



THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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CHAPTER XIV.

At midnight there was no mistaking the palpable uneasiness with which Mr. Percy, faithful squire, regarded the behavior of Miss Elliott and myself as we sat conversing upon the veranda of the pavilion. The lights of the inn were all set. The Spanish woman and M. Harman had made their appearance for a moment, half an hour earlier, to exchange a word with their fellow visitors, and soon after the extinguishing of the lamps in their respective apartments denoted their retirement for the night. In the "grande suite" all had been dark and silent for an hour.

I kept going over and over the details of Louise Harman's plan as the girl beside me had outlined it, bending above the smudgy sketchbook. "To make them think the fight is for Paris," she had urged—"to Paris by way of Lisieux. To make that man yonder believe that it is toward Lisieux while they turn at the cross roads and drive across the country to Trouville for the morning boat to Havre."

It was simple. That was its great virtue. If they were well started they were safe, and well started meant only that Larrabee Harman should leave the inn without an alarm. With two hours' start and the pursuit spending most of its energy in the wrong direction—that is, toward Lisieux and Paris—that is, toward Lisieux and Paris—that is, toward Lisieux and Paris—

Suddenly I saw a light shine from Keredec's window. I remarked, "Now, if you will permit me, I'll offer you my escort, back to Quesnay," I said to Miss Elliott.

I went into my room, put on my cap, lit a lantern and returned with it to the veranda. We crossed the garden as far as the steps. Mr. Percy signified his approval. "Gonna see the little lady home, are you?" he said graciously. "I was thinkin' it was about time 'nself."

The salon door of the "grande suite" opened above me, and at the sound the youth started, springing back to see what it portended, but I ran quickly up the steps. Keredec stood in the doorway bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. In one hand he held a traveling bag, which he immediately gave me.

He went back into the room, closing the door, and I descended the steps as rapidly as I had run up them. Without pausing I started for the rear of the courtyard, Miss Elliott accompanying me.

The squire had watched these proceedings open mouthed, more mystified than alarmed. "Luk here," he said. "I want t' know what this means."

"Anything you choose to think it means," I laughed, beginning to walk a little more rapidly. He glanced up at the windows of the "grande suite," which were again dark, and began to follow us slowly. "What you got in that grip?" he asked.

"You don't think we're carrying off Mr. Harman?"

"I reckon he's in his room all right," said the youth grimly, "unless he's flew out."

We emerged at the foot of a lane behind the inn. It was long and narrow, bordered by stone walls and at the

other end debouched upon a road which passed the rear of the Baudry cottage.

Miss Elliott took my arm, and we entered the lane.

Mr. Percy paused undecidedly. "I want t' know what you think y're doin'," he repeated angrily, calling after us.

"It's very simple," I called in turn. "I think you may as well go back. We're not going far enough to need a

guard." Mr. Percy allowed an oath to escape him, and we heard him muttering to himself. Then his footsteps sounded behind us.

"He's coming!" Miss Elliott whispered, with nervous agitation, looking over her shoulder. "He's going to follow."

We trudged briskly on, followed at some fifty paces by the perturbed watchman. We were embarked upon a singular adventure, not unattended by a certain danger. We were tingling with a hundred apprehensions, crowded with the vital necessity of escaping the little spy after us—and that was a strange moment for a man (and an elderly painter man of no mark at that) to hear himself called what I called to him in a tremulous whisper close to my ear. Of course she has denied it since. Nevertheless she said it—twice, for I pretended not to hear her the first time. I made no answer, for something in the word she called me and in her seeming to mean it made me choke up so that I could not even whisper. But I made up my mind that after that if this girl saw Mr. Earl Percy on his way back to the inn before she wished him to go it would be because he had killed me.

We were near the end of the lane when the neigh of a horse sounded sonorously from the road beyond.

Mr. Percy came running up swiftly and darted by us.

"Who's that?" he called loudly. "Who's that in the cart yonder?"

I set my lantern down close to the wall, and a horse and cart drew up on the road. It was Pere Baudry's best horse, a stout gray, that would easily make Trouville by daylight. A woman's figure and a man's (the latter that of Pere Baudry himself) could be made out dimly on the cart seat.

"Who is it, I say?" shouted our excited friend. "What kind of a game d'ye think y're puttin' up on me here?"

A glance at the occupants satisfied him. "Mrs. Harman!" he yelled. "Mrs. Harman! I knowed I was a fool to come away without wakin' up Rameau. But you haven't beat us yet."

He drove back into the lane, but just inside its entrance I met him.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Back to the Pigeon house in a hurry. There's devilment here. I want Rameau!"

"You're not going back," said I.

"Ye b— I ain't!" said Mr. Percy. "I give ye two seconds t' git out o' my— Take yer hands offa me!"

I made sure of my grip, not upon the refrugent overcoat, for I feared he might slip out of that, but upon the collars of his coat and waistcoat.

"You long legs, devil!" he yelled, and I instantly received a series of concussions upon the face and head which put me in supreme doubt of my surroundings, for I seemed to have plunged eyes foremost into the Milky Way.

I was conscious of some one screaming, and it seemed a consoling part of my delirium that the cheek of Miss Anne Elliott should be jammed tight against mine through one phase of the explosion. I hung to him, as Pere Baudry testifies, for a minute and a half, which seems no inconsiderable lapse of time to a person undergoing such experiences as were then afflicting me.

It appeared to me that we were revolving in enormous circles in the ether and I had long since given my last gasp when there came a great roaring wind in my ears and a range of mountains toppled upon us both. We went to earth beneath it.

"Ha! You must create violence, then!" roared the avalanche.

The voice was the voice of Keredec.

Some one pulled me from underneath my struggling antagonist, and the power of sight in a hazy, zig-zagging fashion coming back to me, I perceived the figure of Miss Anne Elliott recumbent beside me, her arms about Mr. Percy's prostrate body. The extraordinary girl had fastened upon him, too, though I had not known it, and she had gone to ground with us, but it is to be said for Mr. Earl Percy that no blow of his touched her, and she was not hurt. Even in the final extremities of temper he had carefully discriminated in my favor.

Mrs. Harman was bending over her and as the girl sprang up lightly threw her arms about her. For my part, I rose more slowly, section by section, wondering why I did not fall apart, lips, nose and cheeks bleeding, and I had a fear that I should need to be led like a blind man through my eyelids swelling shut. That was something I earnestly desired should not happen; but, whether it did or did not or if the heavens fell, I meant to walk back to Quesnay with Anne Elliott that night, and, mangled, broken or half dead, presenting whatever appearance of the prize ring or the abattoir that I might, I intended to take the same train for Paris on the morrow that she did.

For our days together were not at an end, nor was it hers nor my desire that they should be.

It was Oliver Saffren—as I like to think of him—who helped me to my feet and wiped my face with his handkerchief and when that one was

ruined brought others from his bag and stanch the wounds gladly received in the service of his wife.

"I will remember"—he said, and his voice broke. "These are the memories which Keredec says make a man good. I pray they will help to redeem me." And for the last time I heard the child in him speak: "I ought to be redden in him speaking; I ought to be redden. I must be; don't you think, for her sake?"

"Lose no time!" shouted Keredec. "You must be gone if you will reach that certain town for the 5 o'clock train of the morning." This was for the spy's benefit. It indicated Lisieux and the train to Paris. Mr. Percy struggled. The professor knelt over him, pinning his wrists in one great hand and holding him easily to earth.

"Ha, my friend"—he addressed his captive—"you shall not have cause to say we do you any harm. There shall be no law, for you are not hurt, and you are not going to be. But here you shall stay quiet for a little while—till I say you can go." As he spoke he bound the other's wrists with a short rope which he took from his pocket, performing the same office immediately afterward for Mr. Percy's ankles.

"I take the count!" was the sole remark of that philosopher. "I can't go up against no herd of elephants."

The two women were crying in each other's arms. "Goodby!" sobbed Anne Elliott.

Mrs. Harman turned to Keredec. "Goodby for a little while!"

He kissed her hand. "Dear lady, I shall come within the year."

She came to me, and I took her hand, meaning to kiss it as Keredec had done, but suddenly she was closer, and I felt her lips upon my battered cheek. I remember it now.

I wrung her husband's hand, and then he took her in his arms, lifted her to the footboard of the cart and sprang up beside her.

"God bless you, and goodby!" we called.

And their voices came back to us. "God bless you, and goodby!"

THE END.

LEAPS TO HIS DEATH IN ICY WATERS OF BAY

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 14.—Police of this city and of Sausalito today are seeking to learn the identity of a man who leaped from the deck of the ferryboat Berkeley into the bay last night. The suicide left an overcoat on the deck, in the pocket of which was a flatiron, which it is believed he intended to use as a "sinker." It is thought, however, that the man, seeing that the swift tide would carry him to destruction, discarded the iron and leaped overboard.

"Sunday, 9 p. m. Tomorrow at 9:30, if you will call up Kearney 4618, they will tell you who owns the coat," reads a note found in one of the pockets of the overcoat. Beside the coat lay a hat and walking stick. In the hat band are the initials "J. M. B." The walking stick is of bamboo, ornamented with Japanese carving.

The telephone number referred to in the note is that of J. L. & B. Nagle, attorneys here. Neither of the lawyers could recall "J. M. B." nor could they identify the suicide's effects.

The body has not been recovered.

REV. G. LEROY HALL IS GIVEN WELCOME

Large Reception Tendered the New Marshfield Pastor at First Baptist Church in That City.

(Cooks Bay Times.)

At the First Baptist church in Marshfield last evening a reception and welcome was extended to the Rev. G. Leroy Hall, the new pastor of that church, and his wife by the congregation and representatives of the other congregations. There was a good attendance and the affair proved a most enjoyable one.

During the evening, Rev. Mr. Zugg of the Presbyterian church delivered a short humorous talk. He was followed by A. O. Walker, minister of the Church of Christ, who spoke on "Advantages of Fellowship." Rev. H. I. Rutledge of the First Methodist church spoke on "Temptations of the Ministry," and Rev. Hall spoke on "Aids to the Minister's Efficiency." All of the addresses were good.

During the evening, vocal numbers were rendered by Misses Uma Marsh and Alpha Mauzey and Messames J. W. Ingram and Ernest McCray. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

VETERAN OF STAGE IS VICTIM OF HEART DISEASE

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 14.—Veteran of a stage career extending over a quarter of a century, John R. Furlong, 54 years of age, is dead today in this city.

Furlong was a member of "The Virginian" company. Shortly after he had gone to his room in his hotel last night he felt coming upon him the recurrent heart trouble to which he was subject.

Furlong made a presentiment that he would succumb to the attack, and hurriedly walked to the hotel lobby, where John R. Smiley and Charles R. Gilbert, other members of the company, sat.

"I'm dying, boys," he said. "I can't breathe well now, and I wanted to be with you when the end came."

Gilbert rushed to call a doctor, but Furlong was dead before he returned. The deceased actor was known in New York, where his children live.

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\$12,000—Eleven acres in Comice and Bose pears, 14 years old. These trees are in full bearing and will be on the price asked.

\$24,000—Thirty-two acres in Bose and Anjou pears; trees are from 4 to 7 years of age. Complete set of buildings. Close in.

\$7000—Thirty-five acres of black sticky, three miles from Medford, all under the ditch and can be irrigated.

\$13,000—Thirty-two acres, close to Medford; eight acres in Newtowns and Spitzbergs 5 to 7 years of age; 14 acres in alfalfa; three acres in peaches; two acres in berries; irrigated; buildings.

\$13,000—Twenty acres; 16 acres in 7-year-old Newtowns and balance in 3-year-old Bartlett pears; no buildings.

\$7500—Ten acres, all planted to Newtown and Spitzberg apples, 7 to 11 years old.

\$18,000—Thirty-five acres, about 25 planted to apples and pears, in bearing. Trees are from 6 to 15 years old; buildings; fruit from Medford.

\$14,000—Thirty-five acres; buildings; exceptionally fine place for a home; twelve acres in apples and pears 3 years old; about an acre of bearing orchard; 11 acres in alfalfa; all fine deep free soil.

\$150 to \$200 per acre—Stewart acre tracts; two miles from Medford; tracts are from 10 to 25 acres in size. Fine building spots on all; can all be irrigated; cheapest tracts in the Medford neighborhood; easy terms.

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THE "IRON KING."

By DAVID G. HARTLEY.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Hooker, the "iron king" of New York, was an irritable man and a stingy one. His business was speculating in iron, and to do this successfully he was obliged to secure information from all parts of the world as to the production, consumption, stock on hand and such other items as tended to fix the price of the metal.

Hooker gave his sister's son, Edward Earle, a position in his office. At twenty-five, though the young man was manager of that branch of the business which pertained to information, he was paid but twelve hundred a year. On this he supported his mother, a wife and two little children. He chafed under his uncle's stinginess and on one occasion asked for more salary. He was informed that if he could do better elsewhere he was welcome to go. The young man appreciated the proverb "A rolling stone gathers no moss" and remained where he was.

One day Hooker informed his clerk that he wished him to go to England to investigate the condition of the market there. He furnished the young man with a second class ticket on an ocean liner and barely enough money to pay his board and travel third class between the principal English iron manufacturing towns.

One morning Earle, who was in Sheffield, arose and while breakfasting with his paper before him saw a notice of the failure of an iron firm located in the neighboring town of Birmingham. The concern being a small one Earle attached little importance to the failure, but during the day a business acquaintance who had an interest in favoring him gave him a bit of secret information that caused him to change his mind. It was believed that the failure would involve a larger firm, that firm would involve a number of others, and the whole community of iron firms in England would go down like card houses. This would throw a large lot of iron on the market that had been held speculatively for a rise, and consequently the prices would fall considerably.

There was no Atlantic cable in those days, so Earle wrote the information he had received, giving his opinion that a crisis was at hand and advising his employer to sell at once and advising the latter had no sooner sailed than the second firm in line failed. This caused Earle to feel still greater confidence in the information he had received, and he had no doubt that all he had heard would be realized.

The young man proved himself admirably fitted to assume responsibility. He took a risk that would make or break him. In the name of Hooker & Co.—he was not authorized to sign the firm name, but it was not known—the contract to deliver thousands of tons of iron at a figure below the market price, the iron to be delivered in ninety days. This done, he took the first steamer that sailed for America, the one that bore the news of the iron panic in England.

On the morning of his arrival he went straight to the office. There sat Mr. Hooker at his desk with a morning paper before him. Earle caught sight of large headlines announcing the tumble of iron in England. It had been sent from Sandy Hook. Hooker was white as a sheet.

"You worthless scamp!" cried the head of the firm to his employee. "Why didn't you write of the beginning of all this? I'm ruined! I had an immense stock on hand, and learning of a shortage on the continent, I bought more."

"I wrote by the last steamer, giving you information that pointed to this result and advised you to sell out all the stock you had."

"Your letter never came. You should have brought the information yourself."

"Are you sure about the letter?"

"James," called Hooker to a clerk, "are there any letters that have not been delivered to me?"

"There was one came, sir, a few days ago. You know that you ordered all letters on which the postage was not paid in full to be left at the postoffice. There was 8 cents due on this one, and I refused to pay it."

"Oh, heavens!" groaned Hooker.

"Was it from England?" asked Earle of the clerk.

"I think it was."

"It must have been a mistake of the clerk's at the British postoffice. I put on stamps to cover the cost as he quoted it to me."

Hooker's head dropped on his desk. Irritated some time before at receiving unstamped letters (at that time such letters were delivered), he had given orders that all mail on which any money was due should not be taken from the postoffice. For refusing to pay 8 cents he had been ruined.

"How much iron have you on hand?" asked Earle.

"A hundred thousand tons," groaned the speculator without taking his head off his desk.

"Well, Mr. Hooker, cheer up. It's not so bad, after all. I took a big risk while abroad. I sold in your name just as the panic began 125,000 tons to be delivered in ninety days."

"What?"

"I sold for you 125,000 tons at about what your stock cost you. There'll be some low figures today on the publication of this news. Perhaps I'd better go on to the exchange and buy a part of it in."

Hooker fell on his nephew's neck. There was a profit on the transaction of many thousand dollars, and from that day Earle took his uncle's place as the "iron king."

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