

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

At last, however, thinking that the silence was growing a little too significant, "What is that gray thing around us?" she queried frantically, straining her eyes into the gloom; "perhaps it's a marsh by daylight."

The chauffeur drew a long breath. "Is it a marsh?" he asked. "To me all this seems a corner of paradise, an oasis in a pretty long dry desert!"

He pulled himself up anxiously, gazing at his companion and wondering if he had gone too far; but Gussie only stared absently ahead into the gloom.

"I don't take much stock in oases," she objected, dreamily. "My experience is that they generally turn out to be private property, forbidden to trespassers, or else are so fenced in by restrictions as to take away all the pleasure, or what is worst of all," she gave a little sigh—"they vanish into a mirage, leaving one in the desert as tired and thirsty as before."

"Then some one else knows what it is to be tired and thirsty?" commented the chauffeur, with significance.

Mrs. Waring inclined her head. "And yet," she said, with a hard little laugh, "my good friends will tell you that I have done nothing all my life but eat and drink and be merry!"

There was another silence, while the fire dies wove a mystic dance in the long, lush grass, and by the roadside the chauffeur stood motionless, his usually alert brain in a whirl, his keen senses for the moment drugged, paralyzed by the overpowering magnetism of the woman beside him.

After a few moments Mrs. Waring turned her head, to find a pair of strange eyes fixed upon her own in a glowing, inexplicable gaze.

"Well, what is it now?" she asked, half involuntarily, little realizing the consequences of her remark.

"What it has been from the start," declared an impassioned voice beside her, speaking in a husky, chaotic mixture of broken English and French. "Ah! it is unjust, it is cruel to be so adorable, so irresistible!"

The man was lying on his knees by this time, feeling excitedly for her gloved hands.

"Ah! mia bella!" he sighed brokenly; but here an interruption occurred—the scene changed abruptly.

With a quick recoil Gussie was on her feet, gathering her skirts about her instinctively; then drawing herself to her full height she looked down, favoring the prostrate chauffeur with an icy, disdainful stare from head to foot. After a moment, turning negligently away, "Sarto," she ordered, in the impersonal tone with which one addresses a servant, "just put my wraps and that cushion in the tonneau, please; I think I hear Mr. Buist returning."

She was not mistaken. From the distance came a low rattle of approaching wheels, accompanied by the crackling of a whip, and, as the chauffeur pulled himself dizzily together, a spidery object came into view around the bend in the road, resolving itself speedily into a high dog cart and galloping horse, while, lit up by the swinging lamps, Gerald's countenance, tense with annoyance and suspicion, peered down at the two figures by the roadside.

"Here's that time," he said shortly, tossing a miscellaneous parcel in the direction of the chauffeur. Then, to Gussie: "Miss Bancroft preferred to stay at the hotel," he vouchsafed briefly; "so I got a trap and came right back. I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Waring rewarded him with an unusually grateful smile. "Thank you very much," she said. There was a nervous tremble in her voice as she stood beside the trap looking up at its driver. "Give me a hand, Gerald."

And over her shoulder, to the man behind, "You will hear from me about the car later," she said casually. "Just come up to the hotel for directions."

Five seconds later the dog cart with its two occupants was off in a whirl of dust, leaving a wounded motor prone by the ditch side, and a yet more deeply wounded chauffeur standing in the middle of the road, uttering strange, uncouth maledictions, as he vowed an eternal vendetta.

## CHAPTER III.

At the end of the Rue Royal in the city of Havre, the Hotel Maritime obtrudes its huge frontal development, pressing the great port-cochere hospitably into the street.

The lights were all burning in the windows when the chauffeur shot by at a late hour that night, intent only on getting his motor into the garage at the back without attracting notice.

In the big shed two other panting, steaming monsters were being rubbed down by their attendant slaves, and, laying off his leather coat, Sarto set to work on the motor, the sharp exercise of polishing heating his chilled pulses and furnishing some outlet for the fierce restlessness that was consuming him.

He was on his knees beside the car, manipulating the oil can with artistic nicety, when steps sounded on the pavement outside, and a colossal shadow fell across the chauffeur's line of vision.

"My ward, Sarto, that you?" came in a hated English drawl; then, as there was no response from the garage, after a moment Buist's massive head and shoulders shot up above the gateway.

"I say," he observed sardonically, "thought you were by way of being a chauffeur! How many hours does it take you to put on a new tire?"

Sarto did not reply, and for an instant the Englishman silently eyed the shirt-sleeved figure before him with cold observation. It was this common workman, redolent of petrol, that Mrs. Waring had seen fit to constitute her cavalier for six leisure hours. The sooner he was shown his proper place the better.

Gerald's teeth closed vindictively on his cigar.

"See that you give that machine a jolly

good polishin' while you're about it," he ordered at last, with a harsh authority that was almost arrogance. "She's got to be in decent shape for shippin' by tomorrow mornin' at latest." He turned on his heel, and then, with added sharpness, "Hear what I say? Have her ready to go on to Southampton by the next boat."

What happened next was a complete surprise to Gerald Buist.

Up to this point, by a superhuman effort the chauffeur had kept himself in hand, but now his face had become livid with suppressed fury, and between his curled black lips his teeth gleamed suggestively.

It was a somewhat terrifying figure that shot up suddenly not a foot away, with brown, sinuous fingers writing unpleasantly near the Englishman's throat.

"I take my orders from Mrs. Waring, and no one else," came in a sibilant whisper.

From his overpowering vantage of height and bulk the Anglo-Saxon looked down on the fiery Latin with blank astonishment, which gradually gave place to a dawning amusement.

"You little foreigner, here," raising his voice, "get out of my way!"

Forth went his huge arm with unexpected directness, brushing the slight Southerner contemptuously aside, much as a self-respecting house dog might dispose of a vagrant cur. Then turning on his heel, the Englishman sauntered nonchalantly towards the hotel, trolling one of Chavallier's Coster songs in his stentorian haritone.

Staggering back against the garage door, a dusty, oily figure straightened itself with a muttered curse and looked after the retreating one.

"An apoplexy on thee!" it sobbed in Venetian patois. "Dog of an Englishman! I will remember this forever!"

It was Annette's gentlemanly companion of the tonneau. Gone Mrs. Waring's romantic lover. Alas! It was a very plebeian chauffeur that some time later crawled abjectly into the garage.

The next morning dawned overcast, with a soggy wind blowing off the Channel, and a chill saltiness in the air that suggested to the shivery Sarto an occasional glass of absinthe at the cafe around the corner. However, he kept himself for the most part in the garage, from which the back windows of the Maritime were visible, varying the monotony of his work at intervals by a saunter into the lobby of the hotel, haunting especially that region around the telephone, in restless expectation of a message which did not come.

It was about noon that the machine stood ready for shipping, packed by the chauffeur's experienced hands into a shapeless, hide-bound mass, and not until then did Sarto let himself off with stiff alacrity for a much-needed bath and shave.

Some time later, obedient to the long expected telephone message, the chauffeur presented himself at Mrs. Waring's sitting room—to find, with an odd mixture of regret and relief, that Annette Bancroft was the only one to be seen.

"Come right in," the girl said at once, her genial smile making him realize remorsefully how utterly he had forgotten of late his little comrade of the tonneau.

"As you see, I'm in the depths of packing," she waved her hands towards a collection of trunks and their contents scattered promiscuously around the room. "Won't you sit down?"

But Sarto remained standing.

"I came to report about the car, signorina," he said, with a certain sibilant dignity. "It's all ready for shipping."

"Oh, dear!" the girl's face fell unconsciously, and as unconsciously Sarto found himself watching her, his bruised senses reviving under her friendliness, with a startled sudden consciousness of something about her which he had felt before.

Just a waft, subtle, elusive, intangible, of that divine essence which has been labelled Charm!

"Oh, yes," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "The poor car! Mr. Buist is going to find a purchaser in England. We shall never see it again. Well," with a fatalistic shrug of her shoulders, "there's no use lamenting the inevitable! I must tell Mrs. Waring you're here. Just wait a moment," and she turned away, the complete unconsciousness of her manner assuring the chauffeur more strongly than words that Gussie had kept her own counsel thus far.

There was a sense of relief in this discovery, and, as the door closed behind her, he was able to glance around, taking stock of his surroundings with a faint, detached interest and curiosity.

The room was a comfortable one, boasting of a writing table, lounge and various easy chairs, the last heaped with feminine effects from the trunks, which, ranged around the four walls, had overflowed in every direction. A driving rug which the chauffeur recognized as flung casually on the floor, and a well-known khaki motor cloak lay beside it in a huddled, human-looking mass. In fact, the whole place was overwhelmingly suggestive of Gussie, and, stung by a hornet host of recollections, Sarto began to pace up and down, realizing again with intolerable distinctness the full bitterness of last night's humiliation—his own mad recklessness and folly! Self-disgust added fuel to his fury, fanning it by degrees into a burning, unreasoning malevolence towards Gussie which craved some outlet.

In the man's supersensitive state every feature of his present position—even such minor annoyances as the jangling clock on the mantle-piece, the uncomfortably roaring fire beneath—contributed to the sum of his misery, exasperating his nerves beyond bearing. It was with a sense of positive injury that he glared at the small prim grate opposite, and then, rapidly crossing the room, dashed out the window next to it.

He leaned out heavily. Ah—! but the stinging salty gust was good! Stepping nearer to get more of it, his boot

heel sank into something soft and mushy—one of Gussie's feather boas—and bending down Sarto picked the thing up and glanced down uncertainly into the steamer trunk beside him.

Some minutes passed; the Swiss clock on the mantel ticked on loudly and the fire crackled as obtrusively as before; but they were alike unheeded by the man on his knees by the steamer trunk, staring down into it with an odd mixture of interest and incredulity.

"No, I don't go as far as that," Gussie's light voice was again in his ears, blurred by the rush of the motor car. "But I do take the precaution of hiding my diamonds away in an ancient chamois glove case down at the bottom of a hat trunk."

How the speech came back to him! Was it possible that that innocent looking shapeless object at which he was gazing really contained Mrs. Waring's jewels? Mechanically the chauffeur put his hand down and touched it. Then, his curiosity getting the better of every other consideration, he lifted the parcel out and looked it over interestingly.

Certainly the chamois glove case did not contain gloves!

As the thought spun through his brain, a door on the opposite side of the hall opened and two voices became suddenly audible. With a swift realization of his position, Sarto turned and, leaning over, was on the point of lowering the parcel back into its rightful corner of the trunk, when Gussie's clear tones, carrying distinctly through the crack in the hall door, made him pause.

"See him again?" she enunciated, evidently in answer to a question. "Good heavens! Say farewell to my own chauffeur, a sort of servant? You must be daft. Give the man his pay" (the last words came out with hard, half-sneering emphasis) "and let him go!"

There was a whispered response and the voice sank, but too much had been already heard. The mischief was done. Before Annette closed the intervening door, the listener in the sitting room, yielding to a sudden, inexplicable impulse to avenge himself, had taken the fatal step.

And yet, in spite of his knavery, he was not all knave—only (like many of us poor mortals) no more a demon than an angel, merely a sensitive human instrument, capable of fine harmonies and hideous discords, responding all involuntarily, at times, to the player's whim—the touch of the moment.

When Annette came into the sitting room a moment later, the chauffeur was standing by the opposite window, his hands behind his back, a faint, inscrutable smile on his dark face.

"Mrs. Waring wanted me to give you this," she said, going up to him with embarrassment and holding out a small square envelope.

Then, as he took it with a mumbled word of thanks, the girl retreated hurriedly to the fireplace and stood, her back to it, fidgeting restlessly with her handkerchief.

"You see," she began, apologetically. "Mrs. Waring is very tired and had to send her message by me."

She stole a glance at the man, who was looking steadily at the floor, and then went on with rapidity, "I am so sorry it's all over! How we've enjoyed it—the motor—and everything!"

There was a catch of regret in her voice and she paused doubtfully. "I suppose you will take charge of some other motor now?"

Sarto did not meet her eyes. "No," he said, "I think I will give up that for the present." His tone raised a certain barrier, and Annette did not pursue the subject.

"Well," she said, with determined cheerfulness, "then I wish you every success in whatever you undertake. Perhaps—how knows, Sarto?"—she smiled a little uncertainly—"we may meet again some day."

"Who knows?" echoed the chauffeur, seriously. He moved away from the window very slowly, with his face still carefully averted. Reaching the door, "It is adieu, then," he said, with a slight formality, "and thanks to you, Signorina, for your so great kindness—one does not forget!"

His voice shook the least bit.

With swift steps Annette came towards him. "Good-by, and good luck, Sarto," she said, impulsively, holding out her hand.

But the chauffeur shrunk back. Grasping the door knob, he made a stiff, military salute, his eyes fixed steadily on the girl's outstretched hand—and then, "Addio, signorina," he repeated firmly, and closed the door behind him.

(To be continued.)

## A ROYAL DENTIST.

The Story of a Tooth Pulling by Peter the Great.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy. The Czar asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, your majesty," said the man, "my wife is suffering the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out."

"If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it. Take me to her at once."

When they arrived the woman declared that she was not suffering at all; there was nothing the matter with her.

"That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suffering tortures."

"Hold her head and hands," said the Czar. "I will have it out in a minute." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid profuse thanks from the husband.

What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.—Argonaut.

## The Truth.

Fear is not in the habit of speaking truth. When perfect sincerity is expected, perfect wisdom must be allowed. Nor has any one who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth any cause to wonder that he does not hear it.—Tacitus.



## The Family Melon Patch.

Many who pride themselves on a good garden and are fond of melons never attempt to grow them. "Cuepor to buy at 25 cents each?" Maybe for the first two or three, but if you would like or dozen or two, enough that if company comes unexpectedly and there is no dessert for dinner, the melons can richly replace the pastry—that is a different matter.

Despite theories to the contrary, melons are as easily grown as cucumbers and there are a number of varieties which will mature unless the summer is unusually short. A rich, light soil, sloping toward the east or south and well fertilized in the hill, will bring the luscious fruit.

If there is danger from dry weather fill an old pail or oyster can (first perforating the bottom with nail holes) with stable manure or poultry droppings, sink it partly in the ground and keep it moistened. This will not only furnish moisture but food. The reservoir being below the surface will tempt the roots to grow down instead of seeking the surface, as when water comes from the hose in only small quantities, and they will be less susceptible to drought.

If the plants go to vines plip off the ends, but do not try to check vigorous growth by starvation. The Rocky Ford is one of the best early muskmelons and one of the easiest to grow, bearing in profusion.

The Indiana Sweetheart is a favorite watermelon, ripening early and of excellent quality.

Cuts out the Undesirable Seed. The real up-to-date farmer, following the most scientific methods in the operation of his ground, is taught to make use of the selected material only in order that the species may be constantly improved, following the law of the survival of the fittest. For instance, in the selection of the seed to be placed in the ground, he is not content merely to secure the best species, but whenever possible he will go carefully over the seed and pick out only the largest specimens to be placed in the ground. In this manner the product is generally of a much higher standard. It is difficult to carry out this selective scheme in the case of corn and similar seeds which are made use of in great quantities. In the case of corn, however, the small kernels are generally at the tip of the ears, and in order to get rid of these undesirable pieces a corn-tipper has been invented. The device seems to have been suggested by the familiar pencil-sharpener. It is operated by a small crank, and has a cone with a tooth interior. The tip of the cone ear being placed in this revolving cup, all the small seed are cut off, leaving only the full-sized kernels on the ear.

Leg Weakness. Leg weakness is due to chicks becoming heavy rapidly, so that the weight of their body is too much for their legs. This is not always an alarming condition, for it denotes that the chicks are growing fast, and if carefully guarded and fed properly they will pull through all right. The cause arises from heavy feeding and forcing, which carries the chicks forward so rapidly as to cause the legs to fail. Change the food to a light diet of vegetables and feed bone meal in the food. They should also be well protected against the dampness, and the difficulty will soon pass away. Leg weakness is nearly always due to rapid growth of the body or from lack of uniformity of heat in brooders, if the chicks are small enough to be kept in a brooder. Crowding and pressing together to keep warm at night is a main cause of little chicks having leg weakness. No great alarm need be entertained unless the trouble continues for too long a time, but change the food and keep the birds dry.

Utilizing Waste Timber. The wood chemistry section of the Forestry Bureau has been giving some attention to the subject of production of turpentine from yellow pine waste. It is stated that for the recovery of turpentine from waste wood the steam distillation process is far superior to destructive distillation, making a more uniform crude turpentine, and usually a higher grade refined product. The wastage from the yellow pine cut each year would yield as much turpentine as the entire present annual output in this country, with a value of \$14,000,000. At the present rate of cutting the supply of long-leaf yellow pine in the South will be practically exhausted in twenty years, but that the methods of exploitation now in use convert only about half the tree into market product.

Hogs that Make Meat. The hog raisers of Kansas station made a test to show what kind of a hog grows the best meat. The weights of hams in the test were as follows: Berkshire hams, 23½ pounds; Duroc-Jersey, 24½ pounds; Poland-Chinas, 25½ pounds. These hogs in size were as near the same weight as possible to get them. The shoulders of the Berkshires weighed 21½ pounds; Duroc-Jerseys, 19½ pounds and Poland-Chinas, 19½ pounds. The Berkshires have larger shoulders than the other breeds.

The butcher who saw the hogs slaughtered thought the Duroc-Jersey had the most fat on the back; the Poland-China next, then the Berkshire. The Berkshire ham showed more lean and less fat than the Poland-China. The butchers considered the breed of hogs that had the most fat the most profitable hog, both for the farmer and the butcher.

Orchard Work. A good test of a man's Christianity is to examine his apple barrel from top to bottom.

A man may be a good woodchopper, but that is no sign that he knows how to prune trees.

An ax and a saw in the hands of an ignorant man cause more damage to the fruit crops of this land than all the birds that are hatched.

Fruit sells best when properly graded. The best will bring a better price and the lower grades will generally bring as good a price as the entire lot would if mixed.

For summer pruning of trees the best time is from the 15th of June to the 10th of July, just when the sap is running freely. When the tree is in leaf you can tell better what to cut out.

Some people imagine that all that is necessary to have a good orchard is to plant a variety of good trees and "let 'em rip." It generally takes years to discover their mistake, but they finally discover it.

Milk Cooler. This milk cooler is arranged so that the milk flows in a thin sheet over the outside. Cold water enters at the bottom.

Bacteria in Cold Milk. M. E. Pennington of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, reports that experiments on milk kept at about the freezing point showed a continuous increase of organisms for five or six weeks. At their maximum they numbered hundreds of millions per cubic centimeter, and occasionally they passed the billion mark. Although the milk experimented with was never solidly frozen, yet after ten days to two weeks it was a mass of small ice crystals. No odor or taste indicated the higher bacterial content, and even on heating no curd was produced until the very end of the experiment.

Burn the Prunings. Never allow old wood of raspberries or blackberries to lie around. Burn every bit of it. When the new wood is 18 inches high, pinch off to allow lateral growth in the raspberries, but let the blackberries grow to 3 feet before doing this.

Trees in Fence Corners. The few scattering trees in the fence corners are frequently veritable breeding places for insect pests. They should be given just as much attention as the trees in the orchard.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Canton has fewer than 500 foreign residents.

Trained falcons to carry dispatches in time of war have been tested in the Russian army. Their speed is four times as great as that of carrier pigeons.

If the real estate of Manhattan Island were divided equally between its inhabitants each individual would own \$2,020 worth, according to the assessed value.

Prof. Carl von Noorden, addressing a number of prominent scientists at Vienna on the subject of "Food and Nourishment," declared that the reason so many men begin to get fat immediately after they have married is because their wives give them their favorite dishes on every possible occasion.—London Standard.

"Vegetable milk" is used in Japan. It is made from the soja bean. The liquid is exactly like cow's milk in appearance, and in taste can hardly be distinguished from it. To make it the beans are first soaked and then boiled in water. Some sugar and phosphate of potassium are added, and it is boiled down till it has the consistency of condensed milk.

Alfalfa was first brought to Kansas by the late Harrison Parkman, of Emporia. Mr. Parkman first saw alfalfa growing in Chile. He brought the seed to America, and in the late seventies he went to Emporia to live. He sowed alfalfa in a farm which he bought and the plant prospered. It was slow in gaining popularity in Kansas, but is now one of the State's most important forage crops.

In New Zealand everybody is bound by law to take a weekly half-holiday, and there must be no shirking the obligation. The Grand Hotel, Auckland, was recently crowded with guests, and several waiters, instead of obeying the law and taking their prescribed weekly half-holiday, remained at work on the promise of extra pay. But the authorities came to hear of it and the proprietor of the hotel had to appear in court, where he was convicted and punished.

The death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee leaves only two surviving lieutenant-generals of the Confederate army. They are Gen. A. P. Stewart, ranking lieutenant-general of the Confederacy, of Bloix, Miss., and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky. General Stewart celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday anniversary on October 7 last. General Buckner was a candidate for Vice President on the National Democratic ticket with Palmer in 1896. He was eighty-five on April 1 last.

The German Emperor has a well-equipped pottery which brings him in \$50,000 a year. The King of Wurtemberg owns two large hotels which yield him a yearly income of some \$40,000. The King of Saxony owns the famous porcelain factory at Meissen, and the Regent of Lippe Detmold runs a large model farm from which he sells butter and milk and eggs. The King of Servia is said to own a barber shop and an apothecary shop, in addition to which he holds an agency for motor cars.

I once had a cat that did a rather remarkable ratting feat. He stalked two young rats on the eaves of a low flat stable roof, and caught one in the usual way. The other jumped on to an elderberry tree just below. Bob, however, not satisfied with the one, grasped it firmly in his mouth, and then jumped headlong for the other. Either he was very lucky or extraordinary agile, for he fell to the ground with one rat still in his mouth and the other in his paws, and promptly killed them both.—The Scotsman.

A strange story comes from one of the Balkan states, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch. The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.—Philadelphia Record.

"Instances of desertion from the army in Mexico are very rare and of the best of reasons," said Senor Jose de Minaldez, of Nueva Leon. "The reason lies in the almost sure capture of the fugitive and the certainty that he will get not one but numerous floggings on his bare back. These lashings are done in the presence of the comrades of the deserter, and when the men see how great is the suffering of the miserable wretch who tried in vain to quit his military obligations, they are forced to conclude that it is better to stick to the army than undergo such a terrible ordeal!"—Baltimore American.

The passenger traffic through the Simpson tunnel has fluctuated greatly and was largest in August, 1906, the third month of its operation. In that month 42,622 passengers were carried through the tunnel. The number fell to 14,545 in November of that year, and to 10,106 in the following January. The largest number in any month since has been 34,500. The freight traffic has grown rapidly, but is still small. The largest, in 1906, was 5,859 tons in October. For the first five months of 1907 it was about 44,000, swelled by a blockade of the Mont Cenis route. In the first year the gross earnings were \$190,000.