

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

NO. 854

SOME CALL US

The "NEW STORE," Probably because we always have the Newest Goods. We are also known as the "Store on the Corner" but all our Customers speak of us, because they KNOW, as

THE "STORE OF QUALITY"

AMONG OUR NEWEST ARRIVALS ARE
WHITE GOODS, GINGHAMS, MADRAS', CALICOS,
LADIES AND MENS HOSIERY, TIES, ETC.

We Would Call YOUR Special ATTENTION to

OUR BLACK SILK TAFFETA,
36 Inches wide and Indestructible.

If this silk splits inside of six months from wear
We will Give You Another Dress Free.

Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. Feb. 13, 1909

TRACING POISONS.

The Power of Analysis of the Modern
Chemist.

The ancients had no knowledge of ptomaines, and evidence points to the fact that most of their poisonings were achieved by the simplest means. We know that powdered glass was used with dire effect. Arsenic undoubtedly was a prime favorite with wicked Italian and French court ladies. It should be remembered that until the second quarter of the nineteenth century arsenic could not be identified with certainty in the body of one who died from it. Now it is the most easily recognized of all poisons.

Taffania, the notorious Italian female poisoner, used arsenic. She gained large sums of money by the sale of mysterious preparations which were merely solutions of arsenic acid. These were sold in small vials bearing the image of a saint.

To detect the presence of poison an analytical chemist may spend many days with test tube, watch glass, reagent and microscope. Even if death has been caused by a poison whose mere smell has been fatal, truth will out, and there is more than one poison of this subtle kind. For instance, oil of almonds—which is used for making toilet soaps and also for increasing the scent of lavender—if inhaled sufficiently causes death by nitrobenzole poisoning.

But the cause can be unerringly ascertained in a postmortem examination. And no less certain of detection are poisons injected by hypodermic syringe.

Extraordinary is the power of analysis that modern science has placed in the hands of the chemist, and few subjects are more interesting than the processes he employs. In the silence and secrecy of the laboratory many a dramatic experiment is worked out.

Take Marsh's famous test. Hydrogen is generated in a flask and the

suspected liquid poured in. If arsenic be there the hydrogen seizes on it and forms a gas that will burn. Now watch the analyst as he holds a clean porcelain dish against the flame for a moment. If a brown spot appears in the middle, that is poison, arsenic or antimony; if close to the flame and on both sides of it—a notched spot—it is antimony; if deposited at a little distance from the flame it is arsenic.

Again, chloride of lime dissolves the stain of arsenic, but not that of antimony. On the other hand, protochloride of tin dissolves the antimony, but not the arsenic. Mistake is impossible. And there are scores of similarly failing, precise experiments.—Baltimore Sun.

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

An Achievement of Which an Enemy
Might Well Be Proud.

There is little doubt that a surprise party given for a person of mature years is one of the highest forms of civilized cruelty. It is a custom of long standing and one that people still indulge in and do it blithely, with enthusiasm and a blind belief that they are pleasing, while all the time the poor victim is almost in tears at what he feels to be the tragedy of the thing.

It is no small matter to have your wife, the woman who above all others you feel sure understands you and agrees with you on all important matters, suddenly disclose a distorted sense of what is amusing, a mixing of what is kind and what is cruel, which results in one of the most maddening evenings you have ever spent, says the New York Evening Sun. To have at a word from her a life sized party explode in your drawing room and then, as the anger rises in your heart, inundates your speech—while this is going on inside you—to see her standing in the midst of that crowd of guests rocking with laughter—well, it is a man of supernatural sweetness and balance who can stand it.

A party is not a thing that one wants to see upon unexpectedly, particularly a party in your own house, the place where you hope to find rest; above all, a party of which you are the unwilling center. No; one should be allowed to prepare for these things, to grapple with the idea of them, digest it, recover from it, so that when the night for it finally arrives the thought of the party will be a thing you are well used to, almost a part of your daily life, not a blinding light turned on with such suddenness that it leaves you blinking for

the rest of the evening. That is not the sort of thing a friend allows to happen to you—naturally not. It is a thing an enemy might be proud of.

Fishin'.

Riding across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmovable patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishin', sah," came the reply. "Not getting many, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hit's this a-way, cap'n: When I gets a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I doesn't have no time foh fishin'."—Success Magazine.

Hadn't Seen One Before.

Many, many, many years ago Lot Lee was a telegraph operator in the old Union station office, says the Indianapolis News. Lee was a hot operator and had the reputation of getting messages off in quick time.

One night a woman came in with a rush message for Connersville, Ind. She wrote it out and handed it to Lee. The latter checked it up, received the money, called Connersville, sent the message and placed it in a drawer with the "sent" business.

The woman hung around, eyed Lee as if she thought he was shirking his duty, not suspecting that her message had gone, and finally said: "Would you mind looking in the drawer there to see if the message has gone? It's very important."

Not on His Side.

"Who is there," cried the impassioned orator, "who will lift a voice against the truth of my statement?"

Just then a donkey on the outskirts of the crowd gave vent to one of the piercing "heehaws" of the tribe.

The laugh was on the orator for a moment, but, assuming an air of triumph, he lifted his voice above the din to say, "I knew nobody but an ass would try it."—Liverpool Mercury.

Don't worry about the railroad. Build your home in Sonora. There is no place better.

The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

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precipitate a tragedy more terrible than that which had already been enacted here? Who can tell if it might not mean her death? Yet it had brought her close to death, and we still knew nothing, or, rather, there are some of us who know nothing. But—if I knew who, I should know all. Who? Who? Not knowing who, I must remain silent out of pity for her. For there is no doubt that she knows how he escaped from the yellow room. When I knew who I will speak to him—to him!

"She looked at us now, with a far-away look in her eyes, as if we were not in the chamber. M. Stangerson broke the silence. He declared that, henceforth, he would no more absent himself from his daughter's apartments. She tried to oppose him in vain. He adhered firmly to his purpose. He would install himself there this very night, he said. Solely concerned for the health of his daughter, he reproached her for having left her bed. Then he suddenly began talking to her as if she were a little child. He smiled at her and seemed not to know either what he said or what he did. The illustrious professor had lost his head. Mlle. Stangerson in a tone of tender distress said, 'Father, father! Daddy Jacques blows his nose, and Frederic Larsan himself is obliged to turn away to hide his emotion. For myself, I am able neither to think or feel. I felt a contempt for myself.'

"It was the first time that Frederic Larsan, like myself, found himself face to face with Mlle. Stangerson since the attack in the yellow room. Like me, he had insisted on being allowed to question the unhappy lady, but he had not, any more than had I, been permitted. To him, as to me, the same answer had always been given: Mlle. Stangerson was too weak to receive us. The questionings of the examining magistrate had overfatigued her. It was evidently intended not to give us any assistance in our researches. I was not surprised, but Frederic Larsan had always resented this conduct. It is true that he and I had a totally different theory of the crime. I still catch myself repeating from the depths of my heart: 'Save her! Save her without his speaking! Who is he—the murderer? Take him and shut his mouth. But M. Darzac made it clear that in order to shut his mouth he must be killed. Have I the right to kill Mlle. Stangerson's murderer? No, I had not. But let him only give me the chance! Let me find out whether he is really a creature of flesh and blood! Let me see his dead body, since it cannot be taken alive.'

"If I could but make this woman, who does not even look at us, understand! She is absorbed by her fears and by her father's distress of mind. And I can do nothing to save her. Yes, I will go to work once more and accomplish wonders.

"I move toward her. I would speak to her. I would entreat her to have confidence in me. I would, in a word, make her understand—she alone—that I know how the murderer escaped from the yellow room, that I have guessed the motives for her secrecy, and that I pity her with all my heart. But by her gestures she begged us to leave her alone, expressing weariness and the need for immediate rest. M. Stangerson asked us to go back to our rooms and thanked us. Frederic Larsan and I bowed to him, and, followed by Daddy Jacques, we regained the gallery. I heard Larsan murmur: 'Strange! Strange! He made a sign to me to go with him into his room. On the threshold he turned toward Daddy Jacques.'

"Did you see him distinctly? he asked."

"Who?"

"The man."

"Saw him! Why, he had a big red beard and red hair."

"That's how he appeared to me," I said.

"And to me," said Larsan.

"The great Fred and I were alone in his chamber now to talk over this thing. We talked for an hour, turning the matter over and viewing it from every side. From the questions put by him, from the explanation which he gives me, it is clear to me that in spite of all our senses he is persuaded the man disappeared by some secret passage in the chateau known to him alone."

"He knows the chateau," he said to me; "he knows it well!"

"He is a rather tall man, well built," I suggested.

"He is as tall as he wants to be," murmured Fred.

"I understand," I said. "But how do you account for his red hair and beard?"

"Too much beard, too much hair—false," says Fred.

"That's easily said. You are always thinking of Robert Darzac. You can't get rid of that idea! I am certain that he is innocent."

"So much the better. I hope so, but everything condemns him. Did you notice the marks on the carpet? Come and look at them."

"I have seen them. They are the marks of the boots the same as those we saw on the border of the lake."

"Can you tell what they belong to?"

"Of course one may be mistaken."

"Have you noticed that those footprints—only in one direction, that there are no return marks? When the man came from the chamber, pursued by all of us, his footsteps left no traces behind them."

"He had perhaps been in the chamber for hours. The mud from his boots had dried, and he moved with such rapidity on the points of his toes. We saw him running, but we did not hear his steps."

"I suddenly put an end to this idle chatter, void of any logic, and made a sign to Larsan to listen."

"There, below, some one is shutting a door."

"I rise. Larsan follows me. We descend to the ground floor of the chateau. I lead him to the little semi-circular room under the terrace beneath the window of the 'off turning' gallery. I point to the door, now closed, open a short time before, under which a shaft of light is visible."

"The forest keeper" says Fred.

"Come on!" I whisper.

"Prepared, I know not why, to believe that the keeper is the guilty man I go to the door and rap smartly on it."

"Some might think that we were rather late in thinking of the keeper, since our first business, after having found that the murderer had escaped us in the gallery, ought to have been to search everywhere else—around the chateau, in the park—"

"Had this criticism been made at the time we could only have answered that the assassin had disappeared from the gallery in such a way that we thought he was no longer anywhere! He had eluded us when we all had our hands stretched out ready to seize him—when we were almost touching him. We had no longer any ground for hoping that we could clear up the mystery of that night."

"As soon as I rapped at the door it was opened, and the keeper asked us quietly what we wanted. He was undressed and preparing to go to bed. The bed had not yet been disturbed."

"We entered and I affected surprise."

"Not gone to bed yet?"

"No," he replied roughly. "I have been making a round of the park and in the woods. I am only just back—and sleepy. Good night!"

"Listen," I said. "An hour ago there was a ladder close by your window."

"What ladder? I did not see any ladder. Good night!"

"And he simply put us out of the room. When we were outside I looked at Larsan. His face was impenetrable."

"CHAPTER XVIII.

Roulettable Has Drawn a Circle Between the Two Bumps on His Forehead.

"We separated on the thresholds of our rooms with a melancholy shake of the hands. Larsan's was an original brain, very intelligent, but without method. I did not go to bed. I awaited the coming of daylight and then went down to the front of the chateau and made a detour, examining every trace of footsteps coming toward it or going from it. These, however, were so mixed and confusing that I could make nothing of them. Here I may make a remark—I am not accustomed to attach an exaggerated importance to exterior signs left in the track of a crime."

"The method which traces the criminal by means of the tracks of his footsteps is altogether primitive. So many footprints are identical. However, in the disturbed state of my mind I did go into the deserted court and did look at all the footprints I could find there, seeking for some indication as a basis for reasoning."

"If I could but find a right starting point! In despair I seated myself on a stone. For over an hour I busied myself with the common, ordinary work of a policeman. Like the least intelligent of detectives I went on blindly over the traces of footprints which told me just no more than they could."

"I came to the conclusion that I was a fool, lower in the scale of intelligence than even the police of the modern romancer. Novelists build mountains of stupidity out of a footprint on the sand or from an impression of a hand on a wall. That's the way innocent men are brought to prison. It might convince an examining magistrate or the head of a detective department, but it's not proof. You writers forget that what the senses furnish is not proof. If I am taking cognizance of what is offered me by my senses I do so to bring the results within the circle of my reason. That circle may be the most circumscribed, but, if it is, it has this advantage—it holds nothing but the truth! Yes, I swear that I have never used the evidence of the senses but as servants to my reason. I have never permitted them to become my master. They have not made of me that monstrous thing—worse than a blind man—a man who sees falsely. And that is why I can triumph over your error and your merely animal intelligence, Frederic Larsan."

"Be of good courage, then, friendly Roulettable. It is impossible that the imprint of the inexplicable gallery should be outside the circle of your reason. You know that! Then have faith and take thought with yourself and forget not that you took hold of the right end when you drew that circle in your brain within which to unravel this mysterious play of circumstance."

"To it, once again! Go back to the gallery. Take your stand on your reason and rest there as Frederic Larsan rests on his cane. You will then soon prove that the great Fred is nothing but a fool.—30th October. Noon. JOSEPH ROULETABLE." (Continued on page 4)

CHAS. SCHREINER.

BANKER

(UNINCORPORATED)

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

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

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IS NOT effected by the passage of the
PURE FOOD LAW. Our Liquors are of
GOOD. Some Special Brands for Family
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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**
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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. H. MARTIN, C. B. WARDLAW.

Martin & Wardlaw,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN,
SONORA, TEXAS.
Are offering for sale a number of ranebes, 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.



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Sonora, Texas. Feb. 13, 1909

Give Us Liberty.

If the Legislature will give the R. R. roads some liberty there is no telling the amount of railroad building that will be done in Texas. Restricted or regulated liberty is all right, but liberality must be part of the restriction or regulation. Texas is now confronted with the activities of the great railroad interests racing for the Gulf ports because of the expected completion of the Panama Canal. All Texas will be benefited if the laws are encouraging and there will then be plenty of time for regulation. The Gulf of Mexico is not confined, altogether, within the domain of Texas, and adverse legislation could cause Mexico to be the gainer instead of Texas by the Panama Canal.

Medical Bill.

A bill has been presented to the Legislature, the provisions of which would permit graduates of the Texas University Medical College, at Galveston, to be permitted to practice medicine without going before and passing the examination of the State Medical Board. The organization of the State Board was a step in the direction of protecting the people from the ravages of the six months diploma Doctor and fakes of all kinds in the practice of a profession where life was held in the balance. The last Legislature did away with the District Doctors Board and passed a law requiring all practitioners to stand examinations before a State Board of Examiners, no matter from what college or school he or she graduated. The last Legislature's bill went as far as it could to protect the life of the people and should be commended for it. The pity is it could not go farther.

Now as the Texas Medical Board of the University, which is without doubt one of the best in the U. S., the News can see no reason why its graduates should not be able to pass the State Board examinations. It sometimes happens that a man graduates or passes through a college or high school just because of (something) Sometimes they steal through; or the school may want to make a showing; or political or personal reasons sometimes get them through; and even occasionally they are passed thru to get rid of them.

All right, no matter by what means they graduate they should be examined and very thoroughly at that, before being turned loose on the public. The proposed measure to exempt any graduate of any school should be defeated.

R. R. (Dick) Russell is back from a trip to Ballinger and says Russell county is no longer a cold country, as she raised about 47,000 bales of cotton this season. He says the live stock interests in that section are in good shape for this season of the year, but that farming is the principal vocation up that way. While away he was one of the prime movers in the organization of a new bank in Ballinger, to be known as the Farmers and Merchants State Bank, with a capital of \$100,000. Several stockmen whose names are familiar in the live stock world are stockholders, including Mr. Russell, William Bevans, William Allen and J. V. Pierce. "Ballinger is growing so rapidly she needed better facilities for financing operations and our institution will help fill the 'long felt' want," said Mr. Russell yesterday. "She is now the third largest wagon receipts center in Texas, and by June 1 will have established railroad connection with Abilene, as the Wichita Valley road is building south from there at the rate of about a mile a day. This will give her competing lines for the transportation of the agricultural and live stock products in her territory."—San Antonio Express.

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.

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.

NEW SYSTEM OF WATERING LAND.

Sub-Irrigation as Worked Out By a Missouri Man Economizes Water.

According to Prof. John L. Wiggins of Kansas City, inventor of a new system of irrigation, the Great American desert is to be made to "bloom like the rose." The "Wiggins system of sub-irrigation," as it is called, is, the inventor declares, not only simple and cheaply operated, but any farmer can successfully irrigate from 10 to 30 acres of land from an ordinary bored well. Such wells, the inventor claims, can be drilled almost anywhere in the arid and semi arid districts of the West.

The system of sub-irrigation recently invented and patented by Prof. Wiggins, consists of a series of cement pipes laid from nine to fifteen inches under ground. An elevated tank or reservoir, is filled by means of an ordinary gasoline motor or by a windmill. From this tank runs the main conduit, four to six inches in diameter, to which are connected 2 inch lateral tiles, with holes on either side, through which water is forced and into the soil. These openings or ports are covered with a fine screen of copper wire which prevents roots and other obstructions from clogging them. The tile is made by means of hydraulic pressure and is continuous, thereby enabling it to withstand high pressure. The water carries with it a certain amount of oxygen which, the inventor declares, is worth almost as much to plant life as moisture itself.

Speaking of the new system of sub-irrigation and its possibilities in the arid sections of Arizona, New Mexico and other parts of the West, Prof. Wiggins says:

"Plenty of good water can be found at depths ranging from 50 to 300 feet in almost any district where Uncle Sam owns millions of acres, and from these wells we propose to irrigate. By my system any farmer can install and use well water. The cost of installation depends largely upon the cost of cement and nearness of sand. The tile is made in the ditch and covered over when perfectly dry. There can be no loss from evaporation, except as it stands in the tank, or reservoir.

"My system has been tested in

Oklahoma and Florida. Two acres of alfalfa produced seven crops last year, while only four cuttings were secured on the adjoining land.

"We expect to sell both hand and power machines to actual settlers in the arid belt and to assist them financially in securing the land and installing their plants. Millions of acres can be taken up and put under a high state of production. Of course this would only be possible where water can be found at a reasonable depth, and in quantity. This, however, will not be difficult. Practically every acre of land in the arid belt can be sub-irrigated. What we call 'sheet water' can be found at from 20 to 250 feet from the surface. Millions of acres of rich land are owned by the government where it would be impossible to lead water to it by means of irrigation ditches. Furthermore, evaporation would take up from 40 to 75 per cent of the water before it could be distributed over any considerable territory. With sub-irrigation there could be no evaporation."—Kansas City Star.

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.

The Golden Egg.

The hen is one of America's greatest wealth producers and there are not enough of them in the Sonora country. But it is a fable that it was a goose that laid the golden egg. To some people the goose is a goose just as a sheep is a sheep or all coons look alike, but the fable distinguishes and speaks of "the goose that laid the Golden Egg." The farmer killed the goose that laid the golden egg—and now allowing immigration a place was Sonora's prosperity, progressiveness and population laid by a goose and the farmer kill it or is the goose still alive.

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.

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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

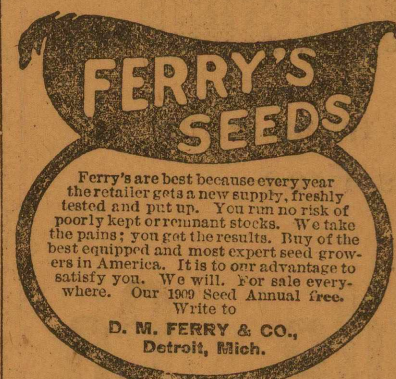
Possess a Golden Receipt to keep Ticks off Cattle in Pastures and Prevent Fever. Price \$5.

Apply to 272, Carlsbad, N. M.



To call on us and test our Carstair's Invincible Rye and MARTIN'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.

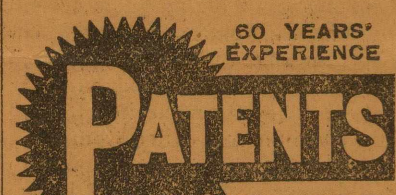
TRAINER BROS. BANK SALOON.



NOTICE. I forbid anybody laying or tearing down my fences or driving stock through my pastures without my consent. Sply 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-tf, 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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Hagelstein Cattle. W. A. Glascock 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. When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-tf

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.

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CLYDE WINDROW, PRACTICAL TINNER, TANKS, TROUGH, AND ALL KIND OF TIN WORK. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. TERMS CASH

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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, POILERS REFLUED, GASOLINE ENGINE, WINDMILL REPAIRS DONE ON SHORT NOTICE. GOOD WORK REASONABLE CHARGES.

LAUNDRY

Mrs. Mary L. Reed, Pro.

Washing called and delivered. Orders left at the Commercial Hotel will receive prompt attention. First-Class Work Guaranteed. Laundry at the old Alley place. Mens Work a Specialty. Family Washings Solicited.

FOR 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,
President. Cashier. Vice President.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK SONORA, TEXAS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS: \$85,000.00.
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.

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

SONORA MECANTILE CO.

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor,
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter.
"Words spoken are light as air; words printed are always there."

SONORA, TEXAS, Feb. 13, 1909.

The Masonic fraternity after the lecture Saturday night enjoyed a fine supper at the Decker Hotel.
Mrs. Susanna Holland and son-in-law Tom Clements were in Sonora Monday for supplies.

The rich people in the East have returned to the horse for pleasure. A. G. Vanderbilt will exhibit and have at the races in England two coach teams.

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.

E. H. Labadie of Galveston, was in Sonora Friday, with a Chambers Detroit car for which he has the agency for Sutton as well as other West Texas counties.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough 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 the Allison Pharmacy.

E. F. Vander Stucken has gone to the Eastern markets to buy a large and full new stock of dry goods, etc. He will be absent about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nichols of San Angelo are in Sonora on a visit. Charlie says Sonora beats them all. Its more like "home" to him.

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

Will practice in all the State Courts

FISHER G. JONES, Attorney at Law, SONORA, TEXAS.

Civil law only.

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

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

Sonora is in a class by itself as an inland town. Representatives of commercial concerns make Sonora and no other town off the railroad in this part of the State.
The next car to arrive after the J. J. Ford car will be 13 and as there is luck in odd numbers it will be a race to see who gets the number.

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. Sold by the Allison Pharmacy.
E. F. Vander Stucken has gone to the Eastern markets to buy a large and full new stock of dry goods, etc. He will be absent about three weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nichols of San Angelo are in Sonora on a visit. Charlie says Sonora beats them all. Its more like "home" to him.

No. 5469.

Report of the Condition OF THE First National Bank of Sonora, at Sonora,

In the State of Texas, at the close of business, February 5, 1909.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$187,370.23
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	3,757.97
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	22,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	700.00
Banking house, Furniture and fixtures	4,834.45
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	6,976.09
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	2,251.24
Due from approved reserve agents	20,257.63
Checks and other cash items	158.07
Notes of other National Banks	380.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	62.35
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$3,207.50
Legal tender notes 4518.00	7,815.50
Reception fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent of circulation)	1,125.00
Total	\$264,189.13
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	30,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	11,642.37
National Bank notes outstanding	22,500.00
Due to other National Banks	10,208.62
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	2,193.94
Individual deposits subject to check	116,339.19
Certified checks	1,300.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	5.00
Bills payable, including Certificates of Deposit for money borrowed	20,000.00
Total	264,189.13

STATE OF TEXAS, I, W. L. Aldwell, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. L. Aldwell, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of February 1909.
J. A. Hagerland, Notary Public.
Correct-Attest:
Geo. S. Allison, E. R. Jackson, Will Whitehead } Directors.

Recapitulation.	
RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$191,128.20
U. S. Bonds	22,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	700.00
Banking House and Fixtures	4,834.45
Cash in Banks and Vault	43,911.43
Due from U. S. Treasurer	1,125.00
Total	\$264,189.13
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$50,000.00
Surplus	30,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses	11,637.37
Circulation	22,500.00
Bills payable	20,000.00
Deposits	130,651.76
Total	\$264,189.13

The First National Bank of Sonora was awarded the use of the County funds at 3 per cent.

Miss Mary Sultemeyer who has been a guest at the Commercial for the past month, is visiting Mrs. E. M. Kirkland on the ranch.

J. J. Ford left for Fort Worth, Tuesday, to receive his auto. He will return overland and learn how to run it by the time he reaches Sonora.

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

W. C. Strackbein has gone to Idaho on a prospecting trip. He may travel the world over and not find anything as good as the Sonora Country.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hall of Brownwood, were visitors in Sonora this week. Mr. Hall is a member of the firm of Hall Bros., hardware dealers in Brownwood.

Not "Just as Good"—It's the Best

One box of Hunt's Cure is unfailingly, unqualifiedly, 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.

Ecze-ma, Tetter, Ringworm and all similar troubles are relieved by one application; cured by one box.

The horse will be less in demand because of the motor cars and the interest in their breeding will slacken, but the wise horse owner will be more particular in the selection of sires and raise nothing but the best in their respective classes. Now is the time to think about what sire you will use this year.

"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. Ecze-ma, Ringworm and all the rest are relieved at once and cured by one box. It's guaranteed, and its name is Hunt's Cure.

COMMISSIONERS COURT.

The Commissioners Court met in regular session on Monday Feb. 8. Hon. L. J. Wardlaw, County Judge, presiding. Geo. J. Trainer, W. B. Smith, A. T. Stuart and C. D. Wyatt, commissioners present. J. S. Allison sheriff and J. D. Lowrey clerk, being in attendance.

The First National Bank was made the county depository for the ensuing two years. Interest at 3 per cent to be computed on the daily balances.

Report of J. S. Allison, tax collector for the months of November, December and January examined and approved.

By order of the Court, Fisher G. Jones was appointed County Attorney. Mr. Jones gave bond in sum of \$2,500 and the oath of office administered to him.

Report of J. E. Grimland, treasurer, quarterly report and report of school fund examined and approved.

Report of D. B. Woodruff, J. P., precinct No. 1, examined and approved.

The ex-officio salary of J. D. Lowrey, County and District Clerk was set as follows: \$500 as county clerk; \$100 for keeping finance ledger; \$300 per annum as district clerk.

The ex-officio salary of J. S. Allison, sheriff, was set as follows: \$500 as sheriff and \$400 per annum for keeping jail.

The ex-officio salary of L. J. Wardlaw, county judge, was set at \$900 per annum.

The following election judges were appointed: Clyde Windrow and W. B. Kee-see for precinct No. 1.

J. T. Evans and W. C. Bryson for precinct No. 2.

H. Thiers and D. Q. Adams for precinct No. 3.

R. J. Owens and S. A. Luckie for precinct No. 4.

E. E. Steen and C. S. Green for precinct No. 5.

Dr. C. D. Smith was appointed county physician.

H. B. Balch was awarded contract to paint the "Brooklyn" bridge for \$55.

County occupation taxes were set at one-half of State tax.

Quarterly report of J. D. Lowrey examined and approved.

O. W. Drennan was appointed janitor of court house at \$10 per month.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Yaws of the Middle Valley Country, were visitors in Sonora this week. Dudley was busy telling about his sale of Herefords at Menardville on Feb. 18, and mailing out information about the sale.

There will be preaching at the Methodist church Sunday morning and night. Special arrangements have been made for an "Old Folks Service." There will be special singing by the children and Miss Blakeney will favor us also with a solo. At 4 p.m., we will organize a Senior League. All cordially invited to come to these services.

Max R. Andrews of Abilene, representing the Hughes Candy Co., of Dallas, was in Sonora last Saturday. He was formerly in the newspaper business at Taylor and naturally called to see the News. Mr. Andrews says the Abilene & Southern has ample capital to carry out its undertakings and if the road builds to Sonora the Sonora Country will be in touch with one of the greatest railroad systems. Railroads are being started out in every direction in the Panhandle Country and Mr. Andrews sees no reason why Sonora should not be in the right of way of some of them.

Will Wilson's baby drank some gasoline Sunday, and a hurry call was sent to town. Owing to the time of day, about 2 o'clock, and the fact that the phone office is not open on Sunday between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. it was impossible to reach a doctor direct. Mrs. Sparks-Tarver however was reached and she sent a runner to town. Judge Wardlaw and Dr. Batts were in the Cornell & Wardlaw car when the word came and immediately set out for the ranch. They met the parents and child 4 miles from town in Ira Word's auto and an antidote being administered the parents brought the child to town. The injection cured the child to vomit up the gasoline swallowed and there was no fatal result. The auto and the doctor saved the child's life but the phone should be open, night or day for emergency calls.

The removal of wire or other fences from town streets as advocated by the News recently, was not acted upon by the Commissioners Court, but their attention will be called to it later. The Court is progressive and it was just an oversight on their part that they have not noticed that town streets are obstructed.

BABY HANDS
will get into mischief—often it means a burn or cut or scald. Apply Ballard's Snow Lintiment 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.

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.

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 consignments for the future.
CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER,
(Incorporated)
Kerrville, Texas.

Rev. Davis returned last week from a visit to friends and relatives in Miles.

Miss Annie Oberkampff of San Angelo is in Sonora the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lem Stokes.

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.

Cope & Mills and Dr. W. G. Jarnagin arrived in Sonora Sunday, with their new autos. They are very handsome looking cars.

The statement of the First National Bank of Sonora is a handsome one and shows that this institution is "doing business" at the same old stand. Notice the following items. Loans and discounts \$191,000; cash on hand \$43,000; surplus \$41,600; deposits \$130,000.

The removal of wire or other fences from town streets as advocated by the News recently, was not acted upon by the Commissioners Court, but their attention will be called to it later. The Court is progressive and it was just an oversight on their part that they have not noticed that town streets are obstructed.

BABY HANDS
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Stock News.

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

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

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

R. H. Martin of Sonora, bought from J. S. Brown 130 two and three year-old steers at \$20 and \$23.

The highest price paid for hides and furs at E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

John T. Cooper of Sonora sold 2700 bred ewes to Loftin Henderson of San Angelo at \$4 per head.

Ed. Robbins of Sonora, sold to Irve Ellis of Menardville, 400 head of 2-year-old steers at \$20.50, to be delivered at McKayett in April.

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

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

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 straits. 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.

Texas cattlemen are looking forward to good prices and a general advance in prices for all classes of cattle provided the spring is early and the rains abundant. In the past two years it is reported that 1,000,000 head of calves, mostly heifers, have been marketed and there's where the shortage comes in.

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,

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,
(Incorporated)
Kerrville, Texas.

"Ship your 'broom tail mares' to France where they make automobiles and eat horses, but bred your good mares to the best horses you can read about in the News' advertising columns.

DeWitt's Carbolic 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.

The Sonora Country produces to perfection anything or any class in the horse line. If you want French or German Coach, Standard or Thoroughbred, we have them here. Just wait till their owners describe them to you in the News. There is money in good horses.

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.

The Commissioners Court started out at the present session to give Sutton county "good roads." Bent Binyon has been employed as general road overseer and Wiley Adams has been employed to "make" good roads. It is the intention of the Court to put all roads in the county in good or at least a passable condition, and all property owners or tax payers should endorse and assist in encouraging the work.

2/13/1909

[continued from page 19.]

"I acted as I planned. With head on fire, I retraced my way to the gallery, and without having found anything more than I had seen on the previous night, the right hold I had taken of my reason drew me to something so important that I was obliged to cling to it to save myself from falling."
"Now for the strength and patience to find sensible traces to fit in with my thinking—and these must come within the circle I have drawn between the two bumps on my forehead."
—30th October. Midnight.

CHAPTER XIX.

Roulettable Invites Me to Breakfast at the Donjon Inn.

It was not until later that Roulettable sent me the notebook in which he had written at length the story of the phenomenon of the inexplicable gallery. On the day I arrived at the Glandier and joined him in his room he recounted to me, with the greatest detail, all that I have related, telling me also how he had spent several hours in Paris, where he had learned nothing that could be of any help to him.

The event of the inexplicable gallery had occurred on the night between the 29th and 30th of October—that is to say, three days before my return to the chateau. It was on the 21st of November, then, that I went back to the Glandier, summoned there by my friend's telegram and taking the revolver with me.

I am now in Roulettable's room, and he has finished his recital. While he had been telling me the story I noticed him continually rubbing the glass of the cydalagus he had found on the side table. From the evident pleasure he was taking in handling them I felt they must be one of those sensible evidences destined to enter what he had called the circle of the right end of his reason.

When he had finished his recital he asked me what I thought of it. I replied that I was much puzzled by his question. Then he begged me to try, in my turn, to take my reason in hand "by the right end."

"Very well," I said. "It seems to me that the point of departure of my reason would be this—there can be no doubt that the murderer you pursued was in the gallery." I paused.

"After making so good a start, you ought not to stop so soon," he exclaimed. "Come, make another effort."

"I'll try. Since he disappeared from the gallery without passing through any door or window, he must have escaped by some other opening."

Roulettable looked at me pityingly, smiled carelessly and remarked that I was reasoning like a postman or like Frederic Larsen.

Roulettable had alternated fits of admiration and disdain for the great Fred. It all depended as to whether Larsen's discoveries tallied with Roulettable's reasoning or not. When they did he would exclaim, "He is really great!" When they did not, he would grunt and mutter, "What an ass!" It was a petty side of the noble character of this strange youth.

We had risen, and he led me into the park. When we reached the court and were making toward the gate, the sound of blinds thrown back against the wall made us turn our heads, and we saw at a window on the first floor of the chateau the ruddy and clean shaven face of a person I did not recognize.

"Hello!" muttered Roulettable. "Arthur Rance?" He lowered his head, quickened his pace, and I heard him ask himself between his teeth: "Was he in the chateau that night? What is he doing here?"

He had gone some distance from the chateau when I asked him who this Arthur Rance was and how he had come to know him. He referred to his story of that morning, and I remembered that Mr. Arthur W. Rance was the American from Philadelphia with whom he had had so many drinks at the Elysee reception.

"But was he not to have left France almost immediately?" I asked. "No doubt," he replied, "but I am surprised to find him here still and not only in France, but above all, at the Glandier. He did not arrive this morning, and he did not get here last night. He must have got here before dinner, then. Why didn't the concierges tell me?"

I reminded my friend, apropos of the concierges, that he had not yet told me what had led him to get them set at liberty.

We were close to their lodge. M. and Mme. Bernier saw us coming. A frank smile lit up their happy faces. They seemed to harbor no ill feeling because of their detention. My young friend asked them at what hour Mr. Arthur Rance had arrived. They answered that they did not know he was at the chateau. He must have come during the evening of the previous night, but they had not had to open the gate for him, because, being a great walker and not wishing that a carriage should be sent to meet him, he was accustomed to get off at the little hamlet of Saint Michel, from which he came to the chateau by way of the forest. He reached the park by the grove of Sainte Genevieve, over the little gate of which, giving on to the park, he climbed.

As the concierges spoke I saw Roulettable's face cloud over and exhibit disappointment—a disappointment, no doubt, with himself. Evidently he was a little vexed, after having worked so much on the spot, with so minute a study of the people and events at the Glandier, that he had to learn now that Arthur Rance was accustomed to visit the chateau.

"You say that M. Arthur Rance is accustomed to come to the chateau. When did he come here last?" "We can't tell you exactly," replied Mme. Bernier. "We couldn't know while they were keeping us in prison. Besides, as the gentleman comes to the chateau without passing through our gate he goes away by the way he comes."

"Do you know when he came the first time?" "Oh, yes, monsieur! Nine years ago."

"He was in France nine years ago, then," said Roulettable, "and since that time, as far as you know, how

many times has he been at the Glandier?"

"Three times." "When did he come the last time, as far as you know?"

"A week before the attempt in the yellow room." Roulettable put another question, this time addressing himself particularly to the woman:

"In the grove of the parquet?" "In the grove of the parquet," she replied.

"Thanks!" said Roulettable. "Be ready for me this evening." He spoke the last words with a finger on his lips as if to command silence and discretion.

We left the park and took the way to the Donjon Inn.

"Do you often eat here?" "Sometimes."

"But you also take your meals at the chateau?" "Yes, Larsen and I are sometimes served in one of our rooms."

"Hasn't M. Stangerson ever invited you to his own table?" "Never."

"Does your presence at the chateau displease him?" "I don't know; but, in any case, he does not make us feel that we are in his way."

"Doesn't he question you?" "Never. He is in the same state of mind as he was in at the door of the yellow room when his daughter was being married, and when he broke open the door and did not find the murderer. He is persuaded since he could discover nothing that there's no reason why we should be able to discover more than he did. But he has made it his duty since Larsen expressed his theory not to oppose us."

Roulettable buried himself in thought again for some time. He aroused himself later to tell me of how he came to see the two concierges free.

"I went lately to see M. Stangerson and took with me a piece of paper on which was written, 'I promise, whatever others may say, to keep in my service my two faithful servants, Bernier and his wife.' I explained to him that by signing that document he would enable me to compel those two people to speak out, and I declared my own assurance of their innocence of any part in the crime. That was also his opinion. The examining magistrate after it was signed presented the document to the Berniers, who then did speak. They said what I was certain they would say as soon as they were sure they would not lose their places."

"They confessed to poisoning M. Stangerson's estates, and it was while they were poisoning, on the night of the crime, that they were found not far from the pavilion at the moment when the outrage was being committed. Some rabbits they caught in that way were sold by them to the landlord of the Donjon Inn, who served them to his customers or sent them to Paris. That was the truth, as I had guessed from the first. Do you remember what I said on entering the Donjon Inn?"

"We shall have to eat red meat—now!" I had heard the words on the same morning when we arrived at the park gate. You heard them also, but you did not attach any importance to them. You recollect when we reached the park gate that we stopped to look at a man who was running by the side of the wall, looking every minute at his watch. That was Larsen. Well, behind us the landlord of the Donjon Inn, standing on his doorstep, said to some one inside, "We shall have to eat red meat—now!"

"Why that now? When you are, as I am, in search of some hidden secret, you can't afford to have anything escape you. You've got to know the meaning of everything. We had come into a rather odd way part of the country which had been turned topsy turvy by a crime, and my reason led me to suspect every phrase that could bear upon the event of the day."

"Now, I took to mean, 'since the outrage.' In the course of my inquiry therefore, I sought to find a relation between the phrase and the tragedy. We went to the Donjon Inn for breakfast. I repeated the phrase and saw by the surprise and trouble on Daddy Mathieu's face that I had not exaggerated its importance so far as he was concerned."

"I had just learned that the concierges had been arrested. Daddy Mathieu spoke of them as of dear friends—people for whom one is sorry. That was a reckless conjunction of ideas, I said to myself. 'Now,' that the concierges are arrested, 'we shall have to eat red meat.' No more concierges, no more game! The hatred expressed by Daddy Mathieu for M. Stangerson's forest keeper—a hatred he pretended was shared by the concierges—led me easily to think of poisoning. Now, as all the evidence showed the concierges had not been in bed at the time of the tragedy, why were they abroad that night? As participants in the crime? I was not disposed to think so. I had already arrived at the conclusion, by steps at which I will tell you later—that the assassin had had no accomplice and that the tragedy held a mystery between Mlle. Stangerson and the murderer, a mystery with which the concierges had nothing to do."

"With that theory in my mind, I searched for proof in their lodge, which, as you know, I entered. I found there under their bed some springs and brass wire. 'Ah,' I thought, 'these things explain why they were out in the park at night!' I was not surprised at the dogged silence they maintained before the examining magistrate, even under the accusation so grave as that of being accomplices in the crime. Poisoning would save them from the assize court, but it would lose them their places, and as they were perfectly sure of their innocence of the crime they

hoped it would soon be established, and then their poisoning might go on as usual. They could always confess later. I, however, hastened their confession by means of the document M. Stangerson signed. They gave all the necessary proofs, were set at liberty and have now a lively gratitude for me. Why did I not get them released sooner? Because I was not sure that against more than poisoning was enough. I wanted to study the ground. As the days went by, my conviction became more and more certain. The days after the events of the inexplicable gallery I had need of help I could rely on, so I resolved to have them released at once."

We reached the Donjon Inn and entered it. This time we did not see the landlord, but were received with a pleasant smile by the charming hostess.

"How's Daddy Mathieu?" asked Roulettable.

"Not much better, not much better. He is still confined to his bed."

"His rheumatism still sticks to him, then?" "Yes. Last night I was again obliged to give him morphine, the only drug that gives him any relief."

She spoke in a soft voice. Everything about her expressed gentleness. She was, indeed, a beautiful woman, somewhat with an air of indifference, with great eyes seemingly black and blue, amorous eyes. Was she happy with her crumpled, rheumatic husband? The scene at which we had once been present did not lead us to believe that she was. Yet there was something in her bearing that was not suggestive of despair. She disappeared into the kitchen to prepare our repast, leaving on the table a bottle of excellent cider. Roulettable filled our earthenware mugs, loaded his pipe and quietly explained to me his reason for asking me to come to the Glandier with revolvers.

"Yes," he said contemplatively, looking at the clouds of smoke he was puffing out, "yes, my dear boy, I expect the assassin tonight."

A brief silence followed, which I took care not to interrupt, and then he went on:

"Last night just as I was going to bed M. Robert Darzac knocked at my room. When he came in he confided to me that he was compelled to go to Paris the next day—that is, this morning. The reason which made this journey necessary was at once peremptory and mysterious. It was not possible for him to explain its object to me. 'I go, and yet,' he added, 'I would give my life not to leave Mlle. Stangerson at this moment.' He did not try to hide that he believed her to be once more in danger. 'It will not greatly astonish me if something happens tomorrow night,' he avowed, 'and yet I must be absent. I cannot be back at the Glandier before the morning of the day after tomorrow.'"

"I asked him to explain himself, and this is all he would tell me. His anticipation of coming danger had come to him solely from the coincidence that Mlle. Stangerson had been twice attacked, and both times when he had been absent. Now a man so moved being absent still go away must be acting under compulsion—must be obeying a will stronger than his own. That was how I reasoned, and I told him so. He replied, 'Perhaps.' I asked him if Mlle. Stangerson was compelling him. He protested that she was not. His determination to go to Paris had been taken without any conference with Mlle. Stangerson."

"To cut the story short, he repeated that his belief in the possibility of a fresh attack was founded entirely on the extraordinary coincidence. 'If anything happens to Mlle. Stangerson,' he said, 'it would be terrible for both of us—for her, because her life would be in danger; for me, because I could not defend her from the attack nor tell of where I had been. I am perfectly aware of the suspicious cast on me. The examining magistrate and M. Larsen are both on the point of believing in my guilt. Larsen tracked me the last time I went to Paris, and I had all the trouble in the world to get rid of him.'"

"Why do you not tell me the name of the murderer now if you know it?" I cried.

"M. Darzac appeared extremely troubled by my question and replied to me in a hesitating tone: 'I know the name of the murderer? Why, how could I know his name?'"

"At once replied, 'From Mlle. Stangerson.'"

"He grew so pale that I thought he was about to faint, and I saw that I had hit the right nail on the head. Mademoiselle and he knew the name of the murderer! When he recovered himself, he said to me: 'I am going to leave you. Since you have been here I have appreciated your exceptional intelligence and your unequalled ingenuity. But I ask this service of you. Perhaps I am wrong to fear an attack during the coming night, but as I must act with foresight I count on you to frustrate any attempt that may be made.'"

"Have you spoken of all this to M. Stangerson?" "No. I do not wish him to ask me, as you just now did, for the name of the murderer. I tell you all this, M. Roulettable, because I have great, very great, confidence in you. I know that you do not suspect me."

"The poor man spoke in jerks. He was evidently suffering. I told him, the more because I felt sure that he would rather allow himself to be killed than tell me who the murderer was. As for Mlle. Stangerson, I felt that she would rather allow herself to be murdered than denounce the man of the yellow room and of the inexplicable gallery. The man must be of a subtle power. They were dreading nothing so much as the chateau of M. Stangerson knowing that his daughter was 'held' by her assailant. I made M. Darzac understand that he had explained himself sufficiently and that he might refrain from telling me any more than he had already told me. I promised him to watch through the night. He insisted that I should establish an absolutely impassable barrier about Mlle. Stangerson's chamber, around the boudoir where the nurses were sleeping and around the drawing room where since the affair of the inexplicable gallery M. Stangerson had slept. In short, I was to put a cordon round the whole apartment."

"From his insistence I gathered that M. Darzac intended not only to make it impossible for the expected man to reach the chamber of Mlle. Stangerson, but to make that impossibility so visibly clear that, seeing himself expected, he would at once go away. That was how I interpreted his final words when we parted, 'You may mention your own suspicions of the expected attack to M. Stangerson, to Daddy Jacques, to Frederic Larsen and to anybody in the chateau.'"

"When he was gone I began to think that I should have to use even a greater cunning than his so that if the man should come that night he might not for a moment suspect that his coming had been expected. Certainly! I would allow him to get in far enough, so that, dead or alive, I might see his face clearly. He must be got rid of. Mlle. Stangerson must be freed from this continual impending danger. The landlady in the traditional bacon coatlet, Roulettable chaffed her a little, and she took the chaff with the most charming good humor.

"She is much jollier when Daddy Mathieu is in bed with his rheumatism," Roulettable said to me.

"When he had finished his omelet and we were again alone Roulettable continued the tale of his confidences."

"When I sent you my telegram this morning," he said, "I had only the word of M. Darzac that 'perhaps' the assassin would come tonight. I can now say that he will certainly come."

"What has made you feel this certainty?" "I have been sure since half past 10 o'clock this morning that he would come. I knew that before we saw Arthur Rance at the window in the court."

"Ah!" I said. "But, again, what made you so sure? And why since half past 10 this morning?" "Because at half past 10 I had proof that Mlle. Stangerson was making as many efforts to permit of the murderer's entrance as M. Robert Darzac had taken precautions against it. He answered that he hoped it would. He desired nothing more. I did not insist, knowing by experience how useless that would have been. He told me that, with the help of the concierges, the chateau had since early dawn been watched in such a way that nobody could approach it without his knowing it and that he had no concern for those who might have left it and remained there without his watch. Rince he made a sign to me to follow him, and, without in the least trying to conceal his movements or the sound of his footsteps, he led me through the gallery, we reached the 'right' gallery and came to the landing place, which we crossed. We then continued our way in the gallery of the left wing, passing Professor Stangerson's apartment."

At the far end of the gallery, before coming to the donjon, is the room occupied by Arthur Rance. We knew that, because we had seen him at the window looking on to the court. The door of the room opens on to the end of the gallery, exactly facing the window, at the extremity of the "right" gallery, where, Roulettable had an unintercepted view of the gallery from end to end of the chateau.

"That 'off turning' gallery," said Roulettable, "I reserve for myself. When I tell you you'll come and take your place here."

And he made me enter a little dark, triangular closet built in a bend of the wall to the left of the door of Arthur Rance's room. From this recess I could see all that occurred in the gallery as well as if I had been standing in front of Arthur Rance's door, and I could watch that door too. The door of the closet, which was to be my place of observation, was fitted with panels of transparent glass. In the gallery, where all the lamps had been lit, it was quite light. In the closet, however, it was quite dark. It was a splendid place from which to observe and remain unobserved."

We returned along the gallery. On reaching the door of Mlle. Stangerson's apartment it opened for a push given by the steward who was waiting at the dinner table. Of M. Stangerson had for the last three days dined with his daughter in the drawing room on the first floor. As the door remained open, we distinctly saw Mlle. Stangerson, taking advantage of the steward's absence and while her father was stooping to pick up something he had let fall, pour the contents of a vial into M. Stangerson's glass."

Some days later I learned from Frederic Larsen—who, like ourselves, was surprised and mystified by Rance's appearance and reception at the chateau—that Mr. Rance had been an inmate for about fifteen years only—that it is to say, since the professor and his daughter left Philadelphia. During the time the Stangersons lived in America they were very intimate with Arthur Rance, who was one of the most distinguished philologists of the new world. Owing to new experiments he had made enormous strides beyond the science of Gall and Lavater. The friendship with which he was received at the Glandier may be

explained by the fact that he had rendered Mlle. Stangerson a great service by stopping, at the peril of his own life, the runaway horses of her carriage. The immediate result of that could, however, have been no more than a mere friendly association with the Stangersons, certainly not a love affair.

Frederic Larsen did not tell me where he had picked up this information, but he appeared to be quite sure of what he said. The American must have been at least forty-five years old. He spoke in a perfectly natural tone in reply to Roulettable's question, and I gathered from what I heard of the attack on Mlle. Stangerson. I wanted to be certain the lady had not been killed, and I shall not go away until she is perfectly recovered."

Like Larsen, Rance thought that Robert Darzac had something to do with the matter. He did not mention him by name, but there was no room to doubt whom he meant. He told us he was aware of the efforts young Roulettable was making to unravel the tangled skein of the yellow room mystery. He explained that M. Stangerson had related to him all that had taken place in the inexplicable gallery. He several times expressed his regret at M. Darzac's absence from the chateau on all these occasions and thought that M. Darzac had done cleverly in allying himself with M. Joseph Roulettable, who could not fall sooner or later to discover the murderer. He spoke the last sentence with unconcealed irony. Then he rose, bowed to us and left the inn.

Roulettable watched him through the window. "An odd fish, that," he said. "Do you think he'll pass the night at the Glandier?" I asked. To my amazement the young reporter answered that it was a matter of entire indifference to him whether he did or not. As to how we spent our time during the afternoon, all I need say is that Roulettable led me to the grove of Sainte Genevieve and all the time talked of every subject but the one with which we were most interested. Toward evening I was surprised to find Roulettable making none of the preparations I had expected him to make. I spoke to him about it when night had come on and we were once more in his room. He replied that he had his arrangements had already been made, and this time the murderer would not get away from him. I expressed some doubt on this, reminding him of his disappearance in the gallery, and suggested that the same phenomenon might occur again. He answered that he hoped it would. He desired nothing more. I did not insist, knowing by experience how useless that would have been. He told me that, with the help of the concierges, the chateau had since early dawn been watched in such a way that nobody could approach it without his knowing it and that he had no concern for those who might have left it and remained there without his watch. Rince he made a sign to me to follow him, and, without in the least trying to conceal his movements or the sound of his footsteps, he led me through the gallery, we reached the 'right' gallery and came to the landing place, which we crossed. We then continued our way in the gallery of the left wing, passing Professor Stangerson's apartment."

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