

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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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 flashed 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 in and 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 seized the hamper, followed his employer into the inn.

There, while Annette Bancroft piled up the quaint Rorer 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 medieval architecture with his employer as if he had been doing that sort of thing all his life.

The bells of Rouen were ringing for vespers 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 faintly 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 Jumièrre? 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 flippant matter-of-factness, and the chauffeur pulled himself swiftly into step.

"France is pretty safe going," he reas-

sured 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."

"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 poignant 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 lurch, changing into an ominous 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 of those 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 outlined 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; he 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 tea-party 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 responding to the scene—the man (for the moment she had lost sight of the chauffeur).

(To be continued.)

A Big Grasshopper.

A geographical expedition which set out for Australia on an exploring and mapping tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was enroute a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman exceedingly.

"You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the native who was guiding the party.

"Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most politely.

"Well, there must be mighty powerful high grass roundabouts, heh?" he insisted.

"Not that I know of," replied the guide. "Why do you ask such odd questions?"

"Why, I'll tell you, boss, I was thinkin' of the mighty uncommon magnitude of them grasshoppers."—Kansas City Independent.

Tableau.

"Cyrus, did you mail that letter I handed you this morning just before you started from home?"

"I did, Emily. You had stamped it, I presume?"

"Why, no, I expected you to do that."

"Well, I didn't."

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.

China strictly prohibits the holding of mass meetings for political purposes in all parts of the empire.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Story of an Amateur Poultryman.

About the most sensible and I might add, also, the most profitable, beginning I ever saw made in the poultry business was by a young clerk, who lived in the suburbs of a near-by city. He sustained a severe attack of the "hen fever," and, as is the usual occurrence, became enthused over the "enormous" profits to be made with poultry. He did not, however, allow his enthusiasm to get the best of the better judgment, and cause him to resign his clerkship and immediately embark in the poultry business on a more or less extended scale, as has so frequently occurred; but, instead, he held on to his clerkship, fixed up a good, comfortable little house on a back lot, bought a dozen standard-bred hens and a rooster at a dollar a head, of a neighboring fancier, and thus made his start.

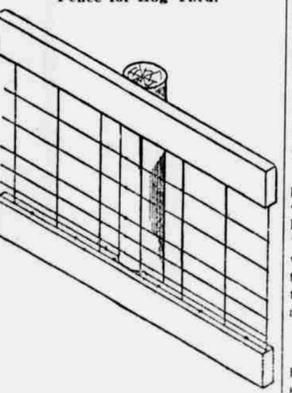
This was early in the spring; during the spring and summer he furnished the family table with eggs and chickens, and, besides, hatched and raised something like a hundred young chicks. Out of these he retained twenty-five of the best pullets for breeders, and, of course, at the same time enlarging his house room; and so, by the next spring, we find that his business has, from natural causes, tripled itself, and all this time our friend has been steadily and rapidly gaining in practical knowledge of the business.

This natural increase continued for another year or two, and by this time he had his business so firmly established on a paying basis that he was justified in buying a small farm out at the edge of town, and then and there becoming a full-fledged poultryman, making this his exclusive occupation. Speaking of profits, he recently told me that he scarcely managed to meet expenses the first year, the second year he slightly more than kept even, while subsequent years have not failed to show a nice little sum on the right side of the ledger.—Outing.

Experiment Station Bulletin.

It always has been and always will be true that scientists can but point the way and practical men must demonstrate in a practical way all new developments along the line of improvement in agricultural and breeding problems. Our experiment stations are doing excellent work and are not only introducing new ideas, but are also condemning practices that were considered good by those who thought they were right but had no way of demonstrating their propositions. Practical men should be slow to discredit the work of these institutions and should work in harmony with them for the general uplift of the cause which they are all trying to better. The accessibility of the work done at these stations makes it easy for every one to keep in close touch with the work being done. The bulletins issued are cheerfully sent to all who will apply for them without cost to the recipient, so that there is no excuse for any one not knowing just what is being done by these hard-working scientists who are always glad to spread the news of new discoveries or new ideas. If you are not getting these bulletins regularly from your own experiment station it is your own fault.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Fence for Hog Yard.



Small yards for hogs require very tight fences either of boards or wire. The plan shows cedar posts set less than eight feet apart. At the top and bottom are two by six inch planks set into the posts and there are seven lateral wires.

Destroying Pocket Gophers.

The Nebraska Experiment Station has been investigating the destruction of pocket gophers. As effective and at the same time inexpensive methods as can be employed are: Trapping when done properly and in conformity with the animal's habits; poisoning under certain restrictions and careful practices; shooting at certain times and under some conditions; and lastly the protection of the natural enemies of the animals. It is urged that barn owls, the long-tailed weasels and bulisnakes especially be spared, since all these animals are particularly noted as enemies of pocket gophers wherever they are found.

"CHILDREN'S EVANGELIST."

Miss Gamlin, whose work among the young is very successful. The Children's Evangelist is the title bestowed upon Miss Alice Miriam Gamlin, of New York, the superintendent of the evangelistic department of the State Sunday School Association. She has made a special study of evangelistic work among children and has met with remarkable success. She has simple but direct methods of reaching boys and girls. To even the careless and indifferent child she seems to be able to make the truths of the Christian religion attractive. She brings before the children the beautiful ideals and the wealth of wisdom which are



MISS ALICE M. GAMLIN.

contained in the lessons of the Bible in a manner which always appeals to them.

Miss Gamlin is a native of Worcester, Mass., and went through a course of thorough training to fit her for the work in which she is engaged. Five of her seven years in this branch of religious work have been spent in New York. All during the summer season she conducts meetings in the metropolis in tents, which seat from 300 to 500. She is a woman of great natural ability and of wonderful personal magnetism.



A college youth is rarely as old as he talks.

All the world's a stage, and most of us are in the gallery.

The things we turn up our noses at are the things we can't understand.

A girl may make a sweeping assertion without knowing how to handle a broom.

Strawberries come and go, but the boarding house circles the prune is perennial.

A man has to have a mighty good disposition to be willing to admit he hasn't.

Engaging manners are an asset in other circles besides the matrimonial market.

If a woman can't find any other way to enjoy herself she will do it by having the blues.

The reason women have so few bad habits is they have such queer ideas of what fun is.

There's nothing makes a man so proud of his brains as for somebody else in the family to have them.

A girl always has an idea that if she knew any dukes most of them would want to marry her.—New York Press.

Tennis Rackets.

What most affects the life of the gut in a lawn tennis racket is dampness, says the New York Sun. Nowadays rackets are strung so tight that the strings break with even greater frequency than before. The idea is that tight gut sends the ball with greater force from the very tense surface. The dampness gets right after these very taut strings. A lawn tennis man was explaining recently what precautions have to be taken in sending rackets abroad:

"When first we began to send them, to Bermuda, for instance," he said, "we put them merely in waterproof covers. Greatly to our surprise we learned that the entire first shipment had arrived with strings broken. We tried the same packing again, with the same result."

"Then we realized what was the trouble and packed the rackets in tin boxes. Each box was carefully soldered up and that made them airtight and damp proof."

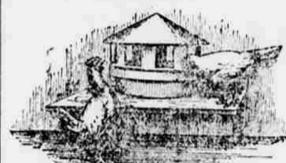
The lawn tennis man explained a new wrinkle of players. At the end of a season some of them have all the gut cut out of a favorite racket. This is done because if the gut were left in a string might break in the winter and put the strain all on the side of the frame, warping it.

"With a favorite racket they think it better to pay for restringing them than to run those chances," said he. "It doesn't hurt a racket to restring it; really it helps and improves it."

Even an empty-headed man is capable of getting full.

Water Pans for Poultry.

In the construction of a water pan for poultry some provision should be made to keep out dust and litter. The forms shown in the illustration permit fowls to drink from different sides at



DRINKING PAN FOR POULTRY.

one time and presents the smallest possible space for filth to enter. The round bottom top prevents the fowls roosting upon it. It may be fixed on a platform high enough to prevent the litter being rescratched into it.

Squash Bugs.

The squash bug never lays its eggs on the stem, unless by accident, but the under side of the leaves. The eggs are of a dark chestnut color, globular in form, and exist in clusters. They may be found by turning up the leaves, when the eggs may be crushed. Another insect deposits its eggs on the stem; this is the borer. The larvae, as soon as hatched, eat into the stem, and are then difficult to dislodge. One of the most effectual remedies against enemies of the squash is a solution of saltpeter, which is prepared by dissolving a teaspoonful in a quart of water and sprinkling it over the plant, though sawdust, saturated with turpentine, is also used on the ground around each plant with success.

Sanitary Poultry Nest.

The present-day tendency to employ sanitary measures in the dairy, the stable, the doghouse, etc., has at last extended to the poultry yard. The industrious hen is to be provided with a sanitary nest which can be readily washed and scrubbed as occasion demands. This recent development is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The nest is made of wire and is supported in a suitable housing, both of which can be removed from the chicken house when cleaning is necessary. When thus removed they can be conveniently placed in a suitable receptacle containing boiling water and thoroughly cleansed of all impurities and undesirable insects.

Denatured Alcohol School.

As a result of plans which have been matured by Secretary James Wilson of the department of agriculture, there will be established shortly in his department at Washington a denatured alcohol school. This will include a small but complete distilling outfit, including vats, worms, engines and other necessary apparatus, while it will be the aim of the secretary and his specialists to give a practical demonstration of what denatured alcohol is, how it is made and from what products it is made and from what products it is made and from what products it is made.

Harvesting at Right Time.

Pick vegetables with the dew on; they are superior to those picked in the hot sun. Beans, however, must be picked when dry; if vines or fruit are handled when wet they will rust. The following are better picked before full sized: String beans, beets, carrots, corn, cucumbers, peas, radishes and squash. Don't allow seed to ripen on the plants or they will stop bearing.