



# THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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"I'll promise anything you ask me. But didn't he frighten you?"

"He didn't frighten me—not as you mean. He was very quiet and"—She broke off unexpectedly with a little plying cry and turned to me, lifting both hands appealingly. "And, oh, doesn't he make one sorry for him?"

That was just it. She had gone straight to the heart of his mystery; his strangeness was the strange pathos that invested him; the "singularity" of "that other monster" was solved for me at last.

When she had spoken she rose, advanced a step and stood looking out over the valley again, her skirts pressing the balustrade. One of the moments in my life when I have wished to be a figure painter came then as she raised her arms, the sleeves of some filmy 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 rain of moonshine.

She stood in profile to me. There were some jasmine flowers at her breast. I could see them rise and fall with more than deep breathing.

"I haven't had my life. It's gone!" It was almost as if I heard his voice close at hand with all the passion of regret and protest that rang in the words when they broke from him in the forest. And by some miraculous conjecture within the moment I seemed not only to hear his voice, but actually to see him, a figure dressed in white, far below us and small with the distance, standing out in the moonlight in the middle of the tree bordered avenue leading to the chateau gates.

I rose and leaned over the railing. There was no doubt about the reality of the figure in white, though it was too far away to be identified with certainty, and as I rubbed my eyes for



"And, oh, doesn't he make one sorry for him."

clearer sight it turned and disappeared into the shadows of the orderly grove where I had stood one day to watch Louise Harman ascend the slopes of Quesnay.

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 moved some steps away from me and was gazing eastward to the sea. I concluded that she had not seen the figure.

The round moon was white and at its smallest, high overhead, when at midnight I stepped out of the phaeton in which Miss Elizabeth sent me back to Mme. Brossard's.

When my lamp was extinguished I 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 haze was rising. Just as I had begun to drowse the gallery steps creaked and the noble form of Kerdec emerged upon my field of vision. From the absence of the sound of footsteps I supposed him to be either barefooted or in his stockings. His visible costume consisted of a sleeping jacket tucked into a pair of trousers, while his tousled hair and beard and generally tossed and rumpled look were those of a man who had been lying down temporarily.

I heard him sigh—like one sighing for sleep—as he went noiselessly across the garden and out through the archway 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 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 painfully upon his friend. Never man beheld a more astonishing recovery from a bad case of rheumatism.

After a long look down the road he retraced his steps, and the moonlight,

striking across his great forehead as 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 vigil.

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 hastily, 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, ascending the steps in turn—but slowly and carefully, as if fearful of waking his guardian—and I heard his door closing very gently. Long before his arrival, however, 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 remained to bother me: Why had Kerdec not prevented this night roving, and why, since he did permit it, should he conceal his knowledge of it from Oliver? And what, oh, what wondrous specific had the mighty man found for his disease?

A note lay beside my plate next morning addressed in a writing strange to me, one of dashing and vigorous character. It read:

In the pursuit of thrilling scientific research, what with the tumult which possessed me, I forgot to mention the bond that links us. I, too, am a painter, though as yet unlicensed and untrained. It must be only because I lack a gentle hand to guide me. If I might sit beside you as you paint! The hours pass on leaden wings at Quesnay. I could shriek. Do not refuse me a few words of instruction, either in the wildwood, whether I could support your shrinking steps, or from time to time as you work in your studio, which I glean from the instructive Mr. Ferrer in Les Trois Iguons. 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 was not at present painting in the studio. I added that I hoped her suit might prosper, regretting that I could not be of greater assistance to that end, and concluded with the suggestion that Mme. Brossard might entertain an offer for lessons in cooking.

The result of my attempt to echo her vivacity was discomfiting, and I was allowed to perceive that epistolary jocularity was not thought to be my line. It was Miss Elizabeth who gave me this instruction three days later, on the way to Quesnay for "second breakfast." 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 girl?"

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 lessons?"

"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 inn."

"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 of."

At the chateau, having a mind to offer some sort of apology, I looked anxiously 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 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.)

Cook county has \$122,198.18 to spend on her roads and bridges during the year 1910. The plan is to begin at the county line and build a 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.
Medford to Jacksonville.	
Motor car leaves . . . . .	8:00 a. m.
Train leaves . . . . .	10:45 a. m.
Train leaves . . . . .	3:35 p. m.
Train leaves . . . . .	6:00 p. m.
Motor car leaves . . . . .	9:30 p. m.
Jacksonville to Medford.	
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.
PACIFIC & EASTERN RAILWAY.	
N. 1 (Leaves Medford) . . .	8:10 a. m.
No. 2 (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.
No. 3 (Arrives Eagle Point) . . .	3:45 p. m.
No. 4 (Leaves Eagle Point) . . .	4:00 p. m.

### GRANTS PASS TO VOTE 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 \$45,000 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 Winder 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 husband was 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 ever 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

City of Medford, Oregon Improvement Bonds \$3250.  
Medford, Oregon, Feb. 3, 1910  
The city council of Medford, Oregon, will receive sealed bids up till 4:30 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 amount bid for. The right to reject 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 3d, 1910. 276

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 key.

### EMPLOYMENT and Business Chances

WANTED—A place for a girl 11 years old to board; must be reasonable.

FURNITURE FOR SALE—All kinds, one 5-room and one 4-room and odd pieces; 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.

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

For sale—6-room bungalow.

For sale—Lots on Grape street.

For sale—houses in different 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 children, to work on farm.

WANTED—Dining room girl, out.

Wanted—A woman for general housework, \$1 per day.

Horses for sale.

E. A. BITTNER,  
208 Phipps Bldg. Phone 4111.

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In the home equipped with electricity Comfort is the presiding goddess. The illumination of the interior may be augmented by a lighting arrangement on the porch that will add immeasurably to the joy of the home on hot summer evenings. Aside from good lighting a house wired for electricity is prepared for electric fans, whose soft breezes are like balm on humid nights. Fans are portable and may be connected with electric sockets either indoor or on the verandah. Send for the estimate man and let us bring beauty and comfort to your home.  
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TELEPHONE MAIN 3491.

**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 open rate of  
**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 used 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.**