The Chauffeur and the Jewels

By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER XIII.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning," the mock Prince del Pino had told Mrs. Waring when he left her at her house; and then, turning his motor in the direction of his hotel, he gave himself up to the business of the moment, making the most of the brief time left to him.

It was half-past ten when he stood outside of a house in S street and consulted his watch.

Half-past ten. Very late for a visit, and yet—they were awake in the house!

Through the bowed shutters and open windows came the sound of one of Chopin's waltzes, played by a girl's slightly amateur fingers on a piano that was not of the best. But on that night of witchery, in the silent lighted streets, the air floated out with a certain graceful stateliness.

Curbing his impatience, Sarto waited until the last note of the phrase was played, regardless of the flight of time, and then, mounting the steps, rang the bell.

There was a little hesitation before a light tread came along the hall and the door opened.

"I had almost given up Your Highness," said Annette Bancroft.

Her visitor stood, hat in hand, looking up at her.

"I am all apologies for the lateness of the hour," he began in a low voice. "But I have been dining at Chevy Chase and was detained longer than I thought. I shall only stay a moment."

The girl led the way, without speaking, into the drawing room, where two candles were burning, revealing the open piano heaped with music. Behind it the window stood open, letting in the light from the street.

"Roses!" ejaculated the mock prince. He daintily sniffed at a bowlful standing on the center table. "Papa Gontier," he murmured, lifting the heavy heads. "He has good taste in flowers—the Englishman."

Annette made a faint acquiescence. She had seated herself on the piano stool, a ghost-like little figure in the half light.

Turning away from the table, Sarto moved towards the piano.

"Ah, I had forgotten that!" he said, speaking sotto-voce. "M. Buist remains after I am gone. He has the best of it!"

"After you have gone!" echoed Annette.

She stood motionless, staring with parted lips and widened eyes into the face of the man who bent over the piano, his dark, mobile features so near hers.

"Yes," he said, speaking in very quiet tones, to which his curiously expressive voice lent a certain pathos. "It is to say good-by I am come to-night. Before morning I will have left Washington. I shall never see you again."

The last words rang with an irrepressible melancholy that sent a shiver through his listener. Turning, forgetful of the all-revealing lights in the street below, she looked up into his face, her own white with the shock of his words—her eyes wide with the secret of her heart.

"Annette!" cried Ludovic Sarto.

Love is a great mystery! * * * It moves through the winding passages of our cold, dark hearts so silently that we never suspect its presence until suddenly one day we see it for the first time mirrored in the light of another's eyes.

At some time—when the chauffeur could not tell—some Midas touch had turned the gratitude, the friendship he felt for this girl into the gold of his heart.

And in this instant of miracles the man's whole being, his double nature, even the dark side which had achieved its sinister triumph one short hour ago, seemed touched by that same Divine alchemy—the base metal in him transformed and purified.

There are certain moments in this dull life of ours when the froth is on the wine—moments of dazzling, diamond-like brilliance—moments as sweet as the first taste of a nectarine and as evanescent.

Even as Ludovic Sarto and Annette Bancroft gazed into each other's eyes, the moment passed by, never to return.

The next a terrible realization came into the man's heart. "Wait a moment!" he said hoarsely. "I—I have something to tell you!"

Turning sharply away, he took a few turns up and down the room, grappling with the ordeal that was suddenly upon him.

For the girl must be told the truth now! It was inevitable! Alas! the discovery of her secret demanded the revealing of his.

It was a strange psychic fact that to Sarto now, in spite of his slippery, diverse nature, no other course occurred. The man who loved Annette Bancroft—and was loved in return—could no longer mask behind the Prince del Pino.

Ludovic must come forth and bear his responsibilities. The law of self-preservation, which he had only acknowledged so far, had given way to another, diviner. For the first time in his life the mercurial chauffeur bent his head to the law of self-sacrifice.

Turning suddenly, he looked at the girl at the piano.

Annette was leaning forward, facing him, a faint nervous smile on her lips, her eyes full of a dawning, shy expectancy.

Watching her, his wonderfully keen—almost feminine—perceptions dissecting the girl's soul, Sarto saw, with shuddering, sickening horror and self-disgust, all that the girl in her innocent romantic soul was imagining. A fairy tale no less—foolish enough!—with a prince for its hero and for its heroine——

The man who loved her knew, with an inward recoil, that it fell to him to shatter this pretty little castle in the air—with its occupants.

Standing before her, he spoke formally. "Miss Bancroft, tell me, how long have we known each other—you and I?"

Annette raised her eyes to his, and a vivid color tinged her pale cheeks.

"Two weeks," she said, without the faintest hint of coquetry or hesitation. "It was just two weeks ago to-night that we met on board the Majestic."

"No!" Sarto shook his head. "You have known me longer than that. Look at me!"

He drew nearer, with sudden determination. "Where have you seen me before? Think! Remember!"

But the girl only gazed at him with astonished, half-frightened eyes.

"Before?" she faltered; "I—don't understand."

Sarto moved impatiently. The suspense was becoming unbearable.

"Think!" he urged relentlessly. "Of whom did you say I reminded you? Have you forgotten Sarto, the chauffeur?"

"You Sarto?" Annette half whispered the word. "Sarto—and the Prince del Pino!"

Her irrepressible imagination was at work again.

With a half groan Sarto turned away. "No more fairy tales, child!" he said roughly. "The book is closed now! The man you have known is not the Prince del Pino." His voice vibrated. "Only an impostor—a miserable impostor. Listen!" He hesitated, standing with his back to the window, a silhouette of a man, looking at the girl between her two candles as a lost soul might look at an angel in heaven.

Then he told his story, from the moment that he looked into Mrs. Waring's trunk to the present.

Perhaps never in the course of his checkered career had the chauffeur, past-master as he was in the science of the tongue, acquitted himself so ill. By a skillful suppression of a fact here, the strengthening of an episode there—in fact, a little judicious light and shade—the tale might have made a very creditable autobiography, in which Ludovic Sarto, the hero, would have shone forth in an adventurous, seductive—possibly an heroic—light.

To a lover all things are possible, permissible. But for the time being Sarto was not a lover.

He stood as it were in his confessional, speaking to a hidden ear, dissecting his conduct with the scrupulous exactness of the penitent. And the pale girl sitting between the two candles was to him a distant vision in a dim church, silent, inspiring, uplifting! Only at the last, the man looked out through the sinner's eyes, with a faint satisfaction in his own sin, an irresistible pride in his own performance.

"I must say I played the part well!" Sarto boasted. "My acting was successful as far as it went. I dare say there are a score here who would say a good word for me——"

A wail crept into his voice. "Ah, the irony of fate! While they are applauding the Prince del Pino out there in the audience, the poor mountebank must crawl off to hide himself and his broken heart. But I forgot"—with a jarring laugh—"chauffeurs—people of a certain class—are not permitted to have hearts!"

He stood, poor Sarto, very human and very much in love, his face working, his heart rebelling at the bitterness of his cup, the injustice that deprived him of the fruits of his own triumphs—the enjoyment of his own happiness.

And there was silence in the little room, while from the street outside came the smooth roll of wheels and a man's tenor in the distance singing the air from Pagliacci, bird-like atoms of sound threading the roar of the city.

At last Annette spoke. "What have you done with the diamonds?" she asked very quietly.

The man before her caught his breath. "Ah, the diamonds! I had forgotten about them."

For an instant he stared at the girl blankly. All this time Ludovic Sarto had been thinking of himself as the chauffeur. Surely that was low enough! But now, with a heavy, irretrievable sense of doom, he saw in her eyes whence he had fallen and how far! From the pedestal on which she had placed the Prince del Pino, down to the thief—the robber of Mrs. Waring's diamonds. What a descent! And in the fall—love, that brittle, delicate thing, lay shattered, broken into fragments.

Sarto was suddenly face to face with a judge, young, austere, implacable, in whose clear tones there sounded an echo of some distant Puritan ancestor; in whose glance he saw himself condemned.

"The diamonds," he repeated with an effort, "go to Mrs. Waring to-morrow, with a note of—of explanation. I shall see to it—the first thing in the morning."

He spoke with the submissive impersonal air of a servant, his eyes on the ground, and for a moment Annette listened silently.

"What are you doing here then?" she asked suddenly. "Don't you know that if Count Souravieff is after you, he may be here at any moment?" Her voice rose sharply. "You will be caught, imprisoned!"

But the chauffeur only smiled, with a sparkle in his keen eyes which had not been there before. Slight as it was, that note of anxiety had not escaped him. Though in fragments, still there was love for him in the girl's heart.

"Oh, I am safe enough indeed!" he answered confidently. "My motor, in which I led them a chase, is standing in front of a pharmacie in F street at this moment. For myself, I left my hotel an hour ago and took my valise with its contents to"—he hesitated—"well, never mind where. When one leads a double life, Miss Bancroft, one finds it convenient sometimes to live in two places. And then I came on here. Yes, it is quite safe; but it is well that you remind me that I must go."

"What will become of you?" asked the girl, almost in a whisper.

She still sat, her face turned away, staring fixedly at the opposite wall.

Sarto moved toward the door.

"What will become of me?" he echoed, with his old fatalistic shrug of the shoulders. "Who knows?" His voice dropped. "I have sinned, and I must do penance, make expiation. There is much ahead of me."

He opened the door abruptly and stood hesitating. "Will you not look at me before I go, and pity, forgive, forget?"

For the first time Annette met his glance. She had been listening to the leather-coated chauffeur, shrinking from the thief; now, raising her head, she saw, standing in the doorway, a curiously attractive figure, looking at her with wistful eyes. The man, after all, whom she loved.

Half unconsciously, she leaned toward him with a desolate little cry.

"Pity, forgive, yes!" she repeated. "Yes. But forget? Oh, I cannot! I will not give you up!"

Rising to her feet, she stood, her hands clasped tightly, her lips parted, gazing at him with the soul itself shining in her eyes. But Sarto did not move. He stood looking at her standing between her candles, the sculpted image of a saint carved in stone, and a very wistful look came into his face.

"There is a lighted shrine in my heart," he said, speaking as if to himself, "and the flame can never go out. The candle will be burning there always through the long, lonely pilgrimage—and at the end ——"

"I will be waiting," said Annette very softly.

For a long instant their eyes met. Hers were full of tears, but into the man's there came a far-off, ineffable look as of one who sees visions and dreams dreams.

"Some day the pilgrim will come back to you," he said.

And, with love burning triumphantly at the candles of his shrine, Sarto went out into the night.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, while Mrs. Waring was sitting up in bed and sipping her chocolate, her maid brought her a flat, square, bewrapped parcel, just arrived by a messenger boy.

Giving a glance at the address, written in a delicate, foreign-looking hand, Gussue tore open the wrappings with excited fingers, pulled out the orthodox cotton-wool so suggestive of a jeweler, and revealed a chamois glove-case!

Pinned to it was a card on which was engraved, "Il Principe Roderigo del Pino," and underneath, in pencil, "Better known as Ludovic Sarto, Mrs. Waring's ex-chauffeur, begs to send her the enclosed jewels, as a slight return for the many kind favors which have rendered his memorable Washington sojourn so agreeably diverting."

About a week after Mrs. Waring's very sudden departure for England, Town Tit-Bits had the following paragraph:

"Prince Roderigo del Pino—so the papers have it—only arrived in New York yesterday on the Scotia, and is to give Newport's summer colony a glimpse of his titles and millions to-morrow.

"Can it be possible that there are two Roderigo del Pinos? If not, may we ask the identity of the mysterious Italian nobleman, who disported himself in Washington two weeks ago in the train of that noted society leader, Mrs. R——d W—ng, whose rumored engagement to the Earl of L——y, we understand, is an undoubted fact?"

(The End.)

WOMAN LAWYER'S CHANCE.

If there is any hint of a moral attached to the New York Sun story below it is that to establish clearly their legal and judicial equality women lawyers must learn to regard untidiness as philosophically as do men lawyers. This is the story, as one of the hundred women lawyers in New York City tells it:

In the early days of my legal studentship I was in a Wisconsin town spending my vacation, and Judge X, the great man of the place, an old friend of my father's, gave me the privilege of his library.

Like many other private law libraries in small places I have visited, this was unsurpassed in number of volumes and value by any I have ever known about in New York, where space is so precious that a lawyer must perforce depend on outside help for his references.

In a smaller town you must own the books yourself or go without. The judge owned his, and I browsed with wonder and delight about among the shelves, which filled three good-sized rooms, and I realized for the first time what the law really meant, and how tremendous an undertaking it was for a young woman like myself to seek to make any headway in it.

These, however, were only reflections, by the way. My insistent thought was one of horror at the dirt and disorder that reigned supreme.

I set to work, and finally, after finishing up the outer rooms, I invaded the sanctum, where the old judge had gone on day after day without taking the slightest notice of me and my dusting. When he did become aware that something so unprecedented was taking place, he nearly had a stroke.

To think that I, an insignificant fly on the dictionary of wisdom, had dared to disturb the accumulation of sacred dust! Even his old-time courtesy was for a while sadly shaken.

Finally he gasped out a question as to whether I did not respect the superstitions of the profession I was studying to enter, one of which was the hide-bound rule that no volume should have its place changed or its face altered, though the dust might be inches deep.

I shook my head, and in answer proudly displayed the completed catalogue, where code volumes and common law had their respective positions. Finally the humor of the situation came to his relief, and he said:

"Well, I have often wanted to know what women were going to do when they entered the legal field, and now I know. They will dust the books."

FARMS AND FARMERS

Stack Cover.

The accompanying illustration shows a cheap device for covering a stack of clover hay, where there is no slough grass at hand to put on top.

In making this cover common boards may be used from 12 to 16 feet long, a foot or more wide, putting one on top of the stack first, then slipping one on each side under the top one, about two inches and fastening by driving a common fence staple over a smooth wire just at the edge of the upper board, so as to make a sharp bend in the wire over the edge, and so on down as far as wanted. Six or eight boards on each side will generally be sufficient; then fasten a post, stone or

STACK COVER.

weight of some kind at the end of the wires and the thing is done. This arrangement also saves the trouble of putting on hangers as it answers the same purpose. Two wires to each length of boards, about two feet from the ends, and as many sections as may be needed for the length of stack, putting the middle section on last with the ends lapping over the next one, is all the material that is needed. In using the hay a section of this cover may be taken off by drawing out the staples and the stack cut down so as to leave the cover on the remainder. The same boards can be used over and over again for a number of years.

Get After the Fly.

Flies are one of the most aggravating pests we have on the farm. If we give them a breathing spell the poor cows, calves and horses have to suffer and the supply of milk will run short. It is either "fight or lose." It is not sufficient to just spray the animals with a fly-repelling mixture in the morning and then turn them out to pasture.

A few hours later, when I go to look after them in the pasture, they are often covered with blood-sucking flies again, so I take a hand-sprayer loaded with a liquid of which kerosene forms a large portion along and spray this right upon the flies on each animal.

The cows soon learn that spraying means relief and they will hold still while you spray. The flies quickly let go of their hold and fall to the ground when the kerosene touches them. Visiting the animals once or twice a day in this manner is a great help to them during the fly season.—L. R. Johnson, Illinois.

Guide for Drag Saws.

A very simple method by which one man can manipulate a drag saw to cut down trees has been devised by a Western timber man. In using these saws two men have heretofore been necessary, one at each end of the saw. The arrangement of the drag-saw guide is shown in the illustration. Resting against the tree is a rod, from which is suspended a cord. At the end of the cord is an adjustable clamp, to which one end of the saw is secured. At the other end of the saw is a handle. In operating the saw to cut the tree, the end opposite the handle is supported by the cord in the same position as if operated by hand. With the employment of this guide the necessity of an extra man to manage one end of the saw is eliminated.

GUIDES THE SAW.

Farming on Arid Land.

Successful farming on arid land without artificial watering has been brought to the notice of the Agricultural Society of Germany, with an explanation of the method. In Syria and Palestine, with practically no rain from April to October, the fields in July have a flourishing abundance of watermelons, cucumbers, tomatoes and other products, and plants continue green and thriving until autumn. The secret lies in so plowing that the winter rains are absorbed and retained in the subsoil. The plowing is shallow, averaging only 4 to 6 inches in depth, and after the full harvest it follows each heavy rain as soon as the ground begins to dry, the purpose being to keep a loose and friable surface to take up the water from the subsoil. In the spring the land is plowed to a depth of about 6 inches. The seed is dropped by the plow upon the moist subsoil and it is covered by the closing up of the loose soil. Protected by the loose covering, the subsoil furnishes sufficient moisture for plant growth during the entire dry season.

Destroying Weeds.

In destroying annual weeds one method is to disk the stubble fields, causing the weed seed to germinate, after which they can be killed by subsequent cultivation or by frost. Another method is to turn live stock, especially sheep into these stubble fields to eat up the weeds and weed seeds. The value of cultivated crops, rotations and summer fallows is also discussed.

The eradication of perennials is more difficult than in the case of annuals. For these they tried smother crops, bare fallow, chemicals and tar paper. For small areas of quack grass, covering with tar paper was found effective, but was too costly for field application. As quack grass is similar to Bermuda grass in its habit of spreading, and it equally persistent, this method may be of interest to those who wish to kill small areas of Bermuda.

A Help in Fruit Picking.

In commercial orcharding it is generally most economical to have picking and packing work going on concurrently. This saves putting the apples on the ground and having to handle them again. A portable sorting table upon which pickers can empty their bags is placed on low truck wheels and a single horse can move it to any desired point as the work proceeds. It should be made large enough to hold not less than two barrels of fruit.

The rear bolster is higher than that at the open end, so that the culls can be rolled out. A long, heavy plank is placed on the ground on each side of this table on which the barrels are set for filling. The culls are allowed to roll into a pile from the lower end of the grading table.

The Horse's Teeth at Nine Years.

At nine years the mark in the corner teeth of the upper jaw is clearly defined; the mark is still visible in the middle teeth, but has almost disappeared from the nippers.

A side view of upper jaw at nine years. The point D is the indentation usually seen in corner tooth.

Preserving the Morgan Horse.

Colonel Battell of Middlebury, Vt., is entitled to the honor of preserving the Morgan horse from extinction. He has enlisted the United States Department of Agriculture in the work of restoring to its old-time standard this beautiful horse, and for that purpose has deeded to the government 500 acres of pasture and woodland. The horses now on the farm are headed by a stallion that cost $4,000.

Notes About the Farm.

The hens ought to have a little grain every day all during the summer.

Feeding heavily on whole corn has a tendency to induce hens to become broody.

Try to arrange to give each horse on the farm a three weeks' vacation on grass.

Keep the stables and the yards clean, so that flies and insects have no breeding places.

Beets or mangel wurzels make fine food for poultry. They should be chopped fine.

See that all the hogs have plenty of fresh, clean water to drink, especially during hot, dry days.

Do not put away the whitewash brush in the summer time. Keep it going summer and winter.

Do not fail to provide a shelter under which the young chicks can scurry in case of sudden storms.

Boiled eggs should never be fed to very young chicks and should never be fed more than twice a week.

The poor cow seems to be continually with us. Get rid of her and thus reduce the cost of production.

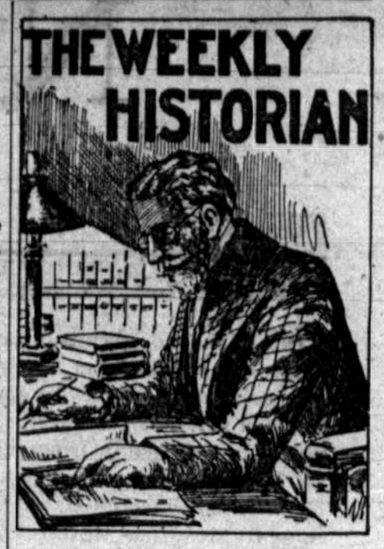
Acidity in milk is incipient decomposition, and it is the most delicate flavored oils which suffer first of all among the fats of which butter is composed.

Evehy successful breeder has some hobby, some originality that leads him to improve some particular characteristic of his cows and improve them in some one particular point.

Never dose a healthy horse. All he needs is good care and good feed. The good care includes, of course, regular exercise. It is just as bad for a horse to be all the time taking medicine as it is for a man. Do not do it.

If the horse flags, and his legs become unsteady, unhitch at once, put cold water on his head and on the back of his neck and rub with coarse cloths. If near a drug store inject forty or more grains of quinine. Sponge his mouth with cold water

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1248—Construction of the Cathedral of Cologne begun.

1461—Louis XI. of France crowned at Rheims.

1645—Peace concluded between Sweden and Denmark.

1670—John Dryden created Poet Laureate of England.

1741—Behring, the navigator, discovered East Cape.

1756—Fort Oswego captured by the French under Montcalm.

1765—Pontiac's war for the extermination of the English in America came to an end.

1775—Liberty Tree in Boston consecrated.

1776—Constitution of Maryland adopted.

1780—Americans defeated British and Tories at battle of Musgrove Mills.

1802—Bonaparte invested with power to nominate his successor as ruler of France.

1804—Work began on the first public road between Georgia and Tennessee.

1807—British army invested Copenhagen.

1836—British Parliament passed the Dissenters' Marriage Act.

1838—The first United States exploring expedition sailed under Commander Wilkes.

1846—Gen. Kearney took peaceable possession of Santa Fe, Mexico.

1860—The Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.) arrived at Quebec.

1868—Cabul recovered by Shere Ali.

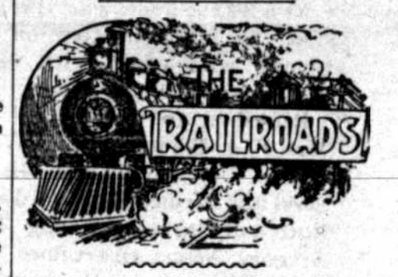
1884—Mme. Patti sued for divorce from Marquis de Caux.

1888—More than 100 lives lost in collision of the German steamers Thingvalla and Geiser off Sable Island.

1891—Between 300 and 400 lives lost in earthquake in Martinique.

1893—The Behring Sea arbitration award was delivered.

1904—Russian and Japanese warships engaged in battle off Vladivostok.



A trial week of dispatching trains by telephone from the stations of the Lackawanna system has resulted in the adoption of the phones.

The line of the Wisconsin Central road from Ladysmith to Superior has been completed as far as the Northern Pacific crossing within the Superior city limits.

Several hundred thousand freight cars may be standing idle, as the railroad managers tearfully protest, but some Kansas grain dealers complain that they are unable to get box cars enough.

In the Circuit Court at Chicago Judge Kohlsaat enjoined the issuance of transportation by the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railway to the publishers of Munsey's Magazine in exchange for advertising. He held that the contract under which this transportation was issued is in violation of the Hepburn rate law. The railroad company gave notice of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

At Helena, Mont., legal representatives of the government began suit against the Northern Pacific Railway Company, the Rocky Fork Coal Company and the Northwestern Improvement Company to recover title to valuable coal lands which it is charged were procured through misrepresentation. The lands in question contain coal mines from which the railway obtains great quantities of coal through its control of the subsidiary companies.

Presumably due to the industrial depression of the past year, the death rate from accidents by rail appears to be on the decrease. The Accident Bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the first quarter of 1908 shows a total of 125 passengers and employes killed, as compared with 220 such deaths in the preceding quarter, and with 346 in the one before that. The latest record is the smallest since these statistics were first collected in 1901. During the first quarter of this year the number of deaths of passengers and employes from all causes was 728, against 1002 in the preceding quarter. In the same period the number of casualties was 15,441, the least within three years.

The right of shippers to combine small quantities of freight of various ownership, either by arrangement among themselves or by a forwarding agency, was confirmed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in a decision recently rendered.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has published the final figures of the income of the railroads for the last fiscal year. The total net earnings amounted to $840,589,944, which is an increase of $54,690,399. The total number of employes on the pay roll on June 30 was 1,672,074, against 1,521,355 a year ago.