he climbed over the tabilie in the train, had not suddenly. wall of the garden at night. He rushwith its faint, sweet perfume, brought to us directly the evidence which we ed to the canal, with a prayer, uttered were seeking. I have never read this as much to the Lady in Black as to letter. It is a document so second in the eyes of my friend that other eyes God himself, and threw himself in the water. Being a good swimmer, he will never behold it, but I know that soon landed and led a gypsy life as the gentle reproaches which it conme of the "orange fishers" of the port tained for the boy's rudeness and lack of Marseilles, subsisting on fruits that of confidence in the writer conclude fell overboard and sleeping where his with a final sentence which said that the interest which she felt in him

fancy pleased. One day Joseph Josephin met a man arose less from the services he had who gave him a bright new hundred sou piece. With his hundred sous he bought himself a fine new bootblack's box and installed himself in business opposite the Bregaillon. With the himself "like a little man with a bro feeling of ownership which his box ken heart" at the age of nine years and whom Rouletabille greatly resemand his business had brought ambition had entered his mind. He bled. had received too good an education not to understand that if he did not bimself finish what others had begun boy was so quiet that I could not even for him he would be deprived of the bear him breathing. "Do you know what I have been thinking of?" he said. "Of the dis-

best chance which he had of making for himself a place in the world. His customers grew interested in the little bootblack, who always had on his box some work of history or mathematics, and a harness maker became attached to him and took him into his

Soon Rouletabille was promoted to M. and Mme. Darmac were not with M. and Mme. Darnac were not with Stangerson, who left them at Dijon Besides, the dispatch says. We are going to rejoin Stangerson.' But the Stangerson dispatch proves that Stan-person, who had continued on his jour-per toward Marsellies. Is amin with a the dignity of working in leather and was able to save. At the age of sixteen, having a little money, he took the train for Paris-to look for the

As soon as he reached the capital he Lady in Black. looked up his benefactor, who was a



THERE IN THE GLASS MATHILDE BEHELD THE FACE OF LARSAN!

patch that came to us from Bourg

and was signed 'Darmac' and the other

dispatch which came from Valence

"And the more I think of them the

ranger they seem to me. At Bourg

was signed 'Stangerson.'

gained from this expedition-at least | friends, what has this man come one in the eyes of a third person, like myto do to us?"

I looked at Rouletabille. His face was even more full of grief than that of Darsac. There was a brief pause, and then Darzac spoke again;

"Listen! This man must disappearhe must be got rid of! We must ask what it is that he wants. If he will not go I shall kill him. It is very simple. Don't you think so too?"

We could not answer. Dargae told as that the event which had changed the face of his existence had taken place at Bourg. Two compartmen of the sleeping car had been reserved by Darme, and these compartments

were joined by a little dressing room rendered ber than because of the In one had been placed the traveling memories which she had of a little bag with the toilet articles of Mme. boy the son of a friend whom she had Durmsc and is the other the smalle loved very dearly and who had killed packages. It was in the latter comartment that the Darracs and Proor Stangerson had traveled from Paris to Dijon, where the three had left the train and had dined at the They had arrived at 6:27 buffet. In the train en route for Cannes the exactly on time, and M. Stangerson had left Dijon at eight minthe after 7 and the Darmacs at just

> T o'clock. or had bidden adies to The profe his daughter and his son-in-law upon the pistform of the station. The Dar-

bridegroom. But when he was told HEN she had told me these that they intended to spend a few days with him he was delighted. Arthings," Darzac continued, thur Rance had not, even after his "my first care was to try to marriage to Miss Edith Prescott, been convince her that she was in able to overcome the extreme reserve boring under some hideous delusion. with which Darzac had always treat-Wasn't Larsan dead and buried? I of fered to accompany Mathilde at once to ed him.

So far as Darzac was concerned, the the compartment in order to prove to her that she had been the victim of terror which he felt was increased by hallucination. She was bitterly opposed news brought to us by Arthur Rance to the idea, crying out that neither she when he met us at Nice But before this there had occurred a little fucinor 1 must ever enter the compartment again. She said that she remembered dent which I cannot pass by in silence. As soon as we reached the Nice sta-Larsan's face perfectly-that it had aption I had jumped from the train and peared before her twice under such circumstances as would impress it indelihurried into the telegraph office to ask bly upon her memory, even if she were whether there was any message for to live for a century-once during the me. A dispatch was handed to me, strange scene in the gallery and again and without opening it I went back to at the moment when they came into Dargae and Rouletabille. her sickroom to place me under ar-"Read this," I said to the young rerest. And then, now that she knew porter.

who Larsan was, it was not only the Rouletabille opened the envelope and features of the secret service agent read: that she had recognized, but the dreaded countenance of the man who had Paris since April 6. This is an absopursued her for years. ute certainty."

"She cried out that she could swear on her life and on mine that she had seen Ballmeyer-alive in the glass, with the smooth face of Larsan.

"I explained to the superintendent at the attitude of the lad, "that the that my wife had been frightened at idea came to me that Brignolles might something she fancied that she had be concerned in the misfortunes crowdseen while alone in our compartment. ing upon us and of which warning and I begged him to keep her in his was given by the telegrams you reoffice while I went myself to discover ceived. I wired a friend to make inwhat it was that she had seen. "And then, my friends," continued quiries in regard to the movements of

Robert Darzac, his voice beginning to tremble, "I left the superintendent" fice, but I had no sooner got out of the room than I went back and slammed the door behind me. 1, too, had

seen Larsan. My wife had had no illusion. Larsan was there in the station upon the platform outside that toor. He was there in front of the superintendent's door, standing under a gas jet. Evidently he expected u and was waiting for us. He made no effort to hide himself. On the contrary, any one would have declared that he had stationed himself there for the express purpose of being seen. "Mathilde was staring at me, ber great eyes wide open, speechless, as though she were a somaambulist. In moment, however, she came back to perself sufficiently to ask me whether

it were far from Bourg to Lyons. At the same time she begged me to give rders about our baggage and asked me to accede to her desire to rejoin her father as soon as possible. I immediate ly entered into her plans. Besides, now that I had seen Larsan with my own eyes, I knew well that the long honeymoon trip which we had planned must be given up, and, my dear boy," went on Darme, turning to Rouletabille, "I became possessed with the idea that we were running the risk of some

mysterious danger from which you alone could rescue us, if not already too late. Mathilde was grateful to me pertments and remained at the win-ber of the readiness with which I fell in with her wish to join her father when dow, chatting with the professor un-til the train started. As it steamed would be or beard the 9-29 train, out the pair waved their hands to Blangerson, who was standing on the o'clock, and we discovered that we for the readiness with which I fell in

Stangerson, who was standing on the platform throwing kines. From Dijou to Bourg neither M. nor Mme. Durme had occasion to enter the atlacent compartment, where Mme. Durme's night bur had been placed. Mathlide anylamed to him that on scof what had happened at Bourg, noth-ing of the appearing of Larsan to Mms. Darms on the train and in her-

ment withdrew a pension she had been drawing. In 1810 she shook the dust of England from her feet and started for the east. She arrived in Syria in 1812 and

settled on Mount Lebanon, where she remained the rest of her hife, entirely cut off from the compan-ionship of friends or countrymen. Surrounded by native servants, whom she ruled with capricious impulse, and with indifferent means at her disposal, she had a strange ex-

perience. Occasionally some traveler who knew her would make a stop and call upon her. These persons told

curious tales of her household. When tea was served one day the When tea was served one day the servant brought the teapot to the table holding it by the spout, as the handle was gone. The ceiling of her salon was upbeld by beams of wood, and her bed was a mattress wood, and her bed was a mattress laid on planks that were placed on trestles.

Lady Stanhope was a hard mistress and demanded unheard of hours of service. At one time all the free women in her employ left in a body, and her slaves were constantly running away. A strict daily account was kept by a secretary of how every hour of the day of each servant and slave was employed, and Lady Hester kept it for study and reference. Her time was fully occupied, divided as it was into curious detail.

She remained in bed until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and retired at about the same hour the next UP morning. She began her daily du-ties at about 6 p. m. Her first work was to assign to

all in the household the routine of their labors for the next day, for no such eccentric hours were allowed servants. This accomplished, she spent the rest of her time till she retired in looking for trouble in the household, scolding and sometime

swearing, writing letters and talking for hours on any subject upon which she got started. For a long time after she had gone to bed she kept most of the ousehold awake and busy, her bell I was soon to change my ideas, howcalling them for various services. It might be for a lemonade or a bowl of broth or a cup of camomile tes, for which the gardener was called to gather the herb, or she had forgotten some detail of an order for the next day, and whoever was to execute it had to be awaken-

ed to hear what she had to say. She kept in good accord with the

pashs, to whom she made presents and rendered services of various sorts, and she often sent gifts to his harem. In this way she had a certain protection. She died as she lived in Syri

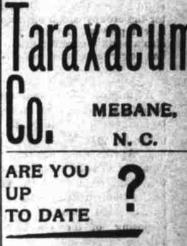
with no friend or companion comfort her last hours. - Bost

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ever, and to believe that this time failmeyer had altered his usual tactics, and the unexpected arrival of

Arthur Rance was to go far in leading me to this opinion. Instead of hiding himself, the bandit was showing himself openly with an audacity that stag-gered belief. After all, what had he to fear in this part of the country? He

was aware that neither Darsac nor his wife would be likely to denounce him. His bold revelation of his ed to have but one end in view that of raining the happiness of the who had believed that his couple who had believed that has death had opened the way for their

marriage. But now let me tell you of the news brought by Rance when he joined the ee of us at Nice. He knew nothing

"I never thought of any such thing as that!" I exclaimed. I suspected that Rouletabille was laughing at me. The truth was that the idea had ac ually entered my mind. And this time both Darrac and Rouletabille begged my pardon and paid their respects to my despised intui-

the fellow."

disguise?"

tions. I mention this incident here to show to how great an extent I was inunted by the image of Larsan hiding under some new form and lurking nknown among us. Dear beaven! Larsan had so often proved his genius in this respect that I felt him quite capable of defying us now and of mingling with us perhaps even as a friend.