



THE QUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington

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(Corrected.)
It was one of those days when nature throws herself straight in your face and you get 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 waited 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 a bag coat of woodland brown, the fine brown of dead oak leaves; a "delectating" selection of color that, being much the same shade as her hair, with brown for her hat, too, and the well-entwined small crown thereof, and brown again for the stout, high, laced 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 unpleasant and wiry 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 lampit 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, at 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 pitchers they was in your studio. I'll bet 'em over again far y' one of these days. Some of 'em was right good."

"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 'tput in a few days there," he responded coolly. "They's a young feller in this neighborhood I take a kind of '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 meantine rigid.

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

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 any antagonism 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.

"Now, about how much," he asked slowly, "would you expect 't git fr a pitcher that size?"

"It isn't mine," I informed him.

"You don't tell me it's the little lady's—what?" He bowed genially 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 checked her slightly. "Thank you!"

"Oh, I meant the pitcher," he said hastily, evidently nonplused by a gratifyingly so fervent.

"Incorrigible dandy!" 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, an' it ain't unpacked yet. The name you'll see on 'em is Oil Policy."

"Oil Policy," echoed Miss Elliott, turning to me in genuine astonishment.

"Mr. Earl Percy," I translated.

"Oh, rapturous!" she cried, her face



"The name you'd see on 'em is Oil Policy," radiant. "And won't Mr. Percy give us his opinion of my art?"

He turned again to the easel, and as he examined the painting thereon at closer range amazement overspread his features. However, pulling himself together, he found himself able to reply and with great gallantry:

"Well, on'y 't think them little hands cud 'a' done all that 'rough work'!"

I saved the girl's feelings by entering into the conversation with a question, which I put quickly:

"You intend pursuing your historical researches in the neighborhood?"

"Them fairy tales I handed you about ole Jeanne d'Arc an' William the Conqueror," he said, "say, they must 'a' made you sore afterwards!"

"On the contrary, I was much interested in everything pertaining to your too brief visit," I returned. "I am even more so now."

"Well, m' friend"—he shot me a sidelong, distrustful glance—"keep yer eyes open."

"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 engaged, 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 saw 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 unseemly 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' me. 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 when you dine at the Inn you'll sit with your back toward me."

To my shamed surprise this roustabout with 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 shaking bitterness. "You're just the teaser, ain't you, s'long's yer lady friend is lookin' on! I guess they'll be a few surprises comin' in your way before long. Price I

couldn't give ye one now 'f I had a mind to."

"Fshaw!" 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!"

"No? 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 fr my health; maybe you think I come out fr 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 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'hotel 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 where the trouble is. That's what's eatin' into you. An' I tell you farfoot you're gittin' rough 't tell me and playin' Charley the Show-off in front o' yer lady friends 't go down in the bill. These people ye've got so clumsy with—they'll pay fr 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 ankid words have inflicted."

He seemed upon the point of destroying me physically, but, with a slight shudder, controlled himself. Stepping close to me, he thrust his head forward and measured the emphasis of his speech by his right forefinger upon my shoulder as he said:

"You paint this in yer pitchers, m'dear friend—they's just as much law in this country as they is on the corner o' Twenty-third street an' Fif' avenue! You keep out of the way of it or you'll git runned over!"

Delivering a final tap on my shoulder as a last warning he wheeled deftly upon his heel, 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 faced 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 must 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 greenery. 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 the 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 saw 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—Larrabee Harman.

(To Be Continued.)

Never hesitate about giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to children. It contains no opium or other narcotics and can be given with implicit confidence. As a quick cure for coughs, and colds to which children are susceptible, it is unsurpassed. Sold by all dealers.

For the Children.

The mother who believes in beginning the artistic education of her children at the earliest possible moment, may do a great deal in that direction with the aid of the nursery walls. The sides of the room are first papered with some plain neutral color, then divided into a frieze and panel, outlined with the darkest shade of the chosen neutral tint and upon these subdivisions are pasted brightly colored and well-drawn figures of animals and birds, which are to be obtained in the form of long sheets of wall paper, which may easily be cut out and affixed to the walls. Thus a young child may not only be taught much that is essential in regard to the proper placing of colors and their composition, but because of the questions which they will be apt to ask about the animals and birds, will acquire a great deal of valuable information about natural history.

A Dangerous Wound

is rendered antiseptic by Bucklen's Arnica Salve; the healing wonder for sores, burns, blisters, eczema and salt rashes. 25c. McBride & Will Drug Co.

IN CONSTANT PERIL

SWITCHMAN'S OCCUPATION ONE OF EXTREME DANGER.

One Moment's Carelessness or the Most Trivial of Accidents, and His Usefulness, If Not His Life, is Ended.

The frontier is fast disappearing and the hardy pioneer who packed his traps and harvested his scanty crops under the eyes of hostile Indians is merely an heroic figure in history. But the industrial frontier and the pioneer workman will never become things of the past.



The venturesome spirits who 100 years ago would have pushed westward into unknown lands have turned their hands to work which, if no more picturesque, is fully as dangerous. That great time-saving, record-breaking game wherein the necessities and luxuries of life are whirled from one end of the continent to the other at a constantly increasing pace has engaged many of the present-day industrial pioneers. Among them, skirting the death line as delicately as the aviator, the deep sea diver, the structural steel worker or the linesman, stands the switchman. Without him the arteries of traffic would cease to flow.

In a thousand yards, amid a bewildering maze of tracks and switches and under the pattering hail of cinders the switchman works, seemingly careless of the perils that beset his every footstep. Dangerous during the day, the yards are trebly so at night

and during the winter. One second's carelessness, a slippery footboard, an uncovered grabiron, or even a mistaken signal by the engineer may cause his instant death or, less mercifully, make him a helpless cripple for life.

Death, or his companion, disablement, stares the switchman in the face at every turn. A huge chunk of coal may topple upon his head from an overloaded car, a pin may stick, and in the hurried effort to right the knuckle before the cars meet his hand may be crushed. Unheard trains may toss him when he rounds the end of a string of cars. While pulling a pin on an sharp curve to make a "drop" he may be caught between the corners of the cars and his ribs staved in.

One of his perils, and it may seem trivial, although really it disables more switchmen than any other accident, is the "roundhead." Now, an innocent stone about the size of a baseball may not look dangerous except it be in the hands of an enemy, but attempt to leave a box car bumping along at the rate of 12 miles an hour, alight on one of these "round-heads," and see what happens. A switchman is fortunate if he escapes with a sprained ankle, for it is a simple matter to roll under the wheels.

Just to show that the statement made regarding the perilous nature of the switchman's calling is not exaggerated, although confirmation can easily be found in bulletin No. 4, issued by the census department, the following figures, quoted at a recent investigation, are cited: During the 13 months from January 1, 1909, to January 31, 1910, 60 switchmen were killed in the Chicago yards alone. Startling enough in itself, this record does not give the numbers of those who were temporarily disabled or permanently crippled. Only the roads have these records and they do not court publicity or even divulge the number of personal injury reports handed in each year.

Accommodation for Invalids.

Invalid railroad travelers in Switzerland will soon be able to enjoy all the

comforts of a well-equipped sickroom. The Swiss federal railroads have just ordered four Pullman coaches specially fitted for the transport of invalids. Each car, costing \$12,000, will be divided into seven compartments, the center compartment being for the patients. There is to be an operating room for urgent cases requiring immediate surgical treatment and another compartment to be equipped as a pharmacy. Electric bed warmers and bath heaters will be provided. The other compartments will be set apart for doctors, nurses and friends of the patients.

Decide to Retain Brakemen.

The railroad commission of Canada, after a hearing, has decided not to recommend the running of freight trains without brakemen on the tops of the box cars. There was a demand that such a recommendation be made in order to make practicable the building of overhead bridges at a lower elevation, and thus in some cases reduce the cost of putting in such bridges where needed for the abolition of level crossings.

Canadian Railroad Mileage.

Canada's total railroad mileage last fully was 20,330 miles. This means that there is one mile of railway for every 300 inhabitants.

The Ottoman Government has a

company of 14 French engineers surveying a railroad which is to connect Sana with Hodeidah, on the Red sea.

Fortune's Opportunities.

There is a supreme moment in your life when, by a bold stroke, you may change it all. There is a day when you stand where the road forks; one way leads up to the heights, the other runs through dust and strife to a miserable grave.

A touch of rheumatism, or a twinge of neuralgia, whatever the trouble is, Chamberlain's Liniment drives away the pain at once and cures the complaint quickly. First application gives relief. Sold by all dealers.

PAY HIGH PRICES FOR PIPES

Smokers Known to Expound Large Amounts on Adornments for Their Favorites.

Tennyson delighted in an Irish clay and birdseye tobacco, while Bismarck, who reduced something like 1,000 cigars to ashes every year, was greatly devoted to his old briar pipe, the fumes of which were, to quote one authority, "comparable only to a mixture of sewer and gasworks."

The Kaiser always smokes a pipe in private, and, like the prince of Wales, favors the small briar pipe.

On the other hand, there are many middle-class men to-day who smoke pipes costing many dollars. For the most part they are presentation pipes of carved meerschaum, or of the briar type with gold mountings and the choicest amber mouthpieces. Of course, you can make a pipe as expensive as you please. You can mount it with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and run up the value to an enormous extent, or you could have an oriental hookah at anything from \$500 to \$2,500.

The most costly pipes of to-day are those used by the Dutch and the Germans. They are of formidable dimensions, some holding as much as a pound of tobacco. These pipes are mostly of the meerschaum variety, and some are carved so elaborately as to command \$1,000 each.—Stray Stories.

Knew What She Wanted.

Customer—"My wife told me to stop in and buy her a bathing suit. What are your prices and sizes?" Dealer—"We have a very nice one here that I'm sure she will like. A fifty-dollar bill will just cover it." Customer—"That is just about the size she wants. How much is it?"—Springfield Union.

Less Exacting Circumstances.

"I wonder how George Washington managed to get through life without uttering a single falsehood." "Oh, conditions were easier in his day. The public did not expect a constant flow of epigrams from its celebrities."

Classified Advertisements

ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CTS.

WANTED.

Wanted—Carpets and rugs to clean. Phone 736 red.

Wanted—You to try D. A. Moore for wall paper cleaning. Phone 1261 green.

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

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, Phone 950.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Wanted—One or two good firemen at Paper Mills, Tama, Iowa. Steady employment the year round. Good wages. Also other good help. Write or phone Paper Mills, Tama, Iowa.

Wanted—Drop forge hammermen; steady work; best wages; state experienced and references. Hammerman, P. O. Box 402, Indianapolis, Ind.

Wanted—Printer at once, good country printer, married man preferred. Permanent, \$12 per week. Write or phone at my expense. Leader, Tripoli, Iowa.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Mrs. D. W. Norris, Jr., 411 Jerome street.

Wanted—At county farm good competent woman, \$25 per month.

Wanted—Three good girls. Palace Steam Laundry. Good wages.

Wanted—Chambermaid at Pilgrim Hotel. Good wages, room and board.

Wanted—Girls at Meeker Laundry Company.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Wanted—Young men to learn automobile business by mail and prepare for positions as chauffeurs and repair men. We make you expert in ten weeks; assist you to secure position; pay big; work pleasant; demand for men great; reasonable; write for particulars and sample lesson. Empire Automobile Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—General representative for success hand vacuum carpet cleaner. Sells for \$15. The only successful single person machine on the market. Biggest kind of profits. Write for terms. Hutchison Mfg. Company, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

\$100 to \$125 monthly salary for manager of branch store in this territory. \$100 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.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

For Sale—White Silver Mine seed corn, 90 cents per bushel by the bulk. H. A. Lundstrum, Rural No. 1, Liscomb, Iowa.

For Sale—Small barn, 115; typewriter; \$10; four ornament windows; one gasoline stove. 512 South Fourth street.

For Sale or Trade—Automobile, cheap, 5-passenger car. Reason for selling, leaving city, 138 East State street.

For Sale—Potatoes, 15 cents per bushel. Call 1276 Green.

For Sale—Fresh groceries, best flour and early feed potatoes; terms, discount for cash. Phone 654, store No. 709 East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Fresh eggs wanted, J. Schirmayer.

For Sale—Here is a bargain. Barn 22x28 feet, just the thing to move on that vacant lot, and remodel into nice cottage. Price is right. R. H. Cook, 2 East Main street.

For Sale—320 corn; choice yellow dent from 1908 crop that tests 94 percent. Per bushel \$5. Shipped on car. Sacks 25c extra. J. R. O'Conner, R. F. D. No. 2, Reinbeck, Iowa.

For Sale—600 bushels late seed potatoes. E. S. Crouse, Liscomb.

For Sale—Red River Early Ohio, pure seed. E. E. Hood.

For Sale—My Staver "30" automobile, almost new. A. J. Clark.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—POULTRY AND EGGS.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching from pure strain White Rocks, 15 eggs for \$1.50. K. L. Allen, 416 Park street.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching and stock for sale for all times from my choice pens of Buff and Black Orpingtons, Barred Rocks and Black Stars. I breed for winter layers. Baby chicks and young stock ready now. Write, phone or call and get prices. E. G. Hodges, 805 West Linn street.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching. Rose Comb, Rhode Island Reds, choice matings \$2 per setting, utility mating \$1 per setting; Indian Runner duck eggs \$1.25 per setting. F. E. Peck, 1563 Summit street.

For Sale—Eggs for hatching, all pens have high scoring and show birds. I breed Buff Orpingtons, Black Orpingtons, Buff Orpingtons, Buff Cochins, Black Minorcas. Fifteen eggs in every setting. Write or ask about these pens. Special rates on 50 and 100 egg lots, and will sell part of each if desired. F. H. Houghton, "The Insurance Man," Marshalltown, Iowa, 515 North First street.

For Sale—Eggs from choice three-oughted 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 mating, \$2; 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.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC.

For Sale—Two Shorthorn bulls. R. G. Tweed, route 6, Marshalltown.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY.

For Sale—Modern eight-room house. Would make a fine home for traveling man, as it is only one block to car line. A small amount of money would handle it. If interested address P-30, care T-R.

For Sale—House at 305 1/2 South Third street. House to be removed. W. K. Phillips, R. F. D. 4, city.

For Sale—119-121 West Main street, 8 per cent proposition net. Going away. Easy payments. George W. Smith.

For Sale—Good improved property, about six blocks east of court house on East Main street. See or write to our agent, 709 East Main street, Marshalltown, Iowa. Price with agent.

For Sale—All modern ten room house, hot and bath. Also lot 195 by 350 feet, one seven room and two five room houses, a barn and some fruit. Will sell all in one or in smaller lots. Located on South Sixth street. Owner leaving town, wishes to sell at once. Inquire 305 South Fourth ave.

For Sale—Residence at 308 North Center street. Inquire Mrs. W. T. Estel.

For Sale—Three cottages on easy payments. William H. Calhoun.

For Sale or Trade—Schick's feed yard. Address G. W. Schick.

For Sale—The most desirable property in Marshalltown for flats, ninety feet frontage on paved street 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.