

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The chauffeur's eyelids flickered. "Wareng!" he repeated. "The name is familiar—I think I have heard it before. Is she a tall, slim blonde, with reddish hair?"

"Parfaitement!" The Count spread out his hands. "Une taille de gazelle!" he explained. "and of an elegance! Ah!" he dropped his voice solemnly. "She has an income of seventy-five thousand."

With swift eagerness he turned on his companion. "The prince—does he know them, are they connaissances—intimes? Ah!" a light of inspiration leaped into his eyes.—"I have it! those were the two ladies whom you said he was helping into a cab—Hein?"

The chauffeur saw that there was no use in denying it. "Very likely," he said calmly, inwardly cursing himself for his momentary imprudence.

Souravieff eyed him an instant speculatively. "Then Son Altesse doubtless knows where Madame Wareng is staying," he said, jumping swiftly to an inevitable conclusion. "Of course, he possibly even gave the direction to the cabman. Good! That is what I want to know,—the name of her hotel—where she is staying."

His beaky nose was intrusively near the chauffeur's keen eyes searching the other's face. "Tell me," repeated eagerly, "how am I to see Son Altesse?"

Sarto's face was expressionless. "I cannot tell Your Excellency," he was beginning, when the Count broke in impatiently.

"Yes, yes! You can tell—you must tell. Look you!" He gesticulated violently with his strong white hands. "I must see the prince this very afternoon. It is a necessity. Tell me where to find him, my good fellow." His tone was coaxing in the extreme, and with one hand he rustled something suggestively in his pocket.

The chauffeur smiled enigmatically. He had been doing some rapid thinking during the last five minutes.

"One likes to be obliging," he said. "Let me see."

He appeared to reflect a moment, and then, turning to the other with an engaging smile, "If M. le comte follows my advice," he said quietly, "he will be at the Club Union this afternoon at about four o'clock. That is the best I can do."

Souravieff put his hand with impulsive gratitude into his pocket, and then, moved by the counter currents of prudence, drew it forth empty.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, Sarto," he said warmly, "and I am indeed glad to have been able to give you this lift. Here is your hotel. No, do not thank me; the obligation is on my side, and remember, my man,—he lowered his voice confidentially, "if anything should induce you to give up your present position you must be sure to let me know."

That afternoon at four o'clock, while in company with two fair ladies who shall be nameless, our friend Ludovic Sarto was sitting tranquilly in the Congressional Limited speeding to Washington, a perturbed Russian diplomat paced up and down the spacious reading-room of the Union Club, straining his eyes anxiously out of the broad windows with increasing impatience as the minutes passed by and the Prince del Pino did not appear!

CHAPTER IX.

Saturday in New York had been cold and blustery; Sunday in Washington was warm with the breath of the tropics. On the wide pavements the summer sun fell glitteringly wherever the black-etched shadow of the long tree arcades gave a chance to fall at all. There was touch of languor in the still air, a breathlessness, the masses of greenery hardly moving a leaf, above them a palpitating blue sky.

In the Metropolitan Club the big electric fans were whirling madly all day, but the very few loungers in the comparatively deserted rooms preferred to sit by the front windows looking out into shady H street, down which an occasional saunterer passed in the lightest of summer clothes.

As the day wore on the atmosphere became heavier, the sky veiled in an ominous gray opaqueness near the horizon.

"Going to have a thunder storm," predicted a tall man in white flannels who was standing by one of the club windows at about five o'clock. "That's because I'm dining at the Country Club to-night. Just my luck." He groaned. "It's difficult going through an electric storm in my automobile."

"Pocket your pride and take a trolley car," suggested the other man who was looking out. "These clouds won't work up before midnight, anyway, if they do at all."

He put up an eye-glass. "There's another Dip coming along. Funny how you can tell them instantly by their walk! All of us Americans have our individual ways of trotting about, but on the other side they seem to have been drilled into the same step by the same dancing master. See that fellow! Think he's a Frenchman or an Italian?"

"A little of both, I should say," declared the other, following his glance. "And a swell, too, from the look of him and the cut of his clothes! I suppose he's over here on some 'special mission!'"

The object of their attention meanwhile was proceeding up Connecticut avenue at a leisurely pace, that permitted him to glance up from time to time at the houses he passed, many of which sported wooden barricades, wondering inwardly that their owners should be hurrying away from this bit of paradise. For paradise it was, indeed. The evening sky had partially thrown off its gray veiling, displaying a sumptuous riot of flaming tints, against which the red belfry of a distant church struck a solemn note.

As he passed on, guided by the lamp-posts, making scientific cuts through side streets, the roof-line of the houses seemed to become more irregular, seen through green tree-vistas, under which one caught

glimpses of brilliantly colored facades, terraces and vivid flower beds, sloping to stately allees and broad avenues, gay with pedestrians, carriages and automobiles. While visible at intervals, near at hand seemingly and yet curiously remote, aloft the monument, like a silver arrow, pierced the still air, pointing heavenward.

Occasionally asking his way and always keeping a diligent eye on the lamp-posts, the foreigner found himself at last walking down the cloistered aisles of Massachusetts avenue, where he began to look questioningly at the different house fronts he was passing and consult the card in his hand.

Stopping before a white exterior of ornate lines, framed by an Italian garden, he glanced up at the slightly bowed shutters and then, coming to a decision, stepped rapidly along the carriage drive and lifted the ponderous brass knocker.

"Is Mrs. Wareng at home?" he asked in due time of the functionary in livery who opened the door, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, followed a second footman into a great hall, whose shrouded chandeliers and vast uncovered expanse suggested that its hostess was only there on the wing for other latitudes.

Following his guide up a wide, shallow staircase, he stopped before a curtained door, long enough to have the portiere drawn back and hear his name announced in muffled tones.

Before him was unmitigated dimness at first, out of which presently a circle of black dots resolved themselves, surrounding a white object—all of this deepening on nearer view into Gussie Wareng, a scraphically mandane figure in crepe de chine, behind her tea table, with half a dozen men around her.

"I hoped you would come in," she said, holding out a hand of welcome to the newcomer. Then, turning gayly to her little court, "This is the Prince del Pino, arrived yesterday in America—the very latest thing out, you see. We must make the most of him, my friends, for he's only here for a few days."

Motioning the honored guest to a chair beside her, she introduced him in her characteristic, off-hand fashion to the men about him, and resumed her tete-a-tete with the stodgy-looking Senator on her other side.

The rest of the room looked at the Prince del Pino.

"What does Your Highness think of our little village?" asked a stout man savoring unmistakably of the far West. "Plenty of room to turn about in, eh?"

The supposed nobleman smiled graciously. "To turn around in?" he ejaculated, in his precise English. "After the maestro of your New York, Washington seems to me a blessed retreat—in truth a rest-cure. But it is charming—this place! Everywhere fine houses, wide boulevards, well-dressed men, and as for your far-famed American woman—but—(he made a bow toward the figure behind the tea-table)—I made her acquaintance five days ago, you see!"

Conscious that he was acquitting himself well, he broke off, little realizing the ordeal fate had in store for him!

"Prince," Gussie had deserted the Senator and was smiling over her shoulder with covert mischief in her half-closed eyes. "You will have to prove an alibi. We have all been reading about you in the morning Post."

She bent forward with the paper in her hand. "See, Your Highness! Over there—on that column to your right."

Adjusting his monocle, the man she addressed glanced over the sheet with an air of polite interest.

"What can it be?" he exclaimed, even as he realized with instinctive certainty what he should find.

"Ah! This sounds alarming!" And, with apparent amazement, he read aloud: "Special from the Liverpool Daily Transcript:

"It has just transpired that a certain patient who is occupying a private room in the Queen's Hospital here is no less a person than the Prince Rodrigo del Pino, whose anticipated trip to America was interrupted by the attack of measles from which he is just recovering. It is hoped that the distinguished invalid will soon be able to carry out his first plans."

So this was the end of the scarlet fever scare and Alceste's well-guarded secret. In spite of his precautions, the truth was out! Something had gone wrong. Some one had blundered.

Pulling himself together with a decided effort, the chauffeur looked up to find seven pairs of eyes confronting him with varying degrees of interest and curiosity. It was a difficult situation to carry off, appealing irresistibly to the adventurer's love of risk, to the actor's instinct for a dramatic climax.

"This is an equivocal position in which I find myself! How am I to prove an alibi?" he ejaculated solemnly.

"What is your affair?"

Throwing his head back, he faced them squarely, daringly, his thin lips twitching. "Yes," he pursued gravely, "this is the issue—either this report is false or, my eyes twinkled irresistibly, "I am myself. My friends, put it to the vote at once! I am in a state of intolerable suspense and exceeding agitation till I hear your verdict."

It was an audacious move, but the chauffeur knew what he was about. In counting the cost, he had not reckoned without his hostess.

"Here's my hand!" she said, raising it in gay, swift response to his whim. "I put my money on the prince without hesitation. How about you, gentlemen? Remember, he's at your mercy."

A burst of laughter answered her as every hand went up, the prodigious clapping sealing the verdict.

The mock prince had scored another victory, indeed a conquest.

"A thousand thanks for your gratifying confidence," he said, laughingly glancing at his new adherents. "Now for the explanation: As it happens, the 'certain patient' in a private room of the Queen's hospital' is no less a person than my

valet. I had to leave the man behind at the last moment with a case of measles—the reporters did the rest! I beseech you, do not be afraid of me!" He spread out his hands in comic deprecation. "I have had that dangerous disease myself years ago, I assure you! I do not want to be avoided in the least."

And for the next half-hour he was most certainly not avoided, being undoubtedly the lion of the occasion, the chief center of attraction; and at the end of that time—such is the magic influence of that trio of forces, a ready tongue, a ready smile, and an attractive personality—there was not a man in the large, dimly lighted room who would not have been willing to swear that Del Pino was not only a capital good fellow but a born aristocrat with every sign of his birth and breeding!

A little while after he had been borne off by two attaches in the direction of the embassies, a lithe, middle-aged man was admitted at the front door, left his hat in the hall, with a glance at the stacks of cards arranged in circular rows on the table, and, hurrying upstairs, pushed his way past the footman, entering the drawing room unannounced.

At sight of him there was a general turning of heads and a cry of "Souravieff! You here!"

"Why, M. le Comte," Gussie looked around. "This is a surprise! We thought you were in Newport!"

Count Souravieff bowed over her hand. "I am only here for the day," he said. "I must return to Newport to-night—in fact, I am due there this very minute (this impressively). You are responsible for my not keeping my appointment. Ah!" he settled down in the chair beside Mrs. Wareng and dropped his voice to a confidential pitch. "The Fates have been working against me of late. I had intended to be on the docks to greet you on your arrival yesterday, but, alas!—your miserable steamship companies over-turned my cart of apples!" He waved his white hands. "Conceives done, when I reached there with my permit, you had gone. Even my friend Del Pino had departed. There was no one to speak to me but his chauffeur."

"What!" exclaimed Gussie at this juncture. She stared at him with suddenly awakened interest. "Who did you say was the only person to be seen?"

Souravieff disliked interruptions excessively. Checked in the full flow of his eloquence, he raised his eyebrows as well as his voice, and explained to Gussie in a tone of mild reproach. "The man whom I met, madame, was the chauffeur of my friend Del Pino."

Then, conscious that he had the undivided attention of the room, he went on with restored equanimity: "Eh bien! from the fellow I acquired the information that his master would be at the Club Union at the hour of four, so to that abominable place I repaired, in order to find out if Del Pino knew of your whereabouts."

But at this point in his narrative there was another unaccountable interruption. "Excuse me," Gussie said, in a curiously strained voice; "what was the name of the man who directed you to the club? The Prince del Pino, as far as I know, hasn't any chauffeur."

Souravieff eyed her with rising displeasure. Never having heard of the Wareng robbery, he considered this bested interruption on the part of his hostess absolutely inane and in conspicuously bad taste.

"Pardon, madame," he said formally; "but the prince has a chauffeur—a man named Ludovic Sarto, who managed his motor while we were in the Tyrol."

There was a pause, while everyone in the room looked wonderingly at the pair by the tea table, one of whom was leaning forward, her eyes unnaturally bright and dilated, her manner more and more excited.

"You saw Ludovic Sarto!" she ejaculated at length. "I really can't believe it!"

Count Souravieff now began to think that Gussie Wareng was going out of her mind.

"Well," he said, laughing in a constrained way and glancing around for sympathy, "I can only state that I met the Prince's chauffeur—or his double—coming out of the steamship docks yesterday morning. Behold my deposition, madame!"

There was another pause. "Then the prince was right?" remarked Gussie slowly. Her face had grown curiously pale and she shivered a little. "Yes," she repeated, as if to herself. "He was right! Oh, think of it!"—this with a half-frightened gasp—"that man must have been on board with us all the time!"

(To be continued.)

Too Steady.

The irate old farmer entered the employment office.

"You sent me out a batch of farm hands, didn't you?" he blustered.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk meekly.

"And when I asked you if they were swift workers you said they were regular engines?"

"I think so."

"Wal, by heck, they must be stationary engines then."

"Because when they once get out on the barn fence they don't move until they hear the dinner horn."

A Brilliant Idea.

"Speaking of the money question," remarked Greening, "what this country needs is an elastic currency."

"Then," rejoined his wife, proud of her ability to see through a stonewall with a hole in it, "why doesn't the government print banknotes on sheet rubber?"

Time to Back.

Harry—Yes, that pretty heifer said you started to propose and then backed out.

Harold—Yes, I backed out of the window. When I got to that part about only earning \$9 a week I heard her pa coming with a shotgun.

Not Lively Enough.

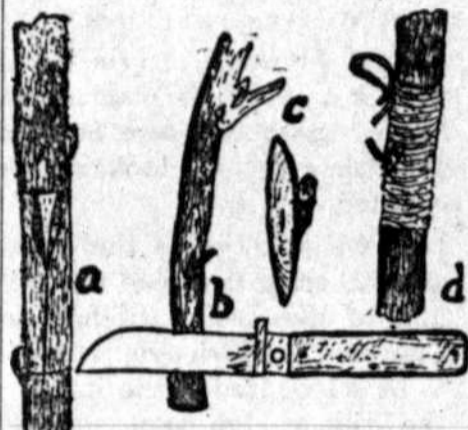
"Misery loves company," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes, I suppose so," rejoined the demoralizer, "but it doesn't entertain its company agreeably."



Budding Fruit Trees.

It is sometimes desirable to bud orchard trees at a time when cleft grafting can not be done. The work can be done in late August, September and early October. The purpose of budding trees is very much the same as that of grafting. The apple, plum and rose-bush particularly, may be operated upon to advantage and with good results. The work of budding can be done by a sharp, round-pointed knife and a piece of yarn. Usually the best results follow by selecting a place where the branch is from 3/8 to 1/2 inch in diameter, and where the bark is smooth and healthy. With the rounded part of the knife cut lengthwise of the branch, just through the bark, a slit about 1 1/2 inches long, and at the top of this slit cut across about 1/4 inch, as shown at a. Next remove from a branch of the same season's growth of the desired variety one of the strong, healthy



THE STEPS IN BUDDING.

buds by cutting from below the bud up and under it. Start about 1 inch below the bud and come out again 1 inch above the bud, as at b. Cut deep enough into the wood so as not to injure the bud, and cut it so as not to leave too much wood under the bud. Then place the bud, c, on the end of the knife and push down into the slit, as above described. Push securely in place, so that the bud is about 1 inch below the upper cut. Then wrap carefully with yarn, as at d. In two or three weeks examine and see if the bud has grown fast and so that the yarn is not injuring it. Should the yarn be loose, retie. The bud should start to grow the following spring.

Success largely depends upon whether the stock is growing vigorously or whether the bud is healthy. The bud serves the same purpose as the scion in grafting. From it springs a limb which will produce the kind of fruit borne by the tree from which the bud was taken.—W. H. Underwood, in Farm and Home.

Protect the Birds.

The farmer is liable to forget his bird friends. I wish to tell some of my farmer friends what I have done this spring, in regard to our quails. When our assessor came around I gave in some quails, as well as domestic fowls for taxation, as I knew about how many we had on our farm when winter was over. Some will say that you could not tell how many birds you have, because they will be on your farm one day, and on your neighbor's the next. While that is true, do not our domestic fowls go over on our neighbor's place, also, if you give them opportunity to do so? Which most people do that I know of. But do they not come back home every evening to roost? It is the same with the quail, and he will roost on the farm where he was bred and hatched, providing he is unmolested by hunters, hawks, etc. If you were to chase your domestic fowls with dog and gun one-tenth as much as you do the poor little quail, in the fall of the year, do you think that there would be many chickens on the roost in your chicken house at night?

The writer has known coveys that after being chased and shot at all day, would be whistling the call just at dusk, and after getting back together would fly to roost.

I think that anything that is as valuable as the quail and stays with you through such circumstances, should be protected better than most of our farmers are doing.—J. H. T., in the Indiana Farmer.

Getting a Start with Corn.

When the farmers in the corn and grass states reach the point where they have their fields all fenced hog tight, they should not delay for any considerable length of time getting a start in sheep, says Wallace's Farm. It is not necessary to have a large flock. It is a good deal better not to have it for two or three reasons: One is that sheep do not do well with hogs and cattle. This is the reason why so few sheep are kept in the hog and cattle country. Another reason is that those who have had no experience in sheep would do well to advance slowly, and, if need be, retreat rapidly. Twenty-five ewes and a good buck are as many as the inexperienced farmer should start with. The expense of these is comparatively small, the possible loss therefore not great in case the man should prove not to be a fit man to handle sheep. There are some men of this kind. The chances of loss, however, are very small where the farmer has any kind of sheep gumption about him.

The Black Raspberry.

The black raspberry has its peculiarities, and among them is that of the annual travel to new soil by means of the tips. Stocks from the hill are comparatively worthless for new plantations; and growers of valuable varieties must obtain their plants from the tips of the present year's growth. The first part of July, if it has not been attended to sooner, when the growing canes have reached the height of 4 feet, nip out the point with thumb and finger, and soon branches will come out along the cane, increasing the number to take root, and adding to the productiveness of the plant the next season. Leave the bearing cane in its place until fall. Later, when it is time for the tips to attach themselves to the soil, the rooting can be facilitated by a slight covering of dirt. In preparing for the crop in spring head in the branches to two or three feet, according to their strength.

Testing the Health of an Animal.

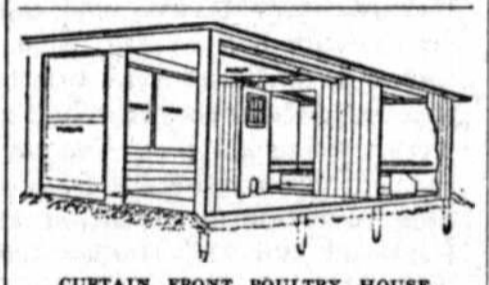
The pulse of a horse when at rest beats forty times per minute; of an ox from fifty to fifty-five; of a sheep and a pig about seventy to eighty. The pulse may be felt wherever a big artery crosses a bone. It is generally examined in the horse on the cord which passes over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in the bony ridge above the eye; and in cattle over the middle of the first rib; in sheep by placing the hand on the left side, where the beating of the heart may be felt. Any material variations of the pulse from the figures given above may be considered as a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow the possibilities point to brain disease, and if irregular to heart troubles.

Sow Fall Wheat Early.

In the great corn belt of the Middle West most farmers are afraid their wheat will make too much top in the fall and sow very late in order to avoid the Hessian fly. As a rule, however, it is better to sow early enough to get eight or ten inches growth. Harrow the seed bed frequently, making a fine dust mulch, which will conserve moisture and cause regular germination. Wheat put in this way makes a stronger growth in the spring and matures at least a week earlier. If early and late seeded wheat come through the winter without injury the early wheat will always outyield the other, although it may have a tendency to lodge. Watch your own wheat next spring and see how it comes out and then sow next fall at a time to make it better the following year.

Curtain Front Poultry House.

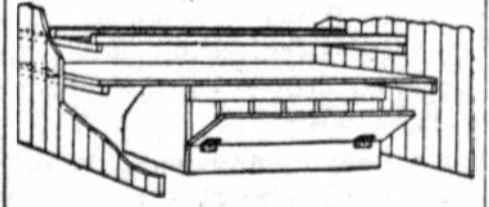
The style of curtain front house shown is of the shanty roof type, 8 feet 6 inches high at the front and 4 feet 6 inches at the rear. The width of this



CURTAIN FRONT POULTRY HOUSE.

or any of the houses may be varied to suit the builder. The front of this house consists of a curtain on a frame hinged in such a way that it may be swung to the roof to allow the sunshine to enter. The plans of the curtain front houses lend themselves to the construction of an enclosed house by using lumber instead of cotton.

The roosts, nest boxes, drop boards and in fact all interior fixtures, should be constructed and put up in such a



INTERIOR FIXTURES.

way that they may be easily removed for cleaning and disinfection. The diagram illustrates how they may be arranged with advantage in any house. The roosts should rest in sockets, and the drop boards should not be nailed in place, but simply rest on the cleats at the ends.

Intensive Farming.

The possibilities of a small farm under intensive cultivation are strikingly shown in the following record of production from eleven acres, located near Reading, Pa.: Three thousand six hundred and fifteen bunches of radishes, 30 bushels of white China radishes, 775 bushels of onions, 1,800 boxes of strawberries, 675 bunches and 20 bushels of beets, 500 quarts of lima beans, 12 bushels of egg plant, 100,000 peckles, 40 bushels of turnips, 12 bushels of carrots, 35 bushels of parsnips, 1,000 roots of horseradish, 2,000 stalks of endive, 20,000 stalks of celery, 25 bushels of artichokes, and 8 bushels of popcorn.

Do Not Rob Yourself.

Have you ever noticed that the farmers who buy corn, clover, hay and oil-cake for feeding their stock always have the most fertile farms? The man who practices selling his grain crops is taking just that much fertility from his own farm and selling it at the price of grain. It is a very bad practice.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1388—Earl of Douglas killed at the battle of Otterbourne, Northumberland.

1469—Edward IV. defeated the Lancastrians at Banbury.

1554—Queen Mary of England married to Philip of Spain.

1603—Coronation of James I. of England.

1600—Battle between Champlain and the Indians in Essex county, New York.

1657—The first Sulpicians arrived in Canada.

1661—Schenectady purchased from the Indians.

1689—Forces of William III. defeated by adherents of James II. of Killecrankie.

1766—Treaty of Oswego, making peace with Pontiac.

1711—A British and Colonial fleet sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.

1722—New England colonies declared war against the Indians.

1758—Amherst and Wolfe captured Louisburg.

1750—Crown Point abandoned by the French on the approach of the British. English took Ticonderoga from the French.

1762—Moro fort, at the entrance to Havana harbor, stormed by the English under Admiral Pococke.

1773—The city of Guatemala laid in ruin by an earthquake and the eruption of a volcano.

1780—Rocky Mount, a British post on the Catawba, taken by the Americans under Gen. Sumter.

1780—The department and secretary of "Foreign Affairs" created by act of Congress, but changed to the department and secretary of state soon after.

1804—The American squadron began the siege of Tripoli. The New York State Society of the Cincinnati decided to erect a monument to Alexander Hamilton.

1806—Buenos Ayres taken by the British.

1818—Duke of Richmond became Governor of Canada.

1821—San Martin proclaimed the independence of Peru.

1828—Gilbert Stuart, American portrait painter, died in Boston. Born in Narragansett, R. I., Dec. 3, 1755.

1830—Charles X. of France suspended the liberty of the press.

1833—Lisbon surrendered to Dom Pedro.

1838—Bolivian troops entered Lima.

1852—Hudson river steamer Henry Clay burned near Yonkers, with loss of 32 lives.

1854—The cholera made its appearance in the Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown.

1856—Robert Alexander Schumann, composer, died. Born June 8, 1810.

1868—Territory of Alaska organized. Military government ceased in Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia and Florida.

1870—Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy Hebrew citizen of New York, found murdered in his home; the mystery of the crime never solved.

1877—Statue of Richard Cobden unveiled in Bradford, England.

1883—Capt. Matthew Webb drowned in attempt to swim the Niagara whirlpool rapids.

1884—The Imperial Federation of Great Britain and Her Colonies formed in London.

1880—Insurrection in Honolulu.

1897—United States Congress passed the Dingley tariff act.

1898—City of Ponce, Porto Rico, surrendered to the Americans. The American troops advanced on Ynaco, Porto Rico. Prince Karl Otto von Bismarck, German statesman, died. Born April 1, 1815. Pugwash, Nova Scotia, totally destroyed by fire.

1890—Gen. Heurieux, ex-president of Haiti, assassinated by Ramon Caceres. Final sitting of the Peace Conference of The Hague. Reciprocity treaty between France and the United States signed.

1900—Russians captured the forts at Newchwang.

1901—Free trade between the United States and Porto Rico proclaimed.

1907—The foundation stone laid for the Carnegie Palace of Peace at The Hague. Edmund W. Pettus, United States Senator from Alabama, died. Born July 6, 1821. Japp assumed control of Korea.

Other Harmful Food Adulterants. Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, says that the poison squad experiments have shown that both benzoic acid and benzoate of soda should be excluded from foods as being injurious to digestion and to general health.

Miners Uphold Unionism. The convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver reaffirmed its allegiance to the principles of industrial unionism and to aid in the solidifying of the working class.