

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By
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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 flies 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 down on his knees by this time, feeling excitedly for her glared 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 which, 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 loud rattle of approaching wheels, accompanied by the cracking of a whip; and, as the chauffeur pulled himself dizzily together, a spiderly object came into view around the bend in the road, resolving itself speedily into a high dog cart and galloping horse, white, lit up by the swinging lamps, Gerald's comely figure, tense with annoyance and suspicion, peered down at the two figures by the roadside.

"Here's that tire," 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 tremor 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 obstructs its huge frontal development, pressing the great porte-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 aversion. It was this common workman, redolent of petrol, that Mrs. Waring had seen fit to constitute her cavalier for six insane 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 writhing 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 Coter songs in his stentorian baritone.

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

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

Gone was Annette's gentlemanly companion of the tonneau. Gone Mrs. Waring's romantic lover. Alas! it was a very pale, shabby 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 slipping, packed by the chauffeur's experienced hands into a shapeless, hide-bound mass, and not until then did Sarto let himself out of the motor shed and make 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 somber 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 labeled 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 hung 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 malice towards Gussie which craved some outlet.

In the man's super-sensitive state every feature of his present position—even such minor annoyances as the jangling clock on the mantle-piece, the uncomfortable 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 open the window next to it.

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

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 interestedly.

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 voices 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—who 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 shrank 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.

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 bear it.—Tacitus.



Feeding Cows on Grass.

Professors Stewart and Atwood, of the West Virginia Experiment Station, last year conducted some careful tests to determine whether it is profitable to feed milk cows grain on grass. Without going into the details of these experiments we quote the conclusions as follows:

"This experiment clearly shows that there was no direct financial gain in feeding the grain to the cows while at pasture. It is true that the cows which received grain were uniformly in somewhat better flesh than those that did not receive grain, but as far as the milk yield was concerned the increased flow was produced at an actual loss." Data obtained in similar experiments at other stations are summarized, and from these in comparison with their own investigations the authors conclude "that unless dairy products are especially high in price it is not a profitable practice to feed grain to cows at pasture. It is true that more milk is obtained and the cows hold up their yield better and remain in better flesh when receiving the grain rations, but under ordinary circumstances there is no direct profit from the grain feeding, as the increased production usually costs more than it can be sold for."

The Family Melon Patch.

Many who pride themselves on a good garden and are fond of melons never attempt to grow them. "Cucumbers 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 nip 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.

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.

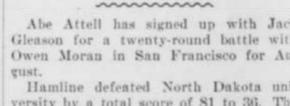
Trees in Fence Corners.

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.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1381—Wat Tyler slain at Smithfield.
- 1665—New York City incorporated.
- 1805—William B. Ogden, first Mayor of Chicago, born in Walton, N. Y. Died in New York City Aug. 3, 1877.
- 1815—French under Marshal Ney engaged the allies in battle at Quatre Bras, Belgium, two days before the Battle of Waterloo.
- 1841—Meeting of the First United Parliament at Kingston, Ontario.
- 1851—The famous Marble Arch removed from in front of Buckingham palace, London, to its present location in Hyde Park.
- 1854—United States warships bombarded Greytown in retaliation for insult to the American consul... Worcester, Mass., almost destroyed by fire.
- 1863—Gen. Banks repulsed in the assault on Port Hudson.
- 1864—House of Representatives repealed the fugitive slave law... Entry of Maximilian and Carlotta into Mexico.
- 1868—Mt. Cenis railroad through the Alps opened.
- 1869—Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, reached the Congo river.
- 1876—Hayes and Wheeler nominated by the Republican national convention.
- 1891—A new Canadian ministry formed by Premier Abbott.
- 1895—President Cleveland issued a proclamation against Cuban filibusters.
- 1898—Behring sea award paid... Joseph Leiter's attempt to corner the wheat market collapsed... House of Representatives passed joint resolution for annexation of Hawaii.
- 1904—Nan Patterson indicted for the alleged murder of "Cesna" Young in New York.
- 1905—Assassination of Premier Delyanov of Greece.
- 1906—President Roosevelt signed the Oklahoma and Arizona statehood bills.
- 1907—The second peace conference at The Hague opened... Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco found guilty of extortion.



Abe Attell has signed up with Jack Gleason for a twenty-round battle with Owen Moran in San Francisco for August.

Hamline defeated North Dakota university by a total score of 81 to 36. The records made were unusually good in all events.

The St. Paul Driving Club has opened the season and races will be held every Wednesday afternoon until the middle of October.

At Louisville, The Minks, carrying 116 pounds, traveled a mile and one-sixteenth in 1:43.4-5, which equals the track record at Churchill Downs.

Tourenne, with Musgrave up and backed from 12 to 1 to 6 to 1 at the close, easily won the Cosmopolitan Handicap, 11-16 miles, at Belmont Park.

Harney Oldfield has made his last automobile race, so he says. Oldfield has obtained employment as a chauffeur for H. W. Whipple, an Andover, Mass., banker.

Jockey V. Powers is the leading rider at the Downs this spring. He has piloted 19 winners across the wire, was placed 6 times and landed 6 of his mounts in third place.

Charges that Huff, the crack Grinnell sprinter, is a professional and has competed for money in foot races will be made to the authorities at Grinnell by the University of Illinois.

The story that the American Baseball Association will invade Chicago and eastern cities next year has been revived. It is said that St. Paul, Minneapolis and Kansas City will lose their teams.

The fastest wrestling match ever seen on a mat in Duluth occurred when Young Miller, the St. Paul welterweight, wrestled two and one-half hours with Otto Suter of Cleveland without a fall.

James T. Sheekard, left fielder of the Chicago National League baseball team, was seriously injured when a bottle of ammonia exploded before his face. His left eye may be permanently blinded.

Sir Thomas Lipton declares that he will never again challenge for the America's cup unless the New York Yacht Club alters its rules so that he can bring a serviceable sea boat across the Atlantic.

James Y. Chalmers, who was one of the present holders of the national bowling championship in the two-men event, he having won that title with Harry Kiene as a partner at Cincinnati last February, died in Chicago recently.

A rank outsider, Signorietta, owned by E. Ginstrelli, and quoted in the betting at 100 to 1 against, defeated all the American, British and French cracks, valued at \$6,500 and the greatest prize of the turf world. The Italian horse simply cantered home from the hot favorites by two lengths.