



THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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CHAPTER VI.

I HAD finished dressing next morning and was strapping my things together for the day's campaign when I heard a shuffling step upon the porch and the door opened gently without any previous ceremony of knocking, admitting Amedee with a breakfast tray.

"Monsieur," he said, nodding in a peevish toward the courtyard, "Mlle. Ward is out there!"

"What?" But I did not shout the word.

"Probably Mlle. Ward has only come to talk with Mme. Brossard."

"I fear some of those people may have told her you were here," he ventured insinuatingly.

"What people?" I asked, drinking my coffee calmly, yet, it must be confessed, without quite the deliberation I could have wished.

"Those who stopped yesterday evening on the way to the chateau. They might have recognized"—

"Impossible. I knew none of them."

"But Mlle. Ward knows that you are here without doubt."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because she has inquired for you."

"So?" I rose at once and went toward the door. "Why didn't you tell me at once?"

He saw the menace coiling in my eye and hurriedly retreated.

"Monsieur," he gasped, backing away from me, and as his hand, fumbling behind him, found the latch of the door, he opened it and scrambled out by a sort of spiral movement round the casing. When I followed a moment later, with my traps on my shoulder and the packet of sandwiches in my pocket, he was out of sight.

Miss Elizabeth sat beneath the arbor at the other end of the courtyard, and beside her stood the trim and glossy bay saddle horse that she had ridden from Quesnay, his head outstretched above his mistress to paddle at the vine leaves with a tremulous upper lip.

An expression in the lady's attitude and air which I instinctively construed as histrionic seemed intended to convey that she had been kept waiting, yet had waited without reproach, and, although she must have heard me coming, she did not look toward me until I was quite near and spoke her

seeing an exhibition for him in London. Afterward I did a round of visits—tiresome enough, but among people it's well to keep in touch with on George's account."

"I see," I said, with a grimace which probably escaped her. "But how did Mrs. Harman know that I was at Les Trois Pigeons?"

"She saw you once in the forest!"

"Twice," I interrupted.

"She mentioned only once. Of course she'd often heard both George and me speak of you."

"But how did she know it was I and where I was staying?"

"Oh, that!" Her smile changed to a laugh. "Your maitre d'hotel told Ferret, a gardener at Quesnay, that you were at the inn."

"He did?"

"Oh, but you mustn't be angry with him. He made it quite all right."

"How did he do that?" I asked, trying to speak calmly, though there was that in my mind which might have blanched the rich cheek of a grand inquisitor.

"He told Ferret that you were very anxious not to have it known—you think Louise very lovely to look at, don't you?" she asked.

"Exquisite," I answered.

"Every one does."

"I suppose she told you"—and now I felt myself growing red—"that I behaved like a drunken acrobat when she came upon me in the path?"

"No. Did you?" cried Miss Elizabeth, with a ready credulity which I thought by no means pretty. "Louise said that she wished she could have had a better look at what you were painting."

"Heaven bless her!" I exclaimed. "Her reticence was angelic."

"Yes, she has reticence," said my companion, with enough of the same quality to make me look at her quickly. A thin line had been drawn across her forehead.

"You mean she's still reticent with George?" I ventured.

"Yes," she answered sadly. "Poor George always hopes, of course, in the silent way of his kind when they suffer from such unfortunate passions, and he waits."

"I suppose that former husband of hers recovered?"

"I believe he's still alive somewhere. Locked up, I hope!" she finished crisply.

"She retained his name," I observed.

"Harman? Yes," she retained it. At all events she's rid of him."

"It's hard," I reflected aloud—"hard to understand her making that mistake, young as she was. Even in the glimpse of her I've had it was easy to see something of what she's like—a fine, rare, high type."

"But you didn't know him, did you?" Miss Elizabeth asked, with some dryness.

"No," I answered. "I saw him twice—once at the time of his accident—that was only a nightmare, his face covered with—" I shivered. "But I had caught a glimpse of him on the boulevard, and of all the dreadful!"

"Oh, but he wasn't always dreadful," she interposed quickly. "He was a fascinating sort of person, quite charming and good looking, when she ran away with him, though he was horribly dissipated even then. He always had been that. Of course she thought she'd be able to straighten him out, poor girl! She tried for three years—three years it hurts one to think of! You see, it must have been something very like a grand passion to hold her through a pain three years long."

"Or tremendous pride," said I. "Women make an odd world of it for the rest of us. There was good old George, as true and straight a man as ever lived!"

"And she took the other! Yes," George's sister laughed sorrowfully.

"But George and she have both survived the mistake," I went on, with confidence. "Her tragedy must have taught her some important differences. Haven't you a notion she'll be tremendously glad to see him when he comes back from America?"

"Ah, I do hope so!" she cried. "You see, I'm fearing that he hopes so, too—to the degree of counting on it."

"You don't count on it yourself?"

She shook her head. "With any other woman I should."

"Why not with Mrs. Harman?"

"Cousin Louise has her ways," said Miss Elizabeth slowly, and, whether she could not further explain her doubts or whether she would not, that was all I got out of her on the subject at the time. I asked one or two more questions, but my companion merely shook her head again, alighting vaguely to her cousin's "ways." Then she brightened suddenly and inquired when I would have my things sent up to the chateau from the inn.

At the risk of a misunderstanding which I felt I could ill afford I restrained my kind hospitality, and the outcome of it was that there should be a kind of armistice, to begin with my dining at the chateau that evening.

"Did anybody ever tell you," was her surprising inquiry, "that you are the queerest man of these times?"

"No," I answered. "Don't you think you're a queerer woman?"

"Foolish!" she cried scornfully. "By off to your woods and your woodcocking!"

Her bay horse departed at a smart gallop.

My work was accomplished after a fashion more or less desultory that day. I had many absent moments, was restless and walked more than I

pointed and returned to the inn earlier than usual.

While dressing I sent word to Professor Keredec that I should not be able to join him at dinner that evening.

Miss Elizabeth had the courage to take me under her wings when I arrived in acceptance of her invitation, placing me upon her left at dinner, but sprightlier calls than mine demanded and occupied her attention. At my other side sat a magnificently upholstered lady who offered a fine shoulder and the rear wall of a collar of pearls for my observation throughout the evening as she leaned forward talking eagerly with a male personage across the table. This was a prince ending in "ski." He permitted himself the slight vagary of wearing a gold bracelet, and perhaps this favor of romance drew the lady.

The banquet was drawing to a close when Miss Elizabeth leaned toward me and spoke.

"Anne Elliott, yonder, is asking you a question," she repeated, nodding at

Mr. Jean Ferret, if that is the gentleman's name. I'd John Miss Ward and Cressie Ingle yonder, but Cressie would be indignant. I shall soothe my hurt with sweetest airs. Adieu."

With that she made me a solemn courtesy and departed, a pretty little figure, not little in attractiveness, the strong moonlight, tinged with blue, shimmering over her blond hair and spilling brightly among the ripples of her silks and laces. A moment later some chords were sounded upon a piano, which ran on into "La Vie de Boheme" and out of that into something else. I was floated off into a reverie that was like a prelude for the person who broke it. She came so quietly that I did not hear her until she was almost beside me and spoke to me. It was the second time that had happened.

(To be continued.)



"Who and what is the glorious stranger?" she asked.

a very pretty girl down and across the table from me. Miss Anne Elliott's attractive voice had previously enabled me to recognize her as the young woman who had threatened to serenade Les Trois Pigeons.

"I beg your pardon," I said, addressing her.

"I hear you're at Les Trois Pigeons," said Miss Elliott.

"Yes?"

"Would you mind telling us something of the mysterious Narcissus?"

"If you'll be more definite," I returned in the tone of a question.

"I mean a recklessly charming vision with a white tie and white hair and white fannels," she said.

"Oh," said I, "he's not mysterious."

"But he is," she returned. "I insist on his being mysterious, rarely, grandly, strangely, mysteriously, rarely, grandly, let me think so?" This young lady had a whimsical manner of emphasizing words unexpectedly, with a breathless intensity that approached violence, a habit dangerously contagious among nervous persons, so that I answered slowly out of a fear that I might echo it.

"He's a young American, very attractive, very simple."

"But he's mad!" she interrupted.

"Oh, no!" I said hastily.

"But he is! A person told me so in a garden this very afternoon," she went on eagerly—"a person with a rake and ever so many roses on his chin. This person told me all about him. His name is Oliver Saffren, and he's in the charge of a very large doctor and quite, quite mad!"

"Jean Ferret, the gardener," I said deliberately and with venom, "is fast acquiring notoriety in these parts as an idiot of purest ray, and he had his information from another whose continuance unchanged is every hour more precarious."

"How ruthless of you," cried Miss Elliott, with exaggerated reproach, "when I have had such a thrilling happiness all day in believing that riotously beautiful creature mad! If he isn't why does he have an enormous doctor with him?"

"This is romance!" I retorted. "The doctor is Professor Keredec, illustrious known in this country, but not as a physician, and they are following some form of scientific research together."

The windows had been thrown open, allowing passage to a veranda. Miss Elizabeth led the way outdoors with the prince. I caught a final glimpse of Mrs. Harman, which revealed that she was looking at me with tensely, but with the movement of intervening groups I lost her. Miss Elliott pointedly waited for me until I came round the table, then attached me definitely by taking my arm, accompanying her action with a dazzling smile.

Tables and coffee were waiting on the broad terrace below, with a big moon rising in the sky. I descended the steps in charge of this pretty cavalier, allowed her to seat me at the most remote of the tables and accepted without unwillingness other gallantries of hers in the matter of coffee and cigarettes. "And now," she said—"now that I've done so much for your dearrest hopes and comfort, look up at the milky moon and tell me all."

She leaned an elbow on the marble railing that protected the terrace and, shielding her eyes from the moonlight with her hand, affected to gaze at me dramatically. "Who and what is the glorious stranger?" she asked.

Resisting an impulse to chime in with her humor, I gave her so dry and commonplace an account of my young friend at the inn that I presently found myself abandoned to solitude again.

"I don't know where to go," she complained as she rose. "These other people are most painful to a girl of my intelligence, but I cannot linger by your side. Untruly long ago lost its interest for me, and I prefer to believe

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Would have Commercial Value. The amount of carbon exhaled from a man's lungs each day, if it could be solidified, would equal that in a lump of coal weighing half a ton.

Prompt relief in all cases of throat and lung trouble if you use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pleasant to take, soothing and healing in effect. Sold by all dealers.

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Good Manners Go Far to Preserve Peace and Concord.

A great many people seem to think that the marriage ceremony absolves them from all further courtesies and attentions to the person whom they have wed. After that they are always in negligence, both as to manners and clothes, when they are at home. This is a fatal mistake. Because a woman is married is no excuse for her going untidily about the house, and telling her husband home truths that hurt his vanity. Because a woman is his wife gives a man no right to say things to her he would not dare to say to any other lady who possessed a big, abled-bodied brother. Good manners are the preservation of peace and concord, and are warranted to keep happiness in any climate. The problem of how to be happy though married is really no problem at all. No mystery should ever have been made of it. It is merely fair dealing in fair partnership—giving the other party the privileges and perquisites you assume for yourself, and allowing the person you love as much consideration and civility as you would show a stranger.—New York Weekly.

after effects. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by all dealers.

How the Professor Was Affected. "There's not a particle of ventilation in this room," said the professor, suddenly stopping in his talk and looking about him. "Can you boys tell me what it does to a man to be in a room when there is no ventilation?" "I should say it filled him with hot air, professor," replied one of the daring ones.

Your tongue is coated. Your breath is foul. Headaches come and go. These symptoms show that your stomach is the trouble. To remove the cause is the first thing, and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will do that. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by all dealers.

Round or Flat? The British have had heaps of trouble in Siam to make the natives understand that the world is round, instead of flat. Indeed, the native teachers keep on teaching the children that it is flat, and when argued with they reply: "If it isn't flat, why do the mountains stand up as they do, instead of rolling downhill?"

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Compensation. The tennis face, says the London Chronicle, is beaten only by the golf face in the race for ugliness. Is it possible? Well, tell a golfer that and see him illustrate what the exercise has done for his muscles!

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Fearful Slaughter of deadly microbes occurs when throat and lung diseases are treated with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and \$1.00. McBride & Will Drug Company.

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Wanted—Places on farm near town to do chores, boy of 11. Best of references. J-2, care T-R.

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Wanted—To rent furnished house, or rooms for light housekeeping for two or three months or longer. References or bond given. No children. Address: B-19 Times-Republican.

Wanted—To sell. Best flour, fresh groceries, early seed potatoes. Phone 654, store 709 East Main street. Wanted, fresh butter and eggs. Terms discount for cash. Jacob Schirmayer, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Wanted—Leave your wants at the Marshalltown Employment Agency, Phone 783.

Wanted—All the farmers to know I am still in the horse breeding business. In my new barn at 804 East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa, Sherman Wolfgang.

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HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—Two good all-round painters. Steady job, good pay. George W. Richards, Eldora, Iowa.

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Wanted—Salesman; to sell McElroy post moulds to farmers and land owners; experienced preferred. Liberal contract; weekly settlements. McElroy Post & Pole, 41 Sixteenth avenue, west, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

\$100 to \$125 monthly salary for manager of branch store in this territory. \$400 to \$1,000 cash required, to carry sufficient stock to supply public with staples now in great demand. Commissions in addition to salary and we pay all expenses. Position permanent. References required. National Stores Company, Inc., Rand-McNally building, Chicago.

Wanted—Lady or gentleman of fair education to do home work. Previous experience unnecessary. Salary \$15 per week. Address L. F. Downie, general delivery, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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For Sale or Trade—Two-passenger steam auto, A-1 condition. Will take \$100 in trade. Sixteen-inch screw cutting lathe, will pay difference for first class tool. George Seeds, Newton, Iowa.

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For Sale—Six dollars buys a 93 certificate on an Evans piano. Lucile K. King, Grundy Center, Iowa.

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urns, stools, tables, chairs, hat racks and mirrors. Call at Robb's restaurant.

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For Sale—Rural New York seed potatoes. County farm.

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S. C. Black Minorca's eggs and young chicks for sale. Eggs, \$1.50 per dozen. Chicks from two to six weeks old, 20 to 40 cents each. Eggs are 100 per cent fertile. This is the best kind of chicken to keep in town. E. G. Hodges, 805 West Linn street.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching. Rose Comb, Rhode Island Reds, choice matings \$2 per setting, utility matings \$1 per setting. Inland Runner duck eggs \$1.25 per setting. P. E. Peck, 1503 Summit street.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching, all pens have high scoring and show birds in every pen. Barred Rocks, Black Orpingtons, Buff Orpingtons, Buff Cochins, Black Minorcas. Fifteen eggs in every setting. Write or ask about these pens. Special prices on 50 and 100 egg lots. I will sell part of each if desired. F. H. Houghton, "The Insurance Man", Marshalltown, Iowa, 615 North First street.

For Sale—Eggs from choice thoroughbred Partridge Wyandottes, three pens to select from. First pen, headed by superior cockerel, mated for fine stock in both males and females, 33 per setting of fifteen. Second pen matings, 23; third pen, \$1. Combination settings, pens 1 and 2, \$2.50; 2 and 3, \$1.50. No prettier or better bird for all purposes is obtainable than the Partridge Wyandotte. Address Rodney C. Wells, Marshalltown, Iowa.

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For Sale—Family-broke driving horse, 4 years old. Inquire George Orday, mayor's office.

For Sale—Driving or saddle horse, light bay, sound, weight 950 pounds. 412 Woodbury street.

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For Sale—Six room house, 905 West Nevada.

For Sale—The most desirable property in Marshalltown for flats, ninety feet frontage on paved street, twenty two blocks from the court house. House of ten rooms in good repair and capable of being converted into flat building economically. Address N. E. care of T-R.

For Sale—Seven room house, corner Eighth avenue and Linn street; also one vacant lot. Robb's restaurant.

For Sale—I will sell my house at No. 9 North Fourth street. This house has seven rooms and a bath, good cellar, Lenox furnace. House is in good condition. Lot 60x60. I would consider a trade for vacant lot in the Second ward. George F. Thayer.

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For Sale or Exchange—Thoroughly tiled 320-acre farm. Good improvements, four and one-half miles to good county seat town. Poor health cause of selling. Give full particulars first letter. Address A-22, Times-Republican.

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Lots in Ventura Heights addition \$25 to \$100. Lots in Dodge's Point Park \$250 to \$1,000. Terms reasonable. Eight fine new bungalows on Dodge's Point Park for sale or rent. Make reservation early. Address Hugh H. Shepard, Mason City, Iowa.

SNAPS IN TILED DRAINED IOWA LAND.

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we have the farm you want. Pocatontas Loan & Trust Company, Pocatontas, Iowa.

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On account of too much to do I will sell either my live-acre or my 20-acre ranch, both improved with some clearing, fine new 24x30 cottage, nicely finished, on good road, fine soil and water, close to town. \$1,000 and \$1,300 respectively. Easy terms. R. F. D. route and phone service. (Call for cash work) James A. O'Neil, Marysville, Wash.

WISCONSIN LAND.

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MISSOURI LANDS.

One of Our Bargains—Howell county, Missouri, 120 acre farm, 2 miles from Pomona, on rural route and telephone line, phone in house, about 70 acres in cultivation, 110 fenced, balance timber of which part is fenced for pasture, about 20 acres in meadow, 14 in strawberries, other small fruits, raspberries, blackberries and grapes, about 1,000 apple and peach trees, majority bearing; 3 rooms, 1 1/2 story, frame house, with good kitchen; good frame barn with large mow for hay, other buildings, poultry barn, etc., watered by two wells, cistern and stock pond. This farm is well located for school, being less than half a mile from Pomona, an splendid road to town. Price \$4,000; can make easy terms. Iowa, Mo. & Kan. Realty Company, Pomona, Mo.

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For Sale—\$2,500 equity in 160-acre farm, black, sandy loam, clay sub-soil, near county seat, Perkins county, Neb. Will carry \$1,500 to \$2,000 at 7 per cent myself. Hurry and investigate. W. E. Liddle, Carroll, Neb.

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For Sale—One quarter section deeded land. Every foot can be broken; small building on it; good well, fence posts every two rods apart. Will sell reasonable to a cash dealer. Reason for selling, my wife is unable to stand farm life. Charles Edward Lammon, Meadow, S. D.

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