

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By
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CHAPTER IV.

Three days after Mrs. Waring and her party left Havre, an artist boarded the Liverpool express just as it was leaving Birmingham, barely in time to be locked up in his carriage by the rushing guard.

The two other people in possession of the first-class compartment—two young sports with their bulging caddy bags, their suit cases, and their Gazettes—took up the entire seat. The artist settled himself modestly in a corner opposite, and pulling his cap well over his face and long, curly brown hair, opened his Daily Telegraph.

Having read the editorials from end to end, he glanced leisurely over the political news, and finally, doubling the paper, took in the various paragraphs of current interest with attention and, one by one, with some amusement.

This was dubbed, "Special from The Paris Herald," and contained these head lines:

"Remarkable Burglary at Havre."
"American Woman Robbed by Her Chauffeur."

And then below:
"Mrs. Richard Waring, of New York and Washington, who has been traveling on the Continent with a party of friends, was the unfortunate loser on Wednesday of some unusually fine diamonds, valued at 250,000 francs."

"The gems must have been stolen from her trunk while at the Hotel Maritime. The suspected thief is her chauffeur, one Ludovic Sarto, lately in the employ of His Highness the Prince del Pino. Sarto has been running Mrs. Waring's motor for the past two months."

"The burglary was not discovered until this morning, when the party was leaving Calais, but the authorities of the place were immediately informed of the affair and are on the lookout for the thief. A reward of 5,000 francs is offered for his apprehension."

Having read this paragraph twice over very carefully, the artist folded the paper, crammed it into his pocket, and leaned back in his seat, giving himself up to a fit of hard thinking which lasted till the train rumbled into the Liverpool station just five minutes late.

It was while the artist was hunting up a cab that he first noticed the man in the brown overcoat—a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered person, who favored him with a brief, interrogative stare, then disappeared into the ticket office.

A minute after, a four-wheeler containing a painter and his paraphernalia moved swiftly away in the direction of the Metropolitan Hotel. From time to time its passenger looked out through the little window at the back with a keen, inquiring glance. Finally passing out of a broad avenue, the trap crossed a square at right angles and turned a sharp corner.

"Stop," said the man inside suddenly.

Dismounting, bag in hand, he looked furtively to right and left. Ahead of him stretched a long, narrow street given over apparently to lodging houses and a few unpretentious shops. Pulling out a sovereign, "Cabby," he said, speaking with a strong foreign accent, "behold your fare—and something, as you see, beyond. Make your best time to the Metropolitan and leave there my belongings. I get out at this place."

Then, crossing the street as the cab rattled off, the artist plunged into a stationer's opposite.

He was standing at the counter a little later, reflectively choosing a note book, when the sound of wheels outside made him start and look out expectantly, but there was nothing unusual in sight—only a station cab, containing a commonplace looking man in a brown overcoat, passing by the shop at a quick trot.

Paying for his purchase and shouldering his bag, the artist walked briskly up the street. Turning on his course, he soon took to side alleys and short cuts, walking with the assured gait of one who knows his town thoroughly, until the gray stone facade of the Hotel Adelphi came into view.

Entering the lobby, "Can you tell me," he asked the clerk suavely, "if His Excellency the Prince del Pino is not staying here?"

The young man consulted a slip of paper.

"Leaves by Majestic this afternoon, Suite 21, second floor. Take a lift." The words came out automatically without the slightest punctuation.

Following the direction, the caller found himself at length standing outside of a closed door upstairs.

After a little the door was opened in answer to his ring and a head thrust out.

"His Highness begs to be excused," announced a guttural voice, without any preliminaries.

But the artist stepped forward and, seizing the cautious one by the hand, held it very firmly.

"Alceste," he said in French, "do you not recognize me, my friend? It is Sarto."

The other gave a start. "Come in, come in, without doubt," he said in a low voice, "and close the door behind you."

It was an imposing anteroom in which Sarto now found himself, with doors opening out at the two ends, and six long windows communicating with a balcony commanding the street.

While the visitor looked about him, his companion slipped to the portiere opposite and drew the draperies more closely.

Turning he came back rapidly, a trim-looking fellow of middle height, the typical French valet, with a sallow, smooth-shaven face.

"And so it is Ludovic Sarto," he said incredulously, approaching the pseudo artist.

"I should never have known you," as he surveyed the professional get-up with a slight smile.

"I see, I had better ask no questions! Eh bien, my friend, here you are safe at least, only—struck by a sudden thought he asked a few words in a whisper—

"Have you ever had the scarlet fever?"

The chauffeur nodded his head. "A slight case, when I was a boy," he as-

sented briefly; and then, with some concern "Not the prince?"

The other acquiesced. "The devil, say rather!" he ejaculated feelingly. "Such temper, such abuse, for the past week; and now this high fever—M. le docteur is in there now." He glanced at the opposite door. "One cannot tell yet positively what may be the outcome. As for our journey this afternoon, where are we to go—what we are to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, rolled his eyes, and glanced upward, all in one brief, pantomimic moment.

"But how about you, mon chon?"

The chauffeur pushed back his long artistic locks, which now showed unmistakable signs of belonging to a wig.

"As you suggest," he said, "it is wiser sometimes to ask no questions about the past. For the present—This with a whimsical lift of his eyebrows—"Scotland Yard is after me. I have been followed all the way from Southampton. That is the reason I am here."

He paused, his eyes inscrutably on the valet; but Alceste avoided the gaze.

"You come at a bad time, then," he objected, with sudden fretfulness. "The prince ill—myself with a hundred demands upon me—one must see, under these circumstances—"

"Ah!" broke in the chauffeur. Looking down, he studied the points of his boots and appeared to meditate a moment, then, shaking off his abstraction, "Come, then," he said lightly, "no more of my affairs. We will discuss those for the nonce. Sit down; let us talk."

Placing himself leisurely in a chair, he eyed the valet with a faint smile that hardened and broadened.

"Ah, Alceste! But the sight of these recalls many things! Dost thou remember those two weeks at Toulouse? His gaze rested reminiscently on the ceiling. "And that accident to the gens d'arme? It was an unhappy mistake of mine," he laughed jarringly.

But Alceste did not laugh.

"Un peu plus bas," he expostulated, his eyes on the closed door opposite.

Sarto crossed his legs with deliberation. "Aha!" he laughed unheedingly. "There was also that affair in Spain. Ma foi! How amusing!" He raised his voice with apparent unconsciousness. "The prince—has he heard of these little incidental diversions? Eh, Alceste?"

Alceste made no immediate reply. His eyes were still glued on the door, his usually dull skin turned the spent, unhealthy hue of a wax candle.

After a pause, "Is not this a bad time for such banal reminiscences?" he asked, meekly enough now. "I am all eagerness to do what you wish in this difficulty. It is but a question of expedients. Chut!"

He broke off abruptly, listening, for from the next room came the sound of voices, and then footfalls.

"M. le docteur!" ejaculated Alceste. "Already!"

He moved swiftly toward the door. Then, over his shoulder, "Look you! Through that door opposite! Make haste; I will be with you directly." His tone was almost beseeching.

Rising with a careless shrug, the other stepped into the next room. Having closed the door, he stood listening to the sound of approaching feet.

The next instant a voice became audible, the hoarse, wheezy voice of a very fat man. Standing close by the intervening wall, Sarto could hear every word.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "there is considerable fever, but we can't be sure what the trouble is for twenty-four hours at any rate. If it wasn't that Liverpool had been so full of scarlet fever lately I should say positively—" He broke off abruptly. "Well, keep him quiet and do what I told you."

"Mais, monsieur," the valet's voice rose in voluble remonstrance, "all arrangements mek for Son Altesse departure today. Look you! The very trunks have left for the steamer. This hotel full-crowded. Eef all dese peuples suspect the truth, dere will be great trouble—big fuss!"

The doctor was evidently in a hurry, for the chauffeur could hear the struggle with his overcoat.

"Suspect," he grunted. "Why should they suspect? Can't you keep things quiet a little longer? I tell you seriously the prince can't be moved for twenty-four hours without danger. Just tell Mr. Burlington that, with my compliments, I'll drop in later and have a word with him."

There was a shuffle of departing feet and the door closed.

Stepping over to the window which gave on the street, the chauffeur glanced out, hoping for a glimpse of the great man getting into his brougham, but there was no sign of either.

Instead, a hansom had just driven up to the side entrance and, as Sarto watched it, some one jumped out and passed rapidly into the hotel—a tall, thin man in a familiar looking brown overcoat. With a muttered exclamation the chauffeur turned away and stood perfectly still, staring ahead of him with the hunted animal. Listening with sickening expectancy, he made out the creak of the ascending lift outside, the sound of feet along the hall, and a loud knock.

After a moment's silence, it was repeated, and the flip-flap of Alceste's slippers came hastening from an inner room to answer it.

The door was opened, and a quiet voice was heard—to the listener's strained senses—most unpleasantly distinct and near.

"These the prince's rooms?" it asked suavely. "The clerk tells me that a friend of mine was directed up here a half-hour ago—an artist—tall, dark man, I've called for him! Just ask him to step out, please!"

There was a pause, while Ludovic held himself stiffly at bay, wondering what would come next; everything hung on the valet's next words.

"Oul, monsieur," came the guttural response at last. "The gentlemen that you describe called here, li-y-a vingt minutes, but—as Son Altesse could not see them—he leave directly."

"Indeed?" The tone sounded incredulous. "That is very extraordinary! The clerk tells me he didn't see him go out. How do you account for that?"

"I do not know, sir, me!" Alceste's reply was glibness itself. "I shut de door on them. Son Altesse, he so much occupy, and myself no less."

The detective took the obvious inference. "Well," he remarked, after a pause, "if you're sure he's not here, I won't detain you any longer. Much obliged. Good morning!" And footsteps retreated down the hall.

The situation was apparently saved, but the astute chauffeur realized thoroughly that the Adelphi was no longer a possibility for him. Some other hiding place must be found, something must be done—and at once.

The next half hour he spent tramping up and down his rather circumscribed quarters and cudgelling his brains for a solution of the problem that confronted him, so absorbed in his thoughts that he almost forgot to wonder what had become of Alceste.

At last, however, the valet made his appearance, his colorless face more chafy than ever.

"Ah!" he ejaculated savagely for the moment more interested in his own dilemma than in the chauffeur's woes. "Could anything be worse? Some servant has spread abroad the report that Son Altesse has the scarlet fever, and the hotel is infested, fou! Every one in a panic! M. le Proprietaire declares that if the prince does not carry out his intention and leave to-day, every one in the house will leave; his season will be ruined! Miserable canaille!" He wrinkled his forehead. "If one could but arrest their suspicions, keeps things quiet for twenty-four hours longer, when everything will be decided."

Sarto seemed deep in thought. "The staterooms are taken?"

"But yes, taken and paid for—the best on the ship. Ah! Mille tonnerres! Sacre! And the very trunks on board?"

"So much the better," said the chauffeur suddenly.

Alceste stared at him.

"I mean it," the other repeated. "Let them go, even if they have to cross the ocean to save appearances!"

He was standing before a mirror, staring at himself critically, eagerly.

"Yes," to himself—"it could be managed with a little ingenuity." Then, turning to the valet, "Calmes toi, Alceste!" he said soothingly. "You have helped me and I shall now extricate you. This moment even, a blessed idea has come to me by which all can be managed. The affair is concluded! Between us both we can accomplish everything. His Excellency can remain here in secret until the crisis of his illness is passed, and yet at the same time—the proprietor, the hotel, all the city if necessary, shall see the Prince del Pino sail for America!"

(To be continued.)

Our Consumption of Tobacco.

According to the census figures recently issued the consumption of tobacco in the United States is enormous. The money spent for cigars in the year ending June, 1905, was \$108,186,372 and for cigarettes, \$6,354,803. The sales of chewing and pipe tobacco showed an expenditure of more than \$110,000,000, of which it is estimated that \$55,000,000 was spent for smoking tobacco.

Uncle Sam's appetite for the weed is voracious. The consumption of tobacco has increased from 293,894,453 pounds in 1900 to 355,620,971 pounds in 1905. This includes chewing tobacco.

In 1905 he actually smoked more than 150,000,000 pounds. Yes, it all went up in smoke, and with it the cost of the Panama canal and of 27 battleships.

The consumption of cigars has increased 27.5 per cent since 1900, and of cigarettes, 27.3 per cent. From 1869 to 1905 the consumption of cigars and cigarettes steadily increased sevenfold. During the same period the population of the country increased only a little more than twofold.

More money is spent each year on tobacco than on potatoes or vegetables or fruits or coffee.

Tame and Wild Game Mixed.

School Teacher—And now that we have finished discussing the lion and the tiger, who can tell me about the lynx?

A painful pause. Finally a small hand is hesitatingly elevated.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, can you describe the lynx?

Tommy—No'm.

Teacher—Then why did you raise your hand?

Tommy—I thought Willie Wuggies could tell.

Teacher—And what made you think Willie could describe the lynx?

Tommy—Cause his brother's a cad-die.

Absence of Mind.

Browning—So your engagement with the rich widow is broken off, eh? What was the trouble?

Greening—Oh, one of my famous bad breaks, as usual. In an unguarded moment I asked her if I was the only man she had ever loved.

Too Healthy.

"Do you believe that mosquitoes carry malaria?"

"Not the mosquitoes around here," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "They couldn't possibly do it and be so healthy."—Washington Star.

Restaurant Repartee.

"Waiter, what kind of a steak was that you served me with just now?" demanded the dissatisfied guest.

"Well done," responded the waiter, with a low bow.

"If I! Do you mean me or the steak?"

Of the 387 recorded ministers of the Society of Friends in Great Britain 152 are women.

Science AND INVENTION

The British government in India is considering a project to link together the rivers Indus, Jhelam, Chenab, Beas, Ravi and Sutlej, in order to equalize the flow of water for irrigation purposes. Thus when there is a flood in one of the rivers a part of the water can be diverted to a point where it may be more needed. In this way it is believed that the district of the Punjab, a name which means the Five Rivers, can be assured a sufficient water-supply at all seasons.

The Philippine Journal of Science recently published a list of 68 kinds of trees growing in the Philippine Islands, producing wood of commercial importance, belonging for the most part, to families and genera but little known to the botanists of the temperate zone. The list includes only dicotyledonous woods, and not the palms, bamboos and screw-pines which also abound in the islands. An interesting fact is that growth rings seem to be characteristic of only a part of the Philippine trees. Many show rings of seasoned growth when young, but not afterward.

An important phenomenon of recent recognition in bacteriology, says Dr. Simon Flexner, is that of the "microbe-carrier," by which is meant an individual who harbors disease germs while apparently suffering no ill effect himself. The existence of such cases has been known for some time with regard to the bacteria of diphtheria, but more recently the phenomenon has been shown to exist for the germs of typhoid, dysentery, plague, cholera, and many other infectious Protozoa. Bacteriologists are also learning, says Doctor Flexner, that while the forces of immunity may be in active operation as far as tests with blood made outside the body indicate, the very bacteria from and against which such forces have developed may be still surviving in the body.

Commenting upon a recent German book on the interior state of the earth, Dr. A. C. Lane, well known for his researches on this difficult subject, makes a very interesting remark. He says that without making a sweeping statement at the start, as to the gaseous interior of the earth, it is perhaps safe to say, in view of what we know, that "some of the elements of the earth's interior are in a gaseous condition, and the earth, for them at least, might be likened to a toy balloon, but one in which the gas was so condensed, under such pressure, that one could easier drive a steel ball than it. Under conditions of temperature not easy to disprove, that should be the condition of all the earth's elements toward the center." Dr. Lane adds that the study of seismic vibrations will probably settle this question.

The average citizen, it is safe to say, has a very hazy idea concerning the size and constitution of the United States Army. A writer in Harper's Weekly gives some interesting facts bearing upon this matter. The government dreams of an army numbering 70,000 men. The present strength is 57,000. Of the theoretical 70,000 soldiers the fifteen regiments of cavalry, which never lack their full complement, comprise nearly 14,000 officers and men; the six regiments of field artillery, 5,500; the coast artillery corps close upon 20,000; the thirty regiments of infantry, 27,000; the engineers, 2,000, and the remainder consist of the staff corps, Indian scouts, and a small number of native soldiers in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The total number of commissioned officers amounts to about 3,900.

LONDON POLICE.

Poorly Paid Britishers Who Cannot Be Bribed.

The police of London, England, have just been through a severe investigation by a royal commission which is a sort of glorified legislative committee. All sorts of people came forward with charges against the police, but only two or three alleged that they had bribed policemen, and in every case the charges were lacking in proof and were regarded as merely spiteful by the members of the commission. Nearly every police magistrate in London gave evidence, and they all agreed that the police were incorruptible.

High tribute was paid recently to British police court methods and British policemen by Police Magistrate Hogan, of New York, who not long ago was a London visitor. He said: "Everybody is treated alike, and I like the way your police do their duty. They don't seem to forget things overnight, as many members of the New York force often seem to do. I should say that the London policeman is remarkably honest and far too good for the job, considering the pay he gets." The magistrate, whom the cops consider their worst enemy in the London police courts, is Mr. Plowden. Mr. Plowden's treatment of policemen, prosecuting in the witness box, is one of the sights of the town. But even he does not believe that the English policeman would accept a bribe not to do his duty.

The saloon law is very strict in England, and the opportunity is large for the species of "graft" said to be plentiful in many American cities.

The pay of the English police force is miserable compared with American police salaries. In London \$6 a week is a cop's pay after a year's probation. With this in view possibly there might

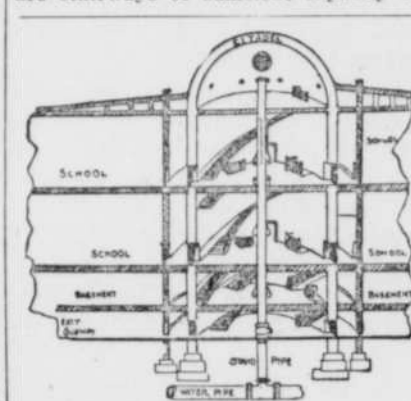
be more bribery and corruption, more open "graft," but for the organization and discipline of the force. These are simply superb. The roundsman, sergeant and inspector in England really work. The constable on the street dares not get off the beaten track. The punishment meted out to erring policemen is intensely severe. There are no mere reprimands. The English cop must be without blemish or—instant dismissal without any red-tape or appeal results.

CEMENT SCHOOL BUILDING.

Collinwood School Horror Leads to Citadel Scheme.

Following the recent Collinwood, Ohio, school fire horror, in which 109 children lost their lives, an unusual type of cement construction for school buildings is proposed in the Cement Age. Use of the new construction, it is insisted, will absolutely guard against perils of fire and panic, such as occurred at Collinwood.

The main feature of the new type is a circular, central citadel, extending from basement to roof, an independent structure around which school rooms can be built. These are connected with the citadel by fire doors. Inside the citadel, which is to be fireproof, are stairways of sufficient capacity to



PROPOSED CEMENT CITADEL.

provide for the ready exit of the children. Once inside the citadel, the children can take their time in leaving, as it is heat and smoke proof. A stand-pipe, running from the water mains to the roof, gives firemen an opportunity to work in a protected position, the walls being punctured with numerous loop holes through which the hose can be operated.

WHY DID SHE LOWER THE GAS?

Man Who Proposed in the Sign Language is Puzzled.

A certain gentleman, who is an expert in the sign language, relates that one morning lately he was on the top of a tramcar when he became interested in a discussion between two mutes, says the Bystander.

"I want your advice," said one of them, using his hands as vocal organs. "I shall be happy to oblige you," said the other.

"Are you well up in the tricks of women?" inquired the first one.

The second man modestly admitted that he knew something of the gentle sex, although he disclaimed being an oracle.

"Well," resumed the one who wanted advice, "you know I am in love with Mabel. At last I made up my mind to propose to her. Last night I made the attempt."

"And she refused you?" eagerly inquired his friend, his hands trembling with excitement.

"That is what I am coming to," said the first. "I don't know whether she did or not. You see, I was somewhat embarrassed, and the words seemed to stick on my hands. And there she sat as demure as a dove. Finally my fingers stuck together, and I could not say a word. Then Mabel got up and lowered the gas."

"Well?"

"Well, what is bothering me is this. Did she do that to encourage me and relieve my embarrassment, or did she do it so that we could not see to talk, and so stop my proposal?"

A Man's Necktie.

Ever since a regiment of Croatian soldiers marched into Paris three centuries ago with their necks swathed in silk, and Louis XIV., delighted at their appearance, decided to adopt the fashion himself, the cravat in its various changing forms has played an important part in the attire of men. And so reliable is it supposed to be as an index to its wearer's personal characteristics that Buffon, the French savant, was once led to remark, "The cravat makes the man."

A Hard One.

Tommy—Say, mamma?

Mamma—Well, what is it, Tommy?

Tommy—How does a deaf and dumb boy say his prayers when he happens to have a sore finger?—Kansas City Independent.

Sighs.

A maiden sighed,
Alone was she;
She was beside
Herself, you see.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1215—Magna Charta signed by King John.

1600—Champlain left Quebec to explore the lake which bears his name.

1610—Champlain defeated the Iroquois near the mouth of the Richelieu river.

1706—Madrid entered by the English and Portuguese.

1741—Alliance between George II. of England and Marie Theresa of Austria.

1745—Louisbourg, N. S., taken by the British from the French.

1775—Battle of Bunker Hill.

1778—British evacuated Philadelphia.

1793—City of Archangel, in northern Russia, nearly destroyed by fire.

1795—Union College founded at Schenectady, N. Y.

1812—United States Congress declared war against Great Britain.

1815—Battle of Waterloo.

1819—The Savannah, first steamer to cross the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool. . . . The State of Maine separated from Massachusetts.

1820—The Earl of Dalhousie assumed office as governor of Canada.

1831—Reform bill reintroduced in the British Parliament.

1837—Accession of late Queen Victoria on the death of William IV.

1839—Total defeat of the Turkish army by Ibrahim Pasha on the Euphrates.

1840—Montreal and Quebec incorporated as cities.

1850—Steamer Griffith burned on Lake Erie with loss of 300 lives.

1853—Termination of the Burmese war.

1856—President of the United States recognized the filibuster Gen. Walker as President of Nicaragua.

1859—Repulse of the French and English squadrons on the Peiho. . . . Commodore Tatnall of United States navy, a Chinese waters, made his famous utterance: "Blood is thicker than water."

1863—Japanese ports closed to European and American traders.

1864—Alabama sunk by the Kearsarge.

1867—Execution of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. . . . North German constitution promulgated.

1868—Mumaita evacuated by the Paraguayans.

1869—Kansas negroes petitioned Congress for suffrage.

1870—Treaty of peace between Brazil and Paraguay.

1871—Corner stone for the New York State Capitol laid at Albany.

1872—Earl of Dufferin assumed office as governor general of Canada.

1890—Armenians massacred by Turks near Erzerum.

1893—Monument unveiled in Waldheim cemetery, Chicago, in memory of the "Haymarket anarchists."

1895—Baltic canal opened by Emperor William.

1900—Spain ceded the Caroline Islands to Germany.

19