

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

## CHAPTER XIII.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning," the mock Prince del Pino had told Mrs. Waring when he left her at her house; and then, turning his motor in the direction of his hotel, he gave himself up to the business of the moment, making the most of the brief time left to him.

It was half-past ten when he stood outside of a house in S street and consulted his watch.

Half-past ten. Very late for a visit, and yet—yet were awake in the house! Through the bowed shutters and open windows came the sound of an orchestra's waltzes, played by a girl's slightly amateur fingers on a piano that was not of the best.

"I had almost given up Your Highness," said Annette Bancroft.

Her visitor stood, hat in hand, looking up at her.

"I am all apologies for the lateness of the hour," he began in a low voice. "But I have been dining in Chevy Chase, and was detained longer than I thought. I shall only stay a moment."

The girl led the way, without speaking, into the drawing room, where two candles were burning, revealing the open piano heaped with music.

"I must say I played the part well!" Sarto boasted. "My acting was successful as far as it went. I dare say there are a score here who would say a good word for me."

A wall crept into his voice. "Ah, the irony of fate! While they are applauding the Prince del Pino out there in the audience, the poor mountebank must crawl off to hide himself and his broken heart."

"What have you done with the diamonds?" she asked very quietly.

"The diamonds?" he repeated with an effort, "go to Mrs. Waring to-morrow, with a note of explanation. I shall see to it—the first thing in the morning."

"What will become of you?" asked the girl, almost in a whisper.

"I am a strange psychic fact that to Sarto now, in spite of his slippery, diverse nature, so other things occurred."

"What are you doing here then?" she asked suddenly. "Don't you know that if Count Soudrevief is after you, he may be here at any moment?"

"Who knows?" His voice dropped. "I have sinned, and I must do penance, make expiation. There is much ahead of me."

"I will be waiting," said Annette very softly.

"You have known me longer than that. Look at me!"

whom did you say I reminded you? Have you forgotten Sarto, the chauffeur?"

"You Sarto?" Annette half whispered the word. "Sarto—the and the Prince del Pino?"

Her irrespressible imagination was at work again.

"With a half groan Sarto turned away. 'No more fairy tales, child!' he said roughly. 'The book is closed now! The man you have known is not the Prince del Pino.'

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**THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.**  
I have written them, keen, and sarcastic, and long,  
With rightsownly wrathful intent,  
Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong;  
And some, alas, some of them went!

# In the Days of the Press Gang

In the bell-chamber of Keldon parish church Kit Cowley lay in hiding. A press gang, under Lieut. Fairbrother, had been scouring all that part of the country for nearly a week and the capture of a young fellow like Kit, who had just returned from his first experience of the sea, would have improved the quality of a rather lubberly lot of pressed men. But Kit had seen enough of the sea, though he was a stout enough fellow in his way. At any rate he had no liking for the press and at the first rumour of the press gang's appearance he had sought a hiding place.

## WOMAN LAWYER'S CHANCE.

If there is any hint of a moral attached to the New York Sun story below it is that to establish clearly their legal and judicial equality women lawyers must learn to regard untidiness as philosophically as do men lawyers.

In the early days of my legal studentship I was in a Wisconsin town spending my vacation, and Judge X, the great man of the place, an old friend of my father's, gave me the privilege of his library.

Like many other private law libraries in small places I have visited, this was unsurpassed in number of volumes and value by any I have ever known about in New York, where space is so precious that a lawyer must perform depend on outside help for his references.

In a smaller town you must own the books yourself or go without. The judge owned his, and I browsed with wonder and delight about among the shelves, which filled three good-sized rooms, and I realized for the first time what the law really meant, and how tremendous an undertaking it was for a young woman like myself to seek to make any headway in it.

These, however, were only reflections, by the way. My instant thought was one of horror at the dirt and disorder that reigned supreme. The dust was inch-thick over everything. It occurred to me that I could kill two birds with one stone. I would clean and catalogue the volumes at the same time that I was gaining insight for my future work, and thus do the judge a good turn for his kindness to me.

I set to work, and finally, after finishing up the outer rooms, I invaded the sanctum, where the old judge had gone on day after day without taking the slightest notice of me and my dusting. When he did become aware that something so unprecedented was taking place, he nearly had a stroke.

To think that I, an insignificant fly on the dictionary of wisdom, had dared to disturb the accumulation of sacred dust! Even his old-time courtesy was for a while sadly shaken.

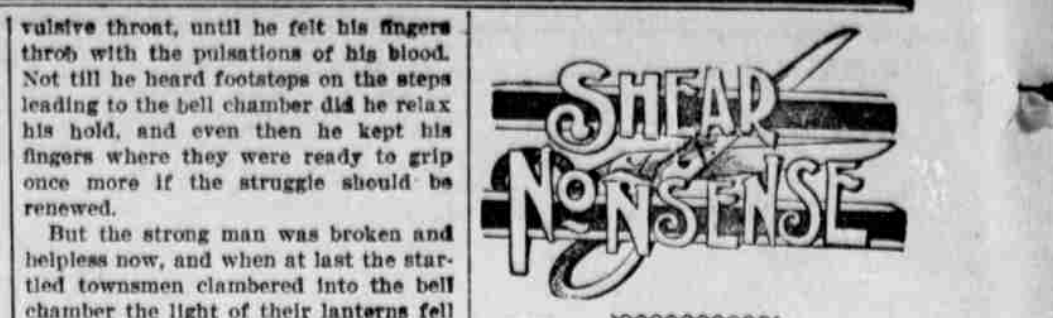
Finally he gasped out a question as to whether I did not respect the superstitions of the profession. I was studying to enter, one of which was the hide-bound rule that no volume should have its place changed or its face altered, though the dust might be inches deep.

I shook my head, and in answer proudly displayed the completed catalogue, where code volumes and common law had their respective positions. Finally the humor of the situation came to his relief, and he said:

"Well, I have often wanted to know what women were going to do when they entered the legal field, and now I know. They will dust the books."

A Scotch Story.  
A clergyman had conducted services in a theatre in New York. "One of my theatre audiences," he said, "was a Scot from Peebles. This Scot told me that the sight of a clergyman in a theatre reminded him of an experience he once had in London. He went to a melodrama at Drury Lane. A man in front of him looked familiar. To his surprise he recognized in this man his minister at Peebles. He leaned forward and laid his hand on the minister's black coat. 'Oh, Dr. Sanderson, Mcintosh,' he whispered, 'what was below all this quiet. There was not a sign of uproar or commotion. He crept stealthily and silently as a cat back to the door of the bell chamber and peered through a chink of the old ill fitting woodwork. There was a dark lantern set on the floor by the side of the open trap door giving access from the ringers' loft. The light of the lantern illuminated all the remotest side of the bell chamber, and though the nearer side was in shadow, there was sufficient reflected light to show him that there was no one in the chamber."

Get Off Easy.  
Biggs—I think marriage is a lottery.  
Jiggs—Well, you're lucky if you only think so.  
Persian newspapers are reproduced from handwriting by lithography, no types being used.



Teacher—What is a suffragette? Willard—A female sufferer.  
Terrier—Don't you have any dog-watching on this craft? Tabby—No. This is a cut-bait.  
Teacher—What lesson do we learn from his sturdy valor, but the one thing which gave him the greatest satisfaction was to see the young squire of Hawkesbury alive and well, and to hear him tell with his own voice the incidents of that terrible midnight hour in the bell chamber of the Keldon church.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## INDEPENDENCE.

Writer Shows that No Man is Free from All Obligation.  
Many a man says "Thank God I am independent," writes Charles Battell Loomis in Smith's Magazine, and all the time he is breathing God's air with lungs the Creator lent him; he is eating food that another man grew for him; he is going across the continent on railroads that represent an output of imaginative force and creative energy of which he would have been absolutely incapable. He is, perhaps, being served at home by servants who are underpaid, and at night a mere couple of dollars gains for him the performance of theatrical or musical artists; men who have labored for years to perfect their talents.

And he calls himself independent. Of what, pray, is his staff of independence made? It is that weak one called money.

If that, indeed, is all he has, take away his money and whither would his independence go?  
What adequate return could he make for the various benefits and mercies he must necessarily receive from day to day?

Of course I have built up a man of straw—and greenbacks—one who puts everything on a money basis; one who has no talents of his own, and in real life there are no such men.

Maybe not, but I have met a good many who prided themselves on their independence, and who, if they were to be thrown naked and penniless among a body of men "with the bark on," would be unable to render any equivalent for the food and clothes they would need.

On the other hand, no man is so poor but that he can be independent if he goes about it in the right way. Ignore the money value of things. Don't feel that what has no money value has no value.

## WHY THE PUTTY FACED WOMEN?

Western Girl in New York Says the "Putty-Faced Men" are to Blame.  
"What's the matter with the women?" asked a western girl when she first came to New York, according to a Gotham correspondent of the Cincinnati Times.

"I never saw such tired, blasé, you-can't-interest-me faces in my life. Why, whether they're on the street or in a car or shopping, every New York woman wears a regular putty face. I think it's all put on and disgusting."

Last week the same young woman pleaded guilty to her personal ownership of a putty face. "I know now why the New York women look that way," she said. "It's on account of the New York men. I don't think that every man in New York is habitually looking for a chance to flirt, but I do believe that nine out of ten of them are."

"When I first came here I saw lots of things that interested me, and I showed it. If I saw a funny thing, and some man saw it at the same time, and our eyes met, why, I smiled in response to his smile. Bless you, I've done it all my life, and no one ever tried very hard to flirt with me before."

"But here I no more dare smile on the street than I dare stand on my head. I keep my eyes cast down, and my thoughts to myself. I never look at a man, and if I catch one looking at me, I pay no attention to him. I don't class myself as more than pretty—yes, I admit that I am pretty—and yet I never go out on the street that I don't have from one to a dozen chances to flirt. It isn't any wonder that New York women draw their faces into expressionless masks. They have to."

Fought Under Six Flags.  
A remarkable person has just died at Budapest in the person of Gen. Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia, and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally, the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Lots of Places.  
"What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the tramp. "Haven't you any place to go?"  
"Any place ter go?" was the contemptuous reply. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got 'so many places ter go dat it's woryin' me dazy makin' up me mind which way ter start."

There is now some hope of the human race. It is said that physicians will not open a knife for less than fifty dollars.  
Nearly every man accepts this fiction: "Everybody knows me."



IN AN INSTANT HE WAS ON HIS CHEST.

the side of this powerful man, in whose belt there were both pistol and dagger.  
"I have planned my revenge a long time," the man resumed. "When you are gone Sir Godfrey will not last long, and then by every proof of law the estate will be mine. But it would mar all if the murderer were discovered or even suspected. So I have brought you here. Suspicion may, perhaps fall upon the old sexton, or upon one of the old bell ringers or upon anyone—I care not whom. I wish, indeed, I could have made it fall more closely upon some victim. But it is enough—I have caught you, and got you here."

He laughed hideously, a mocking, maniacal laugh. There was no fear, no remorse, no hesitation in his manner. His hands itched for their work, and he sprang forward eagerly, and gripped the young squire's throat in exultant glee.

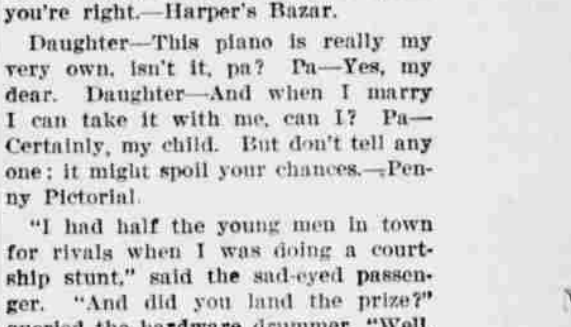
Kit Cowley felt the strength of a mad fury as he burst open the door of the window, and sprang into the bell chamber. At the first sound of the rising latch the highwayman released his grip and turned towards the intruder. His first expression was one of blank surprise, which gave place to one of demoniacal joy when he had taken the measure of his antagonist and seen that he was unarmed.

Suddenly a shrill, piercing shriek, followed by loud cries for help, rang through the bell chamber. The dumb lad had suddenly regained his voice by a last gigantic effort in this moment of tense excitement.

Kit and the highwayman stood aghast, and for the first time the latter lost his composure. His face turned deadly pale and like a hunted animal brought to bay and attacked on every side, he swept a furtive glance behind him, and in his effort to ward off the sudden attack the highwayman tripped and fell sprawling on the nearest bell.

In an instant Kit was kneeling on his chest, and gripping at his throat. By one strenuous effort he got the man's left arm doubled across his chest and under his own knee and both his hands were free to pin the villain's neck against the floor.

A movement of the highwayman's leg brought Kit's foot against the rim of the bell. Tightening his grip he felt with his foot for the swinging tongue of the bell and gave it a vigorous kick. The bell uttered two scornful notes, which sounded singularly weird to Kit. As the sounds died away, he heard cries of excitement and alarm in the streets below and presently the creaking of the watchman's rattle. It was but a matter now of a few minutes. Tighter than ever he squeezed his victim's con-



She—What is a duke?

He—A duke is what the other side scores on.—Kansas City Times.

Nearly Always.

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