GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

young man.

mediately."

circle. Wait a moment."

Suddenly he rose to his feet, he

"This is a good weapon," he said

of a London gunsmith. It was new,

every barrel was filled, and Roulets

bille declared that it had never been

"Larsan only avails himself of the

kind. He intended merely to frighten

you with it or he would have fired im

"Ask my wife. I want to forget all

bout it. I know nothing more about

this horrible thing. No one save Mma.

Darsac knows where the body is. She

"I have forgotten, too," said Mithilde. "I was obliged to do so."

"Nevertheless," insisted Rouletabilla

shaking his head, "you must tell me

You said that he was in his agony

"I am perfectly sure," replied Dar-

"Oh, it is finished! Is it not entirely

and walked to the window. See, there

dend-dead forever! Everything is

Poor Lady in Black! The yearnings

of her soul revealed themselves in her

words, "It is finished?" And the fact,

s she believed it, made her forget all

the horror of the scene which had

passed in this room. Larsan no more!

And we all started up in affright

when the Lady in Black began to

augh-the frantic laugh of a mad we-

man! She ceased as suddenly as she had begun, and a horrible stillness fol-

lowed. We dared look neither at her

nor at each other. She was the first

"It is all over!" she said. "Foreive

"It will be over when we know ho

alled Bernier and his wife, and a gen-

Rouletabille, who was sitting at Dar-

sac's desk taking notes, arose and said:

only one hope. It is in the few mo-ments that Bernier was off guard about 6 o'clock. At least at that time

there was some one behind it. It was

you, M. Darrac. Can you reiterate, after having thoroughly searched your memory, that when you went into your room you instantly closed the door and drew the bolt?"

"I can," replied Darsie solment And he added: "And I opened the door only when you and Sainclai knocked upon it. I swear it."

And in saying this, as later ever

"It is well, Darrac, you have clo

the circle. The spartment in the square tower is now closed as firmly

as was the yellow room, which wa

"One would guess immediately that

Lareen was mixed up to the affair," I exclaimed. "It is the same mode

"Yes," observed Mme. Darmeri "Tes

M. Sainciair, it is the same mode of procedure." And she unfastened her husband's collar to show the wounds

idden beneath it.
"See!" she said. "They are the same

"No; it is not the same thing," said

ing. In the room in the roo

In the yellow room there was a body

CHAPTER XIV.

Mystery of the "Body Too

tabille. "It is just the opposite

nail prints. I know them well."

like a strong box, or as the 'inexpile

ble gallery.

proved, the man spoke the truth.

Rouletabilie said:

me. I won't laugh again."

And then Rouletabille said, sp

Rouletabille opened the do

ral consultation took place.

n a very low tone:

be got in."

is the sun! This borrible night

Are you sure that he is dead now?"

through the room and said:

"Where is the body?"

may tell you if she likes."

A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"

What is known as the "Blues" k seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the reat majority of cases by a disorder-

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Administrator's

Saturday, March 5, 1910. rice is sid. Feb. 2, 1916. CHAS, C. THOMPSON Long.

There is no footprint which could be Old Bob's. Old Bob reached here be-fore and perhaps went out while the covered that the iron bars were still fast. If any one had fied by that way

OLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE Old Bob could have got out except in

The Perfume of the

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

her former husband. III-Dar-

castle and are horrified. X-

CHAPTER XIII.

"When My Father Wears a

Wig It Will Fit."

seen him in such a state of mental in-

quietude. "I want to ask you, my boy,

"No," he answered, "and I asked her

"And you swore to see nothing and

hear nothing without her saying any-

thing to you about the pistol shot and

The young man now gazed at me in-

"It was necessary for me to believe.

For my part, I respected the secrets of

the Lady in Black. I had nothing to

ask of her when she said to me, 'We

must leave each other now, my child,

but nothing can ever separate us

"Yes, and there was blood upon her

We looked at each other in silence.

was now at the window and beside

the reporter. Suddenly his hand touch-

ed mine. Then he pointed to the little

taper which was burping at the en-

trance to the subterranean door which

Old Bob is still at work. We will go

A few moments later we descended

into the octagon room of the Tower of

Charles the Bold. The lamp was burn-

ing on the table, but there was no sign

He picked up the lamp and exam-

ined everything. We came to the little

desk table. There we found the skull,

and it was true that it had been spat-

tered with the red paint of the wash

drawing which Darzac had set to dry

upon that part of the desk which faced the window. I went from one

window to the other and shook the

bars to assure myself that they had

"What are you about?" asked Rou-letabille. "Before thinking about how

he could have got out at the windows

wouldn't it be better to find out

He set the lamp upon the parapet

and looked for traces of footprints.

"Go and knock at the door of the

Old Bob has come in. Ask Mattoni

Five minutes after I went out I was

back with the information. No one

had seen Old Bob in any part of the

"He left this lamp burning in order to make people believe that he was at

work. There is no sign of a struggle

of any sort, and in the sand I find the

traces of the footprints of only Rance

and Darsac, who came to this foom

during the storm last night and have

the claylike soil of the outer court.

tempest was raging, but in any case he has not come in since."

Like a flash an idea pierced through

my brain. I rushed through the court

till I came to the oubliette. I dis-

nare tower and ask Bernier whether

whether he went by the door?"

and Pere Jacques. Go-quick!"

fortress, Rouletabille said;

not been tampered with.

Then Rouletabille said:

and have a peep at him."

led to Old Bob's study in the tower. "It is dawn," said Rouletabille, "and

"Ah, she said that to you?"

nothing."

again!"

bands.'

of Old Bob.

frightened. And I was more

terrified myself than words

My friend was not listening, and I was surprised to see him deeply en-CHAPTER I-Robert Darzac grossed in a task of which I found it and Mile. Stangerson celebrate impossible to guess the meaning. He their wedding quietly in a Paris was making drawings with a rule, a church on April 6, 1895. Among square, a measure and a compass, sentthe few present is Rouletabille, the reporter-detective, who has his doubts about the alleged

He was quietly making a plan.

He had pricked the paper with one

death of Larsan, the government of the points of his compass while secret service official who is said the other point traced the circle which to have been lost in the wreck of might represent the Tower of the Bold La Dordogne. Mile. Stangerson as we could see it in the design of M. had married him when she was a Darzac. Then, dipping his brush into mere girl, ignorant that her Jan a tiny dish half full of the red paint Roussel—his then name—was no other than the notorious scoundrel the carefully spread the paint over the entire grant of the red paint. Ballmeyer, now posing as Larsan. doing this he was extremely particutire space occupied by the circle. In Rouletabille and his best lar, giving the greatest attention to friend, who is relating this story, seeing that the paint was of the same decide to go to the Castle of Her-thickness at every point. His face cules at Rochers Rouges to visit took on a look like that of a maniac. the Rances together with the Then he turned toward me so quickly newly married Darzaes. Rouleta- that he upset the great easy chair in which he had been seated. bille is revealed as the son of the "Sainclair! Sainclair! Look at the now Mme. Darzac and Larsan.

red paint! Look at the red paint!" I leaned over the drawing, terrified zac describes how his wife re- by his savage tone. ceives a severe shock at seeing "The red paint, the red paint!" he

the face of Larsan in a mirrow at kept grouning, his eyes staring in his a railway compartment. IV, V head as though he were witnessing and VI-Larsan is seen outside some frightful spectacle. "But what-what is it?" I stam the castle at Rochers Rouges, and mered Rouletabille establishes guards

"'What is it?' My God, man, can't and fortifies the place against him. VII—Old Bob, a professor, blood? you see? Don't you know that that is exhibits what he describes as "the No, I did not know it-indeed, I was

oldest skull in the world". VIII quite sure that it wasn't blood. It and IX-Roulatabille traces Lar- was merely red paint. But I took san and one Brignooles on a mys- care not to contradict Rouletabille. 1 terious journey. At a luncheon Roulatabille and his friend real-

ize the presence of Larsan at the think that it can be Larsan's?" "Oh, oh, oh! Larsan's blood? Who Rouletabille calls his friends' atknows anything about Larsan's blood? tention to the haunting odor of Who has ever seen the color of it? To the perfume used by "the Lady see that, it would be necessary to open my own veins, Sainclair. That's the in Black," Mme. Darzac. XI-A mysterious pistol shot is heard in only way. My father would not let

his blood be spilled like that." He was speaking again with that strange, desperate pride of his father. "When my father wears a wig it will fit My father would not let his blood be spilled like that." He spoke again:

"My poor mother did not deserve I did not deserve it." A tear this. ran down his cheek and fell into the little dish of paint.

"Ab!" he cried. "It isn't necessary to fill it any fuller." And he picked could express. I had never up the tiny cup with infinite care and carried it to the cabinet. "Let us go! Let us go!" he said upon the figure.

nized as hers murmured: "Why are you come? I saw you crossing the court. You have been there all night. You know all. do you want now?"

She added in deep misery: "You swore to me that you would seek to know nothing." Rouletabille took her hand

"Come, mother, degrest," he said tenderly. She did not resist in the least. But when he led her to the door of the fa-

tal chamber she recoiled. "Not there!" she monned. Rouletabille tried the door. It was He called Bernier, who the door and then hurried

Once the door was opened we looked into the room. What a spectacle we beheld! The chamber will in the most frightful disorder, and the crimson dawn which entered through the vast embrasures rendered the disorder still more sinister. What an illumination for a chamber of horrors! Blood was upon the walls and upon the floor and upon the furniture-the blood of the rising sun and the blood of him whom Toby had carried off in the sack, no one knew whither, in the potato bag! The tables, the chairs, the sofas, were all overturned. The curtains of the bed to which the man in his death agony had tried desperately to cling were half torn down, and one could

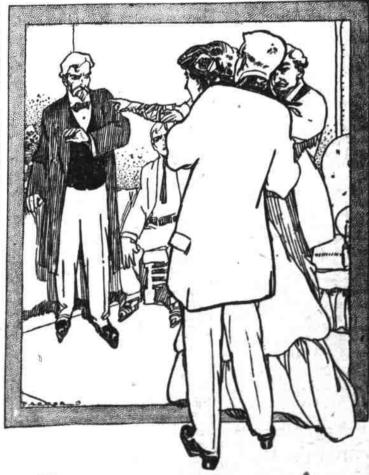
Mme. Darzac murmured: 'We are delivered!" Rouletabille had fallen upon his

of a bloody hand.

distinguish upon one of them the mark

knees at her side. Then she told us the story. She looked at the closed door. She looked at the overturned furniture and the blood spattered walls and floor and narrated the details of the frightful scene. She told us that as soon as Darzac had entered his room he had drawn the bolt and had walked to the little table in the center of the room. The apartment was lighted only by wax candle.

The silence of the room was sudden ly broken by a loud crash like that of piece of furniture. The crash came from the little panel, and then all was silent. Darzac made a movement toward the panel which was situated at the back of the room on the right hand side. He was nailed to the spot where he stood by a second crash louder than the first, and this time it seemed to her that she could see the panel move. But at that very moment the panel swung open before them. A shadowy form issued from the panel. Uttering a cry of rage, Darzac rushed



"TOU HAVE KILLED MY UNCLE!"

drearily at last. "The time is come. Sainclair. No matter what happens, we can never turn back now. The Lady in Black must tell us everything -everything about the man who is in

that sack." He knocked at the door of the square tower. I asked him whether be did not wish me to leave him alone with his mother. But, to my great surprise, he begged me not to abandon him "for snything in the world-so that the circle should not be closed."

may never be!" The door of the tower again was seif." opened, and we saw Bernier's face ap-

"What do you want? What are you loing here again?" he demanded. Speak low. Madame is in Old Bob's sitting room, and the old man has no

brought on their feet a little earth from the Court of the Bold and also of We were in the vestibule of the "What is madame doing in Old Bob's

aftting room?" asked the reporter in a "She is waiting for Darrac, She dare not re-enter the room until be Rouletabille excitedly.

comes, per I elther." "Well, go back into your lodge, He opened the door of Old Beb's or had fallen into the shaft the bars He opened the door of Old Bob's would have been opened. I hurried back. "Rouletabilie! There is no way that it is not seen and see sack?"

Ledy in Black. She never moved at two form of the countries of the countrie

"And that shadow-that shadow had a face that you could see?" interrup ed Rouletabille. "Mamma, why did you not see the face? You have killed the shadow, but how do we know tha it was Larson if you did not see his face? Perhaps you have not even "Ob, yes," she replied almost listies

ly. "He is dead." Rouletabille took the Lady in Black into his arms, carried her tenderly to ber room and said to ber: "Mamma, And he added mournfully, "Perhaps it you must leave me now. I have work to do-for you, for Darrac and for my

> at the door of the corridor. Roulets bille asked who was there, and the voice of Darrac answered.

He fell into the chair from which

"Did you see his face?" que

have shown discomfiture at this answer; but, on the contrary, he turned to Darrac and said:

"Ab. you did not see his face. That's Edith. "May heaven be praised! But

was Rouletabilie? Ells bed had not been disturbed. I dressed myself burriedly and went to look for my friend, whom I found in the outer court. He took me by the arm and led me into the vast

drawing room of in Louve. Then I was surprised to find, although I was not yet time for inneheon, every body assembled. M. and Mme. Darrace body assembled. M. and man but be were there. Mme. Edith, from the dark coruse where she was recitating on a sofa, saluted us.

"Ah, here is M. Rouletabille with his friend, Sainciair! Now we shall know

"Don't leave me until Robert con

"First of all, madame, permit me to aform you that I have decided to sup-The man who entered looked like i ross the 'guard' which you kindly alcorpse. Never was human face so pal-lid, so bloodless, so devoid of all sem-

Rouietabille had just raised the Lady in Black. He tooked up at her. "Your wish is realis is where you wished it to be."

"No," answered Darzac weartly. have not seen it. Did you think that I was going to open the mch?"
I thought that Rousetabille

"This is true, medame," n etabille, "since last night."

hear it, aithough I assure you th

of Mms. Edith, with an affectation of gayety. "On the contrary, the fact proves to me that M. and Mms. Dar-

ac are no longer in any danger.

Nine. Darsac could not refrain from

how is it that my husband and I are very good, indeed. The important the last to hear the news? Interesting thing now is that we should close the things must have been happening last And almost joyously he threw himsac to Castelar was one of them withself down on all fours and crawled out doubt." around among the furniture and under

As she spoke I could see the embar-assment of M. and Mme. Darsac. The former, after a glance at his wife, in his hand a revolver which he had-found under the panel. "You have found his revolver!" cried started to speak, but Rouletabille would not permit him to do so.

"Madame, you should know the rea-"He did not have time to son why M. and Mme. Darsac have ceased to run any danger. Your hus-As he spoke Darzac took from his band, madame, has told you of the pocket his own revolver, which had frightful tragedy of the Glandler two saved his life, and held it out to the years ago, and you know also, of course, that the reason why we have placed such a strong guard here Rouletabille examined it closely around M. Dargae and his wife was Then be compared the pistol with that because we had seen a certain man which had fallen from the hand of the again." "I do." assassin. The latter bore the mark

"Well, this man cannot appear again

"What has become of him?" "He is dead."
"When did be die?" arms in the last extremity," said the young man. "He hates noise of any "Last night. He was killed in the

quare tower."

We all sprang to our feet at this declaration in the greatest agitation. M. and Mme. Rance seemed complete-And Rouletabille returned M. Darsac's revolver and put Larsan's in his ly stupefied by the words which they heard, and M. and Mme. Darsac and myself were plunged into the most profound agitation by the fact Ronletabille made a few steps that Rouletabille had not hesitated to

reveal the secret. "In the square tower?" cried Mme Edith. "And who, then, has killed

"M. Robert Darsac," replied Roule tabille.

Mms. Edith arose, seized Darzac by the band and exclaimed with an em phasis which made me decide that I ad judged her wrongly when I called "Bravo, M. Robert! All right! You

are a gentleman!" Arthur Rance arose and said, his face as pallid as though he had seen a ended?" pleaded Mathilde. She arose

"Larsan is dead. Well, no one i more rejoiced than myself to know it, and if he has received the punishment due to his crimes from the hand of M. Darage no one is more to be congratu lated than M. Darzac. But I consider that it would be wrong for M. Darsac be better to inform the authorities. If they come to learn of this affair from would be! If we give out the information ourselves we shall show that an act of justice has been committed. If we conceal anything we shall place ourselves in the category of me tors." He paused.

"I believe that my husband is right, Edith added. "But we ought to know just what has happened."

And she addressed berself directly

to M. and Mme. Darsac. But both of the latter were still under the spell of surprise which Rouletabille had caused them by his remarks, who that very morning in my presence had promised to be silent and had sworn us all to silence. M. Rance repeated pervously: "Why should we concent anything? Why should we? We must

All at once the reporter seemed to take a sudden resolution. He leaned toward Arthur Rance, whose right hand was resting on a cape, the head carved of Ivory by a famous cutter at Dieppe. Rouletabille took the cane in his hand. "May I look at it?" he asked. "I am

an amateur ivory carver myself. It is really very beautiful. It is a figure by man on the Norman shore."

The young man seemed to be entirely engroused in studying the cane. As he touched the carving the stick fell from his hand and colled toward Darme. I picked it up and returned it immediately to M. Rance. Rouletabille cast a withering look at me, and I rend in that glance that somehow o ther I had shown myself an idiot. Rouletabille asked abruptly of Mrs.

"Well, medame, do you think w

ought to inform the authorities?"
"I think so more than ever," she re-plied. "That which we are powerless to discover they would certainly find out. And I warn you of one thing, M. Rouletabille, and that is that we may siready be too late in seeking out the officers of justice. If we had told ning you would have been spared some long hours of watching and sleepless nights which have profited sleepless nights which have profited you nothing, slace, as now appears, they did not prevent what you dread-

ed from coming to pass."

Rouletabille metioned Mme. Edith to a chair and again picked up the came which M. Rance had laid down upon a sofa. He replied sharply to Mme. Edith:

"Madame, you are wrong in see ing that all the precautions which I had taken for the safety of M. and Mme. Darsac have been useless. If I am obliged to acknowledge the unex-plainable presence of one body too many I am also compelled to refer to the absence—perhaps less inexplicable—of one member of our own party." "What is that?" inquired Mms. Edith, with a mocking smile. "In such a case I fall to see how you find any mystery." giving a flippant imitation of the reporter's words—"a body too many on the one side, an unexplained absence on the other. Everything is for the best."

"Perinps." rejoined Rouistabille.
"But the most frightful thing of all is that the unexplained disappearance comes just at the right time to make

sarance of Old Bob had so selend the Sances and the Darante that no one

I did as I was ordered, and qui

CAKE. hot breads, pastry, are lessened in cost and increased in quality and wholesomeness, Baking Powder Bake the food at home and save money

and health

deign to thank me. Mme. Edith turned like a lioness upon Robert Darzac, who recoiled from her almost in fear as she shrieked:

"You have killed my uncle!" Her husband and myself with difficulty prevented her from flying at him. We entreated her to be calm and to remember that because her unele had absented himself from the

peninsuis did not necessarily mean that he had disappeared in the potato sack, and we reproached Rouletabille with his brutality in blurting out an idea which could only be, at the present ties, at all events, a hypothesis of his uneasy mind. But the young woman turned scornfully.

"M. Sainciair, I sincerely hope that my uncle's absence from here will only be of short duration, for if it should turn out otherwise I should accuse you of being an accomplice in the most cowardly murder. As to you," turning to Rouletabille, "the mere idea that you dared compare Larsan with my uncle, the kindlies soul and the greatest scholar of his time, forbids me to consider you as a friend, and I hope you will relieve me of your presence.

"Madame," replied Rouletabille, "I was just about to ask your permission to leave. I have a journey of twentyfour hours to take. I shall return to be of assistance to you in accounting for the disappearance of your uncle." "If my uncle has not returned with-in twenty-four hours I shall lodge a complaint in the hands of the police, four hours to take. I shall return to

"It is a good plan, madame, but first

advise you to question all the servants in whom you have confidence, particularly Mattoni. Question himquestion him. Ah, before I take my departure allow me to leave with you this excellent and historical book."

And Rouletabille drew a great training the state of the state And Rouletabille drew a small volum from his pocket. "This is a work of M. Albert Bataille, a copy of his 'Civil and Criminal Cases,' in which I advise you to read the adventures, dis-guises, travesties and deceptions wrought by an illustrious swindler whose true name was Ballmeyer. "After baving read this," he wen

on, "ask yourself carefully whether the eleverness of such an individual would have found very great difficulty in presenting himself before your eyes under the guise of an uncle whom you had not seen in four years, for it was four years, madame, since you had seen Old Bob until that time that you started out to the heart of the Pampas to look for him. As to the memory of M. Arthur Rance, who started out with you on that journey, it would be even less distinct than your own, and he would be more capable of being de ceived than yourself with your intuition of kinship added to your recollecions of your relative. I am going, but shall return, for if it is necessary to arrive at the intolerable conclusion that Larsan assumed the likeness of M. Bob it will remain for us only to seek M. Bob himself, in which case, madame, I shall be your obedient servant. "For all that has happened, M.

Rance, I make you my humblest excuses and also to your wife, and I count upon you to persuade her to have patience a little longer. I realise that you feel that you have reason to reproach me with having stated my hypothesis too quickly and too abruptly; but, please remember, it is only few moments since madame repr ed me with being too slow."

[CONTINUED.]

The Editor Won.

A London paper described a chil dren's excursion as a "long white scream of joy" and was called to ac dent, who said cent by a correspon that a scream could be long, but not white, whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a bue is often cisted with a cry."

Every heart contains perfection's

- Saved a Soldler's Life.

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agreeable to J. A. Stone, of for one year for Two Dollars. Kemp, Tex., than facing it from Cash in advance. Apply at Tux what doctors said was comsump tion. "I contracted a subborn cold" he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for years. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I begun to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured ma. I now weigh 178 pounds." For Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough and lung trouble, it's supreme, 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Grah

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