Bob's skull."

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Saturday, March 5, 1910,

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

and Mile. Stangerson celebrate cut the telephone wire to prevent fur. Tullio had replied that he had no their wedding quietly in a Paris ther communication and possible ex- knowledge whatever of whom the man church on April 6, 1895. Among planations, sent for the money by a might be; that he was a crazy sort of the few present is Rouletabille, the reporter-detective, who has himself. Then he rushed to the court his doubts about the alleged to denounce Rigaud and, as I have death of Larsan, the government said. M. Furet himself. secret service official who is said A dramatic scene took place when to have been lost in the wreck of accuser and accused were confronted La Dordogne. Mile. Stangerson with each other in the cabinet of M. had married him when she was a Esplerre, the judge. mere girl, ignorant that her Jan Ballmeyer to the amazed broker, "you

II. Rouletabille and his best francs to pay a #ttle debt incurred at friend, who is relating this story, the race track, and you intended to decide to go to the Castle of Her- pay back the sum. It was you who cules at Rochers Rouges to visit telephoned?" the Rances together with the newly married Darzacs. Rouletabilla is revealed as the son of the bille is revealed as the son of the now Mme. Darzac and Larsan, Ballmeyer. "No one could mistake her former husband. III-Dar- your voice." zac describes how his wife receives a severe shock at seeing eight days and was caught, and the the face of Larsan in a mirrow at police furnished such a report upon a callway compartment. IV, V him that M. Cruppi, then attorney and VI-Larsan is seen outside general, now minister of commerce, the castle at Rochers Rouges, and presented to M. Furet the most hum-

him. VII—Old Bob, a professor, exhibits what he describes as "the of stories about Ballmeyer Indefinitely. oldest skull in the world". VIII Known at various times as the Count and IX-Roulatabille traces Lar- de Motteville, Comte de Bonneville, san and one Brignooles on a mys- etc., he frequented the summer reterious journey. At a luncheon
Roulatabille and his friend realize the presence of Larsan at the in one evening. In his regiment be castle and are horrified.

CHAPTER VII

A Keen Rogue and a Quaint Crank.

posts, passing along the parapets in the moonlight, keeping close watch. Mme. Edith, who said that she could not sleep, came out and talked to Rouletabille at his postern. He called me, placed me in charge of his postern and of Mrs. Rance and made his rounds. The fair Edith was in the most charming hu-

ARE YOU ONE "It's the funnest thing ... "How I wish I of," she exclaimed. "How I wish I wanted I should of the many thous- knew your Larsan! I'm sure I should the plan which I have submitted to

derland ? ? ? ? ed so lightly. Ab, if the unbappy girl had only realized what was to come! I spent two delightful hours with Mme. Edith, during the greater part of which I related to her some facts regarding the history of Larsan-Ballmeyer, some of which had been sufficient to make it doubtful whether he

> still lived at the time that he appeared to play so unexpected a part in "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." As this man's powers will now be seen to extend to heights which some may believe inaccessible, I judge it to be my duty to prepare the mind of the reader to admit in the end that I am only the transcriber of an affair the like of which never has been known before and that I have invented nothing. I will refer those who believe in actual records to the stenographic reports of the trial at Versailles. And it must not be forgotten that before destiny had brought Larsan-Ballmeyer and Joseph Rouletabille into contact the elegantly mannered bandit bad given considerable trouble to the aufiles of the Gazette les Tribuneaux and to read the account of the day when Larsan was condemned by the court of assizes to ten years at hard labor to be assured on this score. Then one will refrain from smiling because Joseph Rouletabille placed a drawbridge between Larsan-Bailmeyer and Ma-thilde Darsac.
>
> Bailmeyer did not become a crimi-

uni because driven to evil doing by poverty and misery. The son of a rich broker in the Rue Moiay, he might have chosen any vocation, but his preferred calling was to lay hands upon the money of other people. He decided to become a swinder, just as another lad might have decided to become an engineer. His debut was a stroke of genius. Ballmeyer stole a letter addressed to his father containing a large sum of money. He took the train for Lyons and wrote his

parent as follows:

Monsieur—I am an old soldier, retired and with a medal of honor. My son, a postoffice cierk, has stolen in the mails a letter addressed to you and containing money to pay a gambling debt. I have called the members of the family together. In a few days we shall be able to raise the sum necessary to repay you. You are a father. Have pity upon a father. Do not bring me down in sorrow and shame to my grave.

M. Railmerer, willingly granted the parent as follows:

M. Ballmeyer willingly granted the petition. He is still waiting for his first remittance, or, rather, he has ceased to expect it, for the law apprised blip ten years ago of the iden-

tity of the culprit. While he was doing military duty Ballmeyer stole his companion's box and accused the captain. He committed a theft of 40,000 francs from the Malson Furet and immediately after-

ward denounced M. Furet as having stolen it himself. Ballmeyer appropriated a draft for 6,000 ilvres sterling from the messenwho allowed him desk room in their

He went to the Rue Poissoniere, into the house of M. Furet and, imitating the voice of M. Edouard Furet, asked over the telephone of M. Cohen, a banker, whether he would be willing to discount the draft. It token he had asked Tullio that morning the followers the draft. It token

replied in the affirmative, and teu min-CHAPTER I-Robert Darzac utes later Ballmeyer, after having about in his boat the night before.

companion named Rigaud.

Roussel—his then name—was no must tell the justice the truth. You other than the notorious scoundrel need not fear serious consequences. Ballmeyer, now posing as Larsan. Why not confess? You needed 40,000

"You may as well confess," said

The bold thief was detected within Rouletabille establishes guards tice. Rigaud was also tried and conand fortifies the place against demned to twenty years at hard labor. One might go on relating this kind

> had made a conquest-happily platonic -of the colonel's daughter. Do you

> know the type now? Well, it was with this man that Joseph Rouletabille was going to fight. I thought that morning that I had sufficiently informed Mme. Edith in

regard to the personality of the bandit. The night passed without any event. When the day dawned I saluted it with a deep sigh of relief. Rouletabille was already in the midst of the workmen, laboring actively in repairing the breaches of the tower B. The work was done so expeditiously and so promptly that the strong Chateau of Hercules was soon sealed as hermetically close as it was possible for a building to be. Seated on a big bowlder in the bright sunlight, Rouletabille began to draw upon his notebook the reader, and he said:

fellow whom he had taken in as a passenger at Mentone.

I dressed myself quickly and joined Rouletabille, who told me that we were to have a new guest at luncheon in the person of Old Bob.

Old Bob made his appearance. And -let me say it; let me say it here-it was not this apparition which could have turned our thoughts toward anything dark or gloomy. I have rarely seen anything more droll than Old Bob walking in the blinding sun of the springtime in the Midi, with a tall bat of black beaver, his black trousers, his black spectacles, his white hair and his rosy cheeks. Yes, yes, we sat there and laughed in the Tower of Charles the Bold. And Old Bob laughed with us, for Old Bob was as gay as a child.

What was this old savant doing at the Castle of Hercules? Why did he quit his work and precious collection in Philadelphia?

At the time of his infatuation for the daughter of M. Stangerson, Arthur Rance was regarded by American scientists as the rising anthropologist. His subsequent marriage to Edith Prescott revived his enthusiasm for research, which she shared. When they visited the region of Rochers Rouges the leading scientists of France were moving the government to promot their work, which was yielding great results. Discoveries in the private grounds of M. Abbo, owner of the restaurant of the Grotto of Barma Grande, proved that primeval man had lived there before the glacial epoch, 200,000 years ago.

The Rances eagerly entered into these antiquarian researches. Mrs. Rance, being of a romantic turn, took violent fancy to the rulned castle and persuaded her husband to buy it. While it was being made habitable Rance telegraphed and wrote to her uncle, Old Bob, who was then bone digging in Patagonia. These messages never reached him, for Old Bob, who had previously promised to join his nephew and niece after they had been married for awhile, had aiready taken the steamer for Europe. Evidently report had already brought to him the story of the treasures of the Rochers Rouges. 'A few days after the cable had been disputched he landed at Marseilles and arrived at Mentone, where he became the companion of Arthur Rance and his wife in the Chateau of Hercules, which his very presence



"HERE IT IS, IT IS OLD BOB'S SKULL. LOOK AT IT!"

"You see, these people believe that I seemed to fill with life and gayety. am fortifying the place to defend my-self. Well, that is merely a small part us a little theatrical, but that feeling of the truth, for I am fortifying the arose without doubt from the effects place because reason bids me do so in

about 11 o'clock in the morning and the voice of Mere Bernier told me that Rouletabille wanted me to get up I threw my window wide open and

looked out in delight. Never had nature appeared to me more sweet. The serene air, the beautiful shore, the balmy sea, the purple mountains, all this picture to which my northern senses were so little ac-customed, evoked in my mind the thought of some tender, caressing human being. As these thoughts passed through my mind I noticed a man who was lashing the sea. I could not unferstand what had excited his wrath in this tranquil spot, but he evidently feit that he had some serious cause for veration, for he never ceased his blows. At this point I was interrupted by the voice of Rouletabille, who told me that breakfast was nearly ready. Roule-Messrs. Furet Bros., who were seen the man who was beating the waters in the fine Poissoniere and ter, and he told me that it was Tullio who was frightening the fishes to drive them into his nets. It was for this

of our appreheusions of the evening before. The Old Bob had the soul of a child. He was as much of a co-quette as an old woman.

Mrs. Rance presented him to us, and he uttered a few polite phrases, after which he opened his wide mouth in a

interrupt the jubilations of her uncle by announcing to him that Prince Gallich, who had purchased the Grotto of Romeo and Juliet at Rochers had brown to the control of th of Romeo and Juliet at Rochers Romeo and Juliet at Rochers Rouges, must have made some sensational discovery, for she had seen him the very morning of Old Bob's departure for Paris passing by the Port of Hercules, carrying under his arm a little box, which he had touched as he went by, calling out to her, "See, Mrs. Rance, I have found a treasure!" He walked on, laughing, with the remark that he would have a surprise for Old Bob on his return. And later she had Bob on his return. And later she had heard that Brignolles had taken a tick-heard that Prince Gallich had device that Brignolles had taken a tick-heard that Prince Gallich had device that Brignolles had taken a tick-heard that Prince Gallich had device that Brignolles had taken a tick-heard that Prince Gallich had device that Brignolles had taken a tickthat he would have a surprise for Old Bob on his return. And later she had

Bob on his return. And later she had deheard that Prince Gallitch had declared that he had discovered "the
oldest skull in the history of the human race."

Every vestige of gayety fied from
Every vestige of gayety fied from
Rouletabille in the Court of Charles
Cht Rob's face and manner. His voice
the Bold I never mentioned the sub-

"That is an infernal lie! The oldest skull in all history is Old Bob's skull.

at once!" he cried. Almost as soon as the words were spoken we saw Mattoni crossing the youd the end of his own nose, I could Court of Charles the Bold with Old Bob's trunk on his shoulder. Old Bob took his bunch of keys, got down on his knees and opened the box. From this receptacle he took a hatbox, and from the hatbox he drew out a skull.

"Mattoni, Mattoni! Bring my trunk

table. "The oldest skull in the history of humanity!" he echoed. "Here it is! It is Old Bob's skull! Look at it! Oh, I can tell you, Old Bob never goes anywhere without his skull!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Wonderful Finds - and Vanishings.

LD BOB took up the frightful

object and began to caress it, his eyes sparkling and his thick lips parting once more in a broad smile. Rouletabille and I were unable longer to control ourselves and nearly split our sides with laughter-all the more because Old Bob every few moments would interrupt himself in the midst of a peal of merrinent to demand of us what was the

Suddenly Old Bob grew serious. He lifted the skull in his right hand and placed the forefinger of the left hand upon the forehead of his ancestor.

Peansons.

do we find?"

"When one looks at the skull from

above one notices very clearly a pen-tagonal formation which is due to the

notable development of the parietal

oumps and the jutting out of the shell

of the occipitals. The great breadth of the face comes from the exaggerat-

ed development of the sygomatic pro-portions, while in the head of the trog-

lodytes of the Baousse-Raousse what

I shall never know what it was that

troglodytes, for I did not listen to

bin, but I looked at him. And I had

Old Bob seemed to me terrifying, hor-rible, as false as the father of lies,

with his counterfeit gayety and his

scientific jargon. My eyes remained fixed upon him as if they were fas-

cinated. It seemed to me that I could see his hair move, just as a wig might

do. One thought-the thought of Lar-

san, which never left me completely— seemed to expand until it filled my en-tire brain. I felt as if I must speak

it out when all at once I felt an arm

locked in mine, and I saw Rouletabille

looking at me with an expression which I did not know how to read.

He drew me away from the table,

and we walked toward the west bonle-vard. After he had looked closely on

every side and made sure that no one

everywhere around us. If he were not there a little while ago he is per-

haps there now. Ah, he is stronger than the stones! He is stronger than anything else in the world. I fear him

less within than without, for, Sain-clair, I feel that he is here."

ing to put into words what was in my

He did not answer. At the end of a

"Hold your left hand in your right

"You are in the right in seeing him

was near us be said:

few moments he said:

I COULD PERCEIVE TWO FORMS THAT HASTENED.

His brow was dripping with perspiration; his arms were bared, his col-Do you understand me? It is Old lar thrown off; a heavy hammer was in his hand. It seemed to me that he was devoting considerable time and energy to a comparatively simple task, and, like a fool who does not see be-

I was only able to understand that. half an hour later, when I came upon him lying beside the ruins of the chapel, murmuring in his dreams the one word which betrayed the sorrow of his heart-"mother." Rouletabille was dreaming of the Lady in Black! After having relieved his overcharged heart with that one word he left nothing more to be heard except his heavy breathing. He was completely exhausted. I believe that it was the first

time he had really slept since we had

come from Paris. I left the chateau unseen, and soon, my dispatch in my pocket, I took the train for Nice. On the way I chanced to read this item on the first page of the Petit Nicols: "Professor Stanger son has arrived at Garavan, where he will spend a few weeks with M. Arthur Rance, the recent purchaser of the Fort of Hercules, who, aided by the beautiful Mme. Arthur Rance, will dispense hospitality to his friends in this mediaeval stronghold. Professor Strangerson's daughter, whose marriage to M. Robert Darzac has just taken place in Paris, has also arrived at the Fort of Hercules with her husband, the brilliant young professor of

At Nice, hidden behind the blinds of a buffet, I awaited the arrival of the train from Paris by which Brignolles was due to arrive. And the next mo

La Sorbonne."

known all along that those accidents in the laboratory had not happened by chance! They would believe me now. had seen with my own eyes Larsan and Brignolles talking and consulting together at the entrance of the Castillon tunnel. I had seen them. But where were they gone now? For I saw them no longer. They must be in the tunnel. I hastened my steps, leaving my coachman behind me, and reached the tunnel in a few moments. drawing my revolver from my pocket. My state of mind was beyond descrip-

But where were they? I walked through the dark tunnel. No Larsan, no Brignolles! Not a living creature But upon my left, toward ancient Castillon, it seemed to me that I could erceive two forms that hastened. They disappeared. I ran after them. I arrived at the ruins. I stopped. Who could say that those two figures were not lying in wait for me behind wall?

The old Castillon was no longer inhabited, and for a good reason. It had been entirely ruined-destroyed by the earthquake of 1887. What a silence there was all around me! With a thousand precautions I searched through the ruins, contemplating with borror the depth of the crevices which the earthquake had opened in the

Had I been the victim of an illusion? could no longer see my two shadows Was I also the plaything of my imagi nation when I stooped and picked up from the road a bit of letter paper which looked to me singularly that which Darzae used at La Sarbonne?

Upon this bit of paper I deciphered two syllables which I believed Brignolles had written. These syllables seemed to be the end of a word the beginning of which was missing. All that it was possible to make out was

Two hours later I re-entered the Fort of Hercules and told my story to Rouletabille, who placed the bit of paper in his portfolio and entreated me to be as silent as the grave in regard to my expedition. Astonished at having produced so

different an effect from the one which I had anticipated at the discovery which I believed so important, I stared at Rouletabille. He turned his head away. His eyes were filled with tears. "Rouletabille!" I exclaimed.

But again he motioned me not to They had waited dinner for me. It

was late. We scarcely attempted to hide the deep anxiety which froze our hearts. One would have said that each one of us was resigned to the blow which was threatening. At 10 o'clock I went to take up my station

at the tower of the gardener. While I was in the little room where we had consulted together the night before the Lady in ! ick and Rouletabille passed beneath the arch. The glimmer of the lantern fell on their faces. Mme. Darzac was greatly excited. She was urging Rouletabille to something which I could not hear. The conversation between them looked like an argument, and I caught only one word of Rouleand I caught only one word of Roule abille's, "Thief!"

The two entered the Court of the sold. The Lady in Thief. tabille's, "Thief!"

he did not see it, for he left her imme-diately and went toward his own room. She remained standing alone for a moment in the court, leaning against the trunk of the eucalyptus tree in an attitude of unutterable sadness: then, with slow steps, she enter-

It was now the 10th of April. The pickpocket among the passengers. But attack of the square tower occurred on the night between the 11th and 12th.

ed the square tower.

[CONTINUED.]

Did Her Duty. "Gladys," reprimanded her stern fa ther, "I am shocked! I actually saw you kiss that tall young man with the

long hair." "Well, papa, he's an author," spoke an Miss Gladys with a pout.

"And what has that to do with it?" An honest medicine "Why, papa, didn't you say with your own lips that young authors should be encouraged?"-Chicago News.

Smart Children. It seems universal nowadays for a son to think that he is infinitely wiser than his father. If the average parent only knew half as much as the average youth thinks he does, good gra-cious, how this old globe would hum! -Exchange.

first returns.

And I mean just exactly that.

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order that Larsan cannot get in." When I heard a knock at my door

which he opened his wide mouth in a great hearty laugh. He was jubliant, and we were soon to learn the reason why. He had brought back from his visit to the Museum of Paris the certainty that the skeleton of the Barms Grande was no more ancient than the one which he had discovered in his last expedition to Tierra del Fuego.

Mme. Edith had the unkindness to interrupt the jubliations of her uncle open the dispatch which Pere Jacques had brought me, and in this I was

gnolles' carriage came out upon the Road de la Corniche, and I directed my coachman to take the same way. The numerous windings of this road, its accentuated curves, permitted me to see without being seen. Finally we reached the Beaulieu railway station. where I was astonished to see Brignolles' carriage stop and the man himself get out, pay the driver and enter the waiting room. He was going to take the train. For what purpose? He got into a passenger coach which was bound for the Italian frontier. I realized that all his movements were bringing him nearer to the Fort of Hercules. I got in the car behind his. Brignolles did not get off until we reached Mentone. I saw him alight. He had turned up the collar of his overcoat and pulled his hat down over his eyes. He cast a stealthy glance around the quay and then mingled

ment I new him alighting from a car.

I knew that there must be some

strange reason for this journey of

which he had not informed M. Darrac

beforehand. And I knew that the trip

was a secret one when I saw that

Brignolles was bending his head as be

burried along, gliding rapidly as a

I was behind him. I followed him.

These maneuvers seemed to me more

and more ambiguous. Finally Bri-

with the other passengers. Once outside the train shed he got into a shabby old stage which was standing by the sidewalk. I inquired of an employee, who told me that that carriage was the stage to Sospel. Sospel is a picturesque little city lost between the last counterforts of the Alps, two hours and a half from Men-tone by coach. No railroad passes

through there. It is one of the most retired and quietest corners of France, the most dreaded by revenue officers and by the Alpine hunters. Why was Brignelles going to Sospel? I must find out. I hired a carriage from the station, and in a few moments I, too, was climbing over the rocks to the valley of Carel. How I regretted not having spoken of my telegram to Rouletabille! The strange behavior of Bouletabille! The strange behavior of Brignoiles would have given him ideas, useful and reasonable, while for my part I had not the slightest idea of how to reason. I only knew how to follow this Brignoiles as a dog follows his master. I reached Castillon ten minutes later than Briguoties. Castillon is at the highest point of the road between Membase and Sospel. I descended from the carriage, and at the entrance of a tunnel through which it was necessary to pass to