

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
Throwing a desperate glance around, the chauffeur withdrew hastily into the deepest shadow of the beech tree, and there awaited the diplomat's uncertain advance, his mind working with preternatural swiftness. It was just possible that in this friendly darkness he might pass unrecognized—if he could only keep silent. How fortunate that the count was such a talker!

The rapid thoughts chased each other through his brain while Souravieff was shaking him warmly by the hand.

"I can hardly see you in this infernal darkness," he lamented. "Rodrigo Mon Chon! What good luck! Come, let us sit down," smiling the action to the word, "and talk. I'm all impatience to hear everything about yourself—which he proved by launching forth immediately into a personal narrative of his own, just as the other had shrewdly suspected that he would—Boris Souravieff, like all egotists, being only too delighted to talk about himself indefinitely, granted a listener, and in this instance a listener was most inevitably provided.

As I was saying, my dear fellow—having detailed his history up to date, the count crossed his legs sociably and, thrusting a cigar into his mouth, prepared for a prolonged monologue—"when we last met at Monte Carlo, I was having a most interesting experience." Striking a match at this point, he held it daintily between finger and thumb and turned his twinkling glance on the face which the next instant was swiftly averted.

For a long moment there was silence while the tiny flame burnt down to the count's fingers, and the man beside him sat staring fixedly in the opposite direction and cursing himself for his insane carelessness and lack of foresight. And yet, in the darkness, he had not even detected the count's cigar!

That brief sudden illumination had taken him completely by surprise. Had Souravieff discovered him?

Listening with anxious impatience, Sarto heard the other fumbling again in his pockets. Ah! there was no doubt about it. The count had seen enough to suspect; now he was going to make sure! There was a small metallic click! But the second watch was never lighted.

How often, when her victim is at his last gasp, Fortune changes her fickle mind and gives him another chance!

Just as the diplomat's hurried, nervous fingers opened the little silver box in his hands, the sound of footsteps approached in the darkness, crunching over grass and twigs.

"Count Souravieff!" came in commanding tones. "A moment, if you please." It was the voice of the Russian ambassador.

With a smothered exclamation, his attaché sprang to his feet and pushed aside the intervening beech branches. "At once, Your Excellency!" he said, and then, turning, "Pray do not move!" he urged; "I will be back directly. Just wait an instant, Del Pino."

It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that Del Pino did not wait! The diplomats were barely out of sight when, with a couple of strides, he was standing by Mrs. Waring's chair, interrupting her toilette with scant ceremony.

"Can you come now?" he asked, speaking in low, decided tones that only reached her ear. "I feel as if I had been waiting for a very long time."

So did Gussie—to tell the truth, she agreed, rising without hesitation. Then, to her host: "Won't you let us slip away?" she asked in a whisper; "I don't want to break up the party."

And, leaving the Senator with a slight nod, Mrs. Waring and her chauffeur disappeared into the darkness.

Five minutes later two attaches, standing on the little bridge that leads from Chevy Chase Club House to the main road, saw an automobile glide out of the motor shed at the back. As it shot past with a muffled clug-chug, "There he is!" said one of the men excitedly. "Look, Souravieff! Did you see his face in the light?"

But the count had turned on his heel and was making down the steps as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Come on!" he cried. "Help me get up steam! My motor's faster than his. I am going to give him a chase!"

CHAPTER XII.

"Aren't we going faster than the law allows?" Mrs. Waring asked faintly.

She was sitting upright, clasping the seat with both hands and straining her eyes through a dim, encircling swirl of wind and dust.

"The law," ejaculated her companion shortly. He glanced over his shoulder, and then, in parenthesis, half-aloud, "Necessity is the only law I acknowledge."

Seizing the emergency brake at this moment, he jerked it down, bringing the hissing motor to a stand still just as a Jewell worn flashed by in the darkness, turning miraculously into a crowded trolley car, loaded with tourists, who looked on curiously.

"A close shave," ejaculated the chauffeur under his breath, as he let his machine out recklessly on the long road, strung with twinkling lights which alternated with inky black stretches. For some minutes nothing could be heard but the pants of the motor keeping time to the screaming wind. At last, turning her head, Gussie looked into a pair of red eyes peering at her furtively around the curve of the distant road.

"There comes another motor," she said idly. "I wonder where it's going at such a tremendous rate."

The man beside her looked back. "Perhaps," he said, "they are trying to catch up with us. My faith! They are certainly gaining a little!" and, muttering something under his breath, he opened the throttle.

In the blinding spurt that followed, Mrs. Waring clung spasmodically to her hat.

"This isn't a race," she cried, above the din, a note of exasperation in her strained voice. "Why this—this awful speed, Prince?"

A curious laugh responded. "Are you really afraid?" he asked.

In the glare of the motor lamps, Gussie met the reckless eyes smiling at her, with a swift answering excitement which she did not attempt to analyze.

"Of course I am not afraid," she said, hardly knowing what she meant, "with you!"

There was a pause, and then, "That is what I hoped you would say," he told her thickly.

As the speed quickened again, Gussie closed her eyes, not caring for the moment what happened or where they were going. An irresponsible mood was upon her, the echo of her companion's.

Once before he had roused the spirit of romance and adventure dormant in her for a few brief minutes, long enough to make her forget his chauffeur's leather coat.

The Prince del Pino had awakened another feeling.

While she sat struggling, yielding to it, the man who had inspired it sat grasping the steering wheel, every fiber of his mind bent on reaching Washington before his pursuers.

It was the deciding race of his life! A desperate trial of skill, with the professional chauffeur and his 300-yard start pitted against Souravieff's superior motor run by an amateur.

The machine versus the mechanic! A contest between matter, with its perfected possibilities, and the infinite resources of a man's mind, guided by that fifth sense that necessity lends!

At the start the odds seemed equal, but with every minute the issue was more certain.

At Cleveland Park the pursuing motor was not two hundred yards behind.

As Sarto whirled past the Zoo station Souravieff's lights glared at him across twice that distance.

And as he turned into the comparative dusk of the Adams Mills road they had entirely disappeared.

At last, through her half-consciousness, Gussie felt that the fierce sweep of the motor had dwindled to a mild gliding motion.

Opening her eyes, "Dupont Circle already?" she cried in astonishment, looking around. "Where's the other automobile?"

Her companion shrugged his shoulders. "A mile and a half out of town, I should imagine," he speculated easily, "left behind long ago. You see, we won the race."

His hat was off, and in the white blink of the electric lights the handsome face shone out positively brilliant with triumph and daring.

Gussie looked up at him with genuine admiration. Success in every phase appealed to her irresistibly—had always done so.

"I knew you would win that race!" she said, in a voice that trembled a little. "You naturally come out ahead!"

Then, startled by the glint in his eyes, she dropped her own to the deft hands managing the levers.

For a moment neither spoke, Sarto being—to tell the truth—absorbed in his own situation, doubtful enough, in spite of his momentary advantage.

Distanced as he had been, Souravieff would reach the Grafton sooner or later, and Sarto must be there and gone before he arrived. Every minute counted.

Changing speeds, he pulled himself together determinedly at the sound of Gussie's voice.

"Speaking of races," she was saying demurely, "suggests chauffeurs! Do you know, I have another grievance against that man of yours?" She raised her eyebrows in delicate, humorous protest.

"What will you say when I tell you that, to cap his other misdemeanors, Sarto had the audacity to fall in love with me?"

Tilting her shoulders, she glanced sidewise at the man beside her.

He was staring blankly ahead of him, with a fierce intensity that saw, instead of the long tree arcade through which they were passing, its linden roof shingled with stars, a French highway bounding a swamp, a woman sitting by the roadside, and a dim, motionless figure watching her.

As he did not speak, Gussie went on, with a faint, half-mocking laugh, "Fancy my own chauffeur doing me the honor to profess his undying passion for me. Imagine such a thing!"

"Imagine!" ejaculated a queer hoarse voice. "Mache! I can imagine nothing else!"

Gussie's cheeks flushed slowly. "The—effrontery of his darling—"

"Darling!" echoed the same unnatural tones. "Darling to be human! Cospetto! What could you expect? As well blame a peasant on the Campaigne for catching the malaria!"

A loud, jangling laugh!

Gussie roused herself with a determined effort. "You do not realize the impropriety," she protested faintly; "a man of his class!"

She heard him grating his teeth. "Yes, that is it. It is the liveliest of your victims that makes all the difference with you. The chauffeur had no chance!"

He was moodily silent a moment and then, turning on her with a swiftness that made Gussie start, "What of Rodrigo del Pino?" he demanded harshly, searching her face. "What chance has he?"

Surely, never was there a stormier, more fantastic wooing, Gussie shivered with sheer excitement of the thing, her throbbing pulses keeping pace with his.

At last, moving her lips with difficulty, "Don't you know?" she managed to articulate.

"Ah!" ejaculated Sarto. Involuntarily he found himself considering her curiously. Gussie was not looking at him, but her very beautiful eyes had an excited gleam in them, her breath came and went. Did she covet that petty coronet so much, then? Mrs. Waring had

had other, better chances. Was there something in her, after all, beyond heartless ambition? Another Gussie?

Feeling himself weakening, he turned, his eyes away and set his lips, thinking quickly, with added venom.

She had accepted him!

Well! Now he would have her do more—stop lower!

He spoke again. "You say I know. What do I know, except that it is once more the liveliest that appeals to you? Perhaps, in this instance, my coat of arms (certainly it is old enough). As for the man—a mere detail. What do you care about the wounded human being beneath?"

To Gussie Waring's ears, the rough, bitter tones came from the very extremity of passion, appealing to her jaded senses as no polished flattery had ever done.

"You do not understand," she murmured. "Perhaps it is the man underneath for whom I do care!"

The chauffeur bent nearer; his lips were twisting feverishly, his eyes burning with a very fierce, malignant light. The moment of triumph was near and he must have it all—everything.

"Say it again." He could hardly pronounce the words. "I want to hear it from your own lips that it is myself you care for—myself." He hesitated tensely.

"The man, not the Prince del Pino." Gussie gazed about her.

The motor was going silently, as it were on tiptoe, down the dim avenue. No one was in sight for the moment; nothing to be heard but the smothered movements of the trees as the wind shook their tops, scattering linden blossoms, a heavy incense from his vast censer, powdering the air.

The forces of the night were working for Sarto, intensifying his magnetic spell. No wonder that she mistook it for another feeling.

At last, as if the words were being forced out of her, "I love you," she said distinctly; "never the prince—only you—"

A little sentence, but terribly full of meaning. In it an old debt was discharged—a rapacious creditor satisfied.

The chauffeur had paid himself back already in large measure, but in Gussie's broken confession the double score was settled in full!

(To be continued.)

DAUGHTER OF A DOMINE.

The story of the daughters of an old-time New England clergyman is given by Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins in "A Book of Joys." The marriage in those days of a minister's daughter was looked upon as a social event requiring due observance.

When the domine's eldest daughter went to Boston to buy her household treasures before her marriage to the young doctor, the whole town turned out to see her go; and for a time it seemed doubtful if the second daughter could marry at all, for she was loved by a mere deacon's son, whose humble social position made it difficult for him to address her.

She, however, having made a shrewd guess as to the state of his feelings, took the reins in her own hands.

At a party, from which she made exemplary departure at nine o'clock, John's devotion was apparent, yet he did not dare offer to see her home.

So she stepped to the middle of the room, her black eyes dancing with mischief, and said, in a clear voice, "If no one here has any objection, I should like to have John wait upon me home; and if any one has, let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

It is needless to add that the delighted John settled the matter on the walk home that night, and they were married soon afterward.

Mrs. John developed many fearless characteristics. She wore her clothes twenty years old out of fashion, and never parted with a bonnet. The ladies of the church got tired of seeing the same one appear year after year, and expressed themselves about it at a historical meeting of the sewing society, from which she was absent.

The village doctor happened in for a moment on an errand when the ladies were at the most animated point, and as he dearly loved a joke, he repeated the whole thing to his sister-in-law within the hour, and together the two miscreants planned a bombshell for the society. While the ladies were at their tea the doctor appeared once more, and announced to the meeting that Mrs. John sent word that, if the ladies would decide what sort of a bonnet she ought to wear, she would try to meet their views, but pending such instruction she would continue to wear her old one, which was still in good condition. And wear it she did until a new one became a necessity.

The new one was ordered, and one of her sons was dispatched to bring it home. He went on horseback, and as she feared for the safety of the box by this means of transportation, she commanded him to wear the bonnet home on his head.

Disobedience was a thing unthought of in that family, and the town beheld a wretched boy riding through the main street of the village with Mrs. John's new bonnet displayed upon his head.

"Ha! Ha!" Geraldine—Papa, I want you to hear some of Reggy's funny stories; he's full of humor.

Papa—I heard one of them the other night; he asked me to be his father-in-law.

A Sore Subject.

"How much did that capital cost?" inquired the sightseer in Harrisburg.

"Sir," replied the guide severely, "we are here to improve our minds; not to talk scandal."

FARM AND GARDEN

To Make Poor Farm Rich.

"The progressive farmer rotates his crops. He tile-drains his land. He keeps dairy cows or mutton sheep or both. He breeds draft horses and does farm work with brood mares and growing colts. He improves the power of the soil by growing legumes."

James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, in the above words sums up the vital principles of good farming. He declares that the people of the United States have wasted their inheritance of land and wood, and the productivity of the soil near the great centers of population has steadily decreased. We have been a nation of soil robbers, but there is at last an awakening—slow but sure.

Farmers of all sections are wanting to know how to stop the leaks and increase the deposits of their business and the government is helping them in many ways. There are over 9,000 persons employed in the Department of Agriculture and 2,000 of these are scientists, all working intelligently toward helping the farmer solve the problems which confront him. There are sixty-five land grant colleges with 10,000 students in agriculture. These boys are learning that rotation of crops is necessary, that live stock must be raised to make manure, of which there is never enough.

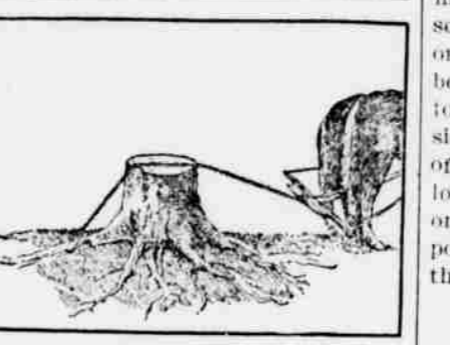
They are finding out that young grasses and legumes are nature's perfect ration for domestic animals. Milk and meat and work are had more cheaply from the pasture than from other sources. Pasture land increases as farm help becomes scarce. Mutton sheep are suggested when labor is dear. Cultivated crops reduce organic matter in the soil and render it unfit for profitable growing. Pasturing replaces organic matter. When good crops of grain or roots are wanted the pasture, plowed and reduced in season, is the best place to get them. Western farmers in the corn belt get their heavy crops from pasture land.

With the help of improved machinery the progressive individual farmer is producing much more than the average farmer did a generation ago and men of this class are keeping up the productive qualities of their farms.

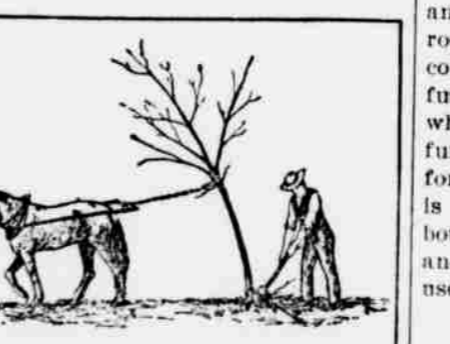
The neglected lands of the eastern and middle states can be brought back to their primitive fruitfulness through the aid of scientific farming. Secretary Wilson says they are the cheapest land in the country and people wanting homes who have saved a little capital from their earnings or young men of means and tastes for the independent life of the country will find rich opportunities in these lands for profit and usefulness.

Removing Saplings and Stumps.

In uprooting young trees a team of horses or even a single horse with a chain can do effective work. Best results can be obtained where the growth consists of saplings two to four inches in diameter and where the root system is lateral. The plan is to fasten one end of the chain to the trunk as high above the ground as the flexibility of



STUMP WITH LATERAL ROOTS.



UPROOTING A SAPLING.

the tree will permit. While the horses are pulling at the tree a man should sever the roots at the base. Stumps of moderate size may also be pulled with chains and horses. One end of the chain should be fastened around a large root as shown in the illustration. By placing the chain across the top of the stump a leverage can be secured to take full advantage of the strength of the horses.

Believes in Mixed Farming.

I firmly believe in mixed farming, but even then we must specialize on some certain line of stock feeding and rotation of crops if we make a decided success of the business. Call it general farming, but let's not call it mixed farming. As grandfather used to say, "Be something if you cannot be a long-tailed rat, be a mouse." Have some hobby, some kind of a crop or some kind of live stock and specialize on that and make your other farming subservient to that one special crop or kind of live stock feeding. We have too many common mixed farmers.—John C. Barnes, Indiana.

Expense Post Expense.

An annual fence post bill of more than \$1,250,000 is one item in the expense account of the farmers of a single agricultural State. It is estimated that the farmers of Iowa use posts having a value exceeding this enormous sum each year to maintain the fences on the 25,000,000 acres of improved land in the State.

In making these estimates, H. P. Baker, professor of forestry in Iowa State Agricultural College, figured that the farms of Iowa required 78,000,000 posts for fences, or 2,000 to the square mile. Placing the value of the posts at 15 cents each, the cost of renewals every eight or nine years, which is the life of the post, is \$11,718,000, making an annual bill for renewals of \$1,465,000.

Like many other farming States, Iowa has a lack of fence post material, but there is little excuse for this condition, according to the foresters who have made studies in the State. A properly managed forest plantation will produce, when the trees have reached post size, 3,500 posts three to five inches in diameter per acre; thus, it would take 22,350 acres about every ten years to grow the necessary posts to supply the State. Iowa is said to have 200,000 acres of planted timber, and yet the fence post supply is insufficient. If properly cared for, many of these plantations can be made to produce more timber, and thus insure the future post supply.

These 200,000 acres are not at present furnishing the posts which it is estimated can actually be grown on 22,350 acres of properly handled forest land.

Effects of Rural Delivery.

There is a veritable network of rural routes out of nearly all of the towns in this section of the State, and seldom does one find a farmer who is not placed in a position to take advantage of one. With present conditions existing, the man on the farm has the opportunity to take his daily paper as the one in town, and gets his mail sometimes earlier than many of the residents of the cities. There are rural mail carriers and rural mail carriers—each one has his striking characteristic. The majority are favorites in their particular field, and as a rule the patrons of his route would not trade him for any other man on an other. The carrier and the farmer learn to know each other, and the country visitor on hearing them greet each other would say they were both "good fellows." The man that carries the mail should have a whole lot of credit. He is obliged to make the trip in all kinds of weather and the best of protection will not make the job an enjoyable one. Some time when he is not busy, let the reader talk a few minutes to a rural mail carrier and he will find that he is in touch with everyone on the route.—Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph.

Cattle Have Rabies.

Following the attack of a mad dog on his stock, Louis Klein, a farmer near Prairietown, has had to kill three head of cattle and four hogs which had become infected with rabies. The members of the family noticed that the dog acted peculiarly, but did not suspect that it was mad until too late. After the dog had bitten the stock it was killed by Klein, who feared that it would attack the members of his family.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fighting the Potato Scab.

Potato scab is a fungus growth. It may be in the soil or it may be in the seed. Plant seed that is free from scab on soil where no scabby potatoes have been grown for years. A preventive is to soak the seed in a solution of corrosive sublimate and water, two ounces of the corrosive sublimate to fifty gallons of water. Soak the seed one and one-half hours. Do not leave scabby potatoes lying on the ground or put them in the cellar.

Salt Purification.

Salt is purified by melting in the new and rapid English process. The crude rock salt is fed automatically to a table contained in a large furnace, is then fused and runs into troughs, from which it is drawn at one side of the furnace into large cauldrons. Air is forced into the molten mass and lime is added. The impurities sink to the bottom, and the upper portion is ground and screened while the lower part is used for chemical manure.

Grind the Corn for the Horses.

Corn and oats should be ground together for horses. Many good horsemen never feed whole corn. Some horses cannot digest it properly, but when it is ground with oats the mixture makes one of the best rations for a work team, especially when doing heavy work. Nearly all the large transportation companies in the cities never feed whole corn.

A Separator for Eight Cows.

A correspondent asked if it would pay to buy a separator for a herd of eight cows.

Yes, by all means. It will not only pay for itself every year in the amount of cream saved, but the milk is better when fed warm from the separator to the young animals. The man who does not use a cream separator is suffering a large loss every month.

Murder Over a Line Fence.

In a quarrel over a line fence near Broken Bow, Neb., Stewart Lanterman killed H. F. Hoffman and his son George, by cracking their skulls with a neckyoke. It is possible that more murders have been committed over line fence disputes than over any other trouble that arises between farmers.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1388—Earl of Douglas killed and "Hotspur" taken prisoner at battle of Otterburn.

1521—Cortez retook the City of Mexico.

1588—The Spanish armada becalmed before Dunkirk.

1687—Prince Charles of Lorraine defeated the Turks at Molacz, Lower Hungary.

1758—The New London Summary was published at New London, Conn.

1778—Fort Mifflin captured by British and French fleet dispersed in a gale off Rhode Island.

1782—British evacuated Savannah.

1787—First bishop appointed in Nova Scotia.

1794—Poles defeated the Prussians at battle of Wilna. . . . Battle of Bellegarde, between the French and Spanish.

1803—Agra taken by the British.

1806—Miranda abandoned his conquests on the Spanish Main and sailed to Aruba.

1807—Trial trip of Fulton's steamboat "Clermont" was made.

1811—The British took possession of Batavia and a part of Java.

1812—The United States troops under Gen. Hull evacuated Canada and entered Detroit. . . . United States frigate Essex captured the Alert, the first vessel taken from the British in the War of 1812. . . . Gen. Brock arrived at Amherstburg to oppose the invasion of Gen. Hull.

1814—First meeting of the British and the American commissioners at Ghent, to treat for peace.

1820—Elisa Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, died.

1822—An earthquake devastated a large part of Syria.

1829—The Centennial of Baltimore celebrated. . . . Royalists came into power in France.

1831—Barbados swept by a violent hurricane.

1846—The Smithsonian Institution founded at Washington, D. C.

1851—Litchfield, Conn., celebrated its 200th anniversary.

1869—The Prince of Wales visited Charlottetown, P. E. I.

1861—Gen. Lyon killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.

1864—Twelve persons killed by an explosion on the steamer "Racine" in Lake Erie. . . . Fort Gaines at Mobile bay, surrendered to Farragut and Granger.

1868—Body of Thaddeus Stevens lay in state in the capitol at Washington.

1870—Marshal Bazaine appointed commander-in-chief of the French army in the war with Prussia.

1887—Hawaii adopted a new constitution.

1888—William C. Van Horne succeeded Sir George Stephens as president of the Canadian Pacific railway.

1893—Charles F. Crisp of Georgia elected Speaker of the House of Representatives.

1894—Congress passed the Brice-Gorman tariff bill.

1897—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian premier, received the order of the Legion of Honor from the President of France.

1898—Spanish surrendered Manila to the Americans. . . . Protocol signed ending hostilities between the United States and Spain.

1899—Second court martial of Maj. Dreyfus begun at Rennes.

1907—Opening of the International Esperanto Congress at Cambridge, England. . . . Several persons killed by an explosion of nitro-glycerine in the town of Essex Center, Ontario.

Commodity Prices Still High.

The Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor has issued a report covering the price movements for the past two decades, or from 1890 to 1907. From this it appears that, in spite of the financial depression of the last six months, prices were higher in most lines at the close of the year than at the beginning. The average price for all commodities decreased only a little over one point for the period. The wholesale price average reached a higher point in 1907 than at any time during the period. The increase in the farm group of products was the greatest—namely, 10.9 per cent. It was 4.6 per cent increase for food, 5.6 for clothing, 2.4 for fuel, 6.1 for metals, 4.9 for building material, 8.3 for drugs, 6.8 for house-furnishing goods and 5 for the miscellaneous group.