

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

Copyright, 1906, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.  
All rights reserved.

By  
Edith Morgan Willett

## CHAPTER II.

Half after five. The chauffeur sat tranquilly on the front seat of the motor, smoking one cigarette after another and wondering, with increasing curiosity as the moments slipped by, when the rest of the party would reappear. Two hours since they had vanished in the direction of the cathedral, with the avowed intention of returning in time for tea.

Again and again Sarto's slanting eyes dashed down the street, then, no one appearing, resumed their unconcerned stare into space. It was not until a distant market clock intoned six that three figures came in sight, walking with the exhausted gait that marks the conscientious tourist. On nearer view it became apparent that none of them was in the best of spirits; Mrs. Waring, in particular, being quite evidently cross—the invariable result with her of too much sight-seeing.

"Now for the tea-basket," she announced peremptorily, on reaching the hotel steps and the attendant motor. "Where is it, Sarto? Get it out, and let's all go 'n' have something to eat."

Her glance as well as the words included the chauffeur, who, after a moment's hesitancy at this unprecedented and alluring invitation, dropped silently from his perch and seizing the hamper, followed his employer into the inn.

There, while Annette Bancroft piled up the quaint Rouer platters with sweet biscuits and chestnut sandwiches, her cousin threw herself into the nearest chair, tore off her gloves, and set to work making tea at railroad speed.

"Here's your cup, Annette," she announced, after an interval of concentrated energy.

"Now, Sarto two lumps of sugar for you, I suppose? No cream? Well, then, pick out a slice of lemon and sit down here," indicating a seat beside her.

"Why—what's the matter, Gerald? Got a toothache?" as, at sight of the chauffeur occupying the other end of Mrs. Waring's chaise-longue, Mr. Buist's countenance underwent a momentary spasm.

"It's over now," he said at last, accepting with a look of disgusted resignation the cup his tormentor smilingly proffered him.

Certainly Mrs. Waring's devotees were well trained, and knew from long experience that "when Gussie had a mood on" it was wisest to let her have her way, no matter where it led her, no matter how much it cost to follow loyally, no matter how great the strain.

Now, under the light clatter of teacups and conversation, the little inn parlor positively bristled with pent-up electricity, of which the chauffeur, the undoubted cause, seemed apparently the least aware, as with the curious adaptability that characterized the man, he sat sipping his tea and discussing mediæval architecture with his employer as if he had been doing that sort of thing all his life.

The bells of Rouen were ringing for vesper before Mrs. Waring finally led the way out into the twilight street.

"Fifty miles between us and Havre," she ejaculated, accepting the chauffeur's hand as a matter of course in climbing into the car. "It will be pitch dark before we reach there. By the bye, Gerald," with an ominous narrowing of her dark eyes, "you must be tired to death of doing duty in the front seat all this time—how about taking a vacation in the tonneau for the rest of the distance?"

An awkward silence followed, during which the Englishman considered her tempting proposal with stony gravity, Annette looked uncomfortable, and Mrs. Waring began to fear that she was sailing dangerously near the wind.

But the boat came to, as in the end it always did.

"Oh, very well, then," Buist said at length, gruffly, "it's just as you prefer, of course." And, without deigning a glance at the chauffeur, he swung himself into the tonneau.

Off the motor whizzed, in a very little while leaving Rouen far behind, painted in neutral tint against a pale mauve sky. The wind had died down, and the chill evening air, faintly stirred by the rush of the motor, brought to the chauffeur's quickened senses the subtle perfume of violets. Through the tail end of his eye glimpses were obtainable of a certain profile daintily carved out by the gathering dusk.

"Delicious!" murmured a low-pitched voice very close to his ear. "Oh, to go floating on forever like this!"

"Like this!"

The chauffeur tried vainly to throw off the disconcerting spell of the words, the tone. Case-hardened as the man was by the varied experience of a many-sided life, well versed in the juggling arts of feminine mountebanks the world over, still, underneath his cynicism, his outward impassivity, there beat a fiercely susceptible, unmanageable heart with all the Italian's swift response to the demands of beauty. It was not unmoved that the stoical Sarto had watched behind his blue goggles the outlines of a perfect face and figure on the front seat through the sun and shadow of thirty long days, and this sudden bewildering attitude of the woman beside him struck a chord that, in spite of all his determination, was beginning to vibrate painfully.

"Yes, the car does travel most exceedingly well," he agreed, a trifle hoarsely, striving conscientiously to keep his head. "Do you see Jumierre? Behold, madame,

to your right, over the brow of that hill, that mass of lights!"

Mrs. Waring glanced upward. "Only a look and a flash, then darkness again and a silence," she misquoted dreamily, as the motor whirled their past. Then—"But what a place for brigands!" this with a little shiver. "I can positively see them in those inky black woods over there." Then, in a moment, "Dear me! Aren't you thankful that we haven't anything valuable on board?"

Her manner had regained its usual flippancy matter-of-factness, and the chauffeur pulled himself swiftly into step. "France is pretty safe going," he reassured her prosaically. "Sicily might be a very different affair! When the Prince del Pino and I toiled through there two years ago, after one of the usual outbreaks, we had bank notes sewed in the interlining of our motor coats and carried loaded Winchester's."

"Very exciting!" Mrs. Waring glanced at him curiously. "Well, I've never had to go as far as that," she rattled on, "though I do take the precaution of hiding away my diamonds, wherever I go, in an inconspicuous chamois glove case at the bottom of a trunk."

She changed the subject hurriedly. "But, speaking of your prince"—there was a ring of interest in her tone—"I see by the Paris Herald that he's sailing for America. Do tell me something about the man, Sarto; one hears such fabulous accounts of his wealth, his good looks; you must have grown to know him very well during those two years."

Her manner was flatteringly confidential, but the chauffeur's face lowered instinctively. "The prince—oh, I know him well enough," he admitted, resenting this intrusion of another into her thoughts. "For his wealth, he has certainly enough—more than he knows what to do with, but for his looks—" he shrugged his slight shoulders contemptuously. "A man of about my own build, I suppose—tall, dark, clean shaven, speaks English like a native, and wears a monocle. That is about all there is to him."

Opening the throttle at this point, he broke off a conversation that had lost its charm, and turned his attention resolutely to the motor as it swept along the level high road between great jagged cliffs that cut the sky.

For the moment there was silence on the front seat, and from the tonneau spasmodic attempts at conversation on the part of its two occupants, one of whom sat gloomily wondering, as others of his sex had before him, what woman means by her incomprehensible whims and wiles, and how much self-respecting man, even a lover, should put up with.

On the car swept, on through villages which seemed only an indistinct blur of lights, drawing nearer and ever nearer to the sea. "We cannot be more than a mile from Havre now," announced Sarto at length. His brief hour was almost over, and the muffled regret in his voice did not escape the sharp ears so near him.

Turning her head, Mrs. Waring glanced at her chauffeur with distinct interest. She was not in the least offended.

Admiration was a coin that Gussie accepted as a matter of course from all sides and all classes. The tribute was no surprise to her; it was a certain piquant originality about the giver that attracted her curiosity and satisfied her zest for novelty.

"Not Havre already!" she ejaculated in accents of genuine disappointment.

The words were hardly out of her mouth when the motor gave a sort of hiss, changing into an ominous clack-clack-clack, and, looking behind, Sarto caught sight of a scarf-like object wound lovingly around one of the back wheels.

In a trice the car had come to a standstill and its occupants were scrambling out in rapid and perturbed succession.

"Tire loose, I see," grunted Buist, as he stiffly let himself down. "I bet that last spurt of yours gashed every one of 'em." He shot a darkly triumphant glance at the chauffeur, who was examining the interior of the machine by the aid of his lantern.

"Only one of the tires is punctured, as it happens," was returned in level tones; "but this is beyond repair, unfortunately. As far as I can see, we cannot go on without a new one."

"Well, walk into Havre and get a new one then," Gerald suggested snappishly; "nothing could be simpler."

The two women had for the nonce retired discreetly into the background, the time-honored resort of the sex in a strictly masculine exigency. But at this juncture Annette's small treble made itself heard.

"What a good idea!" she exclaimed enthusiastically; "let's all walk into Havre and get the tire—it's a delicious moonlight night."

She glanced appealingly at Gussie, but received no encouragement from that quarter, and it was Gerald, in the end, who seconded her motion—strange to say!

"Suits me all right," he agreed affably. "Let's do it. Sarto can look after the car and we three'll just walk in and send the thing out to him."

His slow, ponderous drawl was very complacent—too complacent for his own good.

"I'm too tired to take that tramp," Mrs. Waring now declared unexpectedly.

"Sarto,"—she moved languidly toward the

roadside—"do bring me one or more leather cushions. I don't want to sit on the grass and I've had enough of the motor!"

She stood absently watching the chauffeur obeying her behest with swift alacrity, and reflected that Gerald's air of bore—she really must get rid of him, if only for a little while!

As she pondered, the object of her thoughts crossed the road and joined her. "All right! Chuck the walk then," he remarked, with exasperating blandness. "It's not half bad sitting here." He stretched his long legs out, suiting the action to the word. "Let Sarto get the tire, then; he won't be long."

But Mrs. Waring did not answer. Glancing opposite, her gaze fell on Annette, standing rather forlornly near the motor and looking wistfully into the distance where a misty tangle of lights outlining the horizon signified Rouen.

Certainly there was something disconsolate in the girl's attitude. Gussie's expression became somewhat enigmatical as she watched her.

"Gerald," she said, lowering her voice, "that child will be dreadfully disappointed if she doesn't get her walk. Can't you see she's set her heart on it?" She put her hand lightly on his arm. "It's your solemn duty to take her into Havre this very moment."

Gussie's tone was unusually caressing and the speech seemed natural enough, but the face of her cavalier went scarlet with annoyance.

"Duty go hang!" he blurted out, with sudden savagery. "I see myself leaving you alone with—" He checked himself and fell silent a moment, roughly kicking the pebbles in his vicinity, and then, in a sort of injured growl, "It's too much!" he ejaculated. "You've been jolly rotten unfair to me all day, Gussie, but this is the limit."

"This?" Mrs. Waring ignored the reproach in his tone; her's had suddenly become very frosty. "I didn't know I was asking so much," she remarked. "Annette will have to be disappointed then. Of course she is under my charge, and I couldn't possibly sanction the impropriety of her walking into Havre at this hour of the night with my chauffeur."

Gussie had pulled the right wire, as usual, and slowly and reluctantly the Englishman rose to his feet. To tell the truth, he was a little ashamed of himself by this time, having, underneath the inevitable stratum of British crustiness, an exceedingly kind heart.

"Of course I'm perfectly willing to take that walk," he announced somewhat stiffly, "if Miss Bancroft would really like to go and you wish it."

"I wish it?" As if I wished it!" Gussie Waring raised her candid, child-like eyes to Gerald's face and dropped them again instantly.

At last, in a very low voice, "I thought," she said, "we were only considering Annette."

There is a peculiar potency in the first person plural of a certain pronoun when used in the right tone by the right woman.

A broad smile cleared the sepulchral gloom from Gerald's open countenance, and, making up his mind suddenly, he crossed the road in a couple of strides, approaching the girl, by the motor. "Feel like takin' me into Havre for that thing, Miss Bancroft?" he suggested, with engaging promptness. "Let's foot it, then; I'm ready if you are."

"Of course I am," said Annette. She glanced at Sarto's motionless figure by the motor and then at her cousin. "Well, bye-bye, Gussie! We'll bring the tire back then. Come on, Mr. Buist." And, setting off without much enthusiasm, she led the way down the hill.

"Be sure to hurry back," Mrs. Waring called after them beseechingly. But was Sarto wrong in fancying that her shoulders shook mischievously as the two figures disappeared from view around the curve of the hill?

By the time he joined her, however, there was an enigmatical expression on her face which effectually concealed some lurking misgivings as to the wisdom and conventionality of her course, the outcome of the prospective tete-a-tete under the stars with an inflammable chauffeur. (After all, Gussie rather enjoyed playing with fire. It is an amusing pastime when carried on from a safe distance.)

"Well," she hazarded lightly, as her victim came to a standstill beside her. "What are you looking so serious about?"

The man hesitated slightly. "I was thinking," he said, in an oddly constrained tone, "that at the rate they're walking they won't be gone any time."

The speech was unexceptionable, but the tone rang full of meaning, a subtle suggestion which Mrs. Waring, however, chose to ignore.

"I think that was an admirable arrangement of mine," she said, with a demure side glance.

Again the chauffeur dared very greatly. "Admirable!" he responded, with quite unnecessary emphasis. There was a long pause, during which the frogs croaked uninterruptedly and a soft wind came in fitful gusts through the poplars. Above their shrouded tops the night sky hung down, tacked into place with innumerable stars, and to right and left the level fields of France lay spread, a gray expanse curving towards the horizon.

The setting was perfect for the somewhat unconventional situation, and Gussie felt that she was enjoying herself, something beneath her worldliness regarding to the scene—the man (for the moment she had lost sight of the chauffeur).

(To be continued.)

### Necessities.

Knicker—Do you favor a school of journalism in the universities?

Bocker—There should be three; one on how to run papers, one on how to keep out of them, and one on how to get into them.—New York Sun.

**His Week Off.**  
"Bill," said the Billeville postmaster to a citizen who was lounging about, "here's a letter from yer aunt, 'nuther one from yer uncle an' I reckon here's one with the bill fer that lumber you bought; an' now I want to ax you—air you a-lookin' fer any more this week? Kaze, ef you air, you won't git 'em—not out o' this office!"  
"An' why not?"  
"Kaze I close to-night fer one week. In plain English, Bill, I'm a-goin' a-fishin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Always the Unattainable.**  
Small William, whose stomach had been taking a day off, was trying to make a next morning breakfast on grape fruit.

"I wish," he said, looking enviously at the generous supply of food on his little sister's plate, "I was well enough to eat bacon and eggs, too."  
"Huh!" exclaimed his little sister; "I wish I was sick enough to eat a grape fruit."

**Foolish Jack.**  
Nan—Why are you saving all of Jack's letters?  
Fan—Because he always adds as a postscript, "Burn this!"

## MRS. FRANK STROEBE



**A Remarkable Recovery.**  
Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R. F. D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength."  
"I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

**"OUCH, OH MY BACK"**

NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

# ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE 25c AND 50c

**\$133 Saved by Joining The Eilers 500 Piano Club**

You with 499 others co-operate in wholesale buying, and besides, we do not collect from widows and orphans of Club members, all of which is fully explained in our New Book, "An Invitation to Join in Wholesale Buying."

Eilers Piano House, Portland, Oregon; Please send booklet, "An Invitation to Join in Wholesale Buying" Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ P. N. U.

**EILERS PIANO HOUSE**  
353 Washington St., PORTLAND, OREGON

**No Mercy.**  
Mistress—Sarah Jane, what has happened?  
Sarah Jane—Oh, mum, I've fallen down the stairs and broken my neck!  
Mistress (firmly)—Well, whatever you've broken will be deducted from your wages.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

**Its Negative Quality.**  
"I never give medicine to my children," said Mrs. Lapsling, "that has any whisky in it. Whisky is poisonous. It contains too much refusal oil."—Chicago Tribune.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

**Sir Philip Sidney (Modern).**  
Mother—Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you've been smoking! (Pause)  
Poor darling, do you feel very bad?  
Bobby (who has been well brought up)—Thank you, I'm dying.—Punch.

**Uncle Allen.**  
"Lots of politicians," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "turn up their noses at the vice presidency when they lack a million miles of being in smelling distance of it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Information Cheerfully Doled Out.**  
Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is Y9whr/H apoth-ES TH AR O DILUN apothecaries' weight?  
Mr. Chugwater—Apothecaries' wait? It's the interval that elapses between the time when you give the apothecary a prescription and the time when he fills it. Can't you tell from the word itself?—Chicago Tribune.

## My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."—Mrs. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

**Ayer's**

P. N. U. No. 29-08

When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually; Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

## Portland Business College

"THE SCHOOL OF QUALITY"  
Better each year, and larger. We now have two floors 65 x 100 feet. Thorough work tells the story. It counts in the end, and we admittedly lead in this respect. Get our catalogue, penwork, etc., then judge for yourself as to quality.

A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL. B., Principal  
Tenth and Morrison • Portland, Oregon