

# DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1909.

NO. 953

## SHOES AND SHOES

### FROM HEAD TO FOOT

### STYLE

### IS THE WOMAN'S GUIDE

when purchasing clothing. And every dressy woman realizes the vital importance of stylish shoes in the completion of a pretty costume. Their ideals are realized, their every want supplied from

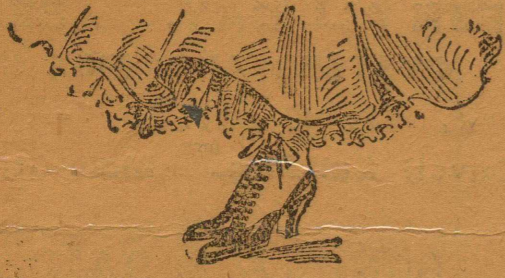


Famous line of

### WHITE HOUSE SHOES

A style for every woman's desire; pretty lasts, light soles for evening dress or medium heavy soles for street wear. Made in various leathers—all sizes.

Why not try a pair when you next need shoes.



Large assortment of these shoes in Black, Tan and Oxblood, for Men, Ladies, Misses, Boys and Children at

## Sonora Mercantile Co.

### Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor,  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, second-class matter.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

"Words spoken are light as air; Words printed are always there."

Sonora, Texas. Feb. 6, 1909

### THE MISSISSIPPI.

An Explanation of How Water Can Run Uphill.

Can water run uphill? It would be a legitimate answer to this question perhaps to cite the flow of water through a siphon, its capillary action as in a lamp wick or its upward course when drunk by an animal. The inquiry should be made more explicit. Can a river in its natural channel, open to the air, run uphill? Impossible as this seems, it is an established fact. In truth, every river flowing toward the equator for a sufficient distance runs uphill.

The mouth of the Mississippi is three miles higher than its source—that is, Minnesota, where the Mississippi rises, is three miles nearer the center of the earth than is the gulf of Mexico. In the reason for this difference in level will be found the explanation of the river's uphill flow.

As any schoolboy will tell us, the earth is a ball flattened at the poles. This flattening, while comparatively insignificant, is still sufficient to make the polar diameter twenty-eight miles shorter than the equatorial diameter. In other words, the north and the south pole are fourteen miles nearer the earth's center than is the equator.

Now, the distance from the north pole to the equator, measured along the earth's surface, is 6,000 miles, and the distance from the source to the mouth of the Mississippi is about 1,500 miles, or one-fourth of 6,000. If, therefore, there is a difference in level of fourteen miles between the north pole and the equator, there will be a difference in level between the source of the Mississippi and its mouth of one-fourth of fourteen miles, or three and one-half miles.

But the territory covered by the Mississippi has been elevated somewhat by the action of volcanic or similar forces, and the actual excess in height of the river's mouth is reduced to three miles.

How is it possible for the river thus to run uphill?

When, long ago, the sun had thrown the earth from its surface

like a drop of water from a whirling turning wheel, our globe became a huge ball of molten rock, itself swiftly revolving in space. As it gradually cooled it shrank, and by shrinking its velocity increased, just as a stone tied to a string and twirled about a boy's finger revolves more rapidly as the string winds about the finger.

When the centrifugal force had so increased as to exceed gravitation a huge mass shot off from the earth's equator and became the moon. Still the centrifugal force retained ample power to expand the equator and to retain it in this form until cold and rigid.

Nor has this force yet abated. As it drew toward the equator the earth's material when plastic, it still continues to attract in the same direction all the fluids on the earth's surface. In this way gravitation is partially overcome, and the Mississippi river flows steadily up its three mile hill to the Mexican gulf.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Straight Tip.

They were a simple looking couple, so thought the minister as he joined them irrevocably in the holy bonds of matrimony. But his suspicions were aroused when, after the ceremony, he observed the bridegroom searching through his pockets and looking a trifle humiliated, and confused.

"I am afraid, parson," said the young man at length, "that I ain't got any money like to pay you with."

Then, after a moment of deep thought, he looked up cheerfully: "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tell you how you can fix yer gas meter so it won't register!"—London Mail.

Dont worry about the railroad. Build your home in Sonora. There is no place better.

The Orient or any other railroad that passes through Sutton county, will come to Sonora if the people will stay with the News boys.

### The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

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Stangerson. Therefore there is some one between you and her—some one who is preventing your marriage with her; some one who has attempted to kill her so that she should not be able to marry. And I concluded with these words: 'Now, monsieur, you have only to tell me in confidence the name of the murderer.' The words I had uttered must have struck him ominously, for when I turned my eyes on him I saw that his face was haggard, the perspiration standing on his forehead and terror showing in his eyes.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "I am going to ask of you something which may appear insane, but in exchange for which I place my life in your hands. You must not tell the magistrates of what you saw and heard in the garden of the Elysee; neither to them nor to anybody. I swear to you that I am innocent, and I know, I feel, that you believe me, and I would rather be taken for the guilty man than see justice go astray on that phrase, 'The presbytery has lost nothing of its charm nor the garden its brightness.' The judges must know nothing about that phrase. All this matter is in your hands, Monsieur, I leave it there, but forget the evening at the Elysee. A hundred other roads are open to you in your search for the criminal. I will open them for you myself. I will help you. Will you take up your quarters here? You may remain here to do as you please. Eat, sleep here, watch my actions, the actions of all here. You shall be master of the Glandier, monsieur, but forget the evening at the Elysee."

Roulettable here paused to take breath. I now understood what had appeared so unexplainable in the demeanor of M. Robert Darzac toward my friend and the facility with which the young reporter had been able to install himself on the scene of the crime.

"Everything seems to be pointing against him," continued my friend, "and the situation is becoming exceedingly grave. M. Darzac appears not to mind it much, but in that he is wrong. I was interested only in the health of Mlle. Stangerson, which was daily improving, when something occurred that is even more mysterious than—the mystery of the yellow room."

"Impossible!" I cried. "What could be more mysterious than that?"

"Let us first go back to M. Robert Darzac," said Roulettable, calming me. "I have said that everything seems to be pointing against him. The marks of the neat boots found by Frederic Larsan appear to be really the footprints of Mlle. Stangerson's fiance. The marks made by his bicycle may have been left at the chateau. Why did he take it to Paris on that particular occasion? Was it because he was not going to return again to the chateau? Was it because, owing to the breaking off of his marriage, his relations with the Stangersons were to cease? All who are interested in the matter affirm that those relations were to continue unchanged.

"Frederic Larsan, however, believes that all intercourse was at an end. From the day when M. Darzac accompanied Mlle. Stangerson to the department store until the day after the crime he had not been at the Glandier. Remember that Mlle. Stangerson lost her reticule containing the key with the brass handle while she was in his company. From that day to the evening at the Elysee the Sorbonne professor and Mlle. Stangerson did not see one another, but they may have written to each other. Mlle. Stangerson went to the postoffice to get a letter which Larsan says was written by Robert Darzac, for, knowing nothing of what had passed at the Elysee, Larsan believes that it was M. Darzac himself who stole the reticule and the key with the design of forcing her consent by getting possession of the precious papers of her father—papers which he would have restored to him on condition that the marriage engagement was to be fulfilled.

"All that would have been a very doubtful and almost absurd hypothesis," as Larsan admitted to me, but for another and much graver circumstance. In the first place, here is something which I have not been able to explain—M. Darzac had himself on the 24th gone to the postoffice to ask for the letter which inadmissibly had called for and received on the previous evening. The description of the man who made application tallies in every respect with the appearance of M. Darzac, who in answer to the questions put to him by the examining magistrate denies that he went to the postoffice. Now, even admitting that the letter was written by him, which I do not believe, he knew that Mlle. Stangerson had received it since he had seen it in her hands in the garden at the Elysee. It could not have been he, then, who had gone to the postoffice the day after the 24th to ask for a letter which he knew was no longer there.

"To me it appears clear that somebody strongly resembling him stole Mlle. Stangerson's reticule and in that letter had demanded of her something which she had not sent him. He must have been surprised at the failure of

his demand; hence his application to the postoffice, to learn whether his letter had been delivered to the person to whom it had been addressed. Finding that it had been claimed, he had become furious. What had he demanded? Nobody but Mlle. Stangerson knows. Then on the day following it is reported that she has been attacked during the night, and the next day I discovered that the professor had at the same time been robbed by means of the key referred to in the poste restante letter. It would seem, then, that the man who went to the postoffice to inquire for the letter must have been the murderer. All

these arguments Larsan applies as against M. Darzac. You may be sure that the examining magistrate, Larsan and myself have done our best to get from the postoffice precise details relative to the singular personage who applied there on the 24th of October. But nothing has been learned. We don't know where he came from or where he went. Beyond the description which makes him resemble M. Darzac we know nothing.

"I have announced in the leading journals that a handsome reward will be given to a driver of any public conveyance who drove a fare to 40, Postoffice, about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 24th of October. Information to be addressed to 'M. R.' at the office of the Epoque, but no answer has resulted. The man may have walked, but as he was most likely in a hurry there was a chance that he might have gone in a cab. Who, I keep asking myself night and day, is the man who so strongly resembles M. Robert Darzac and who is also known to have bought the cane which has fallen into Larsan's hands?

"The most serious fact is that M. Darzac was at the very same time that his double presented himself at the postoffice down for a lecture at the Sorbonne. He had not delivered that lecture, and one of his friends took his place. When I questioned him as to how he had employed the time he told me that he had gone for a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne. What do you think of a professor who instead of giving his lecture obtains a substitute to go for a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne? When Frederic Larsan asked him for information on this point he quietly replied that it was no business of his how he spent his time in Paris, on which Fred swore aloud that he would find out without anybody's help.

"All this seems to fit in with Fred's hypothesis—namely, that M. Stangerson allowed the murderer to escape in order to avoid a scandal. The hypothesis is further substantiated by the fact that Darzac was in the yellow room and was permitted to get away. That hypothesis I believe to be a false one. Larsan is being misled by it, though that would not displease me did it not affect an innocent person. Now, does that hypothesis really mislead Frederic Larsan? That is the question—that is the question."

"Perhaps he is right," I cried, interrupting Roulettable. "Are you sure that M. Darzac is innocent? It seems to me that these are extraordinary coincidences."

"Coincidences," replied my friend, "are the worst enemies to truth."

"What does the examining magistrate think now of the matter?" "M. de Marquet hesitates to accuse M. Darzac in the absence of absolute proofs. Not only would he have public opinion wholly against him, to say nothing of the Sorbonne, but M. and Mlle. Stangerson. She adores M. Robert Darzac. Indistinctly as she saw the murderer, it would be hard to make the public believe that she could not have recognized him if Darzac had been the criminal. No doubt the yellow room was very dimly lit, but a night light, however small, gives some light. Here, my boy, is how things stood when three days, or, rather, three nights, ago an extraordinarily strange incident occurred."

### CHAPTER XIV.

"I Expect the Assassin This Evening."

"I MUST take you," said Roulettable, "so as to enable you to understand, to the various scenes. I myself believe that I have discovered what everybody else is searching for—namely, how the murderer escaped from the yellow room without any accomplice and without Mlle. Stangerson having had anything to do with it. But so long as I am not sure of the real murderer, I cannot state the theory on which I am working. I can only say that I believe it to be correct and in any case a quite natural and simple one. As to what happened in this place three nights ago, I must say it kept me wondering for a whole day and night. It passes all belief. The theory I have formed from the incident is so absurd that I would rather matters remained as yet unexplained."

Saying which, the young reporter invited me to go and make the tour of the chateau with him. The only sound to be heard was the creaking of the dead leaves beneath our feet. The silence was so intense that one might have thought the chateau had been abandoned. The old stones, the stagnant water of the ditch surrounding the donjon, the bleak ground strewn with the dead leaves, the dark, skeleton-like outlines of the trees—all contributed to give to the desolate place, now filled with its awful mystery, an aspect the most funereal. As we passed round the donjon we met the Green Man, the forest keeper, who did not greet us, but walked by as if we had not existed. He was looking just as I had formerly seen him through the window of the Donjon inn. He had still his fowling piece slung at his back, his pipe was in his mouth and

(Continued on page 4)

## CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER

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AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. *Solely* Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

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IS NOT effected by the passage of the PURE FOOD LAW, Our Liquors are all

GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family

AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

ICE COLD BEER AND MINERAL

WATERS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Theo. Savell, Proprietor.

## THE Rock Front

BARTON & SAVELL, PROPRIETORS.

Cold Beer and Soft Drinks

Pure Wines and Liquors

Choice Cigars, Etc.

PHONE ORDERS TO 97 WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YOUR TRADE COURTEOUSLY APPRECIATED

J. G. BARTON.

AND

THEO. SAVELL.

JEFF SMITH.

WILL SMITH.

## SMITH BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS OF

### Red Front Feed and Livery Stable.

Good Teams and Vehicles for hire. Careful Attention

To Your Wants. Large Barns, Good Stalls, Lots of

Room. The only Wagon Yard in Town.

### Hay, Oats, Corn and Bran for Sale.

R. K. MARTIN.

C. B. WARDLAW.

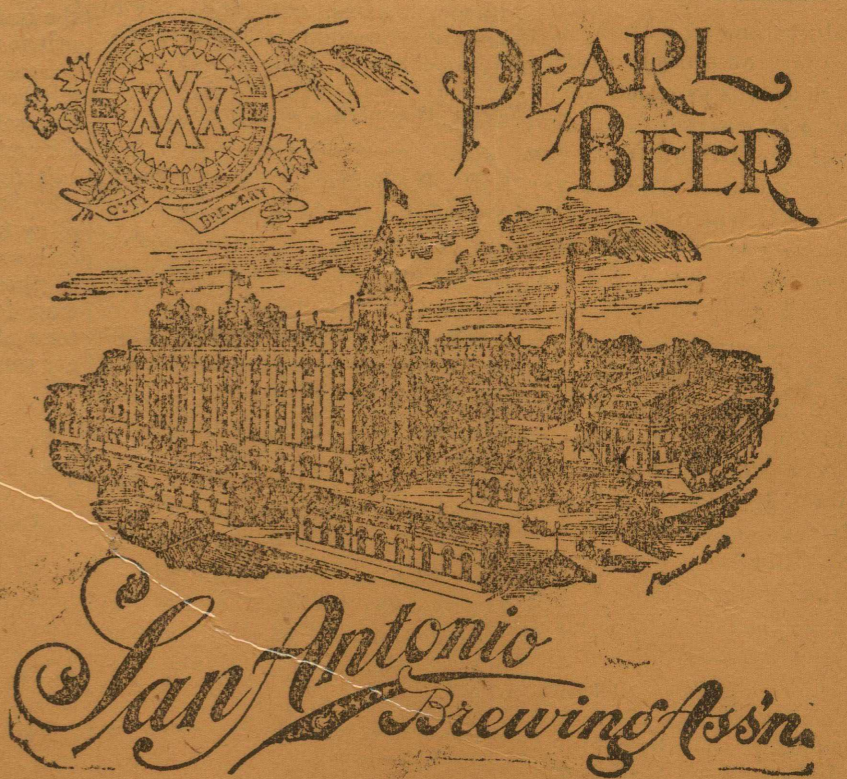
## Martin & Wardlaw,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,

SONORA, TEXAS.

Are offering for sale a number of ranches, and have on their list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats.

In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give us a call or write us.



Try Our Famous TEXAS PRIDE Bottled Beer. For sale in all Saloons.

W. H. McPHILIP, Proprietor.  
STEVE WILSON, Publisher.  
Subscription One Year in Advance.  
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,  
as second-class matter.  
Advertising Medium of the  
Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. Feb. 6, 1909

**RAILWAY RUMBLINGS.**  
Sonora Named In Charter.

The News is not given to getting excited over railroad projects and after reading the following in the San Angelo Standard of Feb 1, and taking the Manufacturers Record as reliable and authentic, it investigated the feasibility of the undertaking by considering the character of the country to be traversed between Ballinger and Sonora and from all accounts nature has provided a practically unobstructed pathway in an almost due south westerly course from Ballinger to Sonora and the distance will probably not exceed 85 miles.

What surprises the News most is how the promoters know the route so well and no one had seen the prospectors or guessed their plans and now that the News knows the route is a practical one we are more impressed with the subject and do not think it just newspaper talk.

Also the fact that the man who made the great North West, J. J. Hill, is interested in the project and that G. M. Dodge is personally interested in large land holdings in the Sonora Country, makes the prospects bright or at least reasonable that there is something in store for the Sonora Country.

**Abilene & Southern Railway.**

An official letter to the Manufacturers' Record says that the Abilene & Southern Railway Co., has been organized for the purpose of building a railroad from Abilene, Texas, south. The charter has been filed, and active work is now in progress between Abilene and Ballinger, Texas, 53 miles. The grading is about complete between Abilene and Winters, a distance of 33 miles, and the company is laying steel on the line south of Abilene now. It has not been definitely decided that the road will go south of Ballinger. The charter calls for a line 200 miles long.

Mr. Morgan Jones of Abilene, Texas, is president of the company. G. M. Dodge of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is vice president; D. T. Bomar, Fort Worth, Texas, counsel and W. E. Kaufman Abilene, Texas, secretary and treasurer. The directors include the officials, and the other members of the board are Ed S. Hughes and J. W. Radford of Abilene, J. W. Board of Fort Worth, C. A. Doose and C. S. Miller of Ballinger.

President Jones has under his personal supervision the construction and equipment of the line, which will connect at Ballinger with the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railway. Percy Jones of Abilene is engineer in charge.

A press dispatch calls attention to the fact that Greenville M. Dodge is chairman of the Colorado & Southern Railroad, which is now known as one of J. J. Hill's roads, and Mr. Jones is an officer of the same system, with which connection will be made at Abilene. The charter provides for a main line from Abilene via Ballinger to Sonora, Texas, 160 miles, with a branch 40 miles long from Ballinger northwest. The authorized capital of the new road is \$200,000.

It is said by one who knows this country, that the route from Ballinger to Sonora is as practical for the Abilene & Southern Ry. Co., as that of the Orient from San Angelo to Sonora. The survey work on the Orient from San Angelo to Sonora was on a seventh grade possibly as low a grade as any road in Texas.

Gen G. M. Dodge who is interested in the Abilene & Southern Railroad from Abilene via Ballinger to Sonora, and who is Chairman of the Colorado & Southern, now part of the Hill system of railroads, was one of the builders of the Texas & Pacific and Morgan Jones is also a well-known Texas railroad man.

Kodol for Dyspepsia and Indigestion does the ordinary work of the stomach, so that by taking a little Kodol every now and then you cannot possibly have indigestion or any form of stomach trouble. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

# Those Who Cultivated

Their lands and used the farming implements sold by us had no complaint to make except of the early and late frosts.

That the soil is productive is evident from the fact that one of our customers made 24 bales of cotton on 26 acres and others report good yields.

The plows, cultivators, planters and other farm implements sold by us are known as the

## Famous P&O Line

Full assortment of repairs carried in stock. See us for Bain Wagons, Samson and Eclipse windmills, Fairbanks-Morse gasoline engines, Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Saddles, Harness, Etc.

# E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Cloman Barfield one of the old timers, was over from McKavett this week.

W. H. Caruthers of Hugo, Okla., was in Sonora Thursday, looking at the country.

H. B. Opp the well-known stockman of the McKavett country, was in Sonora this week wanting to buy steers.

Mrs G. R. McCamey who has been visiting her brothers L. J. and C. B. Wardlaw left for her home at Ballinger Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stuart left on Thursday for Marlin and Groesbeck, on a visit to friends and relatives.

T. J. Clegg of Carlsbad, Texas, was in Sonora Thursday, with a party of prospectors from Fort Worth and Kansas City.

The total number of poll taxes paid in Sutton county this year, was 259 a decrease of 30. The general taxes were well paid up.

R. E. Russell the cattleman and banker of Menardville and San Antonio, is preparing to organize a new bank at Ballinger. This will be Ballingers fourth bank.

**Makes Pain Go Away**

Are you one of the ones who pay in toll for your right of way through this life? If so you will find Hunt's Lightning Oil a friend which will aid in the strife. To those who earn their own way by their own labor, accidents occur with painful frequency. Burns, bruises, cuts and sprains are not strangers to the man who wears corns on his hands. A better remedy for these troubles does not exist than Hunt's Lightning Oil.

D. T. Bomar of Fort Worth, counsel for the Abilene and Southern railway and J. W. Broad of Fort Worth, townsite agent for the company, were visitors in Sonora this week. They were not prepared to make Sonora any proposition, but stated that they expected to have the line built into Ballinger by August.

The rain fall in Sonora for the year 1908, was just three points more than 22 inches. This is the lowest total in six years in the Sonora Country with the exception of 1904 when the rainfall was 21 1/2 inches.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K.

**CORNELL & WARDLAW**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
SONORA, - TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts

**DR. F. H. WHITE,**  
Physician & Surgeon.  
OFFICE IN JACKSON BUILDING.  
SONORA, - TEXAS.

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**DR. W. G. JARNAGIN,**  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
Sonora, - Texas.  
All Work Guaranteed.

**D. H. KIRKLAND,**  
Saddle and Harness Maker,  
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
In the Cope building.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**Full of Words.**  
A darky preacher of Mobile, never at a loss for words, was once commending to his congregation one of the organs of the church, and, according to an Alabama politician, this is how he did it: "The missionary bulletin of this church needs subscribers. It is young and unfinancial, but through the instrumentality of backbone and grit it will become an ideal. It was ushered into existence out of purely innocent contemplation of moral and religious good, which would in all probability result from carefully agitated principles of righteousness. The bulletin will be observed mingling in social convolutions to furnish society with sheaves of harvest of those reasonable products common to social contingencies. The tone of the whole will be missionary work."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Dog Must Not Work.**  
Some misguided person returning from a continental holiday has wondered why dogs are not used in England as beasts of burden. The reason why is nothing less simple than a statute. As long ago as 1839 an act was passed making it a punishable offense for any person within the metropolitan area to "use any dog for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw any cart, carriage, truck or barrow." Fifteen years later, in 1854, an act, passed in "the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals," extended the prohibition to all parts of the kingdom.—London Globe.

**Employment Bureau.**  
All kinds of labor contracted.  
Also Spanish Interpreting.  
Charges reasonable.  
Write, see or phone  
TRAINER BROS.,  
At the Bank Saloon.

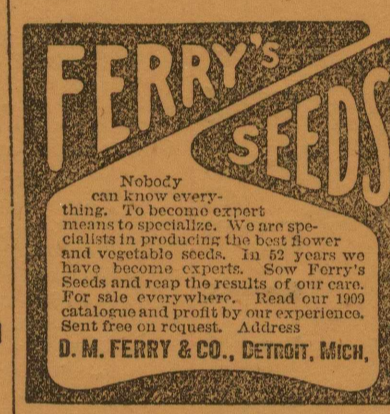
**DAILY AUTOMOBILE BETWEEN San Angelo and Big Springs**  
Team Stage in Connection  
Between San Angelo and Sterling City.  
Tom & Will Savell, Prop'rs.

**STOCKMEN Possess a Golden Receipt to keep Ticks off Cattle in Pastures and Prevent Fever. Price \$5. Apply to box 272, Carlsbad, N.M.**



To call on us and test our Carstair's Invincible Rye and MART'S BEST. and other liquors. A cordial welcome is extended to you. We have stocked heavily in all kinds of wines, whiskies, brandies and other liquors. An order from you will be appreciated.

**TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON.**



**NOTICE.**  
I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent.  
Sp ly R. T. BAKER

**NOTICE.**  
Parties knowing themselves indebted to me will do me the favor to settle at once. Otherwise their accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.  
N. B.—No one but myself or member of my family is authorized to collect or receipt for money due me.  
DR. A. J. SMITH,  
10-11 Sonora, Texas.

**Notice to Trespassers.**  
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch known as the Lost Lake ranch 12 miles south east of Sonora, and other ranches owned and controlled by me, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.  
A. F. CLARKSON,  
45 Sonora, Texas.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms \$3 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
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**Hagelstein Cattle.**  
W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is owner of the Hagelstein cattle and anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these cattle will confer a favor by notifying  
W. A. GLASSCOCK,  
161f Sonora, Texas.  
The survey for the Orient railroad is through Sonora on a seventh grade and Sonora is bound to get it—if we put up, and that's what we always do. Sonora is noted for that spirit of progress.  
WHAT ABOUT THAT \$2,000?

## WIRE

Let us figure with you on all kinds of wire. Wolf, Hog, Sheep or Goat proof wire fencing. Have just sold one car of Special Wolf Proof woven wire fencing to T. B. Adams and B. M. Halbert of Sonora.

**E. F. VANDER STUCKEN CO.**  
CLYDE WINDROW,  
PRACTICAL TINNER,  
TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK.  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED. TERMS CASH.

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL...**  
Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Proprietress.  
Best accommodations, Rates Reasonable.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.  
Drummer's Sample Rooms.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**THE DECKER HOTEL**  
D. G. HOWTON, Proprietor,  
Offers the Resident and Traveling Public, First class Clean, Comfortable and Courteous Accommodations at Reasonable Rates.  
Your Patronage Solicited.

**Short Order House**  
OPEN ALL DAY. BEST SERVICE.  
OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.  
J. W. CRAFT, - Proprietor.  
Savell Building, Main Street, Sonora.

**SONORA & SAN ANGELO**  
Mail, Express and Passenger Line,  
Clendennen & Robbins, Proprietors.  
AUTOMOBILE OR STAGE SERVICE  
AUTOMOBILE—Leaves Sonora daily, except Sunday, at 7 o'clock a. m., arrives at San Angelo the same evening. Leaves San Angelo at 7 o'clock a. m. and arrives in Sonora in the evening.  
Automobile Fare \$6 one way. Round Trip \$10.  
STAGE leaves Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in San Angelo that night. Leaves San Angelo Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. arriving in Sonora that night.  
STAGE FARE, \$4.00, ROUND TRIP, \$7.00.  
MRS. J. C. McDONALD, AGENT.

**KENNETH TALIAFERRO,**  
The Tailor.  
NEW SAMPLES JUST RECEIVED. LEAVE YOUR ORDERS. CLEANING AND REPAIRING.  
Shop in the Old Bank Building.

**SAM MERCK,**  
Blacksmith and Machinist.  
(THE OLD POTTER SHOP.)  
ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK, BOILERS REFLUED, GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

**LAUNDRY**  
Mrs. Mary L. Reed, Pro.  
Washing called for and delivered. Orders left at the Commercial Hotel will receive prompt attention.  
First-Class Work Guaranteed.  
Laundry on the old Alley place.  
Mens Wash Specialty. Family Washings Solicited.

**GOOD WOOD**  
PHONE 96  
5000 POSTS WANTED.  
We want 5000 cedar fence posts, 6 1/2 feet long. None but good ones will be bought.  
E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

E. R. JACKSON, W. L. ALDWELL, E. F. VANDERSTUCKEN,  
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**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$365,000.00.

We have never changed our motto: Give us Your Business and we  
Will Make You Feel at Home.

## "The Doctor Says"

And then he does write and if you will bring his writings to us we will decipher it for you and give you exactly what it calls for at the lowest cost, guaranteeing purity and freshness of the drugs, care and skill in compounding, and no delay whatever in the service. Of course we sell scores of other things besides prescriptions.

**ALLISON'S PHARMACY**  
Sonora, Texas.

## A New Triumph In Dip Making

DOUBLE STRENGTH, LOW COST,  
LESS FREIGHT.



Absolutely free from any crude substance. Contains no tar oil. No injury to sheep or wool. Requires no addition besides water. No sediment. No stirring. Mixes with cold water whether hard, brackish, alkali, or salty.

ITS USE PERMITTED IN OFFICIAL DIPPINGS FOR

SHEEP SCAB. CURES MANGE AND LICE ON

CATTLE AND HOGS. MUCH CHEAPER

THAN TOBACCO AND CRUDE LIQUID DIPS

NO DEARER THAN LIME AND SULPHUR.

ONE gallon makes 120 gallons for Scab of official strength, or 200 gallons for Ticks and Lice, etc.

One gallon can, \$1.75; Five gallon can \$8.50.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,  
**WILLM. COOPER & NEPHEWS,** 177 Illinois St., Chicago.

Sold by **E. F. Vander Stucken Co.,** Sonora, Texas.

## J. LEWENTHAL, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

PERFUMERY, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES, PIPES, CIGARS, WINDOW

GLASS, PAINTS, PUTTY, ETC. A CHOICE LINE OF

**WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE.**

School Books and Stationery.

## ECONOMICAL WARMTH

Is a question to be considered in all countries but particularly in this where the temperature varies so much between suns

## A WILSON HEATER

costs more but is better, safer, cleaner and more economical

"The Store of Quality" on

Corner, also sells Magic Darning Range, Darling Cook and Eclipse box stoves, etc.

## SONORA MECANTILE CO.

### Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter.

SONORA, TEXAS. Feb. 6, 1909.

J. H. Luckie was in from the ranch Tuesday, trading

Sam McKee was in from the ranch this week visiting his family

The highest price paid for hides and furs at

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bond were in from their ranch Monday shopping and visiting.

Will Brown of Weatherford, arrived in Sonora Saturday, and has accepted a position with D. H. Kirkland the saddler.

Andy Boone was up from the Whitehead ranch Tuesday, buying furniture and other household goods.

**ARRESTED**  
A cough that has been hanging on for over two months by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. If you have a cough, don't wait—stop it at once with this wonderful remedy. Splendid for coughs, cold on chest, influenza, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

#### Give Us Free Money.

The Legislature should make easy if not free the loaning of money in Texas. Money free or at low rate is all Texas needs to develop its resources and we might add all Texas want free money. Let the bars down and the money come in Texas.

#### WORN OUT

That's the way you feel about the lungs when you have a hacking cough. It's foolishness to let it go on and trust to luck to get over it, when Ballard's Horehound Syrup will stop the cough and heal the lungs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by J. Lewenthal

#### Don't Buy an Auto.

Business men or those whose employment requires their presence at their place of duty or business for from 10 to 14 hours each working day, should await the actions of the Texas Law Makers before buying autos. West Texas people obey the laws better than those of any other part of the State (for instance observe their obedience to the pistol and gambling laws) and even the game law. The Legislature is now proposing to restrict all kinds of Sunday amusements or recreations and for this reason the News advises prospective buyers, as aforesaid, who labor all week, not to buy autos with the expectation of going to the San Saba one Sunday, the Llano another, the Concho or Devil's River another. Of course if such laws are passed they will be violated in some places but the West obeys the law.

#### A SHAKING UP

may all be very well so far as the trusts are concerned, but not when it comes to chills and fever and malaria. Quit the quinine and take a real cure—Ballard's Horebine. Contains no harmful drugs and is as certain as taxes. If it doesn't cure you get your money back. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

#### Two Brides and Two Grooms.

Two happy couples arrived in Sonora about 1 o'clock Sunday from Colorado. Before 10 o'clock that morning they were Miss May Chaney and Miss Myrtle Smith, Martin Estes and Jeff Enocks, but at 10 o'clock they were united in marriage by Justice Bates. Miss May Chaney and Martin Estes being made Mr. and Mrs. Estes and Miss Myrtle Smith and Jeff Enock being pronounced man and wife. On their arrival in Sonora they enjoyed a good dinner at the Commercial and spent the balance of the day sight seeing. Monday they visited the Dunbar cave and returned to their homes at Colorado Tuesday. The News wishes the young people happiness and prosperity.

#### BABY HANDS

will get into mischief—often it means a burn or cut or scald. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment just as soon as the accident happens, and the pain will be relieved while the wound will heal quickly and nicely. A sure cure for sprains. Rheumatism and all pains. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

### LEAGUE MEETING.

Our League met last Sunday and there was a good crowd present, however there were fewer than usual because of the day being cold. Thelma Fields was appointed leader. Dr. Smith was to explain the scripture lesson, but was called away, but will explain it next Sunday. Next Sunday the boys will conduct the meeting

Some of the older people are taking an interest in our league and we are always glad to see them come. Ben Cusenbary, Press Reporter.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, gentle, easy, pleasant, little liver pills. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Charles Broome a popular young man of San Angelo and a successful cattleman, was in Sonora this week trying to trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lacey and family of Howard Wells, were in Sonora this week visiting Mrs. Lacey's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pullen.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the best pills made for backache, weak back, urinary disorders, etc. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

Abe Mayer of San Angelo, whose ranch is 20 miles west of Sonora, was in town this week. Abe looks well and reports the family all in good health.

#### Don't Delay

The season of coughs and colds is not yet past—they will be prevalent for some months to come. Do not neglect or experiment with them. Use the safe and sure remedy—Simmons' Cough Syrup. It heals the soreness and stops the cough.

Tom Smith who has been with J. Lewenthal the druggist for some months, left on Monday for Santa Anna, where he has accepted a position. Mr. Smith by his geniality and attentiveness made many friends in Sonora who regret that he has gone but wish him well wherever he may be.

#### "It Knocks the Itch"

It may not cure all your ills, but it does cure one of the worst. It cures any form of itch ever known—no matter what it is called, where the sensation is "itch," it knocks it. Eczema, Ringworm and all the rest are relieved at once and cured by one box. It's guaranteed, and its name is Hunt's Cure.

W. L. Aldwell, R. F. Halbert and L. J. Wardlaw attended the meeting of the stockholders of the Eldorado State Bank, at Eldorado, Tuesday. The old directory name; Robert Bailey, Lige Barbee, L. J. Wardlaw, R. F. Halbert and W. L. Aldwell were re-elected directors. The officers re-elected were Robert Bailey, president; W. L. Aldwell, vice-president; Wade Barbee, cashier.

#### Not "Just as Good"—It's the Best

One box of Hunt's Cure is unfailingly, unqualifiably, and absolutely guaranteed to cure any form of Skin Disease. It is particularly active in promptly relieving and permanently curing all forms of itching known. Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm and all similar troubles are relieved by one application; cured by one box.

The News acknowledges receipt of an illustrated description of the Northern Texas Traction Co. Interurban line between Dallas and Fort Worth. Right in the heart of Texas the scenery on this line is beautiful and while the illustrations as published are of unusual merit, it is necessary to make the trip to appreciate its attractiveness. For a copy of the book address W. C. Forbes, G. P. & T. A., Fort Worth, Texas.

Sonora Fire Department met in regular session Feb. 1, with members present as follows: Dred Green, Tom Lassiter, W. B. Keesee, Cal Ory, E. S. Long, J. A. Cope, Coy Drennan, Al. Percell, Jim Barton, Clyde Mills, John Adams, Jeff Smith, Geo. J. Trainer, Clarence Gosch and Oscar Drennan. Two members being absent, Murdoch McDonald and Clyde Windrow. All business houses were assessed a small amount each for sprinkling streets. J. Lewenthal was elected official physician.

Kennedy's Laxative Syrup not only allays inflammation and irritation of throat and lungs, but it drives out the cold from the system by a free and gentle action of the bowels. Sold by Allison Pharmacy.

# GRAND PUBLIC SALE OF HIGH CLASS HEREFORDS

45 Head - 30 Females - 15 Bulls,

FROM THE WELL KNOWN HERD OF  
**D. T. YAWS, SONORA, TEX.**

The bulls have good bone and scale. If you are in need of a high class bull to head your herd, or bulls to breed to your range cows you can find them at this sale. The females include cows with calves at foot, bred cows and open heifers.

No better blood can be found any where. Many good bargains are to be had. Be on hand and get some of them. The management of this sale has been entrusted to C. R. THOMAS, Secretary, American Hereford Breeders Association, who will be present.

Sale will be Held at **ROBERT'S STABLE,**  
**Menardville, Texas, February 18, 1909.**

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

You are cordially invited to be present whether you wish to buy or not. Those desiring catalogues address: **D. T. YAWS, Mayer, Texas.**

**COL. R. E. EDMONSON, Auctioneer.**

### WOOL AND MOHAIR.

The Wool and Mohair Growers of West Texas, met at San Angelo last Saturday and organized the Sheep and Goat Breeders Association of Western Texas.

Robert Massie of Ozona, was elected president; Sam H. Hill of Schleicher County, A. W. Hicks of San Angelo, S. E. Couch of Ozona, G. W. Stephenson of Sonora, E. D. Miller of Pecos County, vice-presidents; and W. B. Sayers of San Angelo, cashier and secretary.

The following is a list of the directors chosen: Pecos county, E. E. Miller and Arthur G. Anderson; Schleicher county, Sam H. Hill and Frank Spencer; Reagan county A. E. Bailey; Sutton county, R. F. Halbert and G. W. Stephenson; Tom Green county, A. W. Hicks and R. C. Ferguson; Crockett county S. E. Couch, Robert Massie, W. L. Baerner and J. R. Brooke; at large, Alex Mitchell, of Terrell county, and O. C. Roberts of Schleicher county.

The Committee on Selection of Directors were: J. D. O'Daniel of San Angelo, Basil Halbert of Sonora and O. C. Roberts, Eldorado. The Committee on Resolutions were: L. B. Cox of Ozona; O. T. Word of Sonora and Sam H. Hill of Schleicher county.

The resolutions which the committee presented were adopted unanimously, favored the retention of tariff on wool and mohair; the scalp law for the extermination of wild animals and a more effective scab law; also the passage of a measure to make it a punishable offence for a herder to accept money in advance and then not fulfill his verbal contract.

The meeting closed with a banquet.

### TO WOOL GROWERS.

We are prepared to make liberal advances to sheepmen on sheep and wool. We call your attention to the prices we have secured for wool consigned to us, and solicit your commitments for the future. **CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER,** (Unincorporated) Kerrville, Texas.

R. B. Long of Rusk, was in Sonora this week prospecting.

### Stock News.

Ira Wheat was in Sonora Friday He has not sold his steers.

Hides and furs bought by E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Get an auto and attend the Hereford sale at Menardville on Feb. 18th.

We will buy your hides and furs E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Abe Mayer bought from Peacock & Savell of Sonora 125 yearling steers at \$15.

John Smith of Sonora sold to G. A. Kellis 300 head of stock cattle at \$12 per head.

Bring your hides and furs to us we will pay highest price for them E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

R. H. Martin bought from W. E. Dunbar of Sonora, 450 head of 2-year-old steers May delivery, at \$21.

D. B. Cusenbary sold to W. T. O. Holman of Sonora, 150 head of yearling steers at \$15.

Peacock & Savell bought from Sam Stokes of Sonora, 30 head of yearling mules at \$12.

Sol Mayer sold to Hige Smith of Sonora, two grade Poll Angus bulls at \$50 each.

W. T. O. Holman bought 100 two-year-old steers from Jim Caution of Sonora at \$19. Immediate delivery.

The News has a few blanks on which cattlemen may make application for Government Black Leg Vaccine.

Geo. S. Allison of Sonora, sold to H. P. Cooper 700 steers 3's, 4's and up at \$30 delivered at Brady. More than half were 4's up.

Peacock & Savell of Sonora, sold to Ira Yates of San Angelo, 200 head of stock cattle at \$15 delivered at San Angelo in May.

At the public sale of Herefords at Menardville, on Feb. 18, will be offered some of the best animals of the best Hereford blood. There will be 30 females and 15 bulls. Mr. Yaws is taking this means of introducing his fine cattle to the Hereford breeders of the country.

### OF INTEREST TO SHEEPMEN.

The wool clip of 1909 promises to be one of the finest in quality and quantity that the country has known for many years. Last year many people did not shear in the fall, still we handled about two millions pounds of wool. This year we want to break our excellent record and handle three millions or more. We invite your attention to the splendid sales record we have and refer you to hundreds of satisfied customers. We are prepared to make liberal advances on sheep and wool. Your correspondence on sheep and wool matters is solicited. **CHARLES SCHREINER, Banker,** (Unincorporated) Kerrville, Texas.

Charles Schreiner of Kerrville, sold to J. M. Boren of Caney, Kas., 10,000 head of steers, threes and up at \$25.

D. T. Yaws of the Middle Valley Country, is offering at public sale at Menardville, on Thursday Feb. 18th, 45 head of high class Hereford cattle. The sale will be conducted by C. R. Thomas, Secretary of the American Hereford Breeders Association and the Auctioneer is the well-known Col. E. R. Edmonson of Kansas City.

Kodol is a combination of all the natural digestive juices found in an ordinary healthy stomach, and it will digest your food in a natural way. Pleasant to take. Sold by Allison Pharmacy.

C. C. Slaughter of Dallas, has sold the Long S Ranch, 200,000 acres in Garzy, Dawson, Howard and Borden counties to Iowa parties who will cut it up in quarter and put on the market. It is said the price paid was \$3,000,000.

DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve, the original, is good for anything when a salve is needed, and is especially good for piles. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.

You may depend on the News doing the right thing at the right time. Build your home in Sonora.

Dr. J. S. Allison, C. B. Wardlaw and J. P. Pope of Fort Worth made an auto trip to the Big Lake country in Reagan county this week.

his eyeglasses on his nose.

"An odd kind of fish," Roulettable said to me in a low tone.

"Have you spoken to him?" I asked.

"Yes, but I could get nothing out of him. His only answers are grunts and shrugs of the shoulders. He generally lives on the first floor of the donjon—a big room that once served for an oratory. He lives like a bear, never goes out without his gun and is only pleasant with the girls. The women for twelve miles round are all setting their caps for him. For the present he is paying attention to Mme. Mathieu, whose husband is keeping 'ixax eye upon her in consequence."

After passing the donjon, which is situated at the extreme end of the left wing, we went to the back of the chateau. Roulettable, pointing to a window which I recognized as the only one belonging to Mlle. Stangerson's apartment, said to me:

"If you had been here two nights ago you would have seen your humble servant at the top of a ladder about to enter the chateau by that window."

As I expressed some surprise at this piece of nocturnal gymnastics, he begged me to notice carefully the exterior disposition of the chateau. We then went back into the building.

"I must now show you the first floor of the chateau, where I am living," said my friend. He motioned me to follow him up a magnificent flight of stairs ending in a landing on the first floor. From this landing one could pass to the right or left wing of the chateau by a gallery opening from it. This gallery, high and wide, extended along the whole length of the building and was lit from the front of the chateau facing the north. The rooms, the windows of which looked to the south, opened out of the gallery. Professor Stangerson inhabited the left wing of the building. Mlle. Stangerson had her apartment in the right wing.

We entered the gallery to the right. A narrow carpet laid on the waxed wooden floor, which shone like glass, denoted the sound of our footsteps. Roulettable asked me in a low tone the walk carefully as we were passing the door of Mlle. Stangerson's apartment. This consisted of a bedroom, an ante-room, a small bathroom, a boudoir and a drawing room. One could pass from one to another of these rooms without having to go by way of the gallery. The gallery continued straight to the western end of the building, where it was lit by a high window. At about two-thirds of its length this gallery at a right angle joined another gallery following the course of the right wing.

The better to follow this narrative we shall call the gallery leading from the stairs to the eastern window the "right" gallery and the gallery quitting it at a right angle, the "off turning" gallery. It was at the meeting point of the two galleries that Roulettable had his chamber, adjoining that of Frederic Larsan, the door of each opening on to the "off turning" gallery, while the doors of Mlle. Stangerson's apartment opened into the "right" gallery.

Roulettable opened the door of his room and after we had passed in carefully drew the bolt. I had not had time to glance around the place in which he had been installed when he uttered a cry of surprise and pointed to a pair of eyeglasses on a side table.

"What are these doing here?" he asked.

"I should have been puzzled to answer him.

"I wonder," he said—"I wonder if this is what I have been searching for. I wonder if these are the eyeglasses from the presbytery."

He seized them eagerly, his fingers caressing the glasses. Then looking at me, with an expression of terror on his face, he murmured, "Oh, oh!"

He repeated the exclamation again and again, as if his thoughts had suddenly turned his brain.

He rose and, putting his hand on my shoulder, laughed like one demented as he said:

"These glasses will drive me silly. Mathematics speaking, the thing is possible, but humanly speaking it is impossible, or afterward, or afterward!"

against him. The examining magistrate is overwhelmed by it and blind."

"Frederic Larsan, however, is not a novice," I said.

"I thought so," said Roulettable, with a slightly contemptuous turn of his lips. "I fancied he was a much abler man. I had, indeed, a great admiration for him before I got to know his method of working. It's deplorable. He owes his reputation solely to his ability, but he lacks reasoning power. The mathematics of his ideas are very poor."

I looked closely at Roulettable and could not help smiling on hearing this boy of eighteen talking of a man who has proved to the world that he was the finest police sleuth known in Europe.

"You smile," he said. "You are wrong. I swear I will outwit him and in a striking way. But I must make haste about it, for he has an enormous start of me, given him by M. Robert Darzac, who is this evening going to increase it still more. Think of it, every time the murderer comes to the chateau M. Darzac by a strange fatality absents himself and refuses to give any account of how he employs his time."

"Every time the assassin comes to the chateau," I cried. "Has he returned, then?"

"Yes, during that famous night when the strange phenomenon occurred which I was now going to learn about the astonishing phenomenon to which Roulettable had made allusion half an hour earlier without giving me any explanation of it. At last, in short, rapid phrases he acquainted me with things which plunged me into a state bordering on complete bewilderment. Indeed, the results of that still unknown science known as hypnotism, for example, were not more inexplicable than the disappearance of the matter of the murderer at the moment when four persons were within touch of him. I speak of hypnotism as I would of electricity, for of the nature of both we are ignorant, and we know little of the laws. I cite these examples because at the time the case appeared to me to be only explicable by the inexplicable—that is to say, by an event outside of known natural laws. And yet if I had had Roulettable's brain I should, like him, have had a presentiment of the natural explanation, for the most curious thing about all the mysteries of the Glandier case was the natural manner in which he explained them."

I have among the papers that were sent me by the young man after the affair was over a notebook of his, in which a complete account is given of the phenomenon of the disappearance of the "matter" of the assassin and the thoughts to which it gave rise in the mind of my young friend. It is preferable, I think, to give the reader this account rather than to continue to reproduce my conversation with Roulettable.

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Trap.

LAST night, the night between the 29th and the 30th of October," wrote Joseph Roulettable, "I woke up toward 1 o'clock in the morning. Was it sleeplessness or noise without? The cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu rang out with sinister loudness from the end of the park. I rose and opened the window. Cold wind and rain, opaque darkness, silence. I reclosed my window. Again the sound of the cat's weird cry in the distance. I partly dressed in haste. The weather was too bad for even a cat to be turned out in it. What did it mean, then—that intimating of the mewling of Mother Angonoux's cat so near the chateau? I seized a good sized stick, the only weapon I had, and without making any noise opened my door.

"The gallery into which I went was well lit by a lamp with a reflector. I felt a keen current of air and on turning found the window open at the extreme end of the gallery, which I call the 'off turning' gallery to distinguish it from the 'right' gallery, on to which the apartment of Mlle. Stangerson opened. These two galleries cross each other at right angles. Who had left that window open or who had come to open it? I went to the window and looked out. Five feet below me there was a sort of projection of a room on the ground floor. One could see the terrace jump from the window on to the terrace and allow oneself to drop from it into the courtyard of the chateau. Whoever had entered by this road had evidently not had a key to the vestibule door. But why should I be thinking of my previous night's attempt with the ladder? Because of the open window, left open perhaps by the negligence of a servant? I reclosed it, smiling at the ease with which I built a drama on the mere suggestion of an open window.

"Again the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu and then silence. The rain ceased to beat on the window. All in the chateau slept. I walked with infinite precaution on the carpet of the gallery. On reaching the corner of the 'right' gallery I peered round it cautiously. There was a chair and some pictures hanging on the wall. What was I doing there? Perfect silence reigned throughout. Everything was sunk in repose. What was the instinct that urged me toward Mlle. Stangerson's chamber? Why did a voice within me cry, 'Go on to the chamber of Mlle. Stangerson?' I cast my eyes down upon the carpet on which I was walking and saw that my steps were being directed toward Mlle. Stangerson's chamber by the marks of steps that had already been made there. Yes, on the carpet were traces of footsteps stained with mud leading to the chamber of Mlle. Stangerson. Horror.

Borror! I recognized in those footprints the impression of the neat boots of the murderer. He had come, then, from without in this wretched night. If you could descend from the gallery by way of the window, by means of the terrace, then you could get into the chateau by the same means.

"The murderer was still in the chateau, for here marks as of returning footsteps. He had entered by the open window at the extremity of the 'off turning' gallery; he had passed Frederic Larsan's door and mine, had turned to the right and had entered Mlle. Stangerson's room. I am before the door of her apartment. It is open. I push it without making the least noise. Under the door of the room itself I see a streak of light. I listen. No sound, not even of breathing. Ah, if I only knew what was passing in the silence that is behind that door! I find the door locked and the key turned on the inner side. And the murderer is there. Perhaps. He must be there. Will he escape this time? All depends on me. I must be calm, and above all I must make no false steps. I must see into that room. I can enter it by Mlle. Stangerson's drawing room. But to do that I should have to cross her boudoir, and while I am there the murderer may escape by the gallery door, the door in front of which I am now standing.

"I am sure that no other crime is being committed on this night, for there is complete silence in the boudoir, where two nurses are taking care of Mlle. Stangerson—until she is restored to health.

"As I am almost sure that the murderer is there, why do I not at once give the alarm? The murderer may perhaps escape, but perhaps I may be able to save Mlle. Stangerson's life. Suppose the murderer on this occasion is not here to murder? The door has been opened to allow him to enter—by whom? And if he has been refastened by whom? Mlle. Stangerson shuts herself up in her apartment with her nurses every night. Who turned the key of that chamber to allow the murderer to enter? The nurses, two faithful domestics? The old chambermaid, Sylvia? It is very improbable. Besides, they slept in the boudoir, and Mlle. Stangerson's very nervous and careful, M. Robert Darzac told me, sees to her own safety since she has been well enough to move about in her room, which I have not yet seen her leave. This nervousness and sudden carter on her part, which had struck M. Darzac, had given me also food for thought. At the time of the crime in the yellow room there can be no doubt that she expected the murderer. Was he expected this night? Was it she herself who had opened the door to him? Had she some reason for doing so? Was she obliged to do it? Was it a meeting for purposes of crime? Certainly it was not a lover's meeting, for I believe Mlle. Stangerson adores M. Darzac.

"It is possible that there was some reason for the awful silence. My intervention might do more harm than good. How could I tell? How could I know I might not any moment cause another crime? If I could only see and know without breaking that silence.

"I left the ante-room and descended the central stairs to the vestibule and as silently as possible made my way to the little room on the ground floor where Daddy Jacques had been sleeping since the attack made at the pavilion.

"I found him dressed, his eyes wide open, almost dazed. He did not seem surprised to see me. He told me that he had got up because he had heard the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu and because he had heard footsteps in the park close to his window. Out of which he had looked and just then had seen a black shadow pass by. I asked him whether he had a firearm of any kind. No, he no longer kept one since the examining magistrate had taken his revolver from him. We went out together by a little back door into the park and stole along the chateau to the point which is just below Mlle. Stangerson's window.

"I placed Daddy Jacques against the wall, ordering him not to stir from the spot, while I, taking advantage of a moment when the moon was hidden by a cloud, moved to the front of the window out of the patch of light which came from it, for the window was half open. If I could only know what was passing in that silent chamber! I returned to Daddy Jacques and whispered the word 'ladder' in his ear. At first I had thought of a tree which a week ago served me for an observatory, but I immediately saw that from the way the window was half opened I should not be able to see from that point of view anything that was passing in the room, and I wanted not only to see, but to hear, and act.

"Greatly agitated, almost trembling, Daddy Jacques disappeared for a moment and returned without the ladder, but making signs to me with his arms as signals to me to come quickly to him. When I got near him he gasped, 'Come!'

"He led me round the chateau, past the donjon. Arrived there, he said: 'I went to the donjon in search of my ladder, and in the lower part of the donjon which serves me and the garden for a lumber room I found the ladder open and the ladder gone. On coming out that's what I caught sight of by the light of the moon.'

"And he pointed to the farther end of the chateau, where a ladder stood resting against the stone brackets supporting the terrace, under the window which I had found open. The projection of the terrace had prevented my seeing it. Thanks to that ladder, it was quite easy to get into the 'off turning' gallery of the first floor, and I had no doubt of it having been taken by the unknown.

"We ran to the ladder, but at the moment of reaching it Daddy Jacques drew my attention to the half open door of the little semicircular room situated under the terrace at the extremity of the right wing of the chateau, having the terrace for its roof. Daddy Jacques pushed the door open a little further and looked in.

"'Who is not there?' he whispered. 'The forest keeper?'

"With his lips once more to my ear he added: 'Do you know that he has slept in the upper room of the donjon ever since it was restored? And with the same gesture he pointed to the half open door, the ladder, the terrace and the window in the 'off turning' gallery, which a little while before I had reclosed.

"What were my thoughts then? I had no time to think. I felt more than I thought.

"Evidently I felt if the forest keeper is up there in the chamber (I say if because at this moment, apart from the presence of the ladder and his valet which permit me even to suspect him) if he is there he has been obliged to pass by the ladder and the rooms which he behind his in his new lodgings are occupied by the family of the steward and by the cook and by the kitchen, which bar the way by the vestibule to the interior of the chateau. And if he had been there during the evening on any pretext it would have been easy for him to go into the gallery and see that the window could be simply pushed open from the outside. This question of the unfastened window easily narrowed the field of search for the murderer. He must not be the house unless he had an accomplice, which I do not believe he had; unless—unless Mlle. Stangerson herself had seen that that window was open, which could be the frightful secret which put her under the necessity of doing away with the murderer?

"I set hold of the ladder, and we returned to the back of the chateau. The blind was drawn, but did not join and allowed a bright stream of light to escape and fall upon the path at our feet. I planted the ladder under the window. I am almost sure that I made no noise, and while Daddy Jacques remained at the foot of the ladder I mounted it very quietly, my stout stick in my hand. I held my breath and lifted my feet with the greatest care. Suddenly a heavy cloud discharged itself at that moment in a fresh downpour of rain.

"At the same instant the sinister cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu arrested me in my ascent. It seemed to me to have come from close by me, only a few yards away. Was the cry a signal? Had some accomplice of the murderer been on the ladder? Would he then see me on the ladder to the window? Perhaps. Ah, there he was at the window! I felt his head above me. I heard the sound of his breath! I could not look up toward him. The least movement of my head and I might be lost. Would he see me? Would he peer into the darkness? No; he went away. He had seen nothing. I felt rather than heard him moving on tiptoe in the room, and I mounted a few steps higher. My head reached to the level of the window sill; my forehead rose above it; my eyes looked through the opening in the blinds, and I saw—

"As I gazed at Mlle. Stangerson's little desk writing table he was turned toward me. A candle was lit before him, and he bent over the flame of the light from it projecting shapeless shadows. I saw nothing but a monstrous, stooping back.

"Mlle. Stangerson herself was not there! Her bed had not been lain on! Where, then, was she sleeping that night? Doubtless in the side room with her women. Perhaps this was but a guess. I must content myself with the joy of finding the man alone. I must be calm to prepare my trap.

"But who, then, is this man writing there before my eyes, seated at the desk, as if he were in his own home? If there had not been that ladder under the window, if there had not been those footprints on the carpet in the gallery if there had not been that open window, I might have been led to think that this man had a right to be there and that he was there as a matter of course and for reasons about which as yet I knew nothing. But there was no doubt that this mysterious unknown was the man of the yellow room, the man to whose murderous assault Mlle. Stangerson without denouncing him had had to submit. 'If I could but see his face! Surprise and capture him!'

"If I spring into the room at this moment he will escape by the right hand door opening into the boudoir, or crossing the drawing room, he will reach the gallery and I shall lose him! I have him now, and in five minutes he will be safer than if I had him alone in Mlle. Stangerson's room? What is he writing? I descend and place the ladder on the ground. Daddy Jacques follows me. We re-enter the chateau. I send Daddy Jacques to wake M. Stangerson and instruct him to await my coming in Mlle. Stangerson's room and to say nothing definite to him before my arrival. I will go and awaken Frederic Larsan. It's a bore to have to do it, for I should have liked to work alone and to have carried off all the honors of this affair myself right under the very nose of the sleeping detective. But Daddy Jacques and M. Stangerson are old men, and I am not yet fully developed. I might not be strong enough. Larsan is used to wrestling and putting on the handcuffs. He opened his eyes, swollen with sleep, ready to send me flying without the least believing in my reporter's fan-

cies. I had to assure him that the man was there.

"That's strange," he said, "I thought I left him this afternoon in Paris."

"He dressed himself in haste and armed himself with a revolver. We stole quietly into the gallery.

"Where is he? Larsan asked."

"In Mlle. Stangerson's room."

"And Mlle. Stangerson?"

"She is not in there."

"Let's go in."

"Don't go there. On the least alarm the man will escape. He has four ways by which to do it—the door, the window, the boudoir or the room in which the women are sleeping."

"I'll draw him from below."

"And if you fail? If you only succeed in wounding him he'll escape again without realizing that he is certainly armed. No, let me direct the expedition, and I'll answer for everything."

"As you like," he replied, with fairly good grace.

"Then after satisfying myself that all the windows of the two galleries were thoroughly secure I placed Frederic Larsan at the end of the 'off turning' gallery, before the window which I had found open and reclosed.

"Under no consideration," I said to him, "must you stir from this post till I call you. The chances are even that the man when he is pursued will return to this window and try to save himself that way, for it is by that way he came in, and made a way ready for his flight. You have a dangerous post."

"What will be yours?" asked Fred.

"I shall spring into the room and knock him over for you."

"Take my revolver," said Fred, "and I'll take your stick."

"Thanks," I said. "You are a brave man."

"I accepted his offer. I was going to be alone with the man in the room writing and was really thankful to have the weapon.

"I left Fred, having posted him at the window, and, with the greatest precaution, went toward M. Stangerson's apartment in the left wing of the chateau. I found him with Daddy Jacques, who had faithfully obeyed my directions, confining himself to asking his master to dress as quickly as possible. In a few words I explained to M. Stangerson what was passing. He armed himself with a revolver, followed me, and we were all three speedily in the gallery. Since I had seen the murderer seated at the desk ten minutes had elapsed. M. Stangerson wished to spring upon the assassin at once and kill him. I made him understand that, above all, he must not miss him.

"When I had sworn to him that his daughter was not in the room and in no danger he conquered his impatience and left me to direct the operations. I told them that they must come to me the moment I called to them or when I fired my revolver. I then sent Daddy Jacques to place himself before the window at the end of the 'right' gallery. I chose that position for Daddy Jacques because I believed that the murderer, tracked on leaving the room, would run through the gallery toward the window which he had left open and, instantly seeing that it was guarded by Larsan, would pursue his course along the 'right' gallery. There he would encounter Daddy Jacques, who would prevent his springing out of the window into the park. Under that window there was a sort of buttress, while all the other windows in the galleries were at such a height from the ground that it was almost impossible to jump from them without breaking one's neck. All the doors and windows, including those of the lumber room at the end of the 'right' gallery—as I had rapidly assured myself—were strongly secured."

"Having indicated to Daddy Jacques the post he was to occupy and having seen him take up his position, I picked M. Stangerson on the landing at the head of the stairs not far from the door of his daughter's ante-room. Everything led me to suppose that when I surprised the murderer by the room he would run by way of the ante-room rather than the boudoir, where the women were, and of which the door must have been locked by Mlle. Stangerson herself if, as I thought, she had taken refuge in the boudoir for the purpose of avoiding the murderer who was coming to see her. In any case he must return to the gallery where my people were awaiting him at every possible issue.

"On coming there he would see on his left M. Stangerson. He would turn to the right, toward the 'off turning' gallery, where at the intersection of the two galleries he would see at once, as I have explained, on his left Frederic Larsan at the end of the 'off turning' gallery and in front Daddy Jacques at the end of the 'right' gallery. M. Stangerson and myself would arrive by way of the back of the chateau. He is ours! He can no longer escape us! I was sure of that.

"The plan I had formed seemed to me the best, the surest and the most simple. It would, no doubt, have been simpler still if we had been able to place some one directly behind the door of mademoiselle's boudoir, which opened out of her bedroom, and in that way out of her in a position to besiege the boudoir except by way of the drawing room, the door of which had been locked on the inside by Mlle. Stangerson. But even if I had had the free disposition of the boudoir I should have held to the plan I had formed, because any other plan of attack would have separated us at the moment of the struggle with the man, while my spot united us all for the attack of a plan which I had selected with almost mathematical precision, the intersection of the two galleries.

"Having so placed my people, I again left the chateau, hurried to my ladder and, replacing it, climbed up, revolver in hand.

"If there be any inclined to smile at my taking so many precautions may I refer them to the mystery of the yellow room and to all the proofs we have of the weird cunning of the murderer. Further, if there be some who think my observations needlessly minute at a moment when they ought to be completely held by rapidity of movement and decision of action I reply that I have wished to report here at length and completely all the details of a plan of attack conceived so rapidly that it is only the slowness of my pen that gives an appearance of slowness to the execution. I have wished by this slowness and precision to be certain that nothing should be omitted from the conditions under which the strange phenomenon was produced, which, until some natural explanation of it is forthcoming, seems to me to prove, even better than the theories of Professor Stangerson, the dissociation of matter—I will even say the instantaneous dissociation of matter."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Strange Phenomenon of the Dissociation of Matter.

I AM again at the window and continue Roulettable, "and once more I raise my head above it. Through an opening in the curtains, the arrangement of which has not been changed, I am ready to look, anxious to note the position in which I am going to find the murderer, whether his back will still be turned toward me, whether he is still seated at the desk writing. But perhaps—perhaps—he is no longer there. Yet how could he have fled? Was I not in possession of his ladder? I forced myself to be cool. I raise my head yet higher. I look—he is still there. I see his monstrous back, deformed by the shadow thrown by the candle. He is no longer writing now, and the candle is on the parquet, over which he is bending—a position which serves my purpose.

"I hold my breath. I mount the ladder. I am on the uppermost rung of it and with my left hand seize hold of the window sill. In this moment of approaching success I feel my heart beating wildly. I put my revolver between my teeth. A quick spring and I shall be on the window ledge. But the ladder! I had been obliged to press on it heavily, and my foot had scarcely left it when I felt it swaying beneath me! It grated on the wall and fell. But already my knees were touching the window sill, and by a movement quick as lightning I got on to it.

"But the murderer had been even quicker than I had been. He had heard the grating of the ladder on the wall, and I saw the monstrous back of the man raise itself. I saw his head. Did I really see it? The candle on the parquet lit up his legs only. Above this height of the table the chamber was in darkness. I saw a man with long hair, a full beard, wild looking eyes, a pale face, framed in black whiskers as well as I could distinguish and as I think red in color. I did not know the face. That was, in brief, the chief sensation I received from that face in the dim half light in which I saw it. I did not know it, or at least I did not recognize it."

"Now for quick action. It was indeed time for that, for as I was about to place my legs through the window the man had seen me, had bounded to his feet, had sprung, as I foresaw he would, to the door of the ante-chamber, had time to open it and fled. But I was already behind him, revolver in hand, shouting, 'Help!'

"Like an arrow I crossed the room, but noticed a letter on the table as I rushed. I almost came up with the man in opening the door, but he had lost time in opening the door in the gallery. I flew on wings and in the gallery was but a few feet behind him. He had taken, as I supposed he had, the gallery on his right—that is to say, the road he had prepared for his flight. 'Help, Jacques; help, Larsan!' I cried, about of joy, of savage victory. The man reached the intersection of the two galleries hardly two seconds before me for the meeting which I had prepared, the fatal shock which must inevitably take place at that spot. All we rushed to the crossing place—M. Stangerson and I coming from one end of the right gallery, Daddy Jacques coming from the other end of the gallery and Frederic Larsan coming from the 'off turning' gallery.

"The man was not there!

"We looked at each other stupidly and with eyes terrified. The man had vanished like a ghost. 'Where is he, where is he?' we all asked.

"It is impossible he can have escaped!" I cried, my terror mastered by my anger.

"I touched him!" exclaimed Frederic Larsan.

"I felt his breast on my face!" cried Daddy Jacques.

"Where is he, where is he?" we all cried.

"We raced like madmen along the two galleries. We visited doors and windows. They were closed—hermetically closed. They had not been opened. Besides, the opening of a door of window by this man whom we were hunting without our having perceived it would have been more inexplicable than his disappearance.

"Where is he, where is he? He could not have got away by a door or a window nor by any other way. He could not have passed through our bodies!

"I confess that for the moment I felt 'done for' for the gallery is perfectly lighted, and there is neither trap nor secret door in the gallery nor any sort of hiding place which could have

chairs and lifted the pictures. Nothing, nothing! We would have looked into a flowerpot if there had been one to look into!

"When this mystery, thanks to Roulettable, was naturally explained by the help alone of his masterful mind, we were able to realize that the murderer had got away neither by a door, a window nor the stairs, a fact which the judges would not admit.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### The Inexplicable Gallery.

Mlle. STANGERSON appeared at the door of her ante-room," continues Roulettable's notebook. "We were near her door in the gallery where this inexplicable phenomenon had taken place. There are moments when one feels as if one's neck were about to burst. A bullet in the head, a fracture of the skull, the seat of reason shattered—only these can I compare the sensation which exhausted and left me void of sense.

"Happily Mlle. Stangerson appeared on the threshold of her ante-room. I saw her, and that helped to relieve my chaotic state of mind. I breathed. I inhaled the perfume of the lady in black who had been kind to me in my childhood whom I should never see again. I would have given ten years of my life—half my life—to see once more the lady in black. Alas, I no more meet her but from time to time, and yet, and yet, how the memory of that perfume, felt by me alone, carries me back to the days of my childhood! It was this sharp reminder from my beloved perfume of the lady in black which made me go to her, dressed wholly in white and so pale, so pale and so beautiful, on the threshold of the inexplicable gallery. Her beautiful golden hair, gathered into a knot on the back of her neck, left visible the red scar on her temple which had so nearly been the cause of her death. When I first got on the right track of the mystery of this case I had imagined that on the night of the tragedy in the yellow room Mlle. Stangerson had worn her hair in bands. But, then, how could I have imagined otherwise when I had not been in the yellow room?

"But now, since the occurrence of the inexplicable gallery, I did not reason at all. I stood there, stupid, before the apparition—so pale and so beautiful—of Mlle. Stangerson. She was clad in a dressing gown of dreamy white. One might have taken her to be a ghost—a lovely phantom. Her father took her in his arms and kissed her passionately, as if he had recovered her after being long lost to him. I dared not question her. He drew her into the room, and we followed them—for we had to know! The door of the boudoir was open. The terrified faces of the two nurses craned toward us. Mlle. Stangerson inquired the meaning of all the disturbance. She was quite easily explained—quite easily. She had a fancy not to sleep that night in her chamber, but in the boudoir with her nurses looking the door on them. Since the night of the crime she had experienced feelings of terror, and fears came over her that are easily to be comprehended."

"But who could imagine that on that particular night when he was to come she would by a mere chance determine to shut herself in with her women? Who would think that she would act contrary to her father's wish to sleep in the drawing room? Who could believe that the letter which had so recently been on the table in her room would no longer be there? He who could understand all this would have to assume that Mlle. Stangerson knew that the murderer was coming—she could not prevent his coming again—unknown to her father, unknown to all but to M. Robert Darzac. For he must know it now. Perhaps he had known it before! Did he remember that phrase in the Elysée garden, 'Must I commit a crime, then, to win you? Against whom the crime if not against the obstacle, against the murderer?' 'Ah, I would kill him with my own hand!' And I replied, 'You have not answered my question.' That was the very truth. In truth, in truth, M. Darzac knew the murderer so well that, while wishing to kill him himself, he was afraid I should find him. There could be but two reasons why he had assisted me in my investigation. First, because I have forced him to do it, and second, because she would be the better protected."

"I am in the chamber—her room. I look at her, also at the place where the letter had just now been. She has possessed herself of it; it was evidently intended for her—evidently. How she trembles! Trembles at the strange story her father is telling her, of the presence of the murderer in her chamber and of the pursuit. But it is plain to be seen that she is not wholly satisfied by the assurance given her until she had been told that the murderer by some incomprehensible means had been able to elude us."

"Then followed a silence. What a silence! We are all there—looking at her—her father, Larsan, Daddy Jacques and I. What were we all thinking of in the silence? After the events of that night, of the mystery of the inexplicable gallery, of the prodigious fact of the presence of the murderer in her room, it seemed to me that all our thoughts might have been translated into the words which were addressed to her, 'You who know of this mystery, explain it to us and we shall perhaps be able to save you.' How I longed to save her—from herself and from the other! It brought the tears to my eyes.

"Who can tell that, should we learn the secret of her mystery, it would not

(Continued next week.)

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