

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

In line with the best modern productions of fiction which we are offering, this serial is timely, intensely entertaining and dramatic, and should be received with enthusiasm by every reader who delights in a bright, interesting story. It is entitled, "THE CHAUFFEUR AND THE JEWELS," and aside from the automobile element, which is fascinating, has a wide range in land and ocean travel and includes scenes and incidents of varied interest. The gifted authoress is EDITH MORGAN WILLETT, the story is finely written and interest is maintained to the very last chapter.

The heroine is Annette Bancroft, the daughter of a retired army officer, whose home is in Washington. Miss Bancroft and her mother pass a wonderful year visiting England in May, summer in Switzerland, the Tyrol in September and the winter in the Riviera, where their automobile was bought. They are robbed in a mysterious manner of very valuable jewels, and this incident forms the central point in the romance. Complications ensue and around these are grouped plot and counterplot and numerous incidents that are intensely depicted. There is a strong element of love and devotion all through the story, ending in a dramatic way that is original and striking.

This serial has a further element of fashionable society life that lends a pleasing variation to its development. The double impersonation, the loss of the jewels, the rapid change in scene, all continue to maintain the interest, and the result is a story of superior power and merit.

## CHAPTER I.

Springtime in France—a post's theme! The charm of a gray-blue sky strong with head-like clouds, of level fields, of distant spires and towers, of distant mountains on the horizon; and always the white road, gliding, undulating ahead, keeping step with the windings of the Seine!

It was with the satiation of after enjoyment that Annette at last closed her tired eyes and, leaning back on the crimson cushions of the tonneau, gave herself up to the twin luxuries of perfect motion and perfect air.

Chug-chug, snorted the motor as it swept ahead, consuming space at the rate of sixty kilometres an hour. Over the girl's head rolled a merry wind, now steeped in sunshine, and again chill with the breath of far-away ice fields. Behind lay Paris, left that very morning, and now only a confused, composite memory of delights which had been crowded into three delicious weeks. Ahead the telescopic eyes of the motor pointed to Havre; and then—Miss Bancroft shivered slightly—there would be the Channel crossing, Southampton, Liverpool, and eventually—Home!

Home! To the girl in the tonneau that magic word signified chiefly an abode in 8 street, one of Washington's fashionable thoroughfares, where bay-windowed "twenty-foot-fronters" elbow each other with offensive familiarity; where walls are narrow, and ceilings low, and the smell of cookery haunts the air.

It was in one of those so-called "desirable residences" that Annette's father—a retired army officer on half pay—and her two little brothers had been keeping bachelor's hall without her for the past year. However, Major Bancroft was a wise parent, as well as a kind-hearted if somewhat prosaic mortal, and when Mrs. Dick Waring, who was a distant cousin of his late wife's and a handsome woman to boot, had taken him off forcibly in her victoria one fine day of the previous spring, and begged "the loan of that nice girl of his for twelve months on the other side of the ocean," he had said "Yes" without hesitation.

After all, when a man has a penchant for doing his own marketing and divides his time satisfactorily between the club and his newspaper, an only daughter is not always indispensable—especially when she writes regularly and doesn't require an allowance. Besides, what an opportunity for the child! Europe at twenty-one! A wretched combination, even with an exacting chaperone to offset its charms.

"You know," Mrs. Waring had informed her proposed charge very frankly, "I've quarrelled with Julie—and, any way, one gets tired of travelling forever with a maid, as I've had to do ever since poor Dick departed this life—French women of that class have no ideas of speaking of and are such poor travellers. You won't mind looking me up behind sometimes, will you, dear, and packing my trunks? We'll have a beautiful time together and see everything within reach."

And so indeed they did, the wonderful year linking a chapter of experiences that Annette, like a good Catholic, was forever coming over and over.

England in May; summer in Switzerland; the Tyrol through September; then Italy—and a winter on the Riviera, where the automobile had been bought.

At this most exquisite point in Miss Bancroft's rosy recollections, a voice broke in upon them.

"Where are we now?" it demanded, in Mrs. Waring's clear, trenchant tones, that carried above the whistle of the wind.

"What's that in the distance, Sarto?"

"Chateau Gaillard, madame?" Then, to Annette, "There, to your right, see?"

Annette opened her eyes. Beside her the chauffeur was leaning forward and pointing to distant battlements. Far above the road to a rocky height the castle towered—a walled mass of ruins, blotting the fair landscape.

The two people on the front seat of the motor had turned their heads and were staring up.

"What's the use of stoppin' and over-haulin' that old den?" demanded the huge, broad-shouldered, thick-set personage who was grasping the steering wheel. "If we're goin' to reach Rouen this afternoon, we'd better push straight on and keep our nerve and muscles and temper for the cathedral. What say, Gussie?"

"All right," laconically agreed Mrs. Waring, and the car shot on. "Mr. Buist is not an admirer of ruins," remarked the chauffeur sotto-voce, and then, as his companion acquiesced with a whimsical shake of the head, he shrugged his leather-covered shoulders and sat staring at the Englishman's square back with eyes which glittered behind his goggles.

The chauffeur himself was not an ineffective figure, in spite of the goggles, the heavy brown beard, and brigand-like moustache, not to mention an automobile leech which could not quite obliterate the graceful lines of his person and the straightness of his nose.

Six weeks ago it was that he had appeared miraculously on the wide, shallow, orange-potted steps of the Hotel de Paris, at Monaco, at the very moment that Mrs. Waring was descending them, and, approaching her with a low bow, presented to her a coroneted missive, in which no less a personage than the Prince Rodrigo del Pino sang the praises of one Ludovic Sarto, who had managed his new forty-horse power touring car for two years in a trip which must have taken in all the corners of the globe, displaying nerve, resource and science in all motoring exigencies, besides intimate fellowship with Baedeker and "unusual linguistic ability." The effect of all this, endorsed by the coronet, had its influence on Gussie Waring, who engaged the paragon on the spot.

And so Ludovic Sarto steered the new Napier motor over the upper Cornice, down to Monaco and Monte Carlo, and finally up to Nice, where, Mr. Gerald Buist, an ancient ally of Mrs. Waring's (besides being second son of Lord Lindsay), appearing on the scene, the new chauffeur was relegated ignominiously to the tonneau and the society of Miss Bancroft.

A month is a long enough time to register an impression, and in Annette's diary it will be found recorded that there are worse things in this sad world than being whirled through space in a comfortable arm-chair, tete-a-tete with an agreeable individual who has apparently been everywhere and seen everything and who knows how to talk about it all in excellent idiomatic English.

"Chauffeurie," if there be such a word, is a curious craft, which admits of its votary working like a coal heater and engine driver combined, while at the same time preserving the manners and appearance of a gentleman.

"I know he's a gentleman," Annette told herself irrelevantly, and for the twentieth time, that June day, as they left Chateau Gaillard—a pin point on the sky line—speeding on to Andelys, which shimmered alluringly through a blue haze.

Above the front seat a veiled hat and a gray auto cap could be seen in close proximity, while their owners indulged in absent conversation, and the swinging car traced eccentric scallops on the broad road.

"We will be in the ditch without doubt if Messier Buist is not more careful," commented the chauffeur aside, in his precise foreign English. He bit his lip and scowled as the motor skimmed the edge of the roadway in a zigzag course of perilously acute angles.

The girl beside him laughed softly. "How you want to be on that front seat at this moment!" she ejaculated.

Sarto turned his head.

"Scusi, signorina?" he asked, eying his companion with an intent glance that carried above the whistle of the wind.

Annette Bancroft was not a beauty; the small oval face, with its delicate childlike features, had none of her cousin's emphatic brilliance. Nevertheless, the girl's shy gaze was full of potentiality—bits half uttered, yet unmistakable, of the charm that was to be.

"Why do you imagine that I covet the front seat, signorina?" he inquired curiously.

Again Annette laughed. "Ah! I know you must long to be at the helm again," she surmised sympathetically, "in your rightful place, with your hand on the steering wheel."

"In my rightful place?" echoed the chauffeur. The man had taken off his glasses—an unusual action with him—and without their somewhat grotesque protection his eyes gleamed out unfamiliarly; long, heavy-lidded brown eyes they

were, slightly raised at the corners, giving their owner the half-sad, half-wondering expression of an animal.

He smiled now—an odd, twisted smile. "It is not always that I have been on the front seat of a motor, signorina."

Then, breaking off abruptly, "This is Andelys," he said, in his usual tones. "That spire—it is a good piece of Norman architecture, do you not think so?"

But Annette only gazed absently ahead as the motor toiled through crooked streets at a pace that gave chickens and small children scant time to get out of the way.

When they had left the little town quite behind, she turned to her companion again. "Now I am going to make a conjecture," she abruptly spoken in French, the painfully correct French of the boarding school. "Do you know?" she flashed a little, inwardly surprised at her own audacity—"I've been wondering—tell me if I'm not right in fancying that at some time or other in the course of your life you've been a soldier; you know there is such an unmistakable mark to your shoulders."

The chauffeur smiled. "You have great discernment, mademoiselle," he said politely. "Yes, I have been in the Foreign Legion—you know nothing of that organization? It is an extraordinary affair, the Foreign Legion—his tones quickened, gaining a certain enthusiasm—the most marvelous chemical solution in existence, capable of depriving a man—any man—of his identity and turning him into a bit of military mechanism, neither more nor less. I served in the ranks for two years."

He stopped short, and as suddenly the light, the vigor of an unwonted exaltation, went out of his face, which settled into its habitual impassivity. Replacing his goggles, he lowered his cap over his eyes, and folding his arms sat looking imperturbably ahead down the long road—a motionless leather-cased figure suggestive of motor cars and night beside.

This attitude was not conducive to further confidence, but Annette Bancroft at twenty-one had all the instincts of a born biographer, and when once on the scent of possible romance was not to be turned aside.

"I suppose," she hazarded at last, joining the loose ends of his unfinished story, "that after you left the army you took this up?"

Her companion hesitated, twisting his long, brigand-like moustaches.

"Well, not immediately," he responded guardedly, still speaking in French. "I got down here by degrees; that is the way it generally happens. Let me see—I started by tutoring a bit in Switzerland; the boy had consumption and died in less than a year. After that one took up what came easiest. The transitions do not amount to much, but"—he laughed suddenly, a frank, gay, wonderfully light-hearted laugh—"in the course of my checkered career I have been respectively guide, courier, croupier, and even cabman on occasions, besides officiating as motor pilot for various racy individuals—not, of course, including His Highness the Prince del Pino."

He paused with a faint shrug of the shoulders.

For an instant the girl gazed at him, with eyes that were unnaturally dilated.

"How interesting!" she murmured at last, inadequately.

The chauffeur made a slight bow. "Rouen already?" he ejaculated, dismissing the subject and glancing around, then relapsing into his careful, conscientious English.

"See you our auberge at the end of that little street? How have we made the run?" He pulled out his watch. "Good! Seventy kilometres in as many minutes."

Whiz! buzz! sang the motor, its breath expiring like a wounded sky-rocket, as it drew up in front of a red brick Normanese facade.

"Sarto?" called Mrs. Waring peremptorily.

She stood, minus her dust-cloak and goggles, a dazzling tailor-made vision with a big bunch of violets at her waist, smiling with unwonted graciousness to the chauffeur, who hastened to do her bidding. Then, accepting his hand, regardless of the Englishman beside her, the landlady in the doorway, and an obsequious commis-voyager who was pressing forward to her assistance, she stepped nimbly to the ground and passed into the inn, followed by her cousin.

Mr. Gerald Buist with an expressionless countenance snarled off to the postoffice, wondering "what possessed Gussie Waring to make such a fool of herself," but the man whom she had delighted to honor stood by the motor reentered to the ground, gazing in a rapt, reverential way at his leather-covered gloves.

### Only an Office Boy.

"If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarned," said an insurance agent, "just watch the office boys in your own or any other place of business. In four cases out of five the thing will come out this way:

"A new boy is engaged. He is meek and mild, apologetic of bearing and courteous of speech. He is apparently seeking an excuse for darning to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the hand office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style. Sush rudeness pains him.

"Note this boy a little later. His rule superior has resigned or been dismissed, and he is now head office boy. He is meek and mild, apologetic and reproachful? Say, he's a worse young ruffian than his predecessor—bullyrags the newcomer, ignores the cuspidor, uses language not fit to print and comes dangerously near 'sassing' his employer. He knows it all, and a little more.

"There are exceptions, but they prove the rule."—New York Globe.

### The Wrong One.

Lady—I'm looking for a governess for my children.

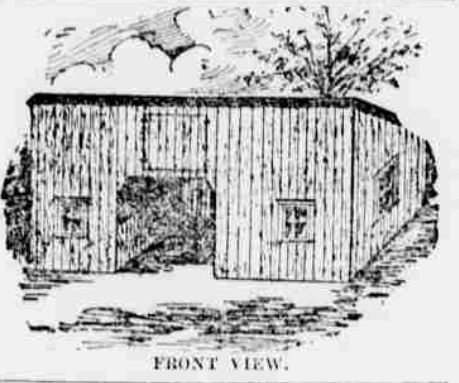
Manager of Intelligence Office—Didn't we supply you with one last week?

"Yes."

"Well, madam, according to her report, you don't need a governess. You need a lion tamer.—Life.

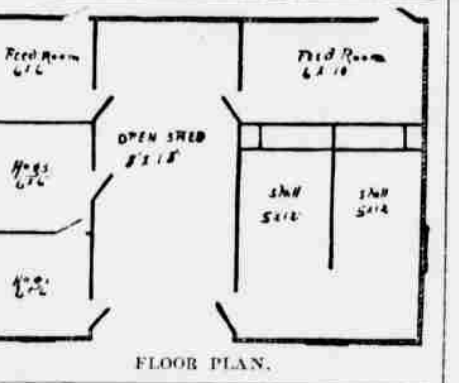


**A Handy Small Barn.**  
A Missouri subscriber of Farm and Home forwards a device for a handy and inexpensive barn, and in describing same says: "Many small farmers, poultrymen, fruit and truck growers have no use for a large barn such as



FRONT VIEW.

those usually published by the papers. I send the plan here illustrated in the hope that it will be of some use to those wishing a small barn. It is 18x24 feet on the ground and divided as shown in the floor plan. The open shed is used for tools, a wagon, buggy, or a shop, and sometimes simply as a place to store manure. In some of the colder States doors should be provided for the shed, and possibly the partitions extended to the ceiling. The structure is ten feet at the eaves and fourteen to sixteen feet in front. The loft is floored over eight feet above the grade line. This provides ample storage space for hay and rough feed and the two feed rooms are ample for grain and bran. These may be floored or not, as desired. The outer walls are boarded up and down and battened. The roof should be covered with some rather tight material not over eight inches wide, and this is turned over with any of the prepared roofing felt now on the market. The barn has been built several times at a price ranging from \$50 to \$80, and can be built some cheaper where native lumber is used. When neatly painted it will make a very good appearance. I was prompted to submit the sketch from several articles written by subscribers stating that small barn plans never appeared in the journals, and as it is very evident that they can only publish such article as are submitted,



FLOOR PLAN.

possibly the readers are at fault and not the journals. I hope the above plan will be found useful to many."

### Mixed Breeding.

In mixed breeding, or cross breeding, nothing is accomplished beyond the first cross, says a Colorado veterinary bulletin. While a few good individuals may be secured, the tendency is for the progeny to be below rather than above the average. A man conducting his breeding in a haphazard way is contending with fearful odds, groping in the dark following a will-o'-the-wisp. In a hundred years he would be just where he started. Incidentally this is just what we have been doing in this country from the beginning, and the reason why we have so few pure breeds of live stock and are, after all this time, sending our good money across the water for pure-bred sires which we should produce at home.

After animals have been graded up to a practical purity of blood, the longer they are bred along this line the more prepotent they become, and the more certain that the offspring will uniformly possess general excellence of form, quality, action and utility.

The same is, of course, true of all live stock. The only certain method of raising the average standard of excellence is by persistent breeding to sires of the same breed until the native blood is obliterated and the progeny uniformly possesses all those desirable qualities of the pure breed employed.

### Don't Neglect the Garden.

In summer the farmer has plenty of work on hand, and work that must have prompt attention, but the work needed in the garden is that which he should least neglect. His living depends on it, at least he ought to think so, and act on that belief. It is certain that there is no other part of his entire work so important to the health and comfort of his family and himself, and the actual saving of expenses which a bounteous garden insures is a feature which alone warrants him in making a good garden, no matter what other work may cause him to defer. It is presumed that he has by this time of year made all necessary preparations for a supply of fruit for family use during the entire summer, and much of the provision for a supply of staple vegetables should be completed, but there is time for much more, and it will not pay to neglect it.

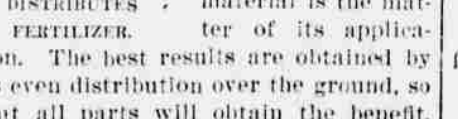
**Weaning Pigs.**  
It will soon be time to take young pigs from the sows, and in weaning them much care will be necessary to avoid stunting them or stopping their growth. When about three weeks old the young pigs will begin to look around for feed, and a pen should then be provided for them where they can be coaxed and given a little fresh milk—it takes very little at first—after they have once tasted the milk they may be easily called to their feed. Corn should be constantly kept in this pen and the little pigs have free access to it at all times. Milk or swill should be fed to them, a little at first, and increased gradually daily. It will be beneficial to give them all the fresh, clean swill they will drink up clean at each feed. Never feed little pigs anything sour, or so much swill that it will stand in the trough and sour. Feed them this way until you see that the sow is dried up, then remove her and the pigs will be weaned.

### United States Forest Land.

The United States Forest Service, now has administration over more than 364,000,000 acres of land. This is slightly more than one-fifth of the country's total forested area; the remainder is in the hands of private owners. Nearly all the timber land of the unappropriated public domain is now in the national forests. This means that it is being protected against fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation; that its power to grow wood and store water is being safeguarded for all time, and that nevertheless its present supply of useful material is open to immediate use whenever it is wanted.

### Distributes Fertilizer.

Fertilizer is the life of the farm. The man who applies it generously is rewarded by large and fine crops, but the farmer who is sparing with the soil rejuvenator pays the penalty with decreasing crops until he discovers that his ground is "worked out." Next to the use of this valuable material is the matter of its application.



DISTRIBUTES FERTILIZER.

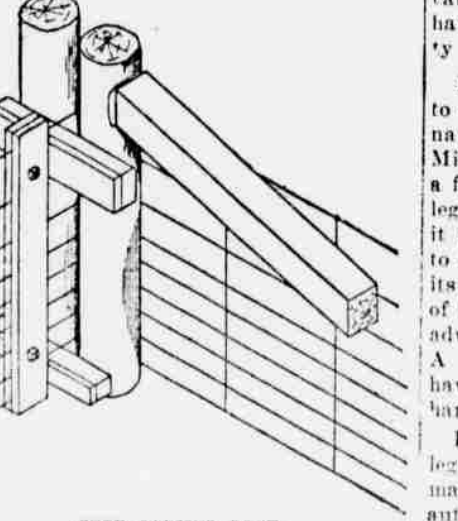
The best results are obtained by its even distribution over the ground, so that all parts will obtain the benefit. Where it is scattered in lumps and heaps, much of its virtue is lost. In order to accomplish this operation in the most approved manner the apparatus shown herewith has been invented by a Virginia genius. He claims that it is the most effective and compact of all the machines for the purpose, and besides this it is capable of very fine adjustment, so that the amount of fertilizer may be regulated to a nicety.

### Seeding Clover.

There are customs which are rigidly adhered to in the sowing or planting of staple crops. Clover is usually sown on wheat land in the spring, the seed being scattered over the ground when it is covered with snow in order to facilitate the work. One of the rigid rules is to sow a certain quantity of seed (as little as possible if seed is high), and should the stand be light the cause is ascribed to everything but the quantity of seed that has been used. That fact is that seed should be used more liberally, as much of it is destroyed in various ways before germination, the saving of seed causing a loss of clover. Another point is to harrow the wheat, seed down the clover and then use a roller on the land. The better the preparation for clover, the more seed will germinate and the more perfect the "catch."

### Corner Post for Wire Fence.

This contrivance is intended for the attachment of a portable woven wire fence at the ends. Two posts cleated



GOOD CORNER POST.

together at both top and bottom about four inches apart are set in line with the fence at each end. Two pieces of one by four inch oak are bolted on the fence in the form of clamps, placing one on each side of an upright wire to prevent slipping of the laterals.

### Skim Milk for Chickens.

The West Virginia experiment station made a 122-day test to determine the value of the skim milk as a chicken feed. They selected twenty-two hens and fed them skim milk with the result that they secured 1,244 eggs in this time. Another lot of twenty-two hens fed with mash wet with water laid 126 eggs in the 122 days.

### Best Soil for Beets.

Beets will grow well on any kind of soil except a hard, compact clay. The ideal soil is a mellow, moist one, preferably a sandy loam. Well-rotted manure should be applied to the poorer soils, the amount depending on the condition of the soil.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 431—John d'Arc burned at Rouen.
- 1643—Union of the New England colonies.
- 1672—Peter the Great of Russia born at Moscow.
- 1794—French fleet defeated in the Bay of Biscay by the English under Lord Howe.
- 1813—English defeated the Americans at battle of Sackett's Harbor.
- 1814—Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon, died at Malmaison.
- 1822—Opening of the Rideau canal.
- 1835—Pope Pius X. (Giuseppe Sarto) born.
- 1848—Wisconsin admitted to the Union.
- 1864—Sheridan joined Grant before Richmond.
- 1871—Canada issued its first post cards.
- 1876—Several hundred houses destroyed by fire in Quebec.
- 1880—Garfield and Arthur nominated by the Republican national convention at Chicago.
- 1889—Texas Spring Palace opened at Fort Worth.
- 1890—The Texas Spring Palace in Fort Worth burned.
- 1903—Last performance given in the historic Boston museum.
- 1905—Lewis and Clark exposition opened at Portland, Ore.... President Roosevelt offered his services as a mediator to end the war between Russia and Japan.
- 1907—Widow of President McKinley buried at Canton.... The Waters-Pierce Oil Company having been found guilty of violating the anti-trust laws of Texas, was fined \$1,623,900.

# SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The will of Henry Blount, an eccentric miser of Hertfordshire, England, leaving \$465,000 to Yale university, was admitted to probate at London, although relatives expected to show that his mind was unbalanced. Yale will get the money.

Freshmen and sophomores from the University of Minnesota engaged in a lively battle at a dancing academy in Minneapolis and it took a squad of police and a number of men armed with buckets of water to subdue them. The sophomores attempted to cut the hair of the freshmen boys who attended a class party.

The Virginia high school debating team claims the Minnesota State championship for 1908, on the grounds of having met and defeated the strongest teams in the debating league, including the teams of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also on the recent challenge issued to meet any team in the league or out of the league. Gold medals are being struck for the members of the team.

D. H. Burnham of Chicago and Walter Cook of New York, the two distinguished architects, who with W. M. Kenyon of Minneapolis, have been chosen as judges to pass upon the merits of the plans submitted in the open competition for improving and beautifying the greater campus of the University of Minnesota, have begun their examination of the twenty plans submitted by architects.

Negotiations are under way in St. Paul to secure the Minnesota college, a Scandinavian Lutheran institution, now located in Minneapolis. The college was established a few years ago. Since that time the college has prospered and grown so that it needs more room. It has been unable to secure property in the neighborhood of its present location, and the authorities of the institution are now considering the advisability of removing it to St. Paul. A committee of St. Paul business men have the matter of aiding the college in hand.

President Swain of Swarthmore College has announced that the board of managers will be asked by the faculty to authorize the abandonment of intercollegiate athletic contests for at least one year, and that the football and basketball games scheduled for next year be canceled. But contests in the milder form, such as tennis and lacrosse, may be continued. The decision is based on complaints of members of the faculty and of the alumni that "the desire to win has come to over shadow the legitimate purpose of athletics to such an extent as to form a serious menace to the primary purpose of college life." The Athletic Advisory Committee is willing that the experiment be tried, but believes that it will not be found to be in the best interests of Swarthmore.

President Dabney of the University of Cincinnati has asked for the resignation of Prof. H. H. Rowden of the department of philosophy because of the private views held by the latter on the question of marriage. It was said that the request was inspired by the disclosures made by Mrs. Rowden concerning the effect of her husband's peculiar views on their home life. He holds that comradeship should be the only tie between man and wife on the spiritual plane, and that where this does not exist separation should be made as simple as possible.