

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By
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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Women of Gussie's stamp are as elusive, as intangible, as running water, and when, with painstaking zeal, some poor, deluded mortal attempts to corner the pretty, sparkling thing—lo and behold! it slips away through his fingers to ripple gaily down hill.

"No, don't speak," Gerald shook himself determinedly. "I think I see how things are, and there's no use in losing one's temper." He spoke tersely. "Del Pino's a very different affair from your other amusements! This fellow's got money and position, and he's in earnest. It's just this. Things have come to a point where you've got to decide which of us it is to be Gussie. You can't put me off any longer. Rather know the worst, you know. Come! Which of us it is to be?"

"Gerald!" Poor Gussie Waring felt all the natural irritation of a professional gamster whose hand is forced unwarrantably by a clumsy amateur.

"How absurd and uncalled for this is!" she objected petulantly. "I might just as well call you to account for the time you spend with Annette. You're certainly not alone when the prince and I are together and Annette—"

"She's a nice girl," the interruption came uncomplainingly, "and you know our standing perfectly well. Would you mind answering my question? I'll not trouble you again. Do you consider yourself engaged to me?"

"No, of course not; but," Gussie's tones rang with genuine alarm, "I don't want to lose you, Gerald; I really can't do without you after all these years!"

Buist laughed bitterly. "I'm afraid you'll have to," he ejaculated, "and the sooner I take myself off the better. You'll forget me quick enough!" His voice grated. "Just as conveniently as you forgot that five days ago you promised to marry me. Now if you care to go in—"

As the steps and voices retreated, some one moved stiffly out of his chair and, standing up somewhat unsteadily, peered ahead into the darkness.

"She's jilted him, she's jilted him, and because of me!" he ejaculated, with a low whistle.

He was silent for some moments, and then a low laugh gurgled out of the darkness.

"Nom d'un chien!" said a soft voice very rapidly, "after all, Sarto the chauffeur has given the back tick with interest! Monsieur the Englishman, that score is settled!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yes, it's almost over," Mrs. Waring remarked at length.

She and her companion had been sitting silent for some time on a secluded angle of the upper deck as the Majestic made its stately progress into New York harbor, the following Saturday morning—a wonderful morning, by the way, with a dappled blue and white sky on which the multitudinous tangle of shipping, and the airy fabric of Brooklyn bridge, hung like intrusive cobwebs that a breath of wind might blow away.

The man in the steamer chair beside Mrs. Waring glanced around from his gloomy contemplation of the scene in answer to her remark.

"Over?" he repeated, in carefully accented English. "I do not know about that. Why should it be over?"

He sat up suddenly with an alert movement and looked at the morning, then at Gussie, who lounged beside him, a very smart, brilliant personage in her cadet-blue, tailor-made fittings.

"That depends"—Mrs. Waring told him, with smiling evasiveness—"everything depends on your definition of it."

The other pondered an instant.

"The to which I was referring," he said gravely, "is an exceedingly difficult matter to define. I have been trying to do so during the past five days, but in vain. It baffles me; it eludes me; it is bewildering, alluring, impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked Gussie, with lifted eyebrows. She sat smiling enigmatically and toying with the rings on her ungloved hands.

Involuntarily Sarto's eyes dropped to the hands, studying them intently. They were so characteristic of the woman, so perfectly made, so indolent, so luxurious, so tantalizingly within his reach!

"I wonder if it is impossible!" he speculated, in a curiously vibrant tone.

Only a few words spoken and Gussie Waring would be engaged to him—the former employer at the mercy of her discarded chauffeur. He had a heavy score against the woman beside him! Why not collect it now in full?

"Why not?" asked the man breathlessly, and he leaned forward.

It was while the inevitable, orthodox words were shaping themselves on his lips, which Gussie was so evidently expecting, that a boot-heel clicked sharply on the deck floor, and suddenly, athwart its white expanse between the two, a long shadow fell, blotting out the sun.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Blacklock?" Gussie's tones were not precisely cordial. "Have you anything new to report to us?"

"I wish I had, Mrs. Waring," confessed the detective apologetically. "But luck's against me now. Here we are almost in and no news of our man."

Taking out a cigarette impudently from his vest pocket, the man to whom he was referring lit it and raised his eyes to the once dreaded brown overcoat.

"Did you indeed expect to meet Sarto on board?" he inquired pleasantly and with the utmost nonchalance.

The detective hesitated a moment. "Well! Your Highness!" he explained doubtfully. "I thought it was on the cards that he'd try to make this steamer, and the sharpest of us can't always tell to an inch where a crook of that sort'll stow himself. I don't deny I had a sort of idea at first that the man might be on this steamer."

"And are you quite convinced that he assuredly is not?" inquired the chauffeur,

still in matter-of-fact tones and between steady whiffs of his cigarette.

The detective looked vaguely injured. "All I can say," he volunteered sulkily, "is that there isn't a corner of the ship that I don't know about and not a passenger who can't be accounted for. No," he turned decisively to Mrs. Waring, "my hopes are now all banked over here. We've got our men on the lookout, you see, and no shipping can get in without being pretty thoroughly overhauled. My opinion is that we'll land him before long."

"I should not be at all surprised if you are right," agreed the individual in question.

He was standing up now, his hand in his pockets, watching the detective with a cool, patronizing stare. "And yet, as you English have it, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief.'"

He relaxed into an irrepressible smile. "I cannot tell you how much I am interested in this capture of yours, Monsieur Blacklock. Just keep your eyes open, my friend—that is my advice—and, believe me, you will come across Sarto before you know it!"

A half hour later, amid the shrieking of whistles, the rolling of trucks—in fact, the composite roar of a great city, that affects so disagreeably the nerves of the returning American—Lodovic Sarto, having passed successfully through the purgatory of the custom house, found himself in the comparative paradise of Eleventh street, standing with Gerald Buist outside of Mrs. Waring's carriage window, which was indeed effectually blocked up by the Englishman's thick-set form, Gussie's attention being temporarily absorbed in bidding her rejected suitor a sisterly goodbye.

Quick to realize the advantages of the moment, the pseudo-prince made his way around to the other side of the carriage, where Annette was leaning out of her window expectantly.

"I wonder," he said, smiling down at her, "if it is to be actually a final adieu; do you know, Miss Bancroft, I have a curious—shall we say—presentiment—that I am to see you again. That is the reason I am about to ask for your card."

He stopped short, struck, startled even, by the deep flush that swept over the girl's clear skin at his slight words.

She looked down hurriedly, however, and, searching for a card in the bag on her lap, handed it to him silently with eyes averted.

"Does that mean," she faltered, "that Your Highness is really thinking of coming to Washington?"

Again Sarto wondered over her irrepressible agitation, with a faint, curious thrill somewhere in the region of his collar-bone.

"Who knows?" he returned laughingly; "I am nothing but a feu follet, what you call will-o'-the-wisp, appearing now here, now there. Who knows where I may turn up?" and he pocketed the strip of postcard, conscious that Mrs. Waring's eyes were upon him, viewing the incident with small favor.

"We've really got to be off!" she now announced crisply. "Gerald, just tell the man the St. Regis, please. Well, prince," holding out her hand as that individual came hastily round, "I'm going to be in Washington for a week of getting to rights before leaving for Newport. We're off by the four o'clock train this afternoon." She bent towards him, dropping her voice. "Don't you leave then, too?"

Sarto looked at her an instant. There was a queer, twisted smile about his mouth and a very wistful look in his eyes.

"Why do you tempt me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Tempt you?" Gussie laughed. "Dear me! There is nothing going on in Washington at this season. Every one has left; even your friend Count Souravieff is in Newport now. I have positively no inducement to offer you."

"Except the only one that matters to me," finished the other in a very low tone.

He glanced around. Buist was shouting directions to the cabman, and at the other end of the cab sat the girl looking determinedly out of her window. Then, with a daring laugh, "I ought not to go," said Sarto sotto-voce, "but I cannot resist it just for a few days!"

"Four o'clock then."

And he drew back as the carriage started off, his parting look more than his words haunting Gussie for the rest of the morning, filling her with an agreeable sense of satisfaction—and Mrs. Waring needed satisfaction.

Never in the course of her successful career had she been so baffled! For, in spite of the enforced propinquity given by a long five-days voyage, exposed to the romantic influences of the sea and every opportunity that art could devise and coquetry sanction, the incredible fact remained that the Prince del Pino had not proposed!

The cab with its two inmates had rolled away, and Sarto was making off, his eyes on the ground, mechanically retracing his steps into the quay office, when he bumped violently against some one who was hastening in the opposite direction—a middle-aged person, evidently a foreigner, in a light gray spring suit, with a striped waistcoat, vivid tie, and immaculate derby.

Throwing a casual glance at our friend, this man was passing rapidly by him with an angry excretion in French, when a sudden idea made him stop short and whirl spasmodically round on his heel.

"Sarto!" he cried, still in French. "Why! It is my old friend Lodovic Sarto!"

Flushing and paling by turns, the chauffeur stood still, gazing about him with swift apprehension.

Heaven be praised! Buist had taken himself off just in time! Recovering himself, "M. le Comte Souravieff," he said, also in French, with a deferential bow. "This is indeed a pleasure."

"You came over with the prince, I take it," the other returned, with a smile. He had remarkably white, even teeth

and keen gray eyes that lit up pleasantly, the effect of his well-modelled, strong-jawed face being, however, somewhat marred by a large aquiline nose shaped like a vulture's beak.

"By the way, where is Son Altesse?" Sarto glanced around, his abnormally alert mind sorting out the possibilities of the situation just as an experienced gamster looks over his hand. "Where is Son Altesse?" he echoed wonderingly. "But a moment ago he was handing some ladies into a cab, and now I see him not anywhere."

"Gone!" ejaculated the other blankly, "and I came to the docks especially to meet him. What can have become of him, do you suppose?"

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said, in his characteristic way. "My orders are to await Son Altesse at the Hotel Waldorf. That is all I can tell you."

There was a moment's pause while Souravieff seemed to be considering the situation.

"Well!" he said at length, hailing a cab, "there is nothing to be done, so far as I can see, but to return. Come, my friend, I will give you a lift to your hotel. It is in my own direction. Diab!e!" he jumped into the trap with a word to the driver, Sarto following. "Curse take these steamship companies. Here have I been, since eight o'clock this morning, kicking my heels in their wretched office, and I am now only granted my permit in time to find—parbleu!—that the prince, whom I especially wanted to see, has already departed."

"Too bad!" ejaculated the chauffeur hypocritically. "If your Excellency had only reached there five minutes earlier—"

He did not complete his sentence—and, indeed, how could he? What would have happened if Count Souravieff had reached there five minutes earlier?

For a moment, as the latter settled himself on the cushions and the cab rolled off, Sarto fell to wondering over the Count's recognizing him in the disguise which had so successfully taken in his late employers, and yet—what could be more natural? They remembered him as the mustached and bearded chauffeur, disguised by an all-concealing motoring get-up, and he had been clean shaven during that tour in the Troly when he was thrown with Souravieff.

"Well, my friend Sarto," the latter remarked good-naturedly, after a short pause occupied in lighting a cigar. "How has the world gone with thee since we last met?—well, judging by thine opulent appearance. Ma foi! With that Parisian overcoat and expensive hat one would almost take thee for the prince himself. Ah!" he chuckled and blew great rings of smoke into the air, "hast thou forgotten the little masquerade at St. Moritz, when thou personated the prince in the Casino so that he might prove an alibi in that affair we knew of? Ha, ha, ha! His Highness was not any too well pleased when he had to pay for the money thou lost for him that night, thou rogue!"

A slight smile crept over the chauffeur's impassive face. He was thinking of other and greater escapades since then and asking himself with decided curiosity if the count read daily papers.

"Son Altesse has not been well of late," he ventured guardedly. "He was quite seriously ill at Liverpool, and those English journals have it that he is down with some malignant disease at the present moment."

"I am not surprised," assented the other indifferently. "The reporters probably say the same things about myself. I never have time to read anything nowadays but the foreign dispatches. A diplomat's life is no sinecure in this country, where one is feted and entertained from night till morning! A ball here, a dinner there, a carnival beyond—one can scarcely keep one's appointments at the Embassy." He yawned. "Ah, bah! I have not slept for a week, and the appetite it comes no more in eating. Sarto, thy simple, uneventful existence, my man, is more to be envied. The fatigue! To-night I am at Newport—only here for the day to meet some ladies," he rubbed his nose savagely, "whom, alas! I have not met. Plague take those steamship companies!"

And he fell silent, musing over his wrongs, while the chauffeur gazed out of the window and the cab pursued its tortuous way.

At last Count Souravieff turned his keen gray eyes on his companion.

"There were two American ladies on board the Majestic," he said suddenly, "friends of mine,—a Madame Reehard Wareing and her dame de compagnie, vous les avez remarque, mon ami Sarto?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town.
Mr. Brown of Shopless Town is very much distressed—Cannot buy the things he needs; The stores are all non est. Merchants closed 'em up last year And started out to roam Till they found a trading place Where people trade at home.

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town.
When shops were plenty there, Used to mail his cash afar; For trifles light as air; For substantial things as well, To those mail order trusts—'Tis no wonder that at home The merchants went on "busts."

Mr. Brown of Shopless Town.
Is very sad and sore; Stands around from dawn to dusk, Emitting quite a roar, Needing food and clothes—but, see, Postoffice, too, decamps, So he mails no orders now— He cannot buy the stamps! —E. Sapp, Jr.

Just a Side Issue.
"Some of these fortune tellers, produce the goods all right."
"That so?"
"Yes, one of them told me that I was to have a stroke of great good fortune and when I got home yesterday I found my wife's pet lap dog was gone."
"But I heard that your wife was gone with it!"
"Oh, yes, but that is a mere detail." —Houston Post.

An aim in life is the only fortune worth finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself. —R. L. Stevenson.

BISHOP WHOSE DEATH IS MOURNED BY THOUSANDS.



Bishop Henry C. Potter

Henry Codman Potter, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, whose death is mourned by thousands, was born in Schenectady, N. Y. in 1836, and came from a family of famous churchmen. His father and an uncle were bishops before him, and it was natural for him to follow in their footsteps. It was not the original intention of his father to have him enter the ministry. The elder Potter selected the life of a groceryman for his son, and this was the first business in which he engaged after leaving school. It was not to his liking, and he entered the Episcopal Seminary of Virginia at Alexandria, from which he graduated in 1857 at the age of 22, when he was ordained a deacon. Bishop Potter was well known as an educator. His influence in secular affairs extended far beyond the pale of the church.

As bishop his influence in broadening the human sympathies of church work throughout the diocese and in bringing it into touch with the social movements of a complex civilization was incalculable, and he always accomplished his ends without weakening the church's tenets or compromising its historic and liturgical integrity, of which he was a staunch upholder. Cultured, suave, a prince at dinner, he was yet, whenever occasion required, a rugged defender of his faith, and his unwavering faith was that of his church. The bishop was married twice. His second wife and several children by his first marriage survive him.

Science AND Invention

The meteor trains studied by Prof. Trowbridge of Columbia University, are the luminous streaks often seen in the wake of shooting stars, and they may continue many minutes, or even an hour or more. They drift slowly and become distorted, as if by air currents. They seem to be self-luminous, and may sometimes be seen in daytime. They somewhat resemble the after-glow on turning off the current from vacuum tube electrodes. The glow is greenish-yellow, diffuses 100 yards a minute, and is most striking at a pressure calculated to be that of the atmosphere at a height of fifty-five miles.

Recent study of the Hottentot tribes in Southwestern Africa leads to the interesting suggestion that the Bushman type of negro once ranged from Central and Western Europe, across the Mediterranean, and down the east coast of Africa, to the lands where these people are now found. This is based upon the superficial resemblance in features between some of the Bushman and Hottentot types and some of the peasant population of parts of Central Europe, eastern France and some parts of Ireland. Sir H. H. Johnston remarks that the Bushman tribes are scarcely in an age of stone, but rather in an age of bone, wood and skins. Their arrow heads are usually made of bone. Wood, leather, gourds and thorns are the materials from which utensils and ornaments are commonly made.

Now that the season of thunder storms is here, this long-debated subject assumes fresh interest. It has been rediscovered by Dr. A. W. Borthwick, in "Notes from the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh," who concludes that no tree is immune, and that lightning will strike one species quite as readily as another. In opposition to the popular belief that "it is quite safe to stand under a beech, while the danger under a resinous tree or an oak is, respectively, 15 or 50 times as great." Doctor Borthwick says that the beech is struck quite as frequently as any other tree. Apparently the taller trees in any neighborhood are the ones most liable to be struck.

If the use of the various means of communication is to be considered as a measure of civilization, this country certainly appears to an advantage when compared with Europe. The last figures obtainable are for the year ending January 1, 1905. Of letters and postal cards, each 1,000 persons sent 6,719, as compared to 29,554 for Europe. In the matter of telegrams each 1,000 Americans sent 1,099 messages for

every 731 transmitted by Europeans. But it is in the matter of telephonic messages that the inhabitants of the United States far surpassed those of the Old World. While each 1,000 of population in the old country sent 7,364 messages by the telephone, each 1,000 Americans sent 44,344, or more than six times as many.

LOSES PRESENCE OF MIND.

Guest, Though Forewarned, Puts Hostess in a Predicament.

An amusing anecdote was told by a young matron the other day apropos of absent-minded persons. She had been married only a short time and was giving a luncheon to some of her mother's friends. She was particularly anxious to have everything go off well, that her reputation as a housekeeper might be established. The little menu was made out after much consultation with the new French cook. She had trimmed the table with her own hands and all was in charming readiness, when at the eleventh hour an old school friend arrived from out of town and asked if she could stay for luncheon. It was most inconvenient, but the warm-hearted bride welcomed her.

"Stay, by all means, dear Amy," she said. "But there is one condition. Please do not take any chaudiroids. There was not enough chicken and the cook has only just told me. These French people are so economical. But, after all, if you and I both say 'No' to them, they are sure to go around Don't forget, dear."

Ample promised faithfully and went upstairs to prepare for the party. The guests arrived promptly and the luncheon began with an excellent melon for each. The hostess, having been warned against too much food, especially as there was to be bridge afterwards, had cut out all the extras and limited her dishes to the melons, a cheese soufflé and the chaudiroids. The last she refused when they came her way and trembled at the small amount on the dish. There was not even any extra aspic jelly, but she reflected with relief that there would be just enough when Amy refused. Then, to her horror, she saw her absent-minded friend not only take one, but two, upon her plate. The waitress had not sufficient presence of mind to halve the remainder, so two women went without any. "And I am sure," added the narrator, in conclusion, "that they all went home hungry. Why, I blush even now when I think of that luncheon."—New York Tribune.

Out of the Frying Pan.
"Do you love me well enough to give up cigars?"
"Certainly. Besides, after we are married I won't be able to afford anything but a pipe."—Illinois State Journal.

An ounce of action is better than a pound of that tired feeling.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Conceit blinds many a man to the truth. Faith is reason resting on revelation. Every master must ever be a pupil. If a godless man got into heaven, he would be glad to get out. God not only pardons, He forgives. The works of God's machines are all hidden.

Christian fellowship is through the Father. The richer the jewel, the harder the cutting. Death is a river to some and a ferry to others. Men need new forces, rather than new forms. The Holy Spirit is the best teacher of theology. The man who wavers cannot expect God's favors. Atheism dethrones reason and exalts folly as king. Paul said nothing about the number of his converts. Faith and zeal always outstrip reason and eloquence. A religion without the Holy Ghost is not Christianity. The more godly men are, the more human they will be. More depends on your inletting than on God's outpouring. The early preachers never belonged to the "aristocracy." "Exalting human nature" is what Satan did to tempt Eve. The Bible answers the question, why? and science, how? The unmarked providences of God are the most remarkable. If the saloon exists in your city, it is too close to your home. Expression is the breath of love; withdraw it, and love soon dies. Mathematics cannot determine the difference between one man and two. It is a poor preacher indeed who can't tell people more than they can practice. It is often easier to be neighbor to the stranger than to the man over your back fence.

PASSING OF AFRICAN GAME.

Imminent Extinction of Many Species Leads to Protective Laws.

For two centuries there has been little let or hindrance to the slaughter of animal life in southern Africa. But now game laws exist and with their enforcement it is expected that the supply of game can be kept up and that some of the old hunting grounds may be restocked.

Lions are still plentiful over large areas and even in the mining districts of Rhodesia. Elephants are becoming scarce, being practically extinct south of the Zambesi, except on the east coast and in a few parts of Rhodesia. They are now strictly protected to save them from extinction.

The rhinoceros is rare, except in the Portuguese country south of the Zambesi. The hippopotamus is to be found only in Orange river, the streams of Zululand and in the Portuguese rivers.

One of the remarkable natives is King Khama. The headquarters of his tribe is Serowe, a town of 20,000. Here and in all his dominions he has abolished European liquors, and their introduction or use is followed by severe punishment. He has suppressed witchcraft and so encouraged education that most of his people can read.

The Mashonaland plateau is beginning to fill up with European farmers. With its perfect climate and fertile land it grows every kind of crops of the temperate zone and the farmers are already looking forward to raising enough to supply the whole of Rhodesia. Thus throughout the "dark continent" in whatever direction there are evidences of a rapidly growing civilization.—Indianapolis News.

The Glory of New York.

What other city is there of like size which matches New York in position. It is a seaside city; the salt water javes its feet. As the traveler approaches it he thinks of Venice rising from the sea or is perhaps reminded of ancient Tyre, which "stood out in the sea as a hand from a wrist," and of which the houses were impressively tall. "Impressive" is not too indulgent a word for the skyscrapers of New York—clean faced, simple, original and audacious, they are characteristic of the land and of the people. They are not ugly concessions to utility, but a rather grand adaptation of architecture to circumstances. The ancients, harassed with dread of piracy, would not have dared to build a city like New York on the edge of a great harbor open to the sea. It is something which the modern world alone could have given us.—London Spectator.

Brevity.

"Too many words are wearisome," said Kwofer. "Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Not always," replied the observer; "but, in any event, it is always commendable."—Philadelphia Press.

Worry Regarded as a Disease.
Physicians are beginning to recognize worry as a disease, to be prescribed for like any other malady.