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THE MAN WITH THE BLACK FEATHER

GASTON LEROUX

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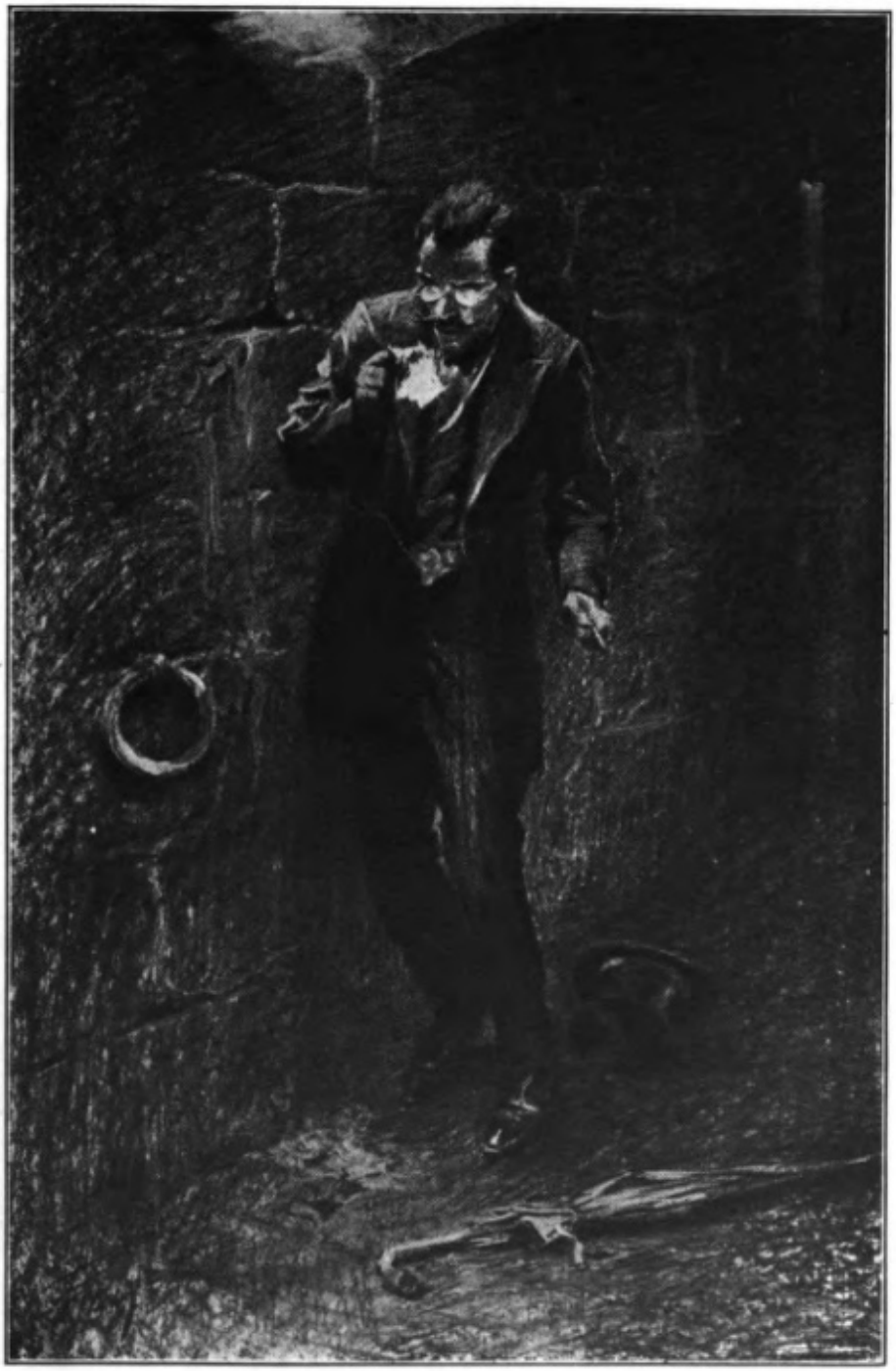

In horror I recognized my own handwriting

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THE MAN WITH THE BLACK FEATHER

BY

GASTON LEROUX

Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," "The Phantom of the Opera," etc.

TRANSLATED BY

EDGAR JEPSON

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BOSTON

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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zen assured of his rights, and regarded his friend Adolphe with a look of triumph.

He admired his friend almost as much as he admired his wife. Not that Adolphe was exactly a handsome man; but he wore an air of force and vigour; and there was nothing in the world which Theophrastus, the timidest man in Paris, rated more highly than force and vigour. That broad and bulging brow (whereas his own was narrow and high), those level and thick eyebrows, for the most part raised a trifle to express contempt of others and self-confidence, that piercing glance (whereas his own pale-blue eyes blinked behind the spectacles of the short-sighted), that big nose, haughtily arched, those lips surmounted by a brown, curving moustache, that strong, square chin; in a word, all that virile antithesis to his own grotesque, flabby-cheeked face, was the perpetual object of his silent admiration. Besides, Adolphe had been Post-Office Inspector in Tunis: he had "crossed the sea."

Theophrastus had only crossed the river Seine. No one can pretend that that is a real crossing.

The guide set the party in motion; then he said:

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