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 - Boys' Extra High Buckle Anetics. \$1.00 & \$1.25
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 - Men's Warm Lined Felt and Leather Shoes. \$1.50 to \$2.50
- 3. B. Thing & Co.** 1188 MAIN ST.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By **CASTON LEROUX**, Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

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To be Continued.

"The rooms are too small. I was afraid of inconveniencing Mme. Darzac," answered the unhappy man bitterly. "I asked Bernier to fetch me a bed here. And then what difference does it make where I am, since I do not sleep?"

We were both silent for a moment. I was ashamed of myself and of my wretched suspicions. And, frankly, my remorse was so great that I could not refrain from giving it expression. I confessed everything to him—my infamous ideas and how I had even believed when I saw him wandering so mysteriously over the new castle that it was upon some evil errand, and so had decided to go and look for the "Australia" birthmark.

He listened to me with such an expression of reproachful sorrow that it wrung my heart; then he quietly rolled up his shirt sleeve, and, bringing his bare arm close to the light, he showed me the birthmark, which made a sane man of me once more.

"You may rub it as much as you choose," said Darzac gently. "It will not come off."

I begged his pardon a thousand times over, with tears in my eyes, but he would not forgive me until he had me pull at his beard, which remained firmly attached to his chin, instead of coming off in my hand.

Then only he allowed me to go back to my room, which I did, cursing myself for an idiot.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Living Tomb and a Baffling Murder.

My thoughts turned to Rouletabille. What was he doing now? Why had he gone away? As I lay there puzzling my brain over the outcome of the affair I heard some one knocking at my door. It was Pere Bernier, who brought me a brief note from my friend which had been handed to Pere Jacques by a little lad from the village. Rouletabille wrote:

I shall return early in the morning. Get up as soon as this reaches you and be good enough to go fishing for my breakfast and catch some of the fine trout which are so plentiful among the rocks near the Point of Garibaldi. Do not lose an instant. Thanks and remembrances.

ROULETABILLE.

This communication gave me more food for thought, for I knew by experience that whenever Rouletabille seemed most occupied with trivial matters his activity was really most thoroughly engaged with important subjects.

I dressed myself in haste, provided myself with some old tackle which was furnished me by Bernier and set out to obey the request of my young friend. As I went out of the north gate, having encountered nobody at that early hour of the morning (it was about 7 o'clock), I was joined by Mme. Edith, to whom I showed what Rouletabille had written. The young woman was greatly dejected over the unexplained absence of her uncle, remarked that the letter was "so queer that it made her nervous," and she informed me that she intended to follow me to the trout streams.

We started to fish for Rouletabille's trout. Mrs. Rance and I both removed our shoes and stockings, but I concerned myself more about the dainty bare feet of my pretty hostess than about my own. She clambered into the pools and crept among the rocks with a grace which enchanted me more than I dared express. Suddenly we both desisted from our task and pricked up our ears at the same moment. We heard cries from the shore where the grottoes are. We distinguished a little group, the persons in which were making gestures of appeal. We hastily rushed to the beach, and in a few seconds we learned that, attracted by moans, two fishermen had just discovered in a cave in the grotto of Romeo and Juliet an unfortunate human being who had fallen into the chasm and who must have been there helpless for several hours.

The quick conjecture which rushed into both our minds at once proved to be the right one. It was Old Bob who had been fished out of the cave. When he had been drawn up on the beach in the full light of day he certainly presented a pitiable spectacle. His beautiful black coat was torn and covered with mud, and his white shirt was as black as tar. Mme. Edith burst into tears and nearly went into hysterics when she found that the old man had a broken collar bone and a sprained foot. And he was so pale that he looked as if he were going to die on the spot.

Happily the case was far less serious than it at first appeared. Ten minutes later he was, according to his own orders, stretched out on his bed in his room in the square tower. But could any one believe that he absolutely refused to be undressed, even so far as to have his coat removed, before the arrival of the doctors? Mme. Edith, more and more nervous, installed herself as his nurse, but when the physicians came Old Bob ordered his niece not only to leave his room, but to go out of the square tower altogether. And he insisted that the door should be locked after her.

This last precaution was a great surprise to us all. We were assembled in the Court of the Bold, M. and Mme. Darzac, Arthur Rance and myself, as well as Pere Bernier, who haunted my footsteps, awaiting the news. When Mme. Edith quitted the tower after the arrival of the medical men she came to us and said:

"Let us hope that his injuries won't be serious. Old Bob is solid as a rock. What did I tell you about him? I have made him confess, the old sin-

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