

THE GUEST

Tarkington

CHAPTER IV.

O doubt the most absurd thing I could have done after the departure of Professor Keredec and his singular friend would have been to settle myself before my canvas again with the intention of painting, and that is what I did. At least, I resumed my camp stool and went through some of the motions habitually connected with the act of painting.

in fine, I sat there brush paddling my failure like an automaton and saying over and over aloud: "What is wrong with him? What is wrong with

I came out of my varicolored study with a start, caused by the discovery that I had absentmindedly squeezed upon my palette the entire contents of an expensive tube of covalt violet.

The turpentine rag at least proved effective. I scoured away the last tokens of my failure with it, wishing that life were like the cauvas and that men had knowledge of the right celestial turpentine. After that I cleaned my brushes, packed and shouldered my kit and, with a final imprecation upon all sausage sandwiches, took up my way once more to Les Trois Pi-

Striding along at a good galt and chanting sonorously, "On Linden when the sun was low." I left the rougher | ville. In their excursions to the surboscages of the forest behind me and emerged just at sunset upon an orderly fringe of woodland where the ground was neat and unincumbered and the trimmed trees stood at polite distances, bowing slightly to one another with small, well bred rustlings.

I stood upon Quesnay ground. Before me stretched a short, broad rising lawn I marked the figure of a did not much care. tion of Amedee's "Monsier has much

Once more this day I indorsed that worthy man's opinion, for, though I knew that roses trimmed Mme. d'Ar- better acquaintance. mand's white bat and that she had passed me no long time since in the

of the paths and thence made for the against the glare outside. along the road from where I came luto it." it stood an old, brown, deep thatched | "To smoke with me, too, I hope," I cottage, a branch of brushwood over said, not a little pleased. the door prettily beckoning travelers, to the knowledge that elder was here came in slowly, walking with perceptifor the thirsty, and as I drew near I perceived that one availed himself of is genuine. It is not only from thethe invitation. A group stood about heart; it is from the latissimus dorsi," the open door, the tamplight from he continued, seating himself. "I have within disclosing the head of the house | choosed this fine weather for rheumafilling a cap for the waytarer.

The latter was a most mundane and jockey and point device in khaki, puttees, pongee cap, white and green stock, a knapsack on his back and a bamboo stick under his arm. He spoke, though with a detestable accent, in a rough and ready, picked up dialect of Parisian slang, while Pere Bandry contributed his share of the conversation in a slow patois. As both men spoke at the same time and neither understood two consecutive words the other said, it struck me that the dialogue might prove unproductive of any highly important results this side of Michaelmas. Therefore, discovering that the very pedestrian gentleman was making some sort of inquiry concerning Les Trois Pigeons, 1 came to a halt and proffered aid.

"Are you looking for Mme. Brossard's?" I asked in English.

The traveler uttered an exclamation and faced about with a jump, birdlike for quickness,

"Say," he responded in a voice of unpleasant masality, finally deciding upon speech, "you're 'Nummeric'n, ain't

"Yes," I returned. "I thought I heard you inquiring for"-

"Well, m' friend, you can sting me." he interrupted, with condescending jocularity. "My style French does f'r them camels up in Paris all night. But down here I don't seem to be gud enough f'r these sheep dogs. way, they bark different. I'm lukkin' fer a hotel called Les Trois l'igeons" I pointed to the lights of the inu

-beyond the second turn of the road." "Oh, I aln't goin' there r'alghal too dark t' see anything now," he remarked. "Dives and the choo-choo back t' little ole Tronville f'r mine! I on'y wanted to take a list at this pigeon house joint."

flickering neross the fields, "Yonder

"Do you mind my inquiring." I said. "what you expected to see at Les-Trois Pigeous?

"Why," he excluded an if astonished at the question, "I'm a tourist, makin' a pedestrum trip t' all the reg' ler sights," and, impired to eloquene he mided as an afterthought, "as a

"But I you will perdan me," I said,

Les Trois Pigeons is one of the regular sights?" "Ain't it in all the history books?" "No; I don't think that it is mentioned in any of the histories or even

the guidebooks." "Look a-here," he said, taking a step nearer me. "in cinest, now, on your wold, didn' more'n half them Jeanne d'Arc tamales and William the Conker live at that hotel wunst?"

"Stung again!" He broke into a sudden loud cackle of laughter, "Why, a feller at Trouville tole me 'at this Pigeon place was all three rings when

it come t' history. Yessir!" I tarried no longer, but, bidding this good youth and the generations of Baudry good night, hastened on to my belated dinner.

"Amedee." I said when my cigar was lighted and the usual hour of consultation had arrived, "isn't that old lock on the chest where Mme. Brossard keeps her silver getting rather rusty?" "Monsieur, we have no thieves here.

We are out of the world." "Yes, but Trouville is not so far away, and strange people go to Trouville-grand dukes, opera singers, jock-

eys, gamblers, tourists"-"Truly," assented Amedee. "It follows," I continued, "that many strange people may come from Trou-

rounding points of interest"-"Eb, monsieur, but that is true," he interrupted. "There was a strange monsieur from Trouville here this very day."

I had sprained my ankle in a poppy field and must spend little less than a week of idleness within the confines avenue of turf, leading to the chateau of Les Trois Pigeons, and, reclining gates. A slope was terraced with among cushions in a wicker long chair strips of flower gardens and intervals looking out from my pavilion upon the of sward, and against the green of a drowsy garden en a hot noontide, I

woman pausing to bend over some | A neavy step crunched the gravel, flowering bush. The lady upon the and I heard my hame pronounced in a slope was Mme. d'Armand, the inspira- deep inquiring rumble, the voice of Professor Keredec, no less. Nor was I greatly surprised, since our meeting in the forest had led me to expect some advances on his part toward friendliwas too far distant to see clearly, I ness or at least in the direction of a

> "Here I am," I called, "in the pavilion, if you wish to see me."

"Aha, I bear you become an invalid, I had come far out of my way, so I my dear sir!" With that the professretraced my steps to the intersection or's great bulk loomed in the doorway "I bave inn by my accustomed route. Not far come to condole with you, if you allow

"That I will do," be returned and ble inmeness, "The sympathy I offer tism of the back."

He took from his pocket a worn elaborate wayfarer indeed-a small leather case, which he opened, disyoung man very lightly made, like a closing a small, browned cany bowl of



"It is wicked for the insides, but it is good for the soul."

the kind workmen use, and, fitting it with a red stem, he filled it with a dark and sinister tobacco from a pouch. "Always my pipe for me," he said and applied a match, inhaling the amoke as other men, inhale the fight smoke of eighrettes. "Ha, it is good! It is wicked for the insides, but it is good for the soul. When I am alone I am a chimney with no hebdomadary repose. I smoke forever. It is on account of my young friend I am temperate now.

"He has never smoked, your young friend?" I asked, glancing at my visitor rather curiously, I fear.

"Mr. Saffren has no vices." Professor Keredee replaced his silver, rimmed spectacies and turned them upon me with serene benevolence. "He is in good condition, all pure. like little your best and biggest plans concernchildren, and we if I shoke near him | ing your store advertising -those of he chokes and has water at the eyes, your plans that, a little while ago,

now I take a vacation. It is his bour for study, but I think he looks more out of the front window than at his book-yes, very much since the passing of that charming young lady some days ago.

You say your young friend's name is Saffren?

"Oliver Saffren." The benevolent shadow like a faint anxiety darkened the Homeric brow. Finally he said abruptly, "It is about him that I have come to talk to you." "I shall be very giad."

"Ha, my dear sir." be cried, "but you are a man of feeling! It was the way you have received my poor young gentieman's excuses when he was so rude which makes me wish to talk with you on such a subject. It is way I would not have you believe Mr. Saffren and me two very suspected individuals who bide here like two bad criminais!"

name of Professor Keredec"ed, interrupting, "can protect his reputation when he is caught peeping from a curtain: Ha, my dear sir, I know what you think! You think: fine man-oh, yes, only he is a spy!" Eh? Ha, ba!"

"Not at all," I laughed. "I thought you might fear that I was a spy." "Eh?" He became serious.

"I supposed you might be writing a

I was the spy; it is the truth. I confess my shame. I wish very much to know what kind of a man you are. And so I have watched you." "Why?" I asked.

"The explanation is so simple; it was necessary."

slowly and with some trepidation. "Precisely." The professor exhaled a cloud of smoke. "Because I am sensitive for him and I am his guard-

"Ha, my dear sir, you are right!" exclaimed Keredec. "He is as sane as anybody in the whole world! Ha, he is now much more sane, for his mind is with the useless things you and I put money; dismissed. will not be different any longer. He fault. will be like the rest of us, only"-the professor leaned forward, and his big Notice to Contractors and Builders. fist came down on the arm of his chair-"he shall be better than the rest of us! But if strange people were to minimum scale of carpenter's wages see him now," he continued, "it would will be \$3.50 for eight-hour days, not do. There are so many who judge quickly. If they should see him now they might think he is not just right in his brain, and then, as it could happen so easily, those same people might meet him again after awhile. 'Ha.' they would say, 'there was a time when that young man was insune. I And so he might go through his life with those clouds over

"Ha! I wish you to know my young man," Keredec went on, "You will like blm-no man of feeling could keep himself from liking him-and he is your fellow countryman. I hope you will be his friend. He should make friends, for he needs them. You will dine with us tonight?" he suggested. Acquiescing cheerfully, I added, "You will join me at the table on my

veranda, won't you?" Before answering he cast a sidelong terms glance at the arrangement of things 60 ACRES of timber seven miles outside the door. The screen of honeysuckle ran partly across the front of the little porch, about half of which it concealed from the garden and consequently from the road beyond the archway. I saw that he took note of this before he pointed to that corner of the veranda most closely acreened by the vines and said

"May the table be placed yonder?" "Certainly."

"Ha, that is good!" he exclaimed. Suddenly we heard the rapid hoof beats of a mettled horse. He crossed our vision and the open archway-a high stepping backney going well. driven by a lady in a light trap which was half full of wild flowers. I had not the least difficulty in recognizing her. At the same instant the startled pigeous fluttered up from the garden path, betaking themselves to fight, and "that other monsieur" came templa scross the courtyard and into the road "Look quickly!" he called. "Who is that lady?"

Amadee awoke with a frantic attiri and launched himself at the archway. "That hady, monstear?" he gasped gazing after the trap. "That is

"Muno: d'Armand," Ma Tran relathe name slowly. "Her name is Mi d'Armand?" "Yes, monstene," said Amorice real

placently. "It is an America and who has married a French assistant

(To be continued.)

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BUSSNESS MEN OFF ON JUNKET

gaze continued to rest upon me, but a Roseburg Merchants Leave on "Know Your Country First" Trip-Working Up Trade.

ROSEBURG, Or., Feb. 2 .- For the purpose of arousing a more general spirit of co-operation in booster work and learning at first hand the true extent and character of resources that await development, 25 "No, no!" I protested nastily. "The of Roseburg's leading business men left this morning in a special car on "The name of no man," he thunder- the first half of a four days' excursion to neighboring towns in Douglas county. Glendale, Riddle and Myrtle Creek on the south will be visited 'He is a nice, tine man, that old pro- on the first two days of the journey, fessor-oh, very nice, only he hides and Drain, Yoncalla, Oakland and behind the curtains sometimes. Very Sutherlin on the north on the last two days, as well as the more important fruitgrowing and farming localities

intervening in both directions. The party is in charge of Darby Richardson, Roseburg's new booster, book which you wished to keep from who is waging a successful campaign the public for a time and that possibly against exaggerated and misleading you might imagine that I was a re- advertising in publicity work, such as is invariably followed by harmful re-"So! And that is all," he returned, action. "Know Your County First with evident relief. "No. my dear sir. and Then Advance It Intelligently and Truthfully," is the slogan put forth by Mr. Richardson, and to give Roseburg citizens the proper start in this direction he promoted the excursion that they might "get acquainted" no: only with the live elements in sister "Because of-of Mr. Saffren?" I said towns, but with the actual advantages such towns offer to intending homeseekers from the east.

All the localities to be visited have lan, but I am not his guardian by the made preparations to receive the excursionists and show them the lands "I had not supposed that you were," and other resources they have to of-I said, "because, though I do not un- fer newcomers. They appear to be derstand his-his case, so to speak, I in perfect accord with Mr. Richardhave not for a moment thought him in- son's idea of conservative and sane publicity work.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

J. D. Dawson vs. B. F. Benson not yet confused and becobwebbed and A. F. Barnett-Action to recover

into ours. A few months more-ha, at Lucy Mitchell vs. Adolf Schultzthe greatest a year from now-and he To recover money; judgment by de-

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Local No. 1840. January 1, 1910. 252

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