THE GUEST OF **QUESNAY**

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CHAPTER XI.

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it were possible I would not speak of the agony of which I was a witness that night in the apartment of my friends at Mme. Brossard's. I went with rejuctance, but there was no choice. Keredec nad

Keredec had told his tragic ward too
le. The latter had understood but
guely the nature of the catastrophe which overhung his return to France. and now that it was indeed concrete and definite the guardian was forced into fuller disclosures, every word making the anguish of the listener more intolerable. To him it seemed that he was being forced to saffer for the sins of another man.

"Do you think that you can make me believe I did this," he cried -"that I made life unbearable for her, drove her from me and took this nideous.

painted old woman in her place? It's a monstrous lie as that! You can't! greatly disquieted. "What is he like" that she had loved in him, the real sets a monstrous lie as that! You can't! greatly disquieted. "What is he like" of him! It would be the greatest gift

He threw himself violently upon the rouch, face downward, shuddering trom head to foot.

"My poer boy, it is the truth," said Keredec, kneeling beside him and put-ting a great arm across his shoulders. "It is what a thousand men are doing this night. Nothing is more common or more unexplainable-or more simple, Of all the nations it is the same, wherever life has become artificial and the poor foolish young men have too much money and nothing to do. You do not understand it, but our friend here, and I, we understand because we remember what we have been seeing all our lives. You say it is not you who did such crazy, horrible things, and you are right. When this poor woman who is so painted and greasy first caught you, when you began to give your money and your time and your life to her, when she got you into this borrible marriage with her. you were blind-you went staggering in a bad dream. Your soul hid away, far down inside you, with its hands over its face. If it could have once stood straight, if the eyes of your body could have once been clean for it to look through, if you could have once been as you are today or as you were when you were a little child, you would

as if he had never sinned." The desperate young man on the couch answered only with the sobbing

have cry out with horror both of her

and of yourself, as you do now, and

you would have run away from her

good as if you had never been the wild

of a broken hearted child. midnight, but I did not sleep, though I lay upon my bed until dawn. Then I went for a long, hard walk, break-. fasted at Dives and begged a ride back to Mme. Brossard's in a peasant's cart which was going that way.

of found George Ward waiting for me on the little veranda of the pavilion, looking handsomer and more prosperously distinguished and distinguishedly prosperous and generally well conditioned than ever, as I told him.

"I have some news for you," he said after the bearty greeting-"an announcement, in fact. Elizabeth's going to marry Cresson Ingle." "That is the news-the announce-

ment-you spoke of?"

"Yes, that is it."

To save my life I could not have told at that moment what else I had expected or feared that he might say, but I certainly took a deep breath of relief. "I am very glad." I said. "It should be a happy alliance."

"On the whole, I think it will be." he returned thoughtfully. "lngle's done his share of hard living, and I once had a notion"-he glanced smilingly at me-"well, I dare say you know my notion. But it is a good match for Elizabeth and not without advantages on many counts. You see, that very strongly, and I think her decision to accept ingle is partly due to her wish to make all clear for a

new mistress of my household." He laughed again, but I did not, and, noting my silence, he turned upon me a more scrutinizing look than he had yet given me and said:

You look quite haggard. You haven't been ill?" "No; I've had a bad night. That's

"Oh, I heard something of a riotous scene taking place over here," he said. "One of the gardeners was talking

about it to Elizabeth." "What was it you heard?" I asked

quickly. "He said that there was great excitement at Mme. Brossard's because a strange woman had turned up and claimed an insane young man for her

"Damation!" I started from my chair, "Did Mrs. Harman hear this story ?"

"Not last night. I'm certain. But what difference could it possibly make whether she heard it or not? She doesn't know these people surely?"

"She knows the man."

"This basane"—

He is not insane." I interrupted.

"He has lost the memory of his earlier ife lost it through an accident. You

and I saw the accident."
"That's impossible," said George,
frowning. "I never saw but one accident that von"-"That was the one. The man is Ia-

rabee Harman." George had struck a match to light a cigar, but the operation remained in- Keredec. omplete. He dropped the match upon

"Well, tell me about it," he said. "You haven't heard anything about him since the accident?" "Only that he did eventually recover

paired. Does Louise"- he began, stopped and cleared his throat. "Has Mrs. Harman beard that he is here?" "Yes: she has seen him."

"Do you mean the scoundrel has been me of this."

"Your sister doesn't know." I said. | Ward's acrid laughter rang out in 'I think you ought to understand the the room. whole case.

"Go ahead," he bade me. said. "There's an enormous differ sacrificed her"-

at once if you saw him."

"As well as I can tell you, he's like an odd but very engaging boy, with something pathetic about him quite splendidly handsome"-

"Oh, he had good looks to spare when I first knew him," George said bitterly.

"No. When he came here he did not know of her existence except in the vaguest way. But, to go back to that, I'd better tell you first that the woman we saw with him one day on the boulevard and who was in the accident with him"-"La Mursiana, the dancer; I know."

"She had got him to go through a marriage with her." "What?" Ward's eyes flashed as

he shouted the word. "It seems inexplicable; but, as I understand it, he was never quite sober at that time. He had begun to use drugs and was often in a half stupefied condition. As a matter of fact, the woman did what she pleased with him. There's no doubt about the validity of the marriage."

marriage take place in France?" "Yes: you'd better hear me through,"

remonstrated. "When he was taken from the hospital he was placed in charge of a Professor Keredec, a madman of whom you've probably heard." "Madman? Why, no; he's a member of the institute, a psychologist or netaphysician, isn't he? At any rate, of and from everything you had put ir considerable celebrity."

"Nevertheless," I insisted grimly, "as nite brutality. your life. But in your suffering you must rejoice. The triumph is that misty a vaporer as I ever saw; a poetyour mind hates that old life as great- ic, self contradicting and inco ly as your soul hates it. You are as orator. Harman's aunt put him in of the country before the lady now in-Keredec's charge, and he was taken fellow-yes, the wicked fellow-that up into the Tyrol and virtually hidden truth." for two years, the idea being literally you were. For a man who shakes off his sin is clean. He stands as pure to give him something like an education. Keredec's phrase is, 'restore mind to his soul!' It was as vital to get him out of his horrible wife's it!" clutches. But she picked up that rat I came back to my pavilion after in the garden out yonder-he'd beer some sort of stable manager for Harman once-and set him on the track."

"She wants money, of course." "Yes; more money. A fair allowance has always been sent to her. Keredec has interviewed her notary, and she wants a settlement, naming a sum actually larger than the whole estate amounts to. She refuses to budge until this impossible settlement is made. In the meantime Keredec's ward is in so dreadful a state of horror and grief you think," he went on, addressing I am afraid it is possible that his mind may really give way."

"Ah, that," I said, "is where Keredec has been a poet and a dreamer indeed. It was his plan that they should meet." "You mean he brought this wreck of day there was some hope for me. If Harman, these husks and shreds of a man, down here for Louise to see?" Ward cried incredulously. "Oh, monstrous!"

"There is something behind all this that you don't know," he said slowly. "When did Keredec make you his con-

"Last night. Most of what I learned was as much a revelation to his victim as it was to me. Harman did not know till then that the lady he had been recting has been his wife or that he had ever seen her before he came it's time I married, myself. She feels here. He had mistaken her name, and she did not enlighten him."

"Meeting?" said Ward harshly. "They have been meeting every day,

"I won't believe it."

"It's true. He spoke to her in the woods one day: I was there and saw it. I know now that she knew him at once, and she ran away, but not in anger. They've been together every day since then, and I'm afraid-miserably afraid, Ward-that her old feeling for him has been revived."

I have heard Ward use an oath only

two or three times in my life, and this was one of them.

"Oh, by —!" he cried, starting to his feet. "I should like to meet Professor Keredec."
"I am at your service, my dear sir," and a deep voice from the veranda.

And, opening the door, the professor walked into the room.

CHAPTER XII.

SAID cavalierly: "This is Mr. Ward, Professor Keredec. He is Mrs. Harman's cousin and close friend. We were speaking of your reasons for bringing Mr. Harman this place. Frankly, we were questioning your motives."

the less violent because it was half

"We should be glad of an explanation," he said, resting his arms on my table and leaning across it toward

"It is simple," began the professor. the floor and set his foot upon it. "I learned my poor boy's history well from those who could tell me, from his papers-yes, and from the bundles of old time letters which were given me. From all these I learned what a beauand was taken away from the hos- tiful soul was that lady who loved him pital. I heard that his mind was im- so much that she ran away from her home for his sake. Helas! He was already the slave of what was bad and foolish: be had gone too far from himself, was overlaid with the habit of evil, and she could not save him then. bothering her? Elizabeth didn't tell The spirit was dying in him. although it was there, and it was good"-

> "The inconceivable selfishness, the devilish brutality of it!" Ward's face

"He's not at all what you think," I was scarlet. "You didn't care how you ence, almost impossible to explain to !- "Sacrificed!" The professor suddenyou, but something you'd understand ly released the huge volume of his

voice. "Sacrificed!" he thundered. "If "What is the change?" asked Ward, I could give him back to her as he is and his voice showed that he was new it would be restoring to her all en her life."

"Then, my dear Keredec," I answerd, "either you are really insane or I am! You knew that this poor, unfortunate devil of a Harman was tied to that hvenic prowler yonder who means to fatten on him and will never rease him; you knew that. Then why did you bring him down here to fall in love with a woman he can never

"My dear fellow," interposed George quickly, "you underrate Professor Keredec's shrewdness. He knows that my cousin Louise never obtained a divorce from her husband."

What?" I said, amazed. "I say Mrs. Harman never obtained

"I saw notices of it at the time." I What you saw was that she had made an application for divorce.

Her family got her that far and then she revolted. The suit was dropped." "It is true, indeed," said Keredec. The poor boy was on the other side George asked suddenly, "Did this of the world, and he thought it was

granted " I turned upon him sharply. "You

"It is a year that I have known it." "Do you not understand," George interposed, "that what Professor Keredec risked for his 'poor boy' in returning to France was a trial on the charge of bigamy?"

The professor recoiled from the defi-

"I conceive it very likely to happen," stalled here as his wife discovers the

"But she must not!" Keredec lifted both hands toward Ward appealingly. They trembled. "She cannot! There is nothing that could make her suspect

"One particular thing would be my telling her," said Ward quietly. "Never!" cried the professor. "You would not do that!"

"I will, unless you get him out of the country, and quickly." "George!" I exclaimed, coming forward between them. "This won't do

at all! You can't"-"That's enough," he said, waving me back, and I saw that his hand was shaking, too, like Keredec's. His face had grown very white. "I know what me, "but you're wrong. It isn't for When was it that Louise saw him?" I thought there was a chance that she would carry out the action she began four years ago and rid herself of him definitely-that is, I thought until to-



she's seen him again and he's been anything except literally unbearable in America!"
it's all over with me. From the first "No: you at I never had a chance against him.
He was a hard rival, even when he'd become only a cruel memory." His heard the professor's groan of debecome only a cruel memory." His voice rose. "Heaven knows why it is. spair, but it was drowned in the wild shrick of Mariana. "What? You tell or has—it's just because it's him. I me that? Ah, the miserable! If what suppose—but 1 know my chance is you say is true he shall pay bitterly!

"My motives? I have wisned to restore to two young people the paradise which they had losed."

Ward uttered an exclamation none she shan't go through that slough of despond again while I have breath in my body!"

"George, for pity's sake!" I shouted.

throwing my arm about his shoulders, for his voice had risen to a pitch of excitement and fury that I feared and unbearable shriek—"and you, you must bring the whole place upon us. Some one was already knocking for 'ng honest women's husbands like that.

I crossed the room and opened the Miss Elizabeth stood there, red faced and flustered, and behind her stood Mr. Cresson Ingle, who looked dubiously amused.

Miss Elizabeth cut short a rather embarrassed handshake which her betrothed and I exchanged.

"This morning I learned the true situation over here, and I'm afraid Louise has heard. At least she's not at Quesnay. I got into a panic for fear she had come here; but, thank heaven, she does not seem to- Good gracious! What's that?"

ana la Mursiana. My door was still open. I turned to look and saw her, not faced tousle baired insufficiently wrapped, striving to ascend the galery steps, but valiantly opposed by Mme. Brossard.

But no, madame," insisted Mme. Brossard. "You cannot ascend. There is nothing on the upper floor exc "Name of a dog!" shrilled the other. "It is my husband's apartment, I tell

you. If y a une femme avec lu!"
"It is Mme. Harman who is there," said Keredec hoarsely in my ear. "I came away and left them together." "Come." I said, and, letting the others think what they would, sprang across the veranda, the professor beed by them and up the steps, but Keredec thrust himself between our great bulk on the lowest step. Glancing hurriedly over my shoulder, I saw the Spanish woman strike him furiously upon the breast with both hands. but I knew she would never pass him.

bind me. Louise Harman was standing at the other end of the room. Her husband was kneeling beside her. He held one of ner hands in both of his. Her other rested upon his head, and something in their attitudes made me know I had from the face he lifted toward her all

myself. When I sailed for New York trace of his tragedy had passed. The wonder and worship written there left no room for anything else.

"Mrs. Harman," I began. "Yes?" she said. "I am coming." "But I don't want you to. I've come or fear you would, and you-you must not," I stammered. "You must wait. where is a scene"-

"I know," she said quietly. "That nust be, of course." Harman rose, and she took both his bands, holding them against her breast, "My dear," she said gently. "my dearest, you must stay. Will you promise not to pass that door even until you have word from me again?" "Yes," he answered huskily, "if you'll

promise it shall come some day." "It shall. Be sure of it." She stepped out upon the gallery. I followed. Mme. Brossard and Keredec still held the foot of the steps, but la Mursiana had abandoned the siege and. accompanied by Mr. Percy and Rameau, the black bearded notary, who had joined her, was crossing the garden toward her own apartment. She glanced over her shoulder, sent forth a scream and, whirling about, ran viciously for the steps, where she was again blocked by the indomitable Kere-

"Ah, you foolish woman, I know who you are!" she cried. "You want to get yourself into trouble! That man in the room up there has been my busband these two years and more.'

"No, madame," said Louise Harman. "you are mistaken; he is my husband." "But you divorced him." vociferated the other wildly. "You divorced him

"No; you are mistaken," the quiet

gone for good. That leaves me free to act for her. No one can accuse me of doing it for myself. And I swear the leaves my leg so that I cannot dance

again, ruin my career and then go away with a prefty woman like you and be happy? Aha, there are prisons in France for people who marry two fike that! He shall pay for it in suffering"-her voice rose to an incredible You shall pay!"

SIZING UP THE SINN FEIN

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Syracuse Herald, edited by Ed ward H. O'Hara]

ONE of the most gifted newspaper versifiers in the country is John O'Keefe, whose Celtic name is familiar to readers of the New York World. In a noem which we reprint Mr. O'Keefe pays It was the discordant voice of Mart- his respects to the Sinn Fein in a manner well illustrated by the two refrains:

> Ye traitor to Erin, traitor to Christ! Ye traitor to clean souls sacrificed!

s retilets or it, carmide mozers at Ye say ye are Irish through and through?

Not till Iscariot's Irish too!

As the clergyman who fell on a slipper sidewalk thanked a bystander for swear ing vicariously for him, so multitudes of Americans with Irish blood in their veins will thank John O'Keefe for voicing in flaming and searing rhyme their bitter resentment of Sinn Fein scoundrelism. As we have taken occasion to remark before, the men of German extraction in the United States who secretly sympathize with Germany's wicked cause and against side me, and ran toward the two wo- the free country of their adoption are, men, who were beginning to struggle perfidious though they be, respectable with more than their tongues. I leap- figures compared with Irishmen at home or abroad who lift a finger, say a word or harbor a thought helpful or favorable to hostess and her opponent, planting his Germany as against Great Britain, the ally of the United States. The adopted American who sneakingly sides with Germany because he has German blood in his veins has at least one excuse, similar to I entered the salon of the "grande that which a son can give for some lingersuite" and closed the door quickly be- ing filial attachment to a depraved and degraded father; but an Irishman has no such excuse, poor as it is, for abetting, or encouraging, or in his heart wishing well ENGLAND'S LOANS TO THE ALLIES to the foulest tyranny that ever betraved Christianity and cursed mother earth.

> initial step towards that end is plain speaking, and we think that it should come first from the outraged feelings of Ask for Minard's and take no other.

men in whoselveins the blood for il reland courses. ! That !! is !! why !! we !! reprint . Mr. O'Keefe's poem, and that is why we comment upon it.

[John O'Keefe in the New York World.] TE lie when ye say ye Irish are! Was Judas suckled at Mullingar, Sinn Fein?

Shall a Queen have a beggar's bedding? Shall the deer lie down with the pack? Shall the sunburst rise for the spreading Of the cold north wind and the wrack? Shall the Irish thrush be wedding With the two-faced vulture black?

Ye traitor to Erin, traitor to Christ! Ye traitor to clean souls sacrificed!

In the turf that the saints' tears water-In the innocent fairies' mead-Ye have knelt as the madman's daughter Went sowing the poison weed, And its stem is the spear of slaughter And its seed is the devil's seed!

Ye traitor to altar, traitor to fane! Ye traitor to Belgian babies slain! Sinn Fein

Shall ye butcher the lambs now bleating. Till the Mother shall stand agape? Shall the brother we kiss in greeting Be the slant-browed murder-ape Are your babes for the tiger's eating So the lion they may escape?

Ye traitor to freedom, traitor to man! Ye traitor some day to your own mad

clan! Sinn Fein!

So ye open the dawn with thunder, Till the buried of ages stir, And ye stand, from the world asunder, Half coward, half panderer, While the harp's voice dies, drowned

under By the trumpet of Lucifer! Ye say ye are Irish through and through? Not till Iscariot's Irish too. Sinn Fein!

During the financial year ended March This faction in Ireland is a faction of 31. Great Britain advanced to her allies come in upon their leave taking. But moral monsters. The time is coming and dominions \$2,760,000,000, while the when it will be stamped out by the vast total of such loans during the war majority of Irishmen, organized for the amounted to \$7,630,000,000. In the prespurpose; and in that congenial effort they ent year, it is estimated that advances will need no outside assistance. The will amount to \$1,750,000,000 additional.

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