

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 19

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20 1909.

NO. 955

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.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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as second-class matter.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. Feb. 20, 1909

The Mystery
of
The Yellow Room
By GASTON LEROUX
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I retired into the dark closet. I found myself perfectly situated. I could see along the whole length of the gallery. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could pass there without my seeing it.

I waited about an hour, and during all that time I saw nothing unusual. The rain, which had begun to come down strongly toward 9 o'clock, had now ceased.

My friend had told me that probably nothing would occur before midnight or 1 o'clock in the morning. It was not more than half past 11, however, when I heard the door of Arthur Rance's room open very slowly. The door remained open for a minute, which seemed to me a long time. As it opened into the gallery—that is to say, outward—I could not see what was passing in the room behind the door.

At that moment I noticed a strange sound, three times repeated, coming from the park. Ordinarily I should not have attached any more importance to it than I would to the noise of cists on the roof. But the third time the noise was so sharp and penetrating that I remembered what I had heard about the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu. As the cry had accompanied all the events at the Glandier I could not refrain from shuddering at the thought.

Directly afterward I saw a man appear on the outside of the door and close it after him. At first I could not recognize him, for his back was toward me, and he was bending over a rather bulky package. When he had closed the door and poked up the package, he returned toward the dark closet, and then I saw who he was. He was the forest keeper, the Green

man, he was wearing the same costume that he had worn when I first saw him on the road in front of the Donjon inn. There was no doubt about his being the keeper. As the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu came for the third time he put down the package and went to the second window, counting from the dark closet. I dared not risk making any movement, fearing I might betray my presence.

Arrived at the window, he peered out on to the park. The night was now light, the moon showing at intervals. The Green Man raised his arms twice, making signs which I did not understand; then, leaving the window, he again took up his package and moved along the gallery toward the landing place.

Roulettable had instructed me to undo the curtain cord when I saw anything. Was Roulettable expecting this? It was not my business to question. All I had to do was obey instructions. I unfastened the window cord, my heart beating the while as if it would burst. The man reached the landing place, but to my utter surprise—I had expected to see him continue to pass along the gallery—I saw him descend the stairs leading to the vestibule.

What was I to do? I looked stupidly at the heavy curtain which had shut the light from the window. The signal had been given, and I did not see Roulettable appear at the corner of the "off turning" gallery. Nobody appeared. I was exceedingly perplexed. Half an hour passed, an age to me. What was I to do now, even if I saw something? The signal once given, I could not give it a second time. To venture into the gallery might upset all Roulettable's plans. After all, I had nothing to reproach myself with, and if something had happened that my friend had not expected he could only blame himself. Unable to be of any further assistance to him by means of a signal, I left the dark closet and, still in my socks, picked my steps and made my way to the "off turning" gallery.

There was no one there. I went to the door of Roulettable's room and listened. I could hear nothing. I knocked gently. There was no answer. I turned to the door handle and the door opened. I entered. Roulettable lay extended at full length on the floor.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Incredible Body.

I was in great anxiety over the body of the reporter and had the joy of finding that he was deeply sleeping, the same unhealthily sleep that I had seen fall upon Frederic Larsan. He had succumbed to the influence of the sleeping drug that had been mixed with the wine. How was it, then, that I had not been overcome by it? I knew that the drug must have been in my wine, because that was the only condition. I never drank anything else. Naturally inclined to doubt, I

retired to a dry diet. I shook Roulettable, but could not succeed in waking him. This, no doubt, was the work of Mlle. Stangerson.

She had certainly thought it necessary to guard herself against this young man as well as her father. I recalled that the steward in serving us had recommended an excellent Chablis which, no doubt, had come from the professor's table.

More than a quarter of an hour passed. I resolved under the pressing circumstances to resort to extreme measures. I threw a pitcher of cold water over Roulettable's head. He opened his eyes. I beat his face and raised him up. I felt him stiffen in my arms and heard him murmur, "Go on, go on, but don't make any noise." I pinched him and shook him until he was able to stand up. We were saved! "They sent me to sleep," he said. "Ah, I passed an awful quarter of an hour before giving way. But it is over now. Don't leave me."

He had no sooner uttered those words than we were thrilled by a frightful cry that rang through the chateau, a veritable death cry.

"Malheur!" roared Roulettable. "We shall be too late!" He tried to rush to the door, but he was too dazed and fell against the wall. I was already in the gallery, revolver in hand, rushing like a madman toward Mlle. Stangerson's room. The moment I arrived at the intersection of the "off turning" gallery and the "right" gallery I saw a figure leaving her apartment, which in a few strides had reached the landing place. I fired. I was not master of myself. I fired. The report from the revolver made a deafening noise, but the man continued his right down the stairs. I ran behind him, shouting: "Stop! Stop, or I will kill you!" As I rushed after him down the stairs I came face to face with Arthur Rance coming from the left wing of the chateau, yelling: "What is it? What is it?" We arrived almost at the same time at the foot of the staircase. The window of the vestibule was open. We distinctly saw the form of a man running away. Instinctively we fired our revolvers in his direction. He was not more than ten paces in front of us. He staggered, and we thought he was going to fall. We had sprung out of the window, but the man dashed off with renewed vigor. I was in my socks, and the American was overtaking him. We fired our last cartridges at him. But he still kept on running, going along the right side of the court toward the end of the right wing of the chateau, which had no other outlet than the door of the little chamber occupied by the forest keeper.

The man, though he was evidently wounded by our bullets, was now twenty yards ahead of us. Suddenly, behind us, and above our heads, a window in the gallery opened and we heard the voice of Roulettable crying out desperately: "Fire, Bernier! Fire!" At that moment the clear moonlight

night was further lit by a broad flash. By its light we saw Daddy Bernier with his gun on the threshold of the donjon door.

He had taken good aim. The shadow fell. But as it had reached the end of the right wing of the chateau, it fell on the other side of the angle of the building—that is to say, we saw it about to fall, but not the actual sinking to the ground. Bernier, Arthur Rance and myself reached the other side twenty seconds later. The shadow was lying dead at our feet.

Aroused from his lethargy by the cries and reports, Larsan opened the window of his chamber and called out to us. Roulettable, quite awake now, joined us at the same moment, and I cried out to him: "He is dead—is dead!"

"So much the better," he said. "Take him into the vestibule of the chateau." Then as if on second thought, he said: "No—no! Let us put him in his own room."

Roulettable knocked at the door. Nobody answered. Naturally, this did not surprise me.

"He is evidently not there, otherwise he would have come out," said the reporter. "Let us carry him to the vestibule then."

Since reaching the dead shadow, a thick cloud had covered the moon and darkened the night, so that we were unable to make out the features. Daddy Jacques, who had now joined us, helped us to carry the body into the vestibule, where we laid it down on the lower step of the stairs. On the way, I had felt my hands wet from the warm blood flowing from the wounds.

Daddy Jacques flew to the kitchen and returned with a lantern. He held it close to the face of the dead shadow, and we recognized the keeper, the man called by the landlord of the Donjon inn the Green Man, whom an hour earlier I had seen come out of Arthur Rance's chamber carrying a parcel. But what I had seen I could only tell Roulettable later when we were alone.

Roulettable and Frederic Larsan experienced a cruel disappointment at the result of the night's adventure. They could only look in consternation and stupefaction at the body of the Green Man.

Daddy Jacques showed a stupidly sorrowful face and with silly lamentations kept repeating that we were mistaken—the keeper could not be the assassin. We were obliged to compel him to be quiet. He could not have shown greater grief had the body been that of his own son. I noticed, while all the rest of us were more or less undressed and barefooted, that he was fully clothed.

Roulettable had not left the body. Kneeling on the flagstones by the light of Daddy Jacques' lantern, he removed the clothes from the body and laid bare its breast. Then, snatching the lantern from Daddy Jacques, he held it over the corpse and saw a gaping wound. Rising suddenly, he exclaimed in a voice filled with savage irony: "The man you believe to have been shot was killed by the stab of a knife in his heart!"

I thought Roulettable had gone mad, but bending over the body, I quickly satisfied myself that Roulettable was right. Not a sign of a bullet anywhere. The wound, evidently made by a sharp blade, had penetrated the heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Double Scent.

I HAD hardly recovered from the surprise into which this new discovery had plunged me when Roulettable touched me on the shoulder and asked me to follow him into his room to think it over.

I confess I was in no condition for doing much thinking. His self control was more than I could explain. Closing the door of his room, he motioned me to a chair and, seating himself before me, took out his pipe. We sat there for some time in silence, and then I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was daylight. It was 9 o'clock by my watch. Roulettable was no longer in the room. I rose to go out, when the door opened and my friend re-entered. He had evidently lost no time.

"How about Mlle. Stangerson?" I asked him.

"Her condition, though very alarming, is not desperate."

"When did you leave this room?"

"Toward dawn."

"Have you found out anything?"

"Two sets of footprints."

"Have they anything to do with the mystery of the keeper's body?"

"Yes; the mystery is no longer a mystery. This morning, walking round the chateau, I found two distinct sets of footprints made at the same time last night. They were made by two persons walking side by side. I followed them from the court toward the oak grove. Larsan joined me. They were the same kind of footprints as were made at the time of the assault in the yellow room. One set was made by neat ones, except that the big toe of one of the sets was of a different size from the one measured in the yellow room incident."

"Still following the tracks of the prints, Larsan and I passed out of the oak grove and reached the border of the lake. There they turned off to a little path leading to the highroad to Epinay, where we lost the traces in the newly macadamized highway."

"We went back to the chateau and parted at the courtyard. We met again, however, in Daddy Jacques' room, to which our separate trains of thinking had led us both. We found the old servant in bed. His clothes on the chair were wet through and his boots were muddy. He certainly did

not get into that state in helping us to carry the body of the keeper. It was not raining then. Then his face showed extreme fatigue, and he looked at us out of terror-stricken eyes.

"On pressing him he confessed that he had been away from the chateau. He explained his absence by saying that he had a headache and went out into the fresh air, but had gone no farther than the oak grove. When we then described to him the whole route he had followed he sat up in bed trembling.

"And you were not alone?" cried Larsan.

"Did you see it, then?" gasped Daddy Jacques.

"What? I asked."

"The phantom—the black phantom!"

"Then he told us that for several nights he had seen what he called the black phantom. It came into the park at the stroke of midnight and glided stealthily through the trees. It appeared to him to pass through the trunks of the trees. Twice he had seen it from his window by the light of the moon and had risen and followed the strange apparition. The night before last he had almost overtaken it, but it had vanished at the corner of the donjon. Last night, however, he had not left the chateau, his mind being disturbed by a presentiment that some new crime would be attempted. Suddenly he saw the black phantom rush out from somewhere in the middle of the court. He followed it to the lake and to the highroad to Epinay, where the phantom suddenly disappeared.

"Did you see his face?" demanded Larsan.

"No, I saw nothing but black velvet."

"Did you go out after what passed on the gallery?"

"I could not. I was terrified."

"Daddy Jacques, I said in a threatening voice, you did not follow it. You and the phantom walked to Epinay together, arm in arm."

"No," he cried, turning his eyes away; "I did not. It came on to pour, and I turned back. I don't know what became of the black phantom."

"We left him, and when we were outside I turned to Larsan, looking him full in the face, and put my question suddenly to take him off his guard: "An accomplice?"

"How can I tell?" he replied and left me, saying he was off to Epinay."

"Well, what do you make of it?" I asked Roulettable after he had ended his recital. "Personally I am utterly in the dark. I can't make anything out of it. What do you gather?"

"Everything, everything," he exclaimed. "But," he said abruptly, "let's find out further about Mlle. Stangerson."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Roulettable Knows the Two Halves of the Murderer.

Mlle. STANGERSON had been for the second time almost murdered. Unfortunately she was in too weak a state to bear the severe injuries of this second attack as well as she had those of the first. She had received three wounds in the breast from the murderer's knife, and she lay long between life and death. Her strong physique, however, saved her; but, though she recovered physically, it was found that her mind had been affected. The slightest allusion to the terrible incident sent her into delirium, and the arrest of Robert Darzac, which followed on the day following the tragic death of the keeper, seemed to sink her fine intelligence into complete melancholia.

Robert Darzac arrived at the chateau toward half past 8. I saw him hurrying through the park, his hair and clothes in disorder and his face a deadly white. Roulettable and I were looking out of a window in the gallery.

He saw us and gave a despairing cry. "I'm too late!"

Roulettable answered, "She lives!"

A minute later Darzac had gone into Mlle. Stangerson's room, and through the door we could hear his heartrending sobs.

"There's a fate about this place!" groaned Roulettable. "Some infernal gods must be watching over the misfortunes of this family! If I had not been drugged I would have saved Mlle. Stangerson. I should have sentenced him forever. And the keeper would not have been killed!"

M. Darzac came in to speak with us. His distress was terrible. Roulettable told him everything—his preparations for Mlle. Stangerson's safety, his plans for either capturing or for disposing of the assassin forever and how he would have succeeded had it not been for the drugging.

"If only you had trusted me!" said the young man in a low tone. "If you had but begged Mlle. Stangerson to confide in me! But, then, everybody here distrusts everybody else. The daughter distrusts her father and even her lover. While you ask me to protect her, she is doing all she can to frustrate me. That was why I came on the scene too late!"

At M. Robert Darzac's request Roulettable described the whole scene. Leaning on the wall to prevent himself from falling, he had made his way to Mlle. Stangerson's room, while we were running after the supposed murderer. The anteroom door was open, and when he entered he found Mlle. Stangerson lying partly thrown over the desk. Her dressing gown was dyed with the blood flowing from her bosom. Still under the influence of the drug, he felt he was walking in a horrible nightmare.

He went back to the gallery automatically, opened a window, shouted his order to the end and then returned to

(Continued on page 4)

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER

(UNINCORPORATED)

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicitors
Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

THE FAVORITE SALOON

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

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.

E. H. MARTIN.

O. 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.



San Antonio
Brewing Assn.

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

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. STEVE MURPHY, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Sonora, Texas. Feb. 20, 1909

OWENVILLE COMMUNITY

Devil's River News:

We have been having some real pretty weather but Valentine Day brought us a cold norther and a shower of hail and rain.

S. L. Kirkpatrick bought from Sam Jones of Mayer fifty head of sheep, the price paid was not learned.

Sam Luckie's sheep ran off one of those windy days last week, but we believe he has them all back but three head.

Mrs. E. L. Martin visited her sister Mrs. John Robbins last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Williamson and little daughter visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Luckie's last Sunday.

There was a valentine party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Luckie Friday night Feb. 12, 1909. The party broke at 2:30 o'clock and all went home with light hearts and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Luckie would give another party soon.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Luckie, Mr. and Mrs. C. Alley and family, Mr. and Mrs. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cox, Mr. Lewis Kirkpatrick, Misses Jessie Smith, Ethel and Syble Luckie, Katie and Lira Kirkpatrick, Ellen Owens, Daisy, Alma, Eva and Guernsey Luckie, Zilla Alexander, Messrs. Audie Garret, John Reiley, Jr., Max Luckie, Dan Felps, Mart, Oliver and Luther Kirkpatrick, Hop Allison, Fred Stroud, Joel Chadwick and William Taylor.

Mr. Bob Alexander had the misfortune of losing one of his toes last week while cutting posts. He hung his ax on a limb and the ax slipped and struck his foot cutting one of his toes off and badly cut one other. We are glad to say he is doing nicely but is not able to be about yet.

A few of the boys of our community are trapping wolves. We are right glad to say they are having good success. Best wishes to the News. JOAN.

Feb. 15, 1909.

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.

The Roads To Be Improved.

The Commissioners Courts of Sutton and Tom Green counties, have simultaneously undertaken to improve the roads of their respective counties. Mention of Sutton county's intention was made in the News last week, and now we are pleased to note that Tom Green will work the Sonora road 32 miles and put in causeway on this road on the Concho at Christoval. This will be much appreciated by the residents of Tom Green, Schleicher and Sutton county and especially by the traveling public. Schleicher county has been at work on the road through that county for some time and will do more work in that direction. These incidents point to the general approval of the "good roads cause" as recognized developer. Here's hoping the work will be thorough and finished at an early date.

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.

Sonora is to a class by itself as an inland town. Representatives of commercial concerns make Sonora and no other town of the railroad in this part of the State.

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 Allied Pharmacy.

Stock News.

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

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

R. H. Martin of Sonora, bought from Joe Ross 175 head of 2-year-old steers at p. t.

Martin & Wardlaw the commission men bought for Irye Ellis 65 head of 4 year old steers 100c. High at p. t.

The highest price paid for hides and furs at

E. F. Vander Stucken Co. 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.

Wiley Brooks who ranges his goats, a fine flock, 9 miles north of Sonora, was in town this week and stored his mohair in E. F. Vander Stucken Co's warehouse.

W. T. O. Holman of Sonora sold to D. J. Wyatt his 15 section ranch 16 miles south of Sonora for \$15,000. There are two wells on this property and it joins Mr. Wyatt's ranch on the south.

Ed. Decle of Sonora, sold to W. T. O. Holman his 32 section ranch in Edwards county, 30 miles south of Sonora, and 1,400 head of stock cattle, 45 head of stock horses, 16 head of saddle horses for a total consideration of \$38,000. There are three wells on the place.

John R. Banister of Brady, was in Sonora this week on business connected with his duties as Inspector for the Cattle Raisers Association. While here he found the owner of two cows he had cut out of a herd being shipped from Brady. The owner of the brand is not a member of the Association but part of the brand was given by a member and hence the holding. Mr. Banister reports the following new members in this district: E. M. Barbee, R. A. Evans, W. P. Evans, J. B. Christian, J. F. Isaacs, Fred Speck, Herbert Mills, M. B. McKnight, J. W. Hill, Will Augustine, W. P. Hoover, J. W. Friend Cattle Co., Font Mayfield, G. W. Irvin & Son, J. W. Wilson, Felix Mann, Sam McKee, Will Noguera.

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.

Notice to Cattlemen.

Those who wish their brands looked after at Brady and Angelo also at other shipping points and the markets, are invited to become members of the Cattle Raisers Association.

Nearly as can be estimated, from 50 to 100 strays pass through at Brady each spring in brands not on our books. These we are forbidden to cut. So, it would certainly be to the interest of every cattlemen to have his brands in our books. These animals come in when hair is long and generally unobserved by the shipper till discovered by the inspector, and as a rule the shipper would gladly turn such animals over to the inspector.

On receipt of postal card directed to me at Brady, proper blanks will be at once forwarded to any one wishing membership. Very respectfully, JOHN R. BANISTER, 556 Brady, Texas.

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.

WE ARE THE LEADERS.

Sometimes it may seem we are late in going to market, but seasons vary throughout the United States, and we are early on the Eastern market. Our MR. E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, with 18 years practical knowledge of the wants of the People of the Sonora Country is buying and shipping to Sonora the

VERY NEWEST, PERMANENT, DESIGNS OF FASHIONABLE FABRICS FOR SUMMER.

Our stock had been sold out until nothing but staple goods remained and this necessitates our purchase of an

Entire New Stock of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Clothing, Etc.

This condition enables us to buy in large lots and at correspondingly lower prices. This price feature is of interest to you and places us in the lead of all competition. The new goods are beginning to arrive and it will pay you to await the opening of this, the finest line of goods ever bought for the trade of the Sonora Country.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Letter to O W Drennan Sonora, Texas.

Dear Sir: Ten years ago, there was one pure paint and 200 adulterated; there are now eight pure, 200 adulterated, about half of the latter short-measure besides.

There is still one best, and the difference is 10 gallons Devos goes as far as eleven next-best—\$5—in every ten gallons.

A new word has come up in paint; it is strong. Strong paint goes further and wears longer; weak paint takes more gallons and wears out sooner.

The proper cost of a 10-gallon job is \$50. Paint that takes 11 gallons makes it \$55. Paint that takes 12 gallons makes it \$60. Paint that takes 13 gallons makes it \$65. Paint that takes 20 gallons makes it \$100.

The \$50 job wears twice as long as the \$100. These figures are not pretense; they are found. The 10-gallon paint is Devos.

Yours truly F. W. DEVOS & CO. P. O. E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sells our paint.

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.

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.

DAILY AUTOMOBILE BETWEEN San Angelo and Big Springs

Team Stage in Connection Between San Angelo and Sterling City.

Tom & Will Savell, Prop'rs.

JOHN SWINBURN Rook Mason.

ALL KINDS OF STONE AND CEMENT WORK DONE IN FIRST CLASS STYLE.

SONORA, TEXAS.

FRED BERGER, BOON AND SHOE MAKER.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE. CHARGES REASONABLE.

Sonora, Texas.

Employment Bureau.

All kinds of labor contracted Also Spanish Interpreting.

Charges reasonable. Write, see or phone

TRAINER BROS., At the Bank Saloon.

STOCKMEN

Possess a Golden Receipt to keep Ticks off Cattle in Pastures and Prevent Fever.

Price \$5. Apply to box 272, Carlsbad, N.M.

Fig cuttings free at the News office.

The Way To Fool The Wolves.

Success in trapping depends largely on the use of scent that will attract wolves and coyotes to the traps and keep them tramping and pawing there until caught. Meat bait alone is of little use and often scares the animal away. Of the many scents and combinations tested, the fetid bait has proved most successful. Place half a pound of raw beef or venison in a wide-mouthed bottle and let it stand in a warm place, but not in the sun, for two to six weeks, or until it is thoroughly decayed and the odor has become as offensive as possible.

When decomposition has reached the proper stage, add a quart of sperm oil or any liquid animal oil. Lard oil may be used, but prairie dog oil is better. Then add one ounce of pulverized castoreum and one ounce of tincture of Siberian musk or Tongain musk. This cannot be procured use in its place one ounce of dry, pulverized castoreum or beaver castor or one ounce of common musk sold for perfumery. Mix well and bottle securely until used. After setting the trap, apply the scent with a stick or straw or by pouring from the bottle to the grass, weeds or ground on the side of the trap opposite that from which the wolf would naturally approach. Never put scent on the trap as the first impulse of the wolf after sniffing the scent is to roll in it. The bait is also very attractive to cattle and horses which are sure to tramp over and paw out the traps if set where they can be reached.

No poison has yet proved so effective as pure sulphate of strychnine, provided the proper dose is used. The most effective dose is four grains for wolves and two grains for coyotes. The common three-grain gelatin capsules sold by druggists will hold four grains of strychnine and are better than the large capsules. The regular two grain capsules should be used for coyotes. The capsules should be filled, securely capped and every trace of the intensely bitter drug wiped from the outside. Each capsule should be inserted in a piece of beef suet the size of a walnut and the cavity securely closed to keep out moisture. Lean meat should not be used, as the juice soon dissolves the gelatin of the capsule.

The necessary number of poisoned baits may be prepared and carried in a tin can or pail. They should never be handled except with gloved hands or forceps. The baits may be dropped from horseback along a scented drag line made by dragging an old bone or piece of hide well saturated with the fetid scent, or may be placed around or partly under any carcass on which the wolves or coyotes are feeding or along trails which they are in the habit of following. Gelatin capsules quickly dissolve in juices of the stomach. Strychnine taken on an empty stomach sometimes kills in a very few minutes, but on a full stomach its action is slower and the animal may have time to travel a considerable distance—American Stockman.

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 sure remedy—Simmons' Cough Syrup. It heals the soreness and stops the cough.

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

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 Horebalm. Contains no harmful drugs and is as certain as taxes. If it doesn't cure you get your money back. Sold by J. Lewenthal.

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

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup only allays inflammation and soothes the throat and lungs, but gets out the cold from the eyes, by a free and gentle action on the bowels. Sold by the Allied Pharmacy.



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.

FERRY'S SEEDS. There is scarcely any limit to the possible improvement in seeds, but it takes time and money. We have been improving flower and vegetable seeds for over 50 years. More than 2000 people are willing to make Ferry's Seeds suit you. Buy the best—Ferry's. For sale everywhere. FERRY'S 1909 SEED ANNUAL FREE ON REQUEST. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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, 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, Sonora, Texas.

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Hazelstein Cattle. W. A. Glasscock of Sonora is owner of the Hazelstein 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. 72-1f

E. R. JACKSON, President.
W. L. ALDWELL, Cashier.
E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, 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.

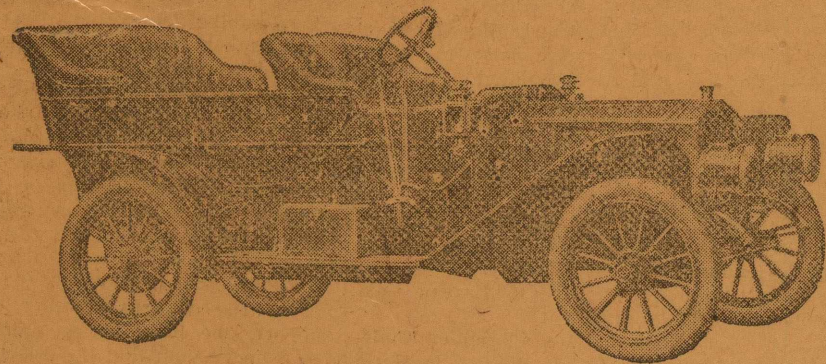
ECONOMICAL WARMTH

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 Darling Range, Darling Cook and Eclipse box stoves, etc.

SONORA MECANTILE CO.



The Mitchell Automobile
THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE AT THE PRICE YOU OUGHT TO PAY.
For Complete Information and Demonstration See

FAMBROUGH & BOHANNAN, Agents,
Garage and Repair Shop, Sonora, Tex.

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. 20, 1909.

Font Mayfield was in from the ranch Tuesday trading.

Adolph Sultemeyer the goatman was in Sonora Thursday for supplies.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mayfield of the Juco country, were visiting in Sonora this week.

"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.

WILLIAM WALTERS.

Died at his home in West Sonora on Friday Feb. 12, 1909, William Walters in his 80th year. Deceased came to Sonora only a few weeks ago from San Angelo and had an attack of pneumonia. He was a very large man and his sons and relatives had arrived from different parts before the funeral which was conducted by the Rev. W. G. Lee, a Christian preacher from Paint Rock, who had known deceased for 30 years. William Walters was distantly related by marriage to Mrs. H. P. Cooper of Sonora. The funeral was delayed till late Friday evening as there was no clergyman in town. Rev. Lee came in from the Peacock & Savell ranch 30 miles southwest of Sonora, where he was at work. Sheriff Allison went out to meet him in his car. The News extends its sympathy to the relatives in their sorrow.

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.

R. B. Maddox was in from his ranch Thursday trading.

Claude Baker was in from the ranch Thursday trading.

Miss Emma Palmer left for Del Rio Thursday on a visit to her sister Miss Daisy Palmer.

Felix Mann of San Angelo and Gus Noyes of Ballinger were in Sonora this week looking for cattle.

R. F. Earwood the goatman was in from the Juco country Tuesday trading.

Carl Guizer the well-known stockman was in from his ranch Monday. He came in his auto and was accompanied by Bunk Cartuthers.

Albert Owens Jr., of Owenville, was in Sonora Thursday. Albert says he has a notion to study law as he thinks it easy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tarver left this week for Terrell county and will make their home in the Free country.

Mrs. E. B. Leslie of Quannah arrived in Sonora Monday on an extended visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. John R. Word.

August Meckel and son Ben F. Meckel, left for Mason Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Bertha Kettner, a sister to Mr. Meckel. Mrs. Kettner was about 34 years of age and leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss.

BLAKENEY-ROUNTREE.

Married at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Allison, on Sunday February 14th, 1909, Miss Grace Blakeney of Bonham, Texas, to W. Payne Rountree of Sonora, Rev. C. T. Davis of the Methodist church officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by but a few of the many friends of the contracting parties, no cards having been issued and no intimation of the happy union having leaked out.

The bride is a most pleasant and accomplished young lady who during her visit to her brother Joe Ben Blakeney, has made many friends and has assisted, graciously with her talents in social and church affairs.

The groom is so well known to the Sonora public as a successful stockman and at present lead dry goods man with the Sonora Mercantile Co., and son of Judge and Mrs. J. O. Rountree, that all the News can say is that he has taken another successful step in life. The News wishes Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne Rountree health, happiness and prosperity.

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 same. 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 corus on his hands. A better remedy for these troubles does not exist than Hunt's Lightning Oil.

Married at San Angelo.

Miss Irene Parkerson of Sonora and Irve Ellis Jr., of Menardville, were married at San Angelo Monday February 15, 1909, Rev. W. E. Foster officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Millard Parkerson and an unusually pretty and attractive young lady.

The groom is "Bud" Ellis of Menard county, a fine young fellow son of Mr. and Mrs. Irve Ellis of Menard county. "Bud" almost commenced (living) in the Sonora country and the change of climate or surroundings has not apparently made any change in his development. The News extends to Mr. and Mrs. Irve Ellis Jr., its best wishes and congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonie Ellis of Menardville, were visitors in Sonora this week and accompanied Miss Irene Parkerson and Bud Ellis to San Angelo in their car.

Kodol for Dyepepsia 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.

C. J. Lewis head book keeper for the First National Bank, returned Sunday from a business visit to the Texas and Pacific 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. J. E. Mills and son Quince were in Sonora this week. Mrs. Mills and Quince having just returned from San Antonio where they have been living for several months.

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

Jeff Smith has about completed the contract to build a telephone line to Sonora that will connect the following ranches with the Sonora exchange: Thomas Bond, C. S. Green, T. J. Stuart & Son, Sam McKee and D. J. Wyatt.

The telephone adds much to the comfort of living in the country. Central has business hours or day hours but emergency or night calls are also attended to. This is of course necessary because the doctor is generally wanted at night.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch, cutting timber, hauling wood, working stock, gathering pecans, hog hunting or hunting of any kind or fishing, without my permission will be prosecuted.

W. F. SAWYER.

ROCHETT,

Refrigerator repairer.

W. J. FIELDS,

Sonora, Texas.

Must Show Him.

Governor Hadley of Missouri, probably knowing many of the defects of prohibitory laws, desires the Legislature of that State to authorize him to appoint a commission of 15 to hear all classes and make investigations as to the social, economic, practical and moral features involved in the liquor traffic question. The Governor desires that the "Commission" investigate the liquor laws of other States and of Europe and their effectiveness reported upon Governor Hadley is a native or has acquired the Missouri habit.

They all come back to Sonora, that is if they can.

Tom Morris of San Angelo, was in Sonora this week. Tom looked pleased to be in Sonora again.

Kenneth Taliaferro the tailor returned Monday from a business and pleasure trip to San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Bryson and children were up from the ranch a few days this week the guests of the Commercial.

Tom Green county awarded to C. W. Ogden a contract to erect mile posts on all public roads at \$175 each. There will be 32 of them on the Sonora road.

D. T. Bomar of Fort Worth, general attorney of the Abilene & Southern Railway, who was in Sonora recently, has purchased the Mineral Wells electric system.

Mrs. W. B. Hayes and son, who have been visiting Mrs. Hayes' parents at Eldorado the past week returned Tuesday. The baby had the mumps. Now watch Will single-foot—he hasn't had them.

J. Lewenthal, the druggist, who has his hand in the sling, owing to the accident with his horses by which the ends of two fingers of his left hand were amputated by a rope last week, is home from a successful business trip to San Angelo.

E. H. Herriman the railroad king is in San Antonio, living in a tent, trying to recover health lost in pursuit of wealth. As it is only 190 miles from San Antonio to Sonora Mr. Herriman could make Sonora a visit by auto and ought to for his health.

William E. Cureton of Bosque county, who assisted the actual settlers of the Sonora country in defeating a land law measure some years ago, has a son; C. M. Cureton now in the Legislature from Bosque county. The younger Mr. Cureton has the best wishes of the News for his success.

R. W. Davis is home from a business visit to San Angelo where he received some freight and express packages. By express he received a "Rhode Island Red" rooster. This chicken was a prize winner at Corsicana and is of the same popular strain as is raised by R. A. Williamson of Crockett county.

John T. Cooper who makes his home where sheep feed is good, was in Sonora this week. John T. grew up as a cow boy and at that time despised a sheep as well as the sheepman. He kept his eyes open however, and has made money by "keeping his eyes open." "Just horse sense" John says and John loves a good quarter horse and has owned the best there was: "Judge Thomas." Mr. Cooper is preparing to feed and ship his sheep from a point near Comstock.

There is a movement on foot to have an hospital conducted by the "Sisters of the Incarnate Word" established in San Angelo. The proposition is being received in the way San Angelo has of capturing "good things." The Sisters have asked for a donation of ten acres of land \$15,000 and if their proposition is accepted they will erect a building at a cost of \$35,000, that will accommodate thirty patients. The proposition has been accepted by the San Angelo Business Club. John R. Nasworthy has offered to donate 5 acres if the adjoining 5 acres were bought at \$100 per acre. Phil Lee of Lee Bros., Hereford cattle raisers, said they would buy and donate the additional 5 acres if the site was selected.

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 Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm and Scabies. Doubles are relieved by one box; cured by one box.

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 \$3 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 MEROK,

Blacksmith and Machinist

(THE OLD POTTER SHOP.)
ALL KINDS OF IRON AND WOOD WORK. FOILERS 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 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.

Grand Ball at Court House Monday Feb. 22nd. Everybody invited.

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Attorneys-at-Law,
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Will practice in all the State Courts

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RESIDENT DENTIST,
Sonora, - Texas.
All Work Guaranteed.

D. H. ... AND,
Saddie and ... Maker,
REPAIRING ...
In the Cope bu ...
SONOR

[continued from page one.]

the room. He crossed the deserted boudoir, entered the drawing room and tried to rouse M. Stangerson, who was lying on a sofa. M. Stangerson rose stupidly and himself he drawn by Routeltable into the room, where, on seeing his daughter's body, he uttered a heartrending cry. But, united their feeble strength and carried her to her bed.

On his way to rejoin us Routeltable passed by the desk. On the floor, near it, he saw a large packet. He knelt down, and, finding the wrapper loose, he examined it and made out an enormous quantity of papers and photographs. On one of the papers he read: "New differential electroscopic condenser. Fundamental properties of substance intermediary between ponderable matter and imponderable ether." Strange irony of fate that the professor's precious papers should be restored to him at the very time when an attempt was being made to deprive him of his daughter's life! What are papers worth to him now?

The morning following that awful night saw M. de Marquet once more at the chateau with his registrar and gendarmes. Of course we were all questioned. Routeltable and I had already agreed on what to say. I kept back any information as to my being in the dark closet and said nothing about the drugging. We did not wish to suggest in any way that Mlle. Stangerson had been expecting her nocturnal visitor.

Arthur Rance told everybody in a manner so natural that it astonished me that he had last seen the keeper toward 11 o'clock of that fatal night. He had come for his valise, he said, which he was to take for him early next morning to the St. Michel station, and had been kept out late running after poachers. Arthur Rance had, indeed, intended to leave the chateau and, according to his habit, to walk to the station.

M. Stangerson confirmed what Rance had said, adding that he had not asked Rance to dine with him because his friend had taken his final leave of them both earlier in the evening. M. Rance had had tea served him in his room because he had complained of a slight indisposition.

Bernier testified, instructed by Routeltable, that the keeper had ordered him to meet him at a spot near the oak grove for the purpose of looking out for poachers. Finding that the keeper did not keep his appointment, he, Bernier, had gone to the donjon when he saw a figure running swiftly in a direction opposite to him, toward the right wing of the chateau. He heard revolver shots from behind the figure and saw Routeltable at one of the gallery windows. He heard Routeltable call out to him to fire, and he had fired. He believed he had killed the man until he learned, after Routeltable had uncovered the body, that the man had died from a knife thrust. Who had given it, he could not imagine. "Nobody could have been near the spot without my seeing him." When the examining magistrate reminded him that the spot where the body was found had not been dark and that he himself had not been able to recognize the keeper before firing, Daddy Bernier replied that neither had they seen the other body, nor had they found it. In the narrow court, where five people were standing, it would have been strange if the other body had been there, could have escaped. The only door that opened into the court was that of the keeper's room, and that door was closed, and the key of it was found in the keeper's pocket.

However that might be, the examining magistrate did not pursue his inquiry further in this direction. He was evidently convinced that we had missed the man we were chasing and we had come upon the keeper's body in our chase. This was the nature of the keeper was another matter entirely. He wanted to satisfy himself about that without any further delay. Probably it chimed in with the conclusions he had already arrived at as to the keeper and his intrigues with the wife of Mathieu, the landlady of the Donjon Inn. This Mathieu later in the afternoon was arrested and taken to Corbell in spite of his rheumatism. He had been heard to threaten the keeper, and, though no evidence against him had been found at his inn, the evidence of carters, who had heard the threats, was enough to justify his retention.

The examination had proceeded thus far when, to our surprise, Frederic Larsan returned to the chateau. He was accompanied by one of the employees of the railway. At that moment Rance and I were in the vestibule discussing Mathieu's guilt or innocence, while Routeltable stood apart, buried apparently in thought. The examining magistrate and his registrar were in the little green drawing room, while Darzac was with the doctor and Stangerson in the lady's chamber. As Frederic Larsan entered the vestibule with the railway employee Routeltable and I at once recognized him by the small blond beard. We exchanged meaningful glances. Larsan had himself announced to the examining magistrate by railway servant as Daddy Jacques came out. Some ten minutes went by, during which Routeltable appeared extremely impatient. "The door of the drawing room was then opened, and we heard the magistrate calling to the gendarme, who entered. Presently he came out, mounted the stairs and, coming back shortly, went in to the magistrate and said: "Monsieur, M. Robert Darzac will not come!"

"What! Not come?" cried M. de Marquet. "He says he cannot leave Mlle. Stangerson in her present state." "Very well," said M. de Marquet. "Then we'll go to him."

M. de Marquet and the gendarmes mounted the stairs. He made a sign to Larsan and the railway employee to follow. Routeltable and I went along too.

On reaching the door of Mlle. Stangerson's chamber M. de Marquet knocked. A chambermaid appeared. It was Sylvia, with her hair all in disorder and consternation showing on her face.

"M. Stangerson within?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Would like that I wish to speak with M. Stangerson?"

Stangerson came out. His appearance was wretched in the extreme. "What do you want?" he demanded of the magistrate. "May I not be left in peace, monsieur?"

"Monsieur," said the magistrate, "it is absolutely necessary that I should see M. Darzac at once. If you cannot induce him to come I shall be compelled to use the help of the law."

The professor made no reply. He looked at us all like a man being led to execution and then went back into the room.

Almost immediately after M. Robert Darzac came out. He was very pale. He looked at us, and his eyes falling on the railway servant, his features stiffened, and he could hardly repress a groan.

We were all much moved by the appearance of the man. We felt that what was about to happen would decide the fate of M. Robert Darzac. Frederic Larsan's face alone was radiant, showing a joy as of a dog that has just got its prey.

Pointing to the railway servant, M. de Marquet said to M. Darzac: "Do you recognize this man, monsieur?"

"I do," said M. Darzac in a tone which he vainly tried to make firm. "He is an employee at the station at Epinay-sur-Orge."

"This young man," went on M. de Marquet, "affirms that he saw you get off the train at Epinay-sur-Orge."

"That night," said M. Darzac, interrupting, "at half past 10. It is quite true."

An interval of silence followed. "M. Darzac," the magistrate went on in a tone of deep emotion—"M. Darzac, what are you doing that night at Epinay-sur-Orge—at that time?"

M. Darzac remained silent, simply closing his eyes.

"M. Darzac," insisted M. de Marquet, "can you tell me how you employed your time that night?"

M. Darzac opened his eyes. He seemed to have recovered his self-control.

"Think, monsieur, for if you persist in your strange refusal I shall be under the painful necessity of keeping you at my disposition."

"I refuse."

"M. Darzac, in the name of the law I arrest you!"

The magistrate had no sooner pronounced the words than I saw Routeltable move quickly toward M. Darzac. He would certainly have spoken to him, but Darzac by a gesture held him off. As the gendarme approached his prisoner a despairing cry rang through the room:

"Robert! Robert!"

We recognized the voice of Mlle. Stangerson. We all shuddered. Larsan himself turned pale. M. Darzac in response to the cry had fallen back into the room.

With this strange remark he left. I was not to see him again until the day of Darzac's trial at the court when he appeared to explain the inexplicable.

CHAPTER XXV.

In Which Joseph Routeltable Is Awaited With Impatience.

ON the 15th of January—that is to say, two months and a half after the tragic events I have narrated—the Epoque printed as the first column of the front page the following sensational article:

"The Seine-et-Oise jury is summoned today to give its verdict on one of the most mysterious affairs in the annals of crime. There never has been a case with so many obscure, incomprehensible and inexplicable points. And yet the prosecution has not hesitated to put into the prisoners' dock a man who is respected, esteemed and loved by all who knew him—a young savant, M. Robert Darzac. There is no doubt in the mind of anybody that could the victim speak she would claim from the jurors of Seine-et-Oise the man she wishes to make her husband and whom the prosecution would send to the scaffold. It is to be hoped that Mlle. Stangerson will shortly recover her reason, which has been temporarily unhinged by the horrible mystery at the Glandier. The question before the jury is the one we propose to deal with this very day.

"We have decided not to permit twelve worthy men to commit a disgraceful miscarriage of justice. Up to now everything has gone against M. Robert Darzac in the magisterial inquiry. Today, however, we are going to defend him before the jury, and we are going to bring to the witness stand a light that will illumine the whole mystery of the Glandier, for we possess the truth.

"When attention was first drawn to the Glandier case our youthful reporter, Joseph Routeltable, was on the spot and installed in the chateau when every other representative of the press had been denied admission. He worked side by side with Frederic Larsan. He was amazed and terrified at the grave mistake the celebrated detective was about to make.

"France must know—the whole world must know—that on the very evening on which M. Darzac was arrested young Routeltable entered our editorial office and informed us that he was about to go away on a journey. 'How long I shall be away,' he said, 'I cannot say; perhaps a month, perhaps two, perhaps three. Perhaps I may never return. Here is a letter. If I am not back on the day on which M. Darzac is to appear before the assize court, have this letter opened and read to the court after all the witnesses have been heard. Arrange it with M. Darzac's counsel. M. Darzac is innocent. In this letter is written the name of the murderer, and that is all I have to say. I am leaving to get my proofs—for the irretrievable error of the newspapers' guilt. Our dependence on the news of the day was without news from him. But a week ago a stranger called upon our manager and said: 'Act in accordance with the instructions of Joseph Routeltable if it becomes necessary to do so. The letter left by him holds the truth.' The gentleman who brought this message would not give us his name.

"Today, the 15th of January, is the day of the trial. Joseph Routeltable has not returned. It may be we shall never see him again. The press also counts its heroes, its martyrs to duty. M. Darzac is no longer living. We shall know how to avenge him. Our manager will this afternoon be at the court of assize at Versailles with the letter—the letter containing the name of the murderer!"

Those Parisians who flocked to the assize court at Versailles to be present at the trial of what was known as the "mystery of the yellow room" will certainly remember the terrible crush in the courtroom.

The trial itself was presided over by M. de Rocoux, a judge filled with the prejudice of his class, but a man honest at heart. The witnesses had been called. I was there, of course, as were all who had in any way been touched with the mysteries of the Glandier. I was lucky enough to be called early in the trial, so that I was then able to watch and be present at almost the whole of the proceedings.

The court was so crowded that many lawyers were compelled to find seats on the steps. Behind the bench of justices were representatives from other benches. M. Robert Darzac stood in the prisoner's dock between policeman, tall, handsome and calm. A murmur of admiration rather than of contempt greeted his appearance. He leaned forward toward his counsel, Maitre Henri Robert, who, assisted by his chief secretary, Maitre Andre Hesse, was busily turning over the folios of his brief.

Many expected that M. Stangerson after giving his evidence would have gone over to the prisoner and shaken hands with him, but he left the court without another word. It was remarked that the jurors appeared to be deeply interested in a rapid conversation which the manager of the Epoque was having with Maitre Henri Robert. The manager later sat down in the front row of the public seats. Some were surprised that he was not asked to remain with the other witnesses in the room reserved for them.

The reading of the indictment was got through, as it always is, without any incident. I shall not here repeat the long examination to which M. Darzac was subjected. He answered all the questions quickly and easily. His silence as to the important matters of which we know was dead against him. It would seem as if his reticence would be fatal for him. He resented the president's reprimands. He was told that his silence might mean death.

"Very well," he said. "I will submit to it, but I am innocent."

With that splendid ability which has made his fame Maitre Robert took advantage of the opportunity to show that it was his duty to defend his client.

"Are you not afraid that other attorneys may be made while you're away?"

"Not now that Darzac is in prison," he answered.

only succeeded in assuring those who were already assured of Darzac's innocence. At the adjournment Routeltable had not yet arrived. Every time a door opened all eyes turned toward it and back to the manager of the Epoque, who sat impassive in his place. When he once was feeling in his pocket a loud murmur of expectation followed. The letter!

When the trial was resumed Maitre Henri Robert questioned Daddy Mathieu as to his complicity in the death of the keeper. His wife was also brought in and was confronted by her husband. She burst into tears and confessed that she had been the keeper's sweetheart and that her husband had suspected it. She again, however, affirmed that he had had nothing to do with the murder of her lover. Maitre Henri Robert thereupon asked the court to hear Frederic Larsan on this point.

"In a short conversation which I have had with Frederic Larsan during the adjournment," declared the advocate, "he has made me understand that the death of the keeper may have been brought about otherwise than by the hand of Mathieu. It will be interesting to hear Frederic Larsan's theory."

Frederic Larsan was brought in. His explanation was quite clear. "I see no necessity," he said, "for bringing Mathieu in this. I have told M. de Marquet that the man's threats had alarmed the examining magistrate against him. To me the attempt to murder mademoiselle and the death of the keeper are the work of one and the same person. Mlle. Stangerson's assault, flying through the court, was fired on. It was thought he was struck, perhaps killed. As a matter of fact, he only stumbled at the moment of his disappearance behind the corner of the right wing of the chateau. There he encountered the keeper, who no doubt tried to seize him. The murderer had in his hand the knife with which he had stabbed Mlle. Stangerson, and with this he killed the keeper."

This very simple explanation appeared at once plausible and satisfying. A murmur of approbation was heard.

"And the murderer? What became of him?" asked the president.

"He was evidently hidden in an obscure corner at the end of the court. After the people had left the court, carrying with them the body of the keeper, the murderer quietly made his escape."

The words had scarcely left Larsan's mouth when from the back of the court came a youthful voice: "I agree with Frederic Larsan as to the death of the keeper, but I do not agree with him as to the way the murderer escaped!"

Everybody turned around, astonished. The clerks of the court sprang toward the speaker, calling for silence, and the president angrily ordered the intruder to be immediately expelled. The same clear voice, however, was again heard: "It is I, M. President—Joseph Routeltable!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

In Which Joseph Routeltable Appears in All His Glory.

THE excitement was extreme. Cries from fainting women were to be heard amid the extraordinary bustle and stir. "The majesty of the law" was utterly forgotten. The president tried in vain to make himself heard. Routeltable made his way forward with difficulty, but by dint of much elbowing reached his manager and greeted him cordially. He was dressed exactly as on the day he left me, even to the ulster over his arm. Turning to the president, he said:

"I beg your pardon, M. President, but I have only just arrived from America. The steamer was late. My name is Joseph Routeltable."

The silence which followed his stepping into the witness box was broken by laughter when his words were heard. Everybody seemed relieved and glad to find him there, as if in the expectation of hearing the truth at last.

But the president was extremely incensed. "So you are Joseph Routeltable?" he replied. "Well, young man, I'll teach you what comes of making a farce of justice. By virtue of my discretionary power I hold you at the court's disposition. Take him away!"

Maitre Henri Robert intervened. He began by apologizing for the young man, who, he said, was moved only by the best intentions. He made the president understand that the evidence of a witness who had slept at the Glandier during the whole of the event could not be omitted, and the present witness, moreover, had come to name the real murderer.

"Are you going to tell us who the murderer was?" asked the president, somewhat convinced, though still skeptical.

"I have come for that purpose, M. President," replied Routeltable. "An attempt at applause was silenced by the usher."

"Joseph Routeltable," said Maitre Henri Robert, "has not been regularly subpoenaed as a witness, but I hope, M. President, you will examine him in virtue of your discretionary powers."

A pin drop could have been heard. Routeltable stood silent, looking sympathetically at Darzac, who for the first time since the opening of the trial showed himself agitated.

fore half past 6. I assert this on my honor. I can, however, give you now some explanation of the murder of the keeper. M. Frederic Larsan, who has seen me at work at the Glandier, can tell you with what care I studied this case. I found myself compelled to differ with him in arresting M. Robert Darzac, who is innocent. M. Larsan knows of my good faith and knows that some importance may be attached to my discoveries, which have often corroborated his own."

Frederic Larsan said: "M. President, it will be interesting to hear M. Joseph Routeltable, especially as he differs from me. We agree that the murderer of the keeper was the assailant of Mlle. Stangerson, but as we are not agreed as to how the murderer escaped I am curious to hear M. Routeltable's explanation."

"I have no doubt you are," said my friend.

General laughter followed this remark. The president angrily declared that if it was repeated he would have the court cleared.

"Now, young man," said the president, "you have heard M. Frederic Larsan. How did the murderer get away from the court?"

Routeltable looked at Mme. Mathieu, who smiled back at him sadly.

"Since Mme. Mathieu," he said, "has freely admitted her affair with the keeper—"

"Why, it's the boy!" exclaimed Daddy Mathieu.

"Remove that man!" ordered the president.

Mathieu was removed from the court. Routeltable went on: "Since she has made this confession I am free to tell you that she often met the keeper at night on the first floor of the donjon—the room which was once an oratory. Mme. Mathieu came to the chateau that night enveloped in a large black shawl, which served also as a disguise. This was the phantom that disturbed Daddy Jacques. She knew how to imitate the meowing of Mother Angou's cat, and she would make the cries to advise the keeper of her presence. habitually quite calmly and steadily in the court. Mme. Mathieu and the keeper left the donjon together. I learned these facts from my examination of the footmarks in the court the next morning. Bernier, the concierge, whom I had stationed behind the donjon—as he will explain himself—could not see what passed in the court. He did not reach the court until he heard the revolver shots, and then he fired. When the woman parted from the man she went toward the open gate of the court, while he returned to his room."

"He had almost reached the door when the revolvers rang out. He had just reached the corner when a shadow bounded by. Meanwhile Mme. Mathieu, surprised by the revolver shots and by the entrance of people into the court, crouched in the darkness. The court is a large one, and, being near the gate, she might easily have passed out unseen. But she remained and saw the body being carried away. In great agony of mind she heard the vestibule and saw the dead body of her lover on the stairs lit up by Daddy Jacques' lantern. She then fled, and Daddy Jacques joined her."

"That same night before the murder Daddy Jacques had been awakened by the cat's cry and, looking through his window, had seen the black phantom. Hastily dressing himself, he went out and recognized her. He is an old friend of Mme. Mathieu, and when she saw him she begged his assistance. Daddy Jacques took pity on her and accompanied her through the oak grove out of the park, past the border of the lake to the road to Epinay. From there it was but a very short distance to her home."

"Daddy Jacques returned to the chateau, and seeing how important it was for Mme. Mathieu's presence at the chateau to remain unknown, he had done all he could to hide it. I appeal to M. Larsan, who saw me next morning, examine the two sets of footprints."

Here Routeltable, turning toward Mme. Mathieu, with a bow, said: "The footprints of madame bear a strange resemblance to the neat footprints of the murderer."

Mme. Mathieu trembled and looked at him with wide eyes as in wonder at what he would say next.

"Madame has a shapely foot, long and rather large for a woman. The imprint, with its pointed toe, is very like that of the murderer's."

A movement in the court was repressed by Routeltable. He held their attention at once.

"I hasten to add," he went on, "that I attach no importance to this. Outward signs like these are often liable to lead us into error if we do not reason rightly. M. Robert Darzac's footprints are also like the murderer's, and yet he is not the murderer!"

The president, turning to Mme. Mathieu, asked: "Is that in accordance with what you know occurred?"

and made his way to the door of the witness room.

I quickly made my way through the crowd and left the court almost at the same time as Routeltable. He greeted me heartily and looked happy.

"I'll not ask you, my dear fellow," I said, smiling, "what you've been doing in America because I've no doubt you'll say you can't tell me until after half past 6."

"No, my dear Sainclair, I'll tell you right now why I went to America. I went in search of the name of the other half of the murderer."

"The name of the other half?" "Exactly! When we last left the Glandier I knew there were two halves to the murderer and the name of only one of them. I went to America for the name of the other half."

I was too puzzled to answer. Just then we entered the witness room, and Routeltable was immediately surrounded. He showed himself very friendly to all except Arthur Rance, to whom he exhibited a marked coldness of manner. Frederic Larsan came in also. Routeltable went up and shook him heartily by the hand. His manner toward the detective showed that he had got the better of the policeman. Larsan smiled and asked him what he had been doing in America. Routeltable began by telling him some anecdotes of his voyage. They then turned aside together, apparently with the object of speaking confidentially.

On the stroke of half past 6 Joseph Routeltable was again brought in. It is impossible for me to picture the tense excitement which appeared on every face as he made his way to the bar. Darzac rose to his feet, frightfully pale.

The president, addressing Routeltable, said gravely: "I will not ask you to take the oath, because you have not been regularly summoned, but I trust there is no need to urge upon you the gravity of the statement you are about to make."

Routeltable looked the president quite calmly and steadily in the face and replied: "Yes, monsieur."

"At your last appearance here," said the president, "we had arrived at the point where you were to tell us how the murderer escaped and also his name. Now, M. Routeltable, we await your explanation."

"Very well, monsieur," began my friend amidst a profound silence. "I had explained how it was impossible for the murderer to get away without being seen. And yet he was there with us in the court."

"And you did not see him? At least that is what the prosecution declares?" "No! We all of us saw him, M. le President!" cried Routeltable.

"Then why was he not arrested?" "Because no one besides myself knew that he was the murderer. It would have spoiled my plans to have had him arrested, and I had then no proof other than my own reasoning. I was convinced we had the murderer before us and that we were actually looking at him. I am now looking at what I consider the indisputable proof."

"Speak out, monsieur. Tell us the murderer's name."

"You will find it on the list of names present in the court on the night of the tragedy," replied Routeltable.

The people present in the courtroom began showing impatience. Some of them even called for the name and were silenced by the usher.

"The list includes Daddy Jacques, Bernier, the concierge, and Mr. Arthur Rance," said the president. "Do you accuse any of these?"

"No, monsieur!" "Then I do not understand what you are driving at. There was no other person at the end of the court."

"Yes, monsieur, there was, not at the end, but above the court, who was leaning out of the window."

and Frederic Larsan," declared Routeltable, fixing his eyes on M. Robert Darzac. "He is too cunning. He is a man who has always escaped you and whom you have long searched for in vain. If he did not succeed in outwitting me he can yet easily outwit any police. This man, who four years ago introduced himself to the police and became celebrated as Frederic Larsan, is notorious under another name—a name well known to crime: 'Ballmeyer.' M. President, is Ballmeyer?"

"Ballmeyer!" cried the president.

"Ballmeyer!" exclaimed Robert Darzac, springing to his feet. "Ballmeyer! It was true, then?"

"Ah, M. Darzac, you do not think I am mad now!" cried Routeltable.

"Ballmeyer! Ballmeyer! No other word could be heard in the courtroom. The president adjourned the hearing."

Those of my readers who may not have heard of Ballmeyer will wonder at the excitement the name caused. And yet the doings of this remarkable criminal form the subject matter of the most dramatic narratives of the newspapers and criminal records of the past twenty years. It had been reported that he was dead and thus had eluded the police as he had eluded them throughout the whole of his career.

Ballmeyer was the best specimen of the high class "gentleman swindler." He was an adept at sleight of hand tricks, and no bolder or more ruthless crook ever lived. He was received in the best society and was a member of some of the most exclusive clubs. On many of his depredatory expeditions he had not hesitated to use the knife and the revolver, and no difficulty stopped him and no "operation" was too dangerous. He had been caught, but escaped on the very morning of his trial by throwing pepper into the eyes of the guards who were conducting him to court.

He left France later to "work" America. The police there succeeded in once capturing him, but the extraordinary man escaped the next day. It would need a volume to recount the adventures of this master criminal. And yet this was the man Routeltable had allowed to get away! Knowing all about him and who he was, he afforded the criminal an opportunity for another laugh at the society he had defied! I could not help admiring the bold stroke of the young journalist, because I felt certain his motive had been to protect both Mlle. Stangerson and rid Darzac of an enemy at the same time.

The crowd had barely recovered from the effect of the astonishing revelation when the hearing was resumed. The question in everybody's mind was, Admitting that Larsan was the murderer, how did he get out of the yellow room?

Routeltable was immediately called to the bar and his examination continued.

"You have told us," said the president, "that it was impossible to escape from the end of the court. Since Larsan was leaning out of his window, he had left the court. How did he do that?"

"He escaped by a most unusual way. He climbed the wall, sprang on to the terrace and while we were engaged with the keeper's body reached the gallery by the window. He then had little else to do than to open the window, get in and call out to us, as if he had just come from his own room."

To a man of Ballmeyer's street that was mere child's play. At least, monsieur, is the proof of what I say?"

Routeltable drew from his pocket a small packet, from which he produced a strong iron peg.

"This, monsieur," he said, "is a spike which perfectly fits a hole still to be seen in the cornice supporting the terrace. Larsan, who thought and prepared for everything in case of any emergency, had fixed this spike into the cornice. All he had to do to make his escape good was to plant one foot on a stone which is placed at the corner of the chateau, another on this support, one hand on the cornice of the keeper's door and the other on the terrace, and Larsan was clear of the ground. The rest was easy. His acting after dinner as if he had been drugged was made believe. He was not drugged. But he did drug me. Of course he had to make it appear as if he also had been drugged so that no suspicion should fall on him for my condition. Had I not been thus overpowered Larsan would never have entered Mlle. Stangerson's chamber that night and the attack on her would not have taken place."

A groan came from Darzac, who appeared to be unable to control his suffering.

"You can understand," added Routeltable, "that Larsan would feel himself hampered from the fact that my room was so close to his and from a suspicion that I would be on the watch that night. Naturally he could not for a moment believe in my leaving his room. But he was about to go to Mlle. Stangerson. He waited till I was asleep and my friend Sainclair was busy trying to rouse me. Ten minutes after that mademoiselle was calling out 'Murder!'"

"How did you come to suspect Larsan?" asked the president.

"My pure reason pointed to him. That was why I watched him. But I did not foresee the drugging. He is very cunning. Yes, my pure reason pointed to him, but I required tangible proof so that my eyes could see him as my pure reason saw him. The following the incident of the indisputable gallery I felt myself losing control of it. I had allowed myself to be diverted by fallacious evidence. I received and again took hold of the end. I satisfied myself that the murderer could not have left the gallery, either naturally or supernaturally. I narrowed the field of consideration to that small circle, so to speak. The murderer could not be outside that circle. Now, who were there? There was, first, the murderer. There were Daddy Jacques, M. Stangerson, Frederic Larsan and myself. The five persons in all, counting the murderer. And yet in the space there were but four. Now, since I had been demonstrated to me that the fifth could not have escaped, it was evident that one of the four present in the gallery must be a duplicate of himself and the murderer also. Why had I not seen this before? Sim-