The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

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"Nonsense!" said Daddy Jacques. "The murderer did not go that way." "Which way did he go, then?"

"How do I know?" Rouletabille looked at everything, his knees and rapidly examined every one of the paving tiles. Daddy Jacques !

"Ah, you car't find anything, monsieur. Nothing has been found. And now it is all dirty. Too many persons have tramped over it. They wouldn't let me wash it, but on the day of the crime I had washed the floor thoroughly, and if the murderer had crossed it with his hobnailed boots I should not have failed to see where he had been. He has left marks enough in mademoiselle's chamber."

Rouletabille rose. "When was the last time you washed Daddy Jacques a most searching look. "Why-as I told you-on the day of mademoiselle and her father were taking a little walk before dinner here in this room. They dined in the laboratory. The next day the examining magistrate came and saw all the marks there were on the floor as plainly as if they had been made with ink on white paper. Well, neither in the laboratory nor in the vestibule, which were both as clean as a new pin, were there any traces of a man's footmarks. Since they have been found near this window outside, he must have made his way through the ceiling of the yellow room into the attic, then cut his way through the roof and dropped to the ground outside the vestibule window. But there's no hole, neither in the ceiling of the yellow room nor in the roof of my attic; that's absolutely certain So, you see, we know nothing-nothing. And nothing will ever be known'

Rouletabille went down upon his knees again almost in front of a small lavatory at the back of the vestibule. In that position he remained for about

It's a mystery of the devil's own mak-

"Well?" I asked him when he got

"Oh, nothing very important. A dror of blood," he replied, turning toward Daddy Jacques as he spoke. "While you were washing the laboratory and this vestibule was the vestibule window open?" he asked.

"No, monsieur, it was closed. But after I had done washing the floor ! It some charcoal for monsieur in the aberatory furnace, and as I lit if with old newspapers it smoked, so 1 opened both the windows in the labo ratory and this one to make a curren of air. Then I shut those in the labo ratory and left this one open when went out. When I returned to the pavilion this window had been closed and monsieur and mademoiselle were already at work in the laboratory."

"M. or Mile. Stangerson had no doubt shut it?" "No doubt."

"You did not ask them?"

After a close scrutiny of the little lavatory and of the staircase leading up to the attic Rouletabille-to whom We seemed no longer to exist-entered the laboratory. I followed him. was, I confess, in a state of great ex citement. Robert Darzac lost pone of my friend's movements. As for me

my eyes were drawn at once to the door of the yellow room. It was closed and, as I immediately saw, partially

shattered and out of commission. My friend, who went about his work methodically, silently studied the room in which we were. It was large and Well lighted. Two big windows-almost bays-were protected by strong iron bars and looked out upon a wide extent of country.

The whole of one side of the laboratory was taken up with a large chimney, crucibles, ovens and such implements as are needed for chemical experiments; tables loaded with vials, papers, reports, an electrical machine -an apparatus, as M. Darzac informed me, employed by Professor Stangerson to demonstrate the dissociation of matter under the action of solar lightand other scientific implements.

Along the walls were cabinets, plain

visible microscopes, special photographic apparatus and a large quantity of crystals.

Rouletabille, who was ferreting in the chimney, put his fingers into one smelled everything. He went down on of the crucibles. Suddenly he drew himself up and held up a piece of half consumed paper in his hand. He stepped up to where we were talking by one of the windows.

"Keep that for us, M. Darzac," he

I bent over the piece of scorched paper which M. Darzac took from the hand of Rouletabille and read distinctly the only words that remained

"Presbytery - lost nothing - charm. nor the gar-its brightness."

Twice since the morning these same meaningless words had struck me, and for the second time I saw that they these tiles?" he asked, and he fixed on | produced on the Sorbonne professor the same paralyzing effect. M. Darzac's first anxiety showed itself when the crime, toward half past 5-while he turned his eyes in the direction of Daddy Jacques. But, occupied as he was at another window, he had seen nothing. Then, tremblingly opening his pocketbook, he put the piece of paper into it, sighing, "My God!" During this time Rouletabille had

mounted into the opening of the fire grate-that is to say, he had got upon the bricks of a furnace-and was attentively examining the chimney, which grew narrower toward the top, the outlet from it being closed with sheets of iron fastened into the brickwork, through which passed three small chimneys.

"Impossible to get out that way." he said, jumping back into the laboratory. "Besides, even if he had tried to do it. he would have brought all that fronwork down to the ground. No, no; it is not on that side we have to search."

Rouletabille next examined the furniture and opened the doors of the cabinets. Then he came to the windows, through which, he declared, no one could possibly have passed. At the | That's why he pressed on it so hard, second window he found Daddy Jacques in contemplation.

"Well, Daddy Jacques," he said. "what are you looking at?"

"That policeman who is always going round and round the lake. Another | The thumb is wanting, and we have of those fellows who think they can see better than anybody else!"

"You don't know Frederic Larsan, Daddy Jacques, or you wouldn't speak of him in that way," said Rouletabille in a melancholy tone. "If there is any lock." one who will find the murderer it will be he." And Rouletabille heaved

CHAPTER VII.

In Which Rouletabille Sets Out on an Expedition Under the Bed.

OULETABILLE, having pushed open the door of the yellow room, paused on the threshold. The chamber was dark. Daddy Jacques was about to open the bands when Rouletabille stopped him. "Did not the tragedy take place in complete darkness?" he asked.

"No, young man; I don't think so. 'Mademoiselle always had a night light on her table, and I lit it every evening before she went to bed. I was a sort of chambermaid, you must understand, when the evening came. The real chambermaid did not come here much before the morning. Mademoiselle worked late-far into the night."

light stand-far from the bed?" "Some way from the bed."

"Can you light the burner now?" "The lamp is broken and the oil that was in it was spilled when the table was upset. All the rest of the things in the room remain just as they were. to see." "Wait."

Rouletabille went back into the laboratory, closed the shutters of the two windows and the door of the vestibule. When we were in complete darkness he lit a wax vesta and asked Daddy Jacques to move to the middle of the chamber with it to the place where the night light was burning that night.

or glass fronted, through which were stockings he usually left his sabots

in the vestibule entered the yellow room with his bit of a vesta. We vaguely distinguished objects overthrown on the floor, a bed in one corner and in front of us to the left the gleam of a looking glass hanging on the wall near to the bed.

"That will do. You may now open the blinds," said Rouletabille.

"Don't come any farther," Daddy Jacques begged. "You may make marks with your boots, and nothing must be deranged. It's an idea of the magistrate's, though he has nothing more to do here."

And he pushed open the shutter. The pale daylight entered from without, throwing a sinister light on the saffron colored walls. The floor-for though the laboratory and the vestithe were tiled the yellow room had a

dooring of wood-was covered with a single yellow mat which was large enough to cover nearly the whole room, under the bed and under the dressing table, the only piece of furniture that remained upright. The center round table, the night table and two chairs had been overturned. These did not prevent a large stain of blood being visible on the mat, made, as Daddy Jacques informed us. by the blood which had flowed from the wound on Mile. Stangerson's forehead Besides these stains drops of blood bad fallen in all directions, in line with the visible traces of the footsteps, large and black, of the murderer. Everything led to the presumption that these drops of blood had fallen from the wound of the man who had for a moment placed his red hand on the wall. There were other traces of the same hand on the wall, but much

less distinct. "See-see this blood on the wall!" could not help exclaiming. "The man who pressed his hand so heavily upon it in the darkness must certainly have thought that he was pushing at a door. leaving on the yellow paper the terrible evidence. I don't think there are many hands in the world of that sort. It is big and strong, and the fingers are nearly all one as long as the other. only the mark of the palm, but if we follow the trace of the hand," I continued, "we see that after leaving its imprint on the wall the touch sought the door, found it and then felt for the

"No doubt," interrupted Rouletabille, chuckling, "only there is no blood either on the lock or on the bolt."

"What does that prove?" I rejoined, with a good sense of which I was proud. "He might have opened the lock with his left hand, which would have been quite natural, his right hand being wounded."

"He didn't open it at all," Daddy Jacques again exclaimed. "We are not fools, and there were four of us when we burst open the door."

"What a queer hand! Look what a queer hand it is!" I said.

"It is a very natural hand," said Rouletabille, "of which the shape has been deformed by its having slipped on the wall. The man dried his hand on the wall. He must be a man about five feet eight in height."

"How do you come at that?" "By the height of the marks on the

My friend next occupied himself with the mark of the bullet in the wall. It was a round hole.

"This ball was fired straight, not "Where did the table with the night from above, and consequently not

from below." Rouletabille went back to the door and carefully examined the lock and the bolt, satisfying himself that the door had certainly been burst open from the outside, and, further, that the key had been found in the lock on I have only to open the blinds for you | the inside of the chamber. He finally satisfied himself that with the key In the lock the door could not possibly be opened from without with another key. Having made sure of all these details, he let fall these words, "That's

> and in his socks went into the room. The first thing he did was to examine minutely the overturned furniture. We watched him in silence.

> better!" Then, sitting down on the

ground, he hastily took off his boots

self a great deal of trouble," said Dad-Rouletabille raised his head and

said: "You have spoken the simple truth, Daddy Jacques. Your mistress did not have her hair in bands that evening. I was a donkey to have believed she did."

Then, with the suppleness of a serpent, he slipped under the bed. Presently we heard him ask:

"At what time, M. Jacques, did M. and Mile. Stangerson arrive at the laboratory?"

"At 6 o'clock."

dy Jacques ironically.

The voice of Rouletabille continued: "Yes, he's been under here, that's certain. In fact, there was nowhere else where he could have hidden himself. Here, too, are the marks of his hobnails. When you entered, all four of you, did you look under the bed?" "At once. We drew it right out of its

place." "And between the mattresses?"

"There was only one on the bed, and on that mademoiselle was placed, and M. Stangerson and the concierge immediately carried it into the laboratory. Under the mattress there was nothing but the metal netting, which could not conceal anything or anybody. Remember, monsieur, that there were four of us, and we couldn't fail to see everything, the chamber is sd small and scantily furnished, and all was locked behind in the pavilion."

I ventured on a hypothesis: weight, especially if the concierge Jacques." were an accomplice. I throw out this hypothesis for what it is worth, but it | them," the old man answered hesiexplains many things and particularly tatingly. the fact that neither the laboratory in carrying mademoiselle on the mat- to him gravely. tress from the laboratory they rested for a moment there might have been an opportunity for the man in it to rassed. escape."

"And then?" asked Rouletabille, deliberately laughing under the bed. I felt rather vexed and replied:

"I don't know, but anything appears possible."

"The examining magistrate had the same idea, monsieur," said Daddy Jacques, "and be carefully examined stripes?" the mattress. He was obliged to laugh

at the ilea, monsieur, as your friend is doing now, for whoever heard of a mattress having a dcuble bottom?" My friend alone seemed able to talk intelligently. He called out from un-

der the bed: "The mat here has been moved out of place. Who did it?"

'We did, monsieur," explained Dad dy Jacques. "When we could not find the assassin we asked ourselves whether there was not some hole in the floor."

"There is not," replied Rouletabille. "Is there a cellar?"

"No, there's no cellar. But that has not stopped our searching and has not prevented the examining magistrate and his registrar from studying the floor plank by plank, as if there had been a cellar under it."

The reporter then reappeared His eyes were sparkling and his nostrils quivered. He remained on his hands and knees. Thus he made his way to the four corners of the room, so to speak, sniffing and going around everything-everything that we could see, which was not much, and everything that we could not see, which

must have been infinite. The toilet table was a simple table standing on four legs. There was nothing about it by which it could possibly be changed into a temporary hiding place. There was not a closet or cupboard. Mile. Stangerson kept her wardrobe at the chateau.

Rouletabille literally passed his nose and hands along the walls, constructed a woman's head. of solid brickwork. When he had finished with the walls and passed his agile fingers over every portion of the yellow paper covering them he reached to the ceiling, which he was able to touch by mounting on a chair placed on the toilet table, and by moving this ingeniously constructed stage from place to place he examined every foot of it. When he had finished his scrutiny of the ceiling, where he carefully examined the hole made by the second bullet, he approached the window and once more examined the iron bars and blinds, all of which were solid and intact. At last he gave a grunt of satisfaction and declared,

"Now I am at ease!" "Well, do you believe that the poor dear young lady was shut up when she was being murdered-when she then have notice. cried out for help?" wailed Daddy

Jacques.

was as tightly shut as an iron sare." "The Bete du Bon Dieu," muttered Daddy Jacques-"the Bete du Bon Dieu herself, if she had committed the crime, could not have escaped. Lis-

ten! Do you hear it? Hush!" Daddy Jacques made us a sign to keep quiet and, stretching his arm toward the wall nearest the forest, listened to something which we could not bear.

"It's answering," he said at length. | tf "I must kill it. It is too wicked, but it's the Bete du Bon Dieu, and every night it goes to pray on the tomb of St. Genevieve, and nobody dares to touch her for fear that Mother Angenoux should cast an evil spell on them."

"How big is the Bete du Bon Dieu?" "Nearly as big as a small retrievera monster, I tell you. Ah, I have asked myself more than once whether it was not she that took our poor mademoiselle by the throat with her claws. But the Bete du Bon Dieu does not wear hobnailed boots, nor fire revolvers, nor has she a hand like that!" exclaimed Daddy Jacques, again pointing out to us the red mark on the wall. "Besides, we should have seen her as well as we would have seen a man."

"Evidently," I said. "Before we had seen this yellow room I had also asked myself whether the cat of Mother Angenoux"-

"You also!" cried Rouletabille. "Didn't you?" I asked.

"Not for a moment. After reading "Perhaps he got away with the mat- the article in the Matin I knew that tress-in the mattress! Anything is a cat had nothing to do with the matpossible in the face of such a mystery. | ter. But I swear now that a frightful In their distress of mind M. Stanger- tragedy has been enacted here. You son and the concierge may not have say nothing about the Basque cap or noticed they were bearing a double the handkerchief found here, Daddy

"Of course the magistrate has taken

"I haven't seen either the handkernor the vestibule bears any traces of chief or the cap, yet I can tell you the footmarks found in the room. If how they are made," the reporter said

> "Oh, you are very clever," said Daddy Jacques, coughing and embar-

> "The handkerchief is a large one blue with red stripes, and the cap is an old Basque cap, like the one you are wearing now." "You are a wizard!" said Daddy

Jacques, trying to laugh and not quite succeeding. "How do you know that the handkerchief is blue with red

"Because if it had not been blue with red stripes it would not have been found at all."

Without giving any further attention to Daddy Jacques my friend took a piece of paper from his pocket and, taking out a pair of scissors, bent over the footprints. Placing the paper over one of them, he began to cut. In a short time he had made a perfect pattern, which he handed to me, begging me not to lose it.

He then returned to the window and, pointing to the figure of Frederic Larsan, who had not quitted the side of the lake, asked Daddy Jacques whether the detective had, like himself, been working in the yellow room.

"No," replied Robert Darzac, who since Rouletabille had handed him the piece of scorched paper had not uttered a word. "He pretends that he does not need to examine the yellow room. He says that the murderer made his escape from it in quite a natural way and that he will this evening explain how he did it."

As he listened to what M. Darzac had to say Rouletabille turned pale. "Has Frederic Larsan found out the truth, which I can only guess at?" he murmured. "He is very clever-very clever-and I admire him. Yet I have discovered many things."

"Moral or material?" I asked. "Several moral, one material, This, for example."

And rapidly he drew from his waistcoat pocket a piece of paper in which he had placed a light colored hair from

To be continued.

Ideals, like jewels, are often bri liant without having real worth.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE TO CREDIT ORS.-Creditors and others having claims against the Estate' Margaret Nolan, late of the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, Widow, deceased, who died on or about the 22nd day of June, 1910, are hereby notified pursuant to R S O. 1897, Chap. 129, to send in their claims duly verified to the undersigned Solicitors on or before MONDAY, the FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, 1910, after which date the Executors will distribute the Estate having regard only to the claims or which they shall Dated at Lindsay, this Ninth day of

July, 1910. STEWART & O'CONNOR.

Notice to Investors

We have a few first-class farm mortgages for sale which we can dispose of to persons having money for investment to net them 6 per cent interest These mortgages are guaranteed

both as to principal and interest. McLAUGHLIN, PEEL, FULTON & STINSON, Barristers

July 30, 1910

27 horses, workers and drivers 10 driving horses nearly all young 1 mare by Alcrousun I brown horse first-class worker 1 grey gelding aged but sound 1 brown gelding II years old 2 heavy colts 2 past, Clydes I mare colt by Royal Archer I colt 2 past by Royal Archer 10 head of new milch cows and fat

I new milch cow and calf 2 days old I cow been in one month and calt 2'two year old heifers fat 2 new auto seat top buggies 3 set single harness new 4 set old single harness 4 second hand buggies 1 second hand wagen I doz lap rugs and rubber rugs 1 doz binder whipi new, any price

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TANTED-Teacher, for School VV Section No. 7, Mariposa, Duties to commence August 15th, 1910. State salary and experience. Apply to Henry Bowes, sec.-treas., Oakwood P. O.-w3

IXTANTED—Qualified teacher, Prot-VVI estant, for S. S. No. 11, Verulam. Salary \$450. Apply JAS. POUL-SON, Fenelon Falls, Ont.-dlw3.

Live Stock Insurance I am agent for the General Li Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, and can take risks on all kinds live animals. Dr. Broad, office 4

STRAYED

CITRAYED-Into the premises the undersigned, lot 20, Con. 9 Eldon, on June 23, 1 yearling colt, Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. James A. McNabb, Kirkfield, Ont .- w3.

FARM FOR SALE

MOR SALE-The Farrell Farm, east half lot 7, and south east quarter lot 18 Con. 9, Ops, 150 acres. No better land in township. Sale required to wind up estate. For further particulars apply to STEWART & O' CONNOR .- wtf.

MARM FOR SALE-Known as the L'a Ewers homestead, Wanchester, 2 miles from Port Perry, containing between 95 and 100 acres. Clay loam Bids or communications received and particulars from NORMAN EWERS, 69 Alexander-st., Toronto.-wtf.

MARM FOR SALE—Containing 140 L'4 acres, more or less, being part of lot 14 and 15 in 8 con. Mariposa. Brick house, frame barn, 40 by 104 with stone wall and first class stabling. Water in front of horses and cattle with taps. Good hog pen. Driving house. Hen house, cement of floors in them all. A never-failing well, well fenced, adjoining the thriving village of Oakwood, Known as the W. A. Silverwood farm. Would like to sell at once. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate agent, Lindsay.

MARM FOR SALE-West part acres, about 95 under cultivation, the Cambray station. Grass Hill and acres in orchard and sall fruits. Ap- ty of JOHN R. COWISON. For fur-We watched him in silence.

"Yes," said the young reporter, dry"Young fellow, you are giving your"Yes," said the young reporter, drySolicitors for Honorable George McHugh and Peter Kennedy, Executors.

Solicitors for Honorable George McPlant & O Colling in the particulars apply to Elias Bowee

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FARM FOR SALE

DARM FOR SALE-100 acre farm Me more or less, for sale, being lot 5 in Con. 10, Eldon. Good log house. good frame barn and stone stabling. 2 good wells, All cleared and in good state of cultivation. Well fenced, 11 acres orchard. Some plum and pear trees. Wants to sell at once. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real estate agent, Lindsay .- w4.

DARM FOR SALE-100 acres more L'i or less for sale in Fenelon, good frame barn, 50 acres cleared, balance tamarac swamp, never failing spring, land not cut up by stream. Near a school, post office, blacksmith shop. Would make a good ranch or grain farm. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, real estate agent. -

TARM TO RENT-West 1 lot 12, Con. 8, Fenelon, containing 120 acres all cleared, 70 acres grain land, the balance hay or pasture. Good bank barn with wind mill, hay slings, also stone hog per, hen house, driving shed and a comfortable house, two good wells, large orchard. No stumps or stone piles on the farm, from school, church and post office This will be one of the best sales of Five miles from Fenelon Falls. Possession to plough this fall. Possession on 1st of March, 1911. Apply to the owner, Albert E. Minthorne, Rosedale, Ont .- w3.

> MARM FOR SALE-Situated one and one-half miles from Fairbairn, being lot 30, in Con. 7, Verulam, containing 200 acres and the east half of lot 30 in the 6th. con. 150 acres clear and in first-class state of cultivation, well watered by a never-failing spring creek and good wells, windmill on barn, with waterbowls and piping, well fenced. For further particulars apply to ALEX. CONNELL, Bury's Green, Ont .- w3.

TARM FOR SALE-Improved farm of one hundred and fifty acres, more or less, being composed of the South Half of Lot Twenty (28) in the Tenth and the West part of Lot Twenty (20 in the eleventh Concession of the Township of Ops. This land is good clay loam, suitable for any kind of grain, drained, and all cleared but about Fifteen (15) acres of pasturage, through which there is running water. Situated three miles East of Lindsay, on good gravel road. There is a frame dwelling, kitchen and woodshed. Large frame barn 45x75 feet with stone foundation and stabling for all kinds of stock. Apply to MOORE & JACKSON, Solicitors, Lindsay, Ont. or A. BLACK-WELL, 1 Notre Dame Street. West. Montreal -wtf.

MARM FOR SALE—The N tof Lot 5, Con. 2, and the East Pt., of the S 1 of Lot 4, Con. 2, in the Township of Emily. 150 acres. About 140 acres cleared, balance woodland and swamp. Two miles south of Omemee, Well built on. Good orchard. Well watered by a running stream, spring and wells. Good all round farm and in good condition. School conveninet. For terms and particulars apply to Mrs. David Toole, Lock box 205, Omemee, Ont .-

DARM FOR SALE-100 acres, east Le half lot 16, con. 9, Ops, all cleared, good frame house and frame barn with stone stabling. 5 miles from town of Lindsay; the Hooey property. Terms easy: wants to sell at once. For further particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.-wtf.

MARM FOR SALE-Lot 15, con. 2. Pa Fenelon, containing 931 acres, more or less, adjoining the village of Islay. 90 acres cleared and about 41 acres hardwood bush. New frame barn 50x65 on stone wall with firstclass stabling complete, cement floor. Log house, well finished inside, partly plastered and partly boarded. School post office and blacksmith shop withlot 7, Con. 14, Mariposa, 145 in a few rods of farm, 6 miles from balance pasture. Good buildings, 21 Cameron grain markets. The proper-

in Toronto this week.

dale, and Miss Burns, off Toronto, They are doing first class work and passed through town on Tuesday on follow Will's example.

Whalen has given them a comme Mrs. Randolph McDonald, of Rose- several of the farmers are likely to Bert Jewell.

. He is not tired of having silo yet, as he is putting up a cement