

# THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

### Booth Tarkington

me at last.

rain of moonshine.

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But didn't be frighten you?"

"I'll promise anything you ask me

'He didn't frighten me-not as you

mean. He was very quiet and"- She

both bands appealingly, "And, oh.

straight to the heart of his mystery;

vanced a step and stood looking out

over the valley again, her skirts press-

ing the balustrade. One of the mo-

ments in my life when I have wished

to be a figure painter came then as she

raised her arms, the sleeves, of some

flimy texture, falling back from them

with the gesture, and clasped her hands

lightly behind her neck, the graceful

angle of her chin uplifted to the full

She stood in profile to me. There

were some insulne flowers at her

breast. I could see them rise and fall

"I haven't had my life. It's gone!"

conjecture within the moment I seem

ed not only to hear his voice, but actu-

white, far below us and small with the

There was no doubt about the reality

clearer sight it turned and disappeared

into the shadows of the orderly grove

where I had stood one day to watch

But I told myself sensibly that

more than one man on the coast of

Normandy might be wearing white

flannels that evening and, turning to

my companion, found that she had

was gazing eastward to the sea. I

midnight I stepped out of the phaeton

in which Miss Elizabeth sent me back

set my door ajar, moved my bed out

from the wall to catch whatever breeze

might stir, "composed myself for the

night," as it used to be written, and

lay looking out upon the quiet garden,

where a thin white baze was rising.

Just as I had begun to drowse the

gallery steps creaked and the noble

form of Keredec emerged upon my

field of vision. From the absence of

the sound of footsteps I supposed him

to be either barefooted or in his stock-

ings. His visible costume consisted of

a sleeping jacket tucked into a pair

of trousers, while his tousled hair and

beard and generally tossed and rum-

had been lying down temporarily.

pled look were those of a man who

When my lamp was extinguished I

to Mme. Brossard's.

Quesnay.

nue leading to the chateau gates.

with more than deep breathing.

That was just it. She had gone

doesn't be make one sorry for him?"

CUANT ... VII.

RE. TENTIN CR." I said as she is a the chair vacated by the edin young lady. you remember my woodland didos, I fear?"

She smiled to a pleasant, comprebending way, but neither directly replied nor made any return speech whatever, instead she let her forearms rest on the broad ralling of the marble balustrade and, leaning forward, gazed out over the shining and mysterious slopes below.

"Mr. Cresson Ingle," I hazarded, "is he an old, new friend of your cousins? I think he was not above the horizon when I went to Capri two years ago."

"He wants Elizabeth," she returned, adding quietly, "as you've seen." And when I had verified this assumption with a monosyllable she continued, "He's an 'available,' but I should hate to have it hannen. He's hard."

"He doesn't seem very hard toward her." I murmured, looking down into the garden where Mr. Ingle just then happened to be adjusting a scarf about his hostess' shoulders.

"He's led a detestable life," said Mrs. Harman, "among detestable peo-

'He seems to me much of a type with these others," I said.

"Oh, they keep their surfaces about the same!

"It made me wish I had a little more surface tonight," I laughed. "I'd have fitted better. Miss Ward is different at different times. When we are alone together she always has the air of excusing or at least explaining these people to me, but this evening I've had the disquieting thought that perhaps she also explained me to them

"Oh, no!" said Mrs, Harman, turning to me quickly. "Didn't you see? tainty, and as I rubbed my eyes for She was making up to Mr. lugle for this morning. It came out that she'd ridden over at daylight to see you. Anne Elliott discovered it in some way and told him."

"I suppose she finished her investigations. You told her all you could?" "Almost."

'I suppose you wouldn't trust me with the reservation?" she asked, amiling.

"I would trust you with anything." I answered seriously.

"You didn't gratify that child?" she said, half laughing. Then, to my surprise, her tone changed suddenly, and becan again in a burried voice, "You didn't tell ber"- and stopped there, breathless and troubled, letting me see that I had been right after all. This was what she wanted to talk about.

"I didn't tell her that young Saffren is mad-no-if that is what you mean." "I'm glad you didn't." she said alowly.

"In the first place, I wouldn't have told here even if it were true," I returned, "and in the second it isn't true, though you have some reason to think it is," I added.

"I?" she said. "Why?" "His speaking to you as he did, a

thing on the face of it inexcusable." "Why did he call me 'Mme, d'Armand?" she interposed.

I explained something of the mental processes of Amedee, and she listened till I had finished, then bade me con-

"That's all." I said blankly, but with a second thought caught her meaning. "Oh, about young Saffren, you mean?"

"I know him pretty well," I said. "without really knowing anything about him; but, what is stranger, I believe he doesn't really know a great deal about himself. My idea is that probably through some great illness be lost not his faculty of memory, but his memories, or at least most of them. That's all, except that there's something about the young man that draws one to him. I couldn't tell you how much I like him nor how sorry I am that he offended you."

"He didn't offend me," she murmur-

ed, almost whispered. "He didn't mean to." I said warmly.

"I am glad you understand that" "I saw him today," she said gently, "This afternoon when I went for my waik he was waiting where the paths intersect"-

Some hasty ejaculation, I do not know what, came from me, but she lifted her hand.

"Wait," she said quietly "As soon as he saw me he came straight toward me"-

"Oh, but this won't do at ail!" I broke out, "It's too bad"-

"Wait." She leaned forward. "He said he must know if he had offendfor sleep-as he went noise ed me."

"You told him"-"I told him 'No!" And it seemed to me that her voice, which up to this for here was a miracle! H point had been low, but very steady, shook upon the monosyllable. "He

walked with me a little way-perhaps it was longer"-"Trust me that it sha'n't happen again!" I exclaimed. "I'll see that Keredec knows of this at once. He

"No. no." she interrupted quickly. "That is just what I want you not to

held a more astonishing re a bad case of rheumatism. After a long look down the road be No.3 Arrives Engle Polat 3:45 p. m. retraced his steps, and the mountight, do. Will you promise me?"

striking across his great torehead as GRANTS PASS TO VOTE he came, revealed the furrows plowed there by an anxiety of which I guessed the cause. The creaking of the wooden stairs and gallery and the whine of an old door announced that he had returned to his vigit.

I had perhaps, a quarter of an hour to consider this performance, when it was repeated; now, however, he only glanced out into the road, retreating bastly, and I saw that he was smiling, while the speed he maintained in returning to his quarters was remarkable for one so newly convalescent.

The next moment Saffren came through the archway, ascended the steps to turn-but slowly and carefully, as if fearful of waking his guardinn-and I heard his door closing very gently. Long before his arrival, bowever, I had been certain of his identity with the figure I had seen gazing up at the terraces of Quesnay from the borders of the grove. Other questions broke off unexpectedly with a little remained to bother me: Why had Kerpitying cry and turned to me, lifting edec not prevented this night roving. and why, since he did permit it, should he concent his knowledge of it from Oliver? And what, oh, what wondyous specific had the mighty man found for his disease?

his strangeness was the strange pathos A note my beside my plate next that invested him; the "singularity" of morning addressed in a writing strange "that other monsieur" was solved for to me, one of dashing and vigorous character. It rend: When she had spoken she rose, ad-

an the pursuit of thrilling scientific re-search, what with the tumult which possearch, what with the turbuit which pos-seased me, I forgot to mention the bond that links us. 1, too, am a painter, though as yet unhonored and unbung. It must be only because I lack a gentle hand to guide one. If I might sit beside you as you paint! The hours pass on leaden wings at Queency. I could abries. Do wings at Queenay. I could shrick. Do not refuse me a few words of instruction. either in the wildwood, whither I could support your shrinking steps, or from time to time as you work in your studio, which (I glean from the instructive Mr. Perret) is at Les Trois Pigeons. At any hour, at any moment, I will speed to you. I am, sir, yours, if you will but breathe a "yes, ANNE ELLIOTT.

To this I returned a reply, as much in her own key as I could write it, putting my refusal on the ground that I It was almost as if I heard his voice close at hand with all the passion of was not at present painting in the regret and protest that rang in the studio. I added that I hoped her suit words when they broke from him in might prosper, regretting that I could the forest. And by some miraculous not be of greater assistance to that end, and concluded with the suggestion that Mme. Brossard might entertain an offer for lessons in cooking. ally to see him, a figure dressed in

The result of my attempt to echo her vivacity was discomfiting, and I was distance, standing out in the moonlight in the middle of the tree bordered aveallowed to perceive that epistolary jocularity was not thought to be my line. It was Miss Elizabeth who gave I rose and leaned over the railing. me this instruction three days later, on the way to Quesnay for "second breakof the figure in white, though it was too far away to be identified with cer-Exercising fairly shamefaced diplomacy, I had avoided dining at the chateau again, but by arrangement she had driven over for me this morning in the phaeton. "Why are you writing silly notes to

that child?" she demanded as soon as we were away from the inn. "Was it silly?" "You should know. Do you think

that style of humor suitable for a young giri?" This bewildered me a little. "But

there wasn't anything offensive"-"No?" Miss Elizabeth lifted her eyebrows to a height of bland inquiry. "She mightn't think it rather-well, rough? Your suggesting that she should take cooking

"But she suggested she might take painting lessons," was my feeble protest. "I only meant to show her I understood that she wanted to get to the

"And why should she care to 'get to the inn?"

"She seemed interested in a young man who is staying there. 'Interested' is the mildest word for it I can think

At the chateau, having a mind to offer some sort of apology, I looked anxlously about for the subject of our rather disquieting conversation, but she was not to be seen until the party. assembled at the table, set under an awning on the terrace.

Mrs. Harman had not appeared at all, having gone to call upon some one Louise Harman ascend the slopes of at Dives, I was told, and, a servant informing me, on inquiry, that Miss Elliott had retired to her room, I was thrust upon my own devices indeed.

(To be continued !

moved some steps away from me and Coos county has \$122,198.18 to spend on her roads and bridges durconcluded that she had not seen the ing the year 1910. The plan is to tegin at the county line and build a The round moon was white and at its smallest, high overhead, when at permanent road to Myrtle Point.

> + MEDFORD TIME TABLE. + Northbound

No. 20 Portland Local	8:04	A.	m
No. 16 Oregon Express	5:24	p.	m.
No. 14 Portland Express.	8:39	p.	m.
Southbound			
No. 15 California Express	10:35	a.	m.
No. 13 S. F. Express	3:32	p,	m.
No. 19 Ashland Local	11:22	p,	m.

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I heard him sigh—like one sighing for sleep—as he went noiselessly across the garden and out through the arch- way to the road. At that I sat straight up in bed to stare, and well I might, for here was a miracle! He had lifted	Motor leaves       7:00 a. m.         Train leaves       8:45 a. m.         Train leaves       2:30 p. m.         Train leaves       4:30 p. m.         Motor car leaves       7:30 p. m.
his arms above his head to stretch himself comfortably, and he walked upright and at ease, whereas when I had last seen him the night before he had been able to do little more than crawl, bent far over and leaning pain- fully upon his friend. Never man be- held a more astonishing recovery from a bad case of rheumatism.	PACIFIC & EASTERN RAIWAY.  N. 1 Leaves Medford   8:10 a m. No. 3 Leaves Medford   3:00 p. m. No. 2 Arrives Medford   10:10 a. m. No. 4 Arrives Medford   5:00 p. m. No. 1 Arrives Eagle Point   8:45 a. m. No. 2 Leaves Eagle Point   9:05 a. m.

ON NEW HIGH SCHOOL

GRANTS PASS, Feb. 5.-Today is the day set for voting on whether school district No. 7 will | issue bonds to the amount of \$45,-600 for the erection of a new high school building or not. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the feasibility of erecting a new high school building at the present time, and many arguments are put up for and against. Some are of the opinion that the fourth ward needs a school building and that the erection of one at this time would take the overflow from the Central school building and leave room for high school pupils.

At this same election the voters will also have an opportunity of expressing their wish as to the location of the proposed new building. Although it is impossible to have this question on the ballot, as the election is called for the issuance of bonds. yet there will be a side issue so that a sort of a straw vote can be taken. There are four places that have been recommended by the school board.

Medford, Oregon: This certifies that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonder for the cure of all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles for ten years, and have never had a complaint. It gives quick and permanent relief. Sixty days' treatment in each bottle. Medford Pharmacy.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

I wish to certify that my bushand one suffering for a long time from stomach trouble and a complication that various physicians declared to be Bright's disease, and was given up by them to die. He then consulted Dr. T. Wah Hing at No. 725 J street, Sacramento, who cured the trouble entirely. This was seven years ago and there has been no return of the complaint.

My little boy, Virgil Strickland. was shot through the stomach and intestines and the doctors said he could not live unless he was operated on, and Dr. Hing cured him without a knife. That was in September. 1907, and the little boy is enjoying good health over since.

We formerly resided at No. 215 18th street, and have since moved to No. 3307 East avenue, Oak Park.

I cheerfully recommend Dr. Hing's services to anyone needing medical attention.

(Signed) MRS. S. E. STRICKLAND. I verify the above statement. L. STRICKLAND. January 14th, 1910.

PROPOSAL FOR BIDS \$3250. of Medford, Oreg

ment Bonds

Medford, Oregon, Feb. 3, 1910 The city council of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed bids up till 1:30 o'clock p. m , February 15, 1910 for the sale of \$3250.00 six per cent, ten year improvement bonds, bids to be accompanied by certified check equal to five per cent of the The right to reamount bid for, ject any and all bids is reserved. Bids to be addressed to Robert W. Telfer, city recorder; certified check to be made payable to the City of

Medford, Oregon. Robert W. Telfer. City Recorder Dated Medford, Oregon, February 34, 1910.

A man has invented a clock that needs to be wound up but once in 10,000 years Unfortunately, however, one is apt to forget in that time where he put the

### **EMPLOYMEN T** and **Business Chances**

WANTED-A place for a girl 11 years old to board; must be reason-

FURNITURE FOR SALE-All kinds, one 5-room and one 4-room and odd pleces; must be sold at once. For sale-40 acres 5 miles out; timber; \$1600.

For sale-New buggy and harness; a snap.

For sale-6-room house, lot 79x256. For sale-6-room house, lot 100x100. For sale-7-room bungalow. For sale-5-room cottage, lot 50x100 For sale-8-room bungalow, lot 50

x108. a. For sale-5-room bungalow, lot 50 x108.

For sale-6-room bungalew. For sale-Lots on Grape street. For sale-2 lots on Oak street. For sale-houses in diffirent parts of the city. For sale-160 acres timber land good

for orchard; snap at \$1300. A relinquishment of 120 acres. WANTED-Man and wife, no chil-

dren, to work on farm. WANTED-Dining room girl, out. Wanted-A woman for general housework, \$1 per day. Horses for sale.

E. A. BITTNER, Phone 4141 o. 4 Leaves Engle Point 4:00 p. m. 208 Phipps Bidg.

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# Opening Third Unit

Of U. S Government Lands, Umatilla Project, at Hermiston, Ore. February 10, 1910

For the above occasion the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and Southern Pacific Company-lines in Oregon, will make an

### One and One Third Fare

for the round trip from all points in their lines to Hermiston. Tickets on sale February 6th and 7th, with final return limit February 20, 1910.

Free booklet, is ued by the government containing full information as to cost, how to file, water rights, etc., may be obtained from any O. R. & N. or S. P. Agent, or by writing to

WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent.