



THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—An American artist and his English friend, George Ward, also an artist, see in an auto in Paris Larabee Harman, a dissolute American, husband of a beautiful young woman. Harman is accompanied by Mariana Mursiana, a music hall dancer of doubtful reputation. Harman's auto stops, and he receives a fractured skull, but he lives. The dancer's leg is broken. Two years pass. The American artist goes to stay at an inn in Normandy, the Three Pigeons, where he learns of the presence of a Mme. d'Armand at a neighboring house. Owned by his friends, the artist and Larabee Harman, the celebrated Professor Kerdec, with a peculiar patient, a young man with gray hair, arrives at the inn. III—The artist finds Kerdec spying on him. The professor's patient, Oliver Saffren, pursues Mme. d'Armand to make her acquaintance. IV, V, VI and VII—A strange young man appears in the neighborhood. Kerdec explains something about Saffren, who talks with Mme. d'Armand. Guests arrive at the Ward home, and the American artist goes to dine there at Miss Elizabeth Ward's invitation. Mme. d'Armand talks with him about Saffren. VIII and IX—The artist and Miss Anne Elliott become very friendly. Saffren is glad he "was born again." The stranger who appeared in the neighborhood clashes with Anne Elliott and the artist.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS ELLIOTT'S expression, when I turned to observe the effect of the intruder upon her, was found to be one of brilliant delight. With glowing eyes, her lips parted in a breathless ecstasy, she gazed upon the newcomer, evidently fearing to lose a syllable that fell from his lips. Moving closer to me, she whispered urgently: "Keep him—oh, keep him!" To detain him, for a time at least, was my intention, though my motive was not merely to afford her pleasure. The advent of the young man had produced a singularly disagreeable impression upon me, quite apart from my autogonism I might have felt toward him as a type. Strange suspicions leaped into my mind, formless—in the surprise of the moment—but rapidly groping toward definite outline, and following hard upon them crept a tingling apprehension.



"The name you'd see on 'em is Oil Polcy," and favored Miss Elliott with a stare of warm admiration. "Pretty a thing as I ever see," he added. "Oh," she cried, with an ardor that choked her slightly, "thank you!" "Oh, I meant the pitcher!" he said hastily, evidently nonplussed by a gratitude so fervent. The incorrigible damsel cast down her eyes in modesty. "And I had hoped," she breathed, "something so different!" I could not be certain whether or not he caught the whisper. I thought he did. At all events, the surface of his easy assurance appeared somewhat disarranged, and perhaps to restore it by performing the rites of etiquette he said: "Well, I expect the smart thing now is to pass the cards, but mine's in my grip, and it ain't unpacked yet. The name you'd see on 'em is Oil Polcy."

"That is just the point," I laughed, with intentional significance, for I meant to make Mr. Percy talk as much as I could. To this end, remembering that specimens of this kind are most indiscreet when carefully enraged, I added, stimulating his own manner: "Eyes open and doors locked! What?" "I guess they ain't much need o' lockin' your door," he retorted darkly; "not from what I saw when I was in your studio." He should have stopped there, for the hit was palpable and justified, but in his resentment he overdid it. "You needn't be scared of anybody's cartin' off them pitchers, young feller! Whoosh! An' f'm the licks of the clo'es I sav hangin' on the wall," he continued, growing more nettled as I smiled cheerfully upon him. "I don't b'lieve you gut any worries comin' about them neither."

"I suppose our tastes are different," I said, letting my smile broaden. "There might be protection in that." His stare at me was protracted to an unreasonably length before the sting of this remark reached him. It penetrated finally, however. "As I tell the little dame here," he said, pitching his voice higher and affecting the plaintiff, "I make no passes at a friend o' hers—not in front o' her, anyways. But when it comes to these here ole, ancient curiosities"—he cackled again loudly—"well, I guess them clo'es I see that day kin hand it out t' anything they got in the museums. 'Look here,' I says to the waiter, 'these must be'n left over f'm ole Jeanne d'Arc herself.' I says, 'Talk about yer relics,' I says, 'Whoosh! I like t' died!' He laughed violently and concluded by turning upon me with a contemptuous flourish of his stick. "You think I d'know what makes you so raw?"

The form of repartee necessary to augment his ill humor was, of course, a matter of simple mechanism for one who had not entirely forgotten his student days in the quarter, and I delivered it airily, though I shivered inwardly that Miss Elliott should hear. "Everything will be all right if you dine at the inn you'll sit with your back toward me." To my shame surprise this roustabout wit drew a nervous, silvery giggle from her, and that completed the work with Mr. Percy, whose face grew scarlet with anger. "You're a hot one, you are!" he sneered, with shocking bitterness. "You're quite the teaser, ain't ye, s'long's yer lady friend is lukkin' on! I guess they'll be a few surprises comin' your way before long. 'Praps I cudn't give ye one now 'f I had a mind to."

"Pshaw!" I laughed and, venturing at hazard, said, "I know all you know." "Oh, you do!" he cried scornfully. "I reckon you might set up an' take a little notice, though, if you knowed 'at I know all you know!" "Not a bit of it!" "Not? Maybe you think I don't know what makes you so raw with me; maybe you think I don't know who ye've got so thick with at this here Pigeon house; maybe you think I don't know who them people are!" "No, you don't. You have learned," I said, trying to control my excitement, "nothing. Whoever hired you for a spy lost the money. You don't know anything."

"I don't!" And with that his voice went to a half shriek. "Maybe you think I'm down here f'r my health; maybe you think I come out f'r a pleasant walk in the woods right now; maybe you think I ain't seen no other lady friend o' yours besides this'n to-day, and maybe I didn't see who was with her—yes, an' maybe you think I d'know no other times he's be'n with her; maybe you think I ain't be'n layin' low over at Dives; maybe I don't know a few real names in this neighborhood; Oh, no, maybe not!" "You know what the maitre d'hôtel told you, nothing more."

"How about the name—Oliver Saffren?" he cried fiercely, and at that, though I had expected it, I uttered an involuntary exclamation. "How about it?" he shouted, advancing toward me triumphantly, shaking his forefinger in my face. "Hey? That stings some, does it? Sounds kind o' like a false name, does it? Got ye where the hair is short that time, didn't it? Your side's wherin' the trouble is. That's what's eatin' into you. An' I tell you datfoot you're gettin' rough 'ith me and playin' Charley the Show-off in front o' yer lady friends 'll all go down in the bill. These people ye've got so chummy with—they'll pay f'r it all right, don't you shed no tears over that!" "You couldn't by any possibility," I said deliberately, with as much satire as I could command—"you couldn't possibly mean that any sum of mere money might be a salve for the injuries my unkind words have inflicted."

ly upon his neck, addressed Miss Elliott briefly, "Glad t' know you, lady," and, striking into the bypath by which he had approached us, was soon lost to sight. The girl stared me excitedly. "What is it?" she cried. "It seemed to me you insulted him deliberately." "I did." "You wanted to make him angry?" "Yes." "Oh, I thought so!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I knew there was something serious underneath. It's about Mr. Saffren." "It is serious indeed, I fear," I said and, turning to my own easel, began to get my traps together. "I want you to go to see Mrs. Harman at once and tell her not to leave Quesnay for at least two days. As for myself, I ain't go now to look up Kerdec and Oliver Saffren." The girl started manfully upon her journey. I stared after her for a moment or more, watching the pretty brown dress flashing in and out of shadow among the ragged greeneries. Then I picked up my own pack and set out for the inn. As I went through the woods that day, breathless with haste and curious fears, my brain became suddenly, unaccountably busy with a dream I had had two nights before. I had not recalled this dream on waking; the recollection of it came to me now for the first time. Yet I had been thinking so constantly of Mrs. Harman that there was nothing extraordinary in her worthless ex-husband being part of it. But, and yet, looking back upon that last, hurried walk of mine through the forest, I see how strange it was that I could not quit remembering how in my dream I had gone motoring up Mount Pilatus with the man I had seen so pitifully demolished on the Versailles road two years before—Larabee Harman.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

GAMBER.

Horace L. Shipley has sold his farm to Walter Loveall, of Dennings, for \$6,000. Thomas Jenkins has sold his farm to Mrs. Ellie Shipley, for \$2,300. J. Clinton Stricker has moved to Bird's farm, near Reisterstown, where he is employed. Geo. Hoff has rented the property of J. Clinton Stricker. The construction of the new bridge at Morgan Run, at Mineral Hill, is advancing. The mason work is completed and the bridge structure is ready to be erected. The farmers are about finished husking corn, but they are quite busy cutting fodder and sawing wood. Robert Flohr is sawing a great quantity of wood in our village. Gunning is the principal sport of the day, but game is scarce. Our public school reopened on Monday again, after a few days intermission for the Thanksgiving holidays. Joseph Parrish is able to be out again. Mrs. Wm. Coney has returned home after visiting Mrs. Jesse Patterson and friends in this vicinity. Mrs. Jesse Patterson is spending some time with Mrs. Wm. Coney, of Baltimore. Harry Arnold, of Baltimore, is spending some time with his father, Sergeant Arnold. Miss Emily Arnold has returned home after spending some time in Baltimore. Miss Margaret Arnold is spending some time in Baltimore. Robert E. Barnes, of Baltimore, spent a few days last week with his brother-in-law, Levi Gamber. Miss Shilling visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Benson last week. Samuel Gosnell, of Deer Park, Baltimore county, Miss Nettie Owings, of Reisterstown, and Miss Margaret Griffin, of Govanstown, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Owings. The oyster supper and bazaar held by the Providence M. P. Church was a grand success in every way. The proceeds were \$82.

FRIZELLBURG.

Miss Flora Strout, a missionary from Tokio, Japan, was a guest of Mrs. Wm. Arthur this week. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lambert, who have spent the summer in Philadelphia, have returned for the winter. There was a mistake made in the amount of cream from Wm. Warehime's cow. It should have been 1/2 gallon of cream, from which was churned 2 pounds of butter in 4 minutes. It was churned by his little 3-year-old son Murrell. James Pearce and wife and Mrs. Carrie Rinehart were entertained by Wm. Arthur and wife on Tuesday evening. Miss Emma Snader is spending a few days in Baltimore this week. Misses Hattie and Berneta Utermahlen, of Pleasant Valley, spent a few days with their sister, Mrs. Arthur Stevenson, of this place. Miss Marguerite Arthur, of Catonsville, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arthur. She returned to her school duties on Monday. Howard Eckard and wife, Harvey Eckard and wife and John Kaufitz and wife spent Sunday with Kurtz Eckard and family, of near Mayberry. Frank Myers, wife and son, of Hampstead, spent Thanksgiving with friends around this place. Eutcherling is in full blast. There have been some very fine hogs slaughtered. Miss Nanna Burgoon, of Finksburg, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaeffer and family. Harvey Dickensheets and wife spent Thanksgiving day with their parents. Grandma Cover spent Thanksgiving day with her son, Harry Cover, and family, in Westminster. Isaiah Perry and wife, of Illinois, are visiting friends in and around this place. The revival meeting at the Church of God, Frizellburg, is still in progress, and will be continued over Sunday night.

BENNERSVILLE.

John Utermahlen, of Washington, D. C., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Annie Gilbert. Otto Myers is wearing a smile that won't come off. It's a boy, Henry Mrs. Henry Benner, who had been on the sick list, is improving at this writing. Some fine porkers have been killed the past week. Samuel Gilbert, two, 405 and 365; Homer M. Warehime, four, 363, 330, 325 and 264; Henry Troutfelt, two, 265 and 235; and Keener Bankard, four, 252, 350, 297 and 302. Samuel Miller and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Miller's mother, Mrs. Sarah Warehime, of near Westminster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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