



THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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CHAPTER VIII.

I WENT home. Outside the inn I saw Miss Elizabeth's phaeton.

But it was not Miss Elizabeth who had come in the phaeton, though a lady from Quesnay did prove to be the occupant. At sight of her I halted stockstill under the archway.

There she sat, a sketchbook on a green table beside her and a board in her lap, brazenly painting, and a more bluish piece of assurance than Miss Anne Elliott thus engaged these eyes have never beheld.

She was not so hardened that she did not affect a little timidity at sight of me, looking away even more quickly than she looked up, while I walked slowly over to her and took the garden chair beside her. That gave me a view of her sketch, which was a violent little "lay-in" of shrubbery, trees and the sky line of the inn. To my prodigious surprise and, naturally enough, with a degree of pleasure I perceived that it was not very bad—not bad at all, indeed. It displayed a sense of values, of placing and even in a young and frantic way of color. Here was a young woman of more than "accomplishments!"

"You see," she said, squeezing one of the tiny tubes almost dry and continuing to paint with a fine effect of absorption, "I had to show you that I was in the most abysmal earnest. Will you take me painting with you?" "I appreciate your seriousness," I rejoined. "Has it been rewarded?" "How can I say? You haven't told me whether or no I may follow you to the wildwood."

"I mean, have you caught another glimpse of Mr. Saffren?"

At that she showed a prettier color in her cheeks than any in her sketch-



"I think she must be in love."

book, but gave no other sign of shame or even of being flustered, cheerfully replying:

"That is far from the point. Do you grant my burning plea?" "I understood I had offended you."

"You did," she said, "viciously!" "I am sorry," I continued. "I wanted to ask you to forgive me."

"What made you think I was offended?"

"Your look of reproach when you left the table."

"I was only playing offended. I thought your note was fetching!" she said.

"Will you take me painting with you?" she added. "If it will convince you that I mean it I'll give up my hopes of seeing that sumptuous Mr. Saffren and go back to Quesnay now, before he comes home. You can't know how enervating it is up there at the chateau—all except Mrs. Harman, and even she—"

"What about Mrs. Harman?" I asked as she paused.

"I think she must be in love."

"What?"

"I do think so," said the girl. "She's like it, at least. I'm afraid she's my rival!"

"Not with"—I began.

"Yes, with your beautiful and mad young friend."

"But—oh, it's preposterous!" I cried, profoundly disturbed. "She couldn't be! If you knew a great deal about her—"

"I may know more than you think. My simplicity of appearance is deceptive," she mocked, beginning to set her sketch box in order. "You don't realize that Mrs. Harman and I are quite buried upon each other at Quesnay, being two ravishingly intelligent women entirely surrounded by large bodies of elementals. She has told me a great deal of herself since that first evening, and I know—well, I know why she did not come back from Dives this afternoon, for instance."

"Why?" I fairly shouted.

"She slid her sketch into a groove in the box, which she closed, and rose to her feet before answering."

"I might tell you some day," she said indifferently. "If I gained enough confidence in you through association

in daily pursuits."

"My dear young lady," I cried with real exasperation, "I am a working-man, and this is a working summer for me!"

"Do you think I'd spoil it?" she urged gently.

"But I get up with the first daylight to paint," I protested, "and I paint all day!"

Oliver Saffren had come in from the road and was crossing to the gallery steps. He lifted his hat and gave me a quick word of greeting as he passed, and at the sight of his flushed and happy face my riddle was solved for me. Amazing as the thing was, I had no doubt of the revelation.

"Ah," I said to Miss Elliott when he had gone, "I won't have to take pupils to get the answer to my question now!"

It was evening when I heard Saffren's voice calling my name.

"Here," I answered from my veranda, where I had just lit my second cigar.

"No more work tonight! All finished!" he cried jubilantly, springing down the steps. "I'm coming to have a talk with you."

"I won't sit down," he said. "I'll walk up and down in front of the veranda if it doesn't make you nervous."

For answer I merely laughed, and he laughed, too, in genial response, continuing gayly:

"Oh, it's all so different with me! Everything is. That blind feeling I told you of—it's all gone. I must have been very babyish the other day. I don't think I could feel like that again. It used to seem to me that I lived penned up in a circle of blank stone walls. I couldn't see over the top for myself at all, though now and then Kerdec would boost me up and let me get a little glimmer of the country roundabout, but never long enough to see what it was really like. But it's not so now. Ah—he drew a long breath—"I'd like to run. I think I could run all the way to the top of a pretty fair sized mountain tonight and then—he laughed—"jump off and ride on the clouds."

He paused in his sentry go, facing me, and said in a low voice:

"I've seen her again."

"Yes; I know."

"But that's not all," he said, his voice rising a little. "I saw her again the day after she told you—"

"You did!" I murmured.

"Oh, I tell myself that it's a dream," he cried, "that it can't be true, for it has been every day since then! That's why I haven't joined you in the woods. I have been with her, walking with her, listening to her, looking at her, always feeling that it must be unreal and that I must try not to wake up. She has been so kind—so wonderfully, beautifully kind to me!"

"She has met you?" I asked, thinking ruefully of George Ward, now on the high seas in the pleasant company of old hopes renewed.

"She has let me meet her. And today we lunched at the inn at Dives and then walked by the sea all afternoon. She gave me the whole day—the whole day. You see—he began to pace again—"you see, I was right, and you were wrong. She wasn't offended—she was glad—that I couldn't help speaking to her. She has said so."

"Do you think," I interrupted, "that she would wish you to tell me this?"

"Ah, she likes you!" he said so heartily and appearing meanwhile so satisfied with the completeness of his reply that I was fain to take some satisfaction in it myself. "What I wanted most to say to you," he went on, "is this: You remember you promised to tell me whatever you could learn about her and about her husband."

"I remember."

"It's different now; I don't want you to," he said. "I want only to know what she tells me herself. She has told me very little, but I know when the times comes she will tell me everything. But I wouldn't hasten it. I wouldn't have anything changed from just this!"

"You mean—"

"I mean the way it is. If I could hope to see her every day, to be in the woods with her or down by the shore—oh, I don't want to know anything but that!"

"No doubt you have told her," I ventured. "A good deal about yourself," and was instantly ashamed of myself. I suppose I spoke out of a sense of protest against Mrs. Harman's strange lack of conventionality.

"I've told her all I know," he said readily, and the unconscious pathos of the answer smote me. "And all that Kerdec has let me know. You see I haven't!"

"But do you think," I interrupted quickly, anxious in my remorse, to divert him from that channel—"do you think Professor Kerdec would approve, if he knew?"

"I think he would," he responded slowly, pausing in his walk again. "I have a feeling that perhaps he does know, and yet I have been afraid to tell him. I think he knows everything in the world; I have felt tonight that he knows this, and—it's very strange, but I—well, what was it that made him so glad?"

"(To be continued.)"

"The light is still burning in his room," I said quietly.

"You're right. I'll tell him tonight." This came with sudden decision, but with less than marked what followed. "But he can't stop me now. No one on earth shall do that, except Mrs. d'Armand herself—no one!"

I saw his hand groping toward me in the darkness, and, rising, I gave him mine.

"Good night," he said. "I'm glad to tell him. I'm glad to have told you. Ah, but isn't this," he cried, "a happy world!"

Turning, he ran to the gallery steps. "At last I'm glad," he called back over his shoulder—"I'm glad that I was born!"

I heard his voice indistinctly, but I thought, though I might have been mistaken, that I caught a final word and that it was "again."

It was one of those days when nature throws herself straight in your face and you are at a loss to know whether she has kissed you or slapped you, though you are conscious of the tingle—a day, in brief, more for laughing than for painting, and the truth is that I suited its mood only too well and laughed more than I painted, though I sat with my easel before me and a picture ready upon my palette to be painted.

No one could have understood better than I that this was setting a bad example to the acolyte who sat, likewise facing an easel, ten paces to my left; a very sportsmanlike figure of a painter, indeed, in her short skirt and long coat of woodland brown, the fine brown of dead oak leaves; a "devastating" selection of color that, being much the same shade as her hair, with brown for her hat, too, and the veil encircling the small crown thereof, and brown again for the stout, high, leaced boots which protected her from the wet tangle underfoot. Who could have expected so dashing a young person as Anne Elliott to do any real work at painting? Yet she did, narrowing her eyes to the finest point of concentration and applying herself to the task in hand with a persistence which I found on that particular morning far beyond my own powers.

At her request I inspected her work. I stepped back several yards to see it better, though I should have had to retire about a quarter of the length of a city block to see it quite from her own point of view.

She moved with me, both of us walking backward. I began:

"For a day like this, with all the color in the trees themselves and so very little in the air!"

There came an interruption, a voice of unimportant and wry nasality, speaking from behind us:

"Well, well!" it said. "So here we are again!"

I faced about and beheld, just emerged from a bypath, a fox faced young man whose light, well poised figure was jauntily clad in gray serge, with scarlet waistcoat and tie, white shoes upon his feet and a white hat gayly beribboned upon his head. A recollection of the dusky road and a group of people about Pere Baudry's lamp lit door flickered across my mind.

"The historical tourist?" I exclaimed.

"The highly pedestrian tripper from Trouville!"

"You got me right, m'dear friend," he replied with condescension. "I recollect meetin' you perfect."

"And I was interested to learn," said I, carefully observing the effect of my words upon him, "that you had been to Les Trois Pigeons, after all. Perhaps I might put it, you had been through Les Trois Pigeons, for the maitre d'hotel informed me you had investigated every corner—that wasn't locked?"

"Sure," he returned, with rather less embarrassment than a brazen Vishnu would have exhibited under the same circumstances. "He showed me what picklers they was in your studio. I'll tickle 'em over again for ye one of these days. Some of 'em was right gud."

"You will be visiting near enough for me to avail myself of the opportunity?"

"Right in the Pigeon house, my friend. I've just come down 'put in a few days there," he responded coolly. "They's a young feller in this neighborhood I take a kind o' family interest in."

"Who is that?" I asked quickly.

For answer he produced the effect of a laugh by widening and lifting one side of his mouth, leaving the other meantime rigid.

"Don't lemme int'rup the conversation with yer lady friend," he said winkingly. "What they call 'talkin' high arts,' wasn't it? I'd like to hear some."

"(To be continued.)"

GOLD HILL ITEMS.

(Gold Hill News.)

J. C. Godlove, who offers a free right of way through his land for an approach to a new bridge over Rogue River into Gold Hill, has a trim little fruit farm just south of town across the river, on which he has 25 acres of Spitzenbergs and Newtowns just coming into bearing, and several acres in choice commercial cherries. Mr. Godlove believes that Gold Hill is "the town with a future," and that city lots here are as good an investment as can be found in the valley.

Rev. Shields and wife of Medford were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Chisholm yesterday, the reverend gentleman conducting services for the Presbyterian congregation at the M. E. church in the evening.

Lon Barber and family will arrive here next week from Toronto, according to a telegram received yesterday by W. R. Oxley. S. L. Squire, who will visit the Oxley and Barber families here, leaves Toronto on the 15th. He will be accompanied by his wife, who will make an extended stay for the benefit or her health.

James Avery, while handling a 25-30 rifle Monday, discharged the weapon in such a way that the bullet passed through his clothing, just missing his thigh. The gun was lying on the ground and James picked it up by the barrel and pulled it toward him. The hammer caught a twig and snapped, with the result stated.

OPIUM IS FOUND UNDER CUSHIONS ON STEAMER

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 5.—With \$550 worth of opium already discovered, officers today continued their search for contraband opium in the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, liner Chi Yo Maru. Careful search from stem to stern and from top to keelson of the vessel is under way today, and the total amount, it is believed, will equal the big haul made on the liner Siberian.

So far the search has been conducted in main cabins and saloons of the vessel. The ladies' lounging room has given up 185 tins, valued at \$5250. The saloon suite upholstery has yielded ten tins, valued at \$300.

After tin of opium was taken from the upholstery of the main cabins when the inspectors got busy. The tins were concealed in the springs, excelsior and behind the woodwork of the cabin furniture.

The search will be thorough, even the vessel's steam siren, life-preservers and engine rooms being due for an overhauling.

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

\$3250.
City of Medford, Oregon Improvement Bonds
Medford, Oregon, Feb. 2, 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 24, 1910. 276

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—2 lots on Oak 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 4141.

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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.

ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC CO

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.

GOLD RAY GRANITE CO.

Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore.

Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon

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