# The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

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Fred; it will trip you up."

And, laughing a little in a slightly hantering tone, his hands in his pockets. Rouletabille fixed his cunning eves on the great Fred.

Frederic Larsan silently contemplatto be as wise as himself. Shrugging his shoulders, he bowed to us and moved quickly away, hitting the stones on his path with his stout cane.

Rouletabille watched his retreat and then turned toward us, his face joyous and triumphant.

"I shall beat him!" he cried. "I shall beat the great Fred, clever as he is! I shall beat them all!"

and he danced a double shuffle Suddenly he stopped. My eyes followed his gaze. They were fixed on M. of difference between them!

We thought he was about to faint His eyes, bulging with terror, avoided us, while his right hand, with a spasmodic movement, twitched at the heard that covered his honest, gentle and now despairing face. At length regaining his self possession, he bowed to us and, remarking in a changed the chateau, left us.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Rouletabille. He also appeared to be deeply conrerned. From his pocketbook he took a piece of white paper, as I had seen him do before, and with his scissors rut out the shape of the neat bootmarks that were on the ground. Then he fitted the new paper pattern with the one he had previously made. The two were exactly alike. Rising. Roule tabille exclaimed suddenly, "The deuce!" Presently he added, "Yet believe M. Robert Darzac to be an honest man." He then led me on the road to the Donjon inn, which we could see on the highway by the side of a rmall clump of trees.

## CHAPTER X.

"We Shall Have to Eat Red Meat-Now."

THE Donjon inn was at least two centuries old, perhaps older. Under its signboard over the threshold a man with a embbed looking face was standing. seemingly plunged in unpleasant thought, if the wrinkles on his forehead and the knitting of his brows were any indication.

When Rouletabille and I were close to him he deigned to see us and asked us in a tone anything but engaging whether we wanted anything. He was no doubt the not very amiable landlord of this charming dwelling place. As we expressed a hope that he would be good enough to furnish us with a breakfast, he assured us that be had no provisions.

"You may take us in," Rouletabille said to him. "We are not policemen." "I'm not afraid of the police. I'm not afraid of any one," replied the

I had made my friend understand by a sign that we should do better not to insist; but, being determined to enter the inn, he slipped by the man on the doorstep and was in the common room "Come on," he said. "It is very com fortable here."

A good fire was blazing in the chimney, and we held our hands to the warmth it sent out. It was a morning in which the approach of winter was enmistakable. The room was a tolerably large one, rurnished with two heavy tables, some stools, a counter decorated with rows of bottles of sirup

"That's a fine fire for roasting a thicken," said Rouletabille.

"We have no chicken, not even wretched rabbit," said the landlord. "I know," said my friend slowly-"1

know. We shall have to eat red meat ple's affairs." "I confess I did not in the least understand what Rouletabille meant by what he had said, but the landlord as soon as he heard the words uttered an nath, which he at once stifled, and placed himself at our orders as obediently as M. Robert Darzac had done

ous sentence, "The prespytery has lost ! nothing of its charm nor the garden its brightness."

him half a dozen eggs and a piece of ed the young reporter who pretended | beefsteak. The commission was quickly executed by a strongly built young woman with beautiful blond hair and large, handsome eyes, who regarded us with curiosity.

> The innkeeper said to her roughly: "Get out, and if the Green Man comes don't let me see him!"

She disappeared. Rouletabille took was on a dish, placed all carefully beside him in the chimney, unhooked a frying pan and a gridiron and began larger than any I had ever believed Robert Darzac, who was looking anx- to beat up our omelet before proceedjously at the impression left by his ing to grill our beefsteak. He then orfeet side by side with the elegant | dered two bottles of cider and seemed footmarks. There was not a particle to take as little notice of our host as

our host did of him. The landlord let us do our own cooking and set our table near one of the windows. Suddenly I heard him mutter:

"Ah, there he is!"

His face had changed, expressing fierce hatred. He went and glued himself to one of the windows, watching the road. There was no need for me toice that he was obliged to return to I to draw Rouletabille's attention. He had already left our omelet and had joined the landlord at the window. I went with him.

A man dressed entirely in green velvet, his head covered with a bunts man's cap of the same color, was ad vancing leisurely, lighting a pipe as he walked. He carried a fowling piece slung at his back. His movements displayed an almost aristocratic ease. He wore eyeglasses and appeared to be about five and forty years of age. His hair as well as his mustache were salt gray. He was remarkably handsome. As he passed near the inn he hesitated, as if asking himself whether or no he should enter it, gave a glance toward us, took a few whiffs at his pipe and then resumed his walk at the same nonchalant pace.

Rouletabille and I looked at our host. His flashing eyes, his clinched hands, his trembling lips, told us of his tumultuous feelings.

"He has done well not to come in here today!" he hissed. "Who is that man?" asked Rouleta-

bille, returning to his omelette. "The Green Man," growled the innkeeper. "Don't you know him? Then all the better for you. He is not an acquaintance to make. Well, he is M. Stangerson's forest keeper."

"You don't appear to like him very much?" asked the reporter, pouring his omelet into the frying pan.

"Nobody likes him, monsieur. He's an upstart, who must once have had a fortune of his own, and he forgives nobody because in order to live be has been compelled to become a servint. A keeper is as much a servant as any other, isn't he? Upon my word, one would say that he is the master of the Glandier and that all the land and woods belong to him. He'll not let a poor creature eat a morsel of bread on the grass-his

"Does he often come here?" "Too often. But I've made him understand that his face doesn't please me, and for a month past he basn't been here. The Donjon inn has never existed for him! He hasn't had timebeen too much engaged in paying court to the landlady of the Three Lilies at Saint Michel. A bad fellow. There isn't an honest man who can bear him. Why, the concierges of the chateau would turn their eyes away from a picture of him!"

"The concierges of the chateau are nonest people then?" "Yes, they are, as true as my name's

Mathieu, monsieur. I believe them to be honest." "Yet they've been arrested?"

"What does that prove? But I don't want to mix myself up in other peo-

"And what do you think of the af-

"Of the attack on poor Mile. Stangerson? A good girl. Much loved everywhere in the country. That's what I think of it-and many things besides. But that's nobody's business."

"Not even mine?" insisted Rouletawhen he heard Rouletabille's mysteri . ille.

The man pushed open a little side door and called to somebody to bring

The innkeeper looked at him sideways and said gruffly: "Not even yours,"

The omelet ready, we sat down at table and were silently eating when the door was pushed open and an old woman, dressed in rags, leaning on a stick, her head doddering, her white hair hanging loosely over her wrinkied forehead, appeared on the thres-

"Ah, there you are, Mother Angehoux! It's long since we saw you last," said our host.

"I have been very ill, very nearly the eggs, which had been brought to | dying," said the old woman. "If ever him in a bowl, and the meat, which I you should have any scraps for the Bete du Bon Dieu"-

And she entered, followed by a cat could exist. The beast looked at us and gave so hopeless a miau that ! shudered. I had never heard so lugubrious a cry.

As if drawn by the cat's cry a man followed the old woman in. It was the Green Man. He saluted by raising his hand to his cap and seated himself at a table near to ours.

As the Green Man entered Daddy Mathieu had started violently, but visibly mastering himself he said:

"A glass of cider, Daddy Mathieu,"

"I've not more cider. I served the last bottles to these gentlemen." "Then give me a glass of white

wine," said the Green Man without showing the least surprise. "I've no more white wine-no more anything," said Daddy Mathieu surlily,

"How is Mme. Mathieu?" "Quite well, thank you." So the young woman with the large, tender eyes whom we had just seen was the wife of this repugnant and

to emphasize his physical ugliness. Slamming the door behind him, the innkeeper left the room. Mother Angenoux was still standing, leaning on

brutal rustic, whose jealousy seemed

her stick, the cat at her feet "You've been ill, Mother Angenoux? Is that why we have not seen you for the last week?" asked the Green Man.

"Yes, M. Keeper. I have been able to get up but three times to go to pray to St. Genevieve, our good patroness, and the rest of the time I have been lying on my bed. There was no one to care

for me but the Bete du Bon Dieu!" "Did she not leave you?" "Neither by day nor by night." "Are you sure of that?"

"As I am of paradise." "Then how was it, Mme. Angenoux, that all through the night of the murder nothing but the cry of the Bete du Bon Dieu was heard?"

Mother Angenoux planted herself in front of the forest keeper and struck the floor with her stick.

"I don't know anything about it, she said. "But shall I tell you some thing? There are no two cats in the world that cry like that. Well, on the night of the murder I also heard the cry of the Bete du Bon Dien outside and yet she was on my knees and did not mew once, I swear. I crossed my self when I heard that, as if I had heard the devil."

I looked at the keeper when he put the last question, and I ar much mistaken if I did not detect an evil smile on his lips. At that moment the noise of loud quarrefing reached us We even thought we heard a dull sound of blows, as if some one was being beaten. The Green Man quickly rose and hurried to the door by the side of the fireplace, but it was opened by the landlord, who appeared and said to the keeper:

"Don't alarm yourself, monsieur. is is my wife. She has the toothache." And he laughed. "Here, Mother Angenoux; here are some scraps for your

He held out a packet to the old woman, who took it eagerly and went out of the door, closely followed by her cat.

"Then you won't serve me?" asked the Green Man. Daddy Mathieu's face was placid and no longer retained its expression ! gendarmes.

of hatred. "I've nothing for you-nothing for you. Take yourself off."

The Green Man quietly refilled his pipe, lit it, bowed to us and went out | men bring here the two concierges." than Daddy Mathieu slammed the bled in the laboratory. The chief of derstand how they could behave like MORGAN, Omemee. wtf.

door after him, and, turning toward | police, who had arrived at the Gianus, with eyes bloodshot and frothing at the mouth, he hissed to us, shaking his clinched fist at the door he had just shut on the man he evidently hated:

"I don't know who you are who tel! me 'We shall have to eat red meat now,' but if it will interest you to know it-that man is the murderer!"

With which words Daddy Mathier immediately left us. Rouletabille returned toward the fireplace and said: "Now we'll grill our steak. How d you like the cider? It's a little tart,

We saw no more of Daddy Mathieu that day, and absolute silence reigned in the inn when we left it after placing 5 francs on the table in payment for our feast.

but I like it."

Rouletabille at once set off on a three mile walk around Professor Stangerson's estate. He halted for some ten minutes at the corner of a narrow road black with soot near to some charcoal burners' huts in the forest of St. Genevieve, which touches on the road from Epinay to Corbeil, to tell me that the murderer had certainly passed that way before entering the grounds and concealing himself in the little clump of trees.

"You don't think, then, that the keeper knows anything of it?" I asked. "We shall see that later," he replied. "For the present I'm not interested in what the landlord said about the man. The landlord bates him. I didn't take you to breakfast at the Donjon inn

for the sake of the Green Man." Then Rouletabille, with great precaution, glided, followed by me, toward the little building which, standing near the park gate, served for the home of the concierges who had been arrested that morning. With the skill of an acrobat he got into the lodge by an upper window which had been left open and returned ten minutes later. He said only "Ah!" a word which in his mouth signified many things.

We were about to take the road leading to the chateau when a considerable stir at the park gate attracted our attention. A carriage had arrived, and some people had come from the chateau to meet it. Rouletabille pointed out to me a gentleman who descended from it.

"That's the chief of the Paris police," he said. "Now we shall see what Frederic Larsan has up his sleeve and whether he is so much clevcrer than anybody else."

The carriage of the chief was followed by three other vehicles containing reporters, who were also desirous of entering the park. But two gendarmes stationed at the gate had evidently received orders to refuse admission to anybody. The chief of police calmed their impatience by undertaking to furnish to the press that evening all the information he could give that would not interfere with the judicial inquiry.

## CHAPTER XI.

In Which Frederic Larsan Explains How the Murderer Was Able to Get Out of the Yellow Room.

MONG the mass of papers, tegal documents, memoirs and extracts from newspapers which I have collected relating to the mystery of the yellow room there is one very interesting piece. It is a detail of the famous examination

which took place that afternoon in the laboratory of Professor Stangerson before the chief of police This narrative is from the pen of M. Maleine, the registrar, who, like the examining magistrate, had spent some of his leisure time in the pursuit of litera-

THE REGISTRAR'S NARRATIVE The examining magistrate and I, are M Maleine, found ourselves in the yellow room in the company of the builder who had constructed the pavilion after Professor Stangerson's designs. He had a workman with him. M. de Marquet had had the walls laid entirely bare—that is to say, he had had them stripped of the paper which had decorated them. Blows with pick here and there satisfied us of the nonexistence of any sort of opening The floor and the ceiling were thoroughly sounded. We found nothing There was nothing to be found. M. de Marquet appeared to be delighted and

never ceased repeating: "What a case! What a case! We shall never know, you'll see, how the murderer was able to get out of this room!"

he called to the officer in charge of the

Darzac to come to me in the laboratory, also Daddy Jacques, and let your No sooner was he over the threshold I Five minutes later all were assem- if they were innocent, I could not un- mation call at farm or write E.

dier, joined us at that moment. I was seated at M. Stangerson's desk ready for work when M. de Marquet made us the following little speech, as original as it was unexpected:

"With your permission, gentlemen, as examinations lead to nothing, we will for once abandon the old system of interrogation. I will not have you brought before me one by one, but we will all remain here as we are-M. Stangerson, M. Robert Darzac, Daddy Jacques and the two concierges, the chief of police, the registrar and myself. We shall all be on the same footing. The concierges may for the moment forget that they have been arrested. We are going to confer together. We are on the spot where the crime was committed. We have nothing else to discuss but the crime. So let us discuss it freely, intelligently or otherwise, so long as we speak just what is in our minds. There need be no formality or method, since this won't help us in any way."

Then, passing before me, he said in a low voice:

"What do you think of that, eh? What a scene! Could you have thought of that? I'll make a little piece out of it for the vaudeville." And he rubbed his hands with glee.

I turned my eyes on M. Stangerson. The hope he had received from the doctor's latest reports, who had stated that Mile. Stangerson might recover from her wounds, had not been able to efface from his noble features the marks of the great sorrow that was upon him. He had believed his daughter to be dead, and he was still broken by that belief. His clear, soft blue eyes expressed infinite sorrow.

"Now, M. Stangerson," said M. de Marquet, with somewhat of an important air, "place yourself exactly where you were when Mile. Stangerson left you to go to her chamber."

M. Stangerson rose and, standing at a certain distance from the door of the yellow room, said in an even voice and without the least trace of emphasis, a voice which I can only describe as a dead voice:

"I was here. About 11 o'clock, after I had made a brief chemical experiment at the furnaces of the laboratory, needing all the space behind me, Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, I had my desk moved here by Daddy Jacques, who spent the evening in cleaning some of my apparatus. My daughter had been working at the same desk with me. When it was her time to leave she rose, kissed me and bade Daddy Jacques good night. She had to pass behind my desk and the door to enter her chamber, and she could do this only with some difficulty-that is to say, I was very near the place where the crime occurred later."

"And the desk?" I asked, obeying, in thus mixing myself in the conversation, the express orders of my chief. "As soon as you heard the cry of 'Murder!' followed by the revolver shots, what became of the desk?"

Daddy Jacques answered. "We pushed it back against the wall here, close to where it is at the present moment, so as to be able to get at the door at once."

I followed up my reasoning, to MEACHER WANTED-For S. which, however, I attached but little importance, regarding it as only a weak hypothesis, with another ques-

"Might not a man in the room, the desk being so near to the door, by stooping and slipping under the desk have left it unobserved?"

"You are forgetting," interrupted M Stangerson wearily, "that my daughter had locked and bolted the door, that the door had remained fastened, that we vainly tried to force it open when we heard the noise and that we were at the door while the struggle between the murderer and my poor child was going on immediately after we heard her stifled cries."

I rose from my seat and once more examined the door with the greatest care. Then I returned to my place, with a despairing gesture.

"If the lower panel of the door," I said, "could be removed without the whole door being necessarily open the problem would be solved. But unfortunately that last hypothesis is untenable after an examination of the door It's of oak, solid and massive. You can see that quite plainly in spite of the injury done in the attempt to burst it open."

"Ah," cried Daddy Jacques, "it is an old and solid door that was brough from the chateau. They don't make such doors now. We had to use this bar of iron to get it open, all four of us, for the concierge, brave woman she Then suddenly, with a radiant face, is, helped us. It pains me to find them both in prison now."

Daddy Jacques had no sooner ut-"Go to the chateau," he said, "and | tered these words of pity and protestarequest M. Stangerson and M. Robert | tion than tears and lamentations broke out from the concierges. I never saw two accused people crying more bitterly. I was extremely disgusted. Even that in the face of misfortune. A dignified bearing at such times is better than tears and groans, which most often are feigned.

"Now, then, enough of that sniveling," cried M. de Marquet, "and in your interest tell us what you were doing under the windows of the pavilion at the time your mistress was being attacked, for you were close to the pavilion when Daddy Jacques met

"We were coming to help!" they whiped.

"If we could only lay hands on the murderer he'd never taste bread again!" the woman gurgled between her sobs.

As before, we were unable to get two connecting thoughts out of them. They persisted in their denials and swore by heaven and all the saints that they were in bed when they heard the sound of the revolver shot. "It was not one, but two shots, that

were fired. You see you are lying.

If you had heard one you would have heard the other." "Mon Dieu! Monsieur, it was the second shot we heard. We were sound asleep when the first shot was

fired." "Two shots were fired," said Daddy Jacques. "I am certain that all the cartridges were in my revolver. found afterward that two had been exploded, and we heard two shots behind the door. Was not that so, M. Cambray station. Grass Hill Stangerson?"

"Yes." replied the professor. "there (To be Continued)

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. of Omemee, 150 acres, E hf lot 4 and SW qr of 5, Emily. This farm is in good shape, fences in good repair, small orchard, 2 good wells, 5 acres maple bush, 75 acres ploughable remainder pasture and swamp. New barn 45x70 on stone wall, cement floor; water in stable for cattle, also trough in yard; power mill on barn which grinds, pulps, pumps, cut wood | the S 1 of Lot 4, Con. 2, in the and feed. Hay fork in connection. Pig | Township of Emily. 150 acres. Abpen 22x54, cement floor and trough. New brick house 25x35 with cistern. furnace and telephone, two imple. of Omemee. Well built on. Good orment houses. Ploughing leave this chard. Well watered by a running fall. Inspection of place solicited. The stream, spring and wells. Good all buildings are extra good, and for situation, and convenience are hard School convenient. For terms and to equal. For prices or further infor- particulars apply to Mrs. David

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MARM FOR SALE-Lot 15, con. 2, 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 within a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.-wtf.

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MARM FOR SALE .- Township of Brock, 3 miles from Sunderland, 100 acres, 85 acres cleared, 15 acres bush and pasture land, soil, clay loam, running water, good house and barn, windmill and outbuildings and good orchard, 2 wells on premises. For particulars apply to Box 222,

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Mrs. Jas. Famos in Toronto this week.

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

Mrs. Randolph McDonald, of Rose- several of the farmers are likely to Bert Jewell.

Whalen has given them a contrar

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