

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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

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 poet's theme: The charm of a gray-blue sky strewn with head-like clouds, of level fields, of distant spires and turrets jotted picturesque on the horizon; and always the white road, glistening, undulating ahead, keeping step with the windings of the Seine! It was with the satiety of utter 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 lolled 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 S street, one of Washington's unfashionable 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 witching combination, even with an exacting chaperone to offset its charms.

"You know," Mrs. Waring had informed her proposed charge very frankly, "I've quarreled with Julie—and, any way, one gets tired of traveling 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 speak of and are such poor travelers. You won't mind hooking 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 rosary of 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 on a rocky height the castle towered—a sullen 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 stopping and overhauling that old den?" demanded the huge, broad-shouldered, thick-set personage who was grasping the steering wheel. "If we're goin' to reach Rome 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 their 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 livery 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-pitted 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 Rodorigo 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 absorbed conversation, and the swinging car traced eccentric scallops on the broad road.

"We'll be in the ditch without doubt if Meester Buist is not more careful," commented the chauffeur aside, in his precise foreign English. He hit 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, eyeing his companion with an intent glance that gave way to one of reluctant admiration. 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 grace was full of potentiality—hints 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 unmistakably martial look 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 deprecating 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 unworked 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-encased figure suggestive of motor cars and naught beside.

This attitude was not conducive to further confidences, 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 Normansesque 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-voyageur 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 sauntered 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 rooted to the ground, gazing in a rapt, reverential way at his leather-covered gloves.

(To be continued.)

Only an Office Boy.
"If you want a ready-to-hand study in the downright cussedness of human nature unwarp'd," 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 daring to make a living. He looks reproachfully at the head office boy, who orders him around in a rough, catch-as-catch-can style. Such rudeness pains him.
"Note this boy a little later. His rude superior has resigned or been dismissed, and he is now head office boy. Is he 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.

MAJ. GEN. WILSON.

One of the Nine Surviving Generals of the Civil War.

Of the 253 major generals and those of superior rank, upon whom fell the military responsibilities of the field during the course of the Civil War, there are only nine survivors. Of these Major General James Harrison Wilson, famous cavalry leader and engineer officer, is president of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States.

General Wilson was born in Shawneetown, Ill., in 1837. His grandfather was one of the founders of Illinois and his father was an ensign in the war of 1812 and a captain in the Black Hawk War. General Wilson was educated at McKendree College and at the United States Military Academy, from which he graduated in 1860. He was assigned to the corps of topographical engineers and was the chief engineer of the Port Royal expedition. He then served in the Department of the South, and acted as aide-de-camp to General George B. McClellan, being present at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Appointed lieutenant colonel in the volunteer staff of the army, in November, 1862, he served as chief engineer and inspector general of the Army of the Tennessee, and was active in the operations around Vicksburg. He became captain of engineers in May, 1863, and brigadier general of volunteers in October of that year and was engaged in the operations near Chattanooga, the battle of Missionary Ridge

and the relief of Knoxville. Placed in command of the third division of the Cavalry Corps in the Army of the Potomac, he bore a conspicuous part in the operations under General Philip H. Sheridan, including the Richmond raid and the combats near Petersburg. He led his division through the Shenandoah campaign, including the battle of Opequan, until October, 1864, when he was assigned to the command of the Cavalry Corps of the military division of the Mississippi. Organizing a mounted body of 15,000 men, he contributed largely to the success won in the west by the armies of General Thomas and General Sherman, particularly by his capture of Selma and Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus and Macon, Ga. In 28 days he captured five fortified cities, 23 stands of colors, 288 guns and 6,820 prisoners, among them Jefferson Davis. April, 1865, he was promoted major general of volunteers.

In January, 1866, he was mustered out of the volunteer service and in July was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Thirty-fifth Infantry and brevetted major general in the U. S. A. for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

In 1870 he was honorably discharged and engaged in large railroad and engineering operations at home and abroad. In May, 1868, he was commissioned major general in the volunteer service for the Spanish war and commanded the First and Sixth Army Corps in Georgia and Cuba and took part in the Porto Rico campaign. He was with the China Relief Expedition and commanded the co-operating force of American and British troops in the capture of eight Chinese temples. He also commanded the American forces in Peking. When King Edward of England was crowned General Wilson represented the United States Army. He was placed on the retired list in 1901 by special act of Congress as brigadier general of the U. S. A.

Too Hard to Pronounce.

A well-dressed man entered a florist's shop in a certain city recently, threw down a dollar and said he wanted some flowers to take home. He was quite unsteady, evidently tapering off a spree, and the flowers were apparently intended as a domestic peace offering. The florist picked out a collection of hyacinths, and the caller started to leave, but at the door hesitated. "I say," he said, thickly, "what's these flowers called?" "Hyacinths," said the florist. The customer shook his head, and as he walked back to the counter, said: "Gotter have something easier. Gimme a dozen roses."

Art and Tears.

"I suppose you sometimes shed real tears at the theater?" said the admirer.

"I am tempted to," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "when I look over the box office statement."—Washington Star.

When a woman invites another to be her guest, and finds that she has a previous engagement, she feels that so far as she is concerned the slate has been washed off.

The man who has a motto is also apt to take up some of your time by quoting poetry you aren't anxious to hear.

NEWPORT

YAQUINA BAY

Oregon's Matchless Beach Resort

The Place to Go for Perfect Rest and Every Conceivable Form of Healthful and Delightful Recreation

Its Facilities are Complete—Best of food and an abundance of it. Fresh water from springs. All modern necessities, such as telegraph, telephone, markets freshly provided every day. Fuel in abundance. Cottages partly furnished or unfurnished to be had cheaply. Strict municipal sanitary regulations.

NEWPORT is reached by way of the Southern Pacific to Albany or Corvallis, thence Corvallis & Eastern R. R. Train service daily and the trip a pleasure throughout.

RATE FROM FOREST GROVE

Season six-months ticket \$6.00
Saturday to Monday ticket \$3.00

Our elaborate new Summer Book gives a concise description of Newport, including a list of hotels, their capacity and rates. Call on, telephone or write

W. Brown, Local Agent

WM. McMURRAY,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

FIRE INSURANCE

IN THE BANKERS AND MERCHANTS MUTUAL FIRE RELIEF ASSN.

Of Forest Grove, Oregon

IS THE

Best and Cheapest

JAMES RASMUSEN

Dealer in FLOUR and FEED

Forest Grove, Ore., Pacific Ave.

W. H. HOLLIS

Attorney-at-Law

Forest Grove, Oregon

Dr. Geiger

Homeopathist and Surgery

Forest Grove, Oregon

Moulton & Bogan

BARBERS

HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY

Postoffice Row Forest Grove

Wood Sawing

ALBERT DIXON

Forest Grove Oregon

Misner & Gordon

Fashion Stables

Siylish Turnouts

PACIFIC AVE FOREST GROVE

DR. J. H. KNOX

Veterinarian

County Stock Inspector

Office at Hancock & Gordon's Livery

Barn. Phone Main 33, Ind. 744

Monuments

WEEKS GRANITE CO.

301 4th st. Portland, Ore.

For Designs and Prices see

V. H. LIMBER

Local Agent Forest Grove

A. BALDWIN

Real Estate

Exchange

Houses Rented and Rents Collected

Forest Grove Ore

Good Things TO EAT

Tender, Juicy, Steaks,

Roasts and Stews,

Sausage and Bacon

All kinds of Fresh

Vegetables

Groceries

W. F. SCHULTZ

Good Eatables

at

Low Prices

Everybody knows that

we keep the best Meats

to be had, but this is to

remind you to give us a

call.

SAESENS & CO.

Forest Grove, Ore.

Quong Lee's

LAUNDRY

FINE WORK DONE CHEAP—PRICES

White shirt - - - 10c. Drawers - - - 8 to 15c

Soft " - - - 10c. White Waists - - - 10 to 25c

White Skirts - - - 10 to 25c. Stockings - - - 15 to 25c

Underclothes - - - 8c. Stockings - - - 15c

Handkerchiefs - - - 2c. Collars - - - 2c

Men's White Vests 10 15 Paets - - - 25c

Coats - - - 10 20c. Eusters - - - 15 20c

Towels - - - 20c. Doz. Napkins - - - 20c. Doz.

The following articles 50c per doz: Pillow cases, Bed Sheets, Tablecloths, Night Gowns, Women's Drawers, Underwear, Aprons and Cover Covers.

PACIFIC AVENUE FOREST GROVE