

THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
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CHAPTER VIII.

I WENT home. Outside the Inn I saw Miss Elizabeth's phonon.
But it was not Miss Elizabeth who had come in the phonon, though a lady from Quesnay did prove to be the occupant. At sight of her I halted stock-still under the archway.

There she sat, a sketchbook on a green table beside her and a board in her lap, bravely painting, and a more blissful piece of assurance than Miss Anne Elliott thus engaged these eyes have never beheld.

She was not so hardened that she did not affect a little timidity at sight of me, looking away even more quickly than she looked up, while I walked slowly over to her and took the garden chair beside her. That gave me a view of her sketch, which was a wholeness of shrunken trees and the sky line of the Inn. To my prediction surprise and, naturally, with a degree of pleasure I realized that it was not very bad—not bad at all, indeed. It displayed a sense of values, of placing and even in a young and frantic way of color. Here was a young woman of more than "accomplishment."

"You see," she said, squeezing one of the tiny tubes almost dry and continuing to paint with a fine effect of absorption, "I had to show you that I was in the most abysmal earnest. Will you take me painting with you?" "I appreciate your seriousness," I rejoined. "Has it been rewarded?" "How can I say? You haven't told me whether or no I may follow you to the wildwood."

"I mean, have you caught another glimpse of Mr. Saffren?" "At that she showed a prettier color in her cheeks than any in her sketch-



"I think she must be in love."

book, but gave no other sign of shame nor even of being flustered, cheerfully replying:

"That is far from the point. Do you grant my burning plea?" "I understood I had offended you," she said, smiling. "Viciously!" "I am sorry," I continued. "I wanted to ask you to forgive me."

"What made you think I was offended?" "Your look of reproach when you left the table."

"I was only playing offended. I thought your note was fetching!" she said.

"Will you take me painting with you?" she asked. "If it will convince you that I mean it I'll give up my hopes of seeing that suspicious Mr. Saffren and go back to Quesnay now, before he comes home. You can't know how overrating it is up there at the chateau—all except Mrs. Harman, and even she!"

"What about Mrs. Harman?" I asked as she paused.

"I think she must be in love."

"What?" "I do think so," said the girl. "She's like it, at least. I'm afraid she's my rival!"

"Not with—I began.

"Yes, with your beautiful and mad young friend."

"But—oh, it's preposterous!" I cried, profoundly disturbed. "She couldn't be! If you knew a great deal about her—"

"I may know more than you think. My simplicity of appearance is deceptive," she mocked, beginning to set her sketch-box in order. "You don't realize that Mrs. Harman and I are quite buried upon each other at Quesnay, being two ravishingly intelligent women entirely surrounded by large bodies of elements. She has told me a great deal of herself since that first evening, and I know—well, I know why she did not come back from Dives this afternoon, for instance."

"Why?" I fairly shouted.

"But I get up with the first daylight to paint," I protested, "and I paint all day!"

Oliver Saffren had come in from the road and was crossing the gallery steps. He lifted his hat and gave me a quick word of greeting as he passed, and at the sight of his flushed and happy face my riddle was solved for me. Amazing as the thing was, I had no doubt of the revelation.

"Ah," I said to Miss Elliott when he had gone. "I won't have to take pupils to get the answer to my question now."

It was evening when I heard Saffren's voice calling my name.

"Here," I answered from my veranda, where I had just lighted my second cigar.

"No more work tonight! All finished!" he cried jubilantly, springing down the steps. "I'm coming to have a talk with you."

"I won't sit down," he said. "I'll walk up and down in front of the veranda if it doesn't make you nervous."

For answer I merely laughed, and he laughed, too, in genial response, continuing to smoke.

"Oh, it's all so different with me! Everything is. That blind feeling I told you of—it's all gone. I must have been very babyish the other day. I don't think I could feel like that again."

It used to seem to me that I lived penned up in a circle of blank stone walls, I couldn't see over the top for myself at all, though now and then Kerdec would boost me up and let me get a little glimpse of the country roundabout, but never long enough to see what it was really like. But it's not so now. Ah—he drew a long breath—"I'd like to run. I think I could run all the way to the top of a pretty fair sized mountain tonight and then—he laughed—"jump off and ride on the clouds."

He paused in his sentry go, facing me, and said in a low voice:

"I've seen her again."

"Yes; I know."

"But that's not all," he said, his voice rising a little. "I saw her again the day after she told you."

"You did?" I murmured.

"Oh, I tell myself that it's a dream," he cried, "that it can't be true, for it has been every day since then! That's why I haven't joined you in the woods. I have been with her, walking with her, listening to her, looking at her, always feeling that it must be unreal and that I must try not to wake up. She has been so kind—so wonderfully, beautifully kind to me!"

"She has met you?" I asked, thinking ruefully of George Ward, now on the high seas in the pleasant company of old hopes renewed.

"She has let me meet her. And today we lunched at the Inn at Dives and then walked by the sea all afternoon. She gave me the whole day—the whole day. You see, I was right, and you were wrong. She wasn't offended—she was glad—that I couldn't help speaking to her. She has said so."

"Do you think?" I interrupted, "that she would wish you to tell me this?"

"Ah, she likes you!" he said so heartily and appearing meanwhile so satisfied with the completeness of his reply that I was fain to take some satisfaction in it myself. "What I wanted most to say to you," he went on, "is this: You remember you promised to tell me whatever you could learn about her and about her husband?"

"I remember."

"It's different now; I don't want you to," he said. "I want only to know what she tells me herself. She has told me very little, but I know when the times come she will tell me everything. But I wouldn't hasten it. I wouldn't have anything changed from just this."

"You mean—"

"I mean—the way it is. If I could hope to see her every day, to be in the woods with her or down by the shore—oh, I don't want to know anything but that!"

"No doubt you have told her," I ventured, "a good deal about yourself, and was instantly ashamed of myself. I suppose I spoke out of a sense of protest against Mrs. Harman's strange lack of conventionalism."

"I've told her all I know," he said readily, and the unconscious pathos of the answer smote me. "And all that Kerdec has let me know. You see I haven't!"

"But do you think," I interrupted quickly, anxious in my remorse, to divert him from that channel—"do you think Professor Kerdec would approve, if he knew?"

"I think he would," he responded slowly, pausing in his walk again. "I have a feeling that perhaps he does know, and yet I have been afraid to tell him. I think he knows everything in the world! I have felt tonight that he knows this, and—it's very strange, but I—well, what was it that made him so glad?"

"The light is still burning in his room," I said quietly.

It was one of those days when nature throws herself straight in your face and you are at 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 sulked in my 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 long coat of woodland brown, the fine brown of dead oak leaves; a "devastating" selection of color that, being much the same shade as her hair, with brown for her hat, too, and the well encircling the 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 witty 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 lamp-lit door flickered across my mind.

"The historical tourist!" I exclaimed. "The mighty pedestrian tripper from Trouville!"

"You got me right, m'dear friend," he replied with condescension. "I recall 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 up you had been through Les Trois Pigeons, for the maître 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 waltzers they was in, your studio. I'll be 'em over again fer ye 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 't put in a few days there," he responded coolly. "They's a young feller in this neighborhood I take a kind o' 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 meantime rigid.

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Your husband—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" Young wife—"I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."—Boston Transcript.

Try a Beacon Adv.

OBITUARY

LORENZO S. LORD

Lorenzo S. Lord, identified with Oconto and Oconto county for 54 years, passed away at the home of his son, Harry M. Lord, at Oconto, Monday morning at 7.30 o'clock. He had been ill for many weeks. Three weeks ago he went to Sacred Heart Sanitarium in Milwaukee, but the doctors said it would be necessary to have an operation which would probably prove fatal, and so he came home.

Lorenzo S. Lord was born at Deer Island, New Brunswick, in 1841. He came from that sturdy English stock that made that province a garden out of ruggedness, and produced some of the best men who ever came to the west and northwest. He married Lucy Overton in November, 1877. Fifty-four years ago he came to Oconto county and settled in the town of Maple Valley, and has been identified with the life of that section since. From that union were born three children, Harry Lord, Justice of the Peace, and with the Oconto Service Co., Leonard Lord, of Oconto; and Mrs. Nellie Butler, wife of Fred Butler, of Hickory. Mrs. Lord passed away four years ago and is buried at Hickory cemetery.

Two years before Mrs. Lord died they had come to Oconto to live. His wife's death was a severe blow to him, but he continued to keep a hand on affairs.

Mr. Lord was always identified with the M. E. church at Hickory, being one of the church officers for many years. In 1881 Rer. W. D. Cox, now pastor of Simpson M. E. church at Milwaukee, was in charge of the churches at Hickory, Gillett, and Oconto Falls, and a warm friendship existed between Mr. Lord and himself. Later Mr. Cox was pastor at Oconto, leaving here in 1899. It was therefore fitting that he should, as he did, officiate at the funeral of his old friend and parishioner, on Wednesday, and pay the last tribute of respect to the dead.

Mr. Lord took up land and was a part of the growing life of his community. He was loved by all. He enjoyed the highest respect of his neighbors. He was a will-

ing helper in all things that were for the upbuilding of the town or county. And when he had reached the age when he felt he no longer need labor, he was greatly missed by his friends as he came to Oconto to reside.

Escorted by brother Masons of Oconto lodge, his remains were taken to Hickory at noon Wednesday, and there in the old church was held the funeral. It was conducted by the members of Oconto lodge, F. & A. M., of which he had been a member for years. Frank W. Gerrish, of Pine lodge, of Oconto, Past Master, repeated the service. Dr. Cox delivered the eulogy. Interment was in the Hickory cemetery beside his wife.

Sixty Mrsos were in line in the procession from the church to the cemetery. The pallbearers were T. A. Pamperin, H. G. McFarlane, H. D. Perry, W. Mills, E. Hamilton, and H. Beringhaus. At the home in Oconto a simple ceremony had been held at 11.30 before going to Hickory.

From out of the city came relatives and friends, Mrs. Marden, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Mattie Doughty, and Miss Addie Lord, of Oshkosh; Mrs. T. E. Mills, and Henry Johnson, of Madison, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brophy, Escanaba. Lieut. Herbert Overton Lord, son of H. M. Lord, came home from Camp Custer Monday, returning this evening to Camp Perry, Put-in-Bay Island, Ohio.

Masses of flowers were banked about the casket as it stood in the parlor of the Lord home on Wednesday morning. They came from many places, and from many friends, great bouquets and wreaths—tender expressions of affection.—Oconto County Enterprise, Oconto, Wis., May 24.

WOODSMEN

Wanted by Crown Land Department, experienced woodsmen to act as permanent Forest Rangers in Forest Service. Write for application forms and particulars to T. G. LOGGIE, Deputy Minister Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B., May 27th, 1918.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

DOCUMENTS TO BE CARRIED

by every male person who is not on active service in any of His Majesty's Naval or Military Forces, or in the Naval or Military Forces of any of His Majesty's Allies, and who apparently may be, or is reasonably suspected to be, within the description of **Class One** under the Military Service Act, 1917, who for any reason may have claimed that he is not within **Class One** under the Act.

NOTICE is hereby given that, under the provisions of an Order in Council (P. C. 1013), of the 20th April, 1918, upon and after the 1st day of June, 1918, every male person who is not on active service in any of His Majesty's Naval or Military Forces, or in the Naval or Military Forces of His Majesty's Allies, and who apparently may be, or is reasonably suspected to be, within the description of **Class One** under the Military Service Act, 1917, by whom or on whose behalf, it is at any time affirmed, claimed or alleged that he is not, whether by reason of age, status, nationality, exception, or otherwise, within **Class One** under the Military Service Act, 1917, as defined for the time being or that, although within the said **Class**, he is exempted from or not liable to military service; shall have with him upon his person at all times or in or upon any building or premises where he is at any time is,

member of any other society or body, a certificate of the fact signed by an office-holder competent so to certify under the regulations of the church, order or denomination, society or body, to which he belongs; or

EXEMPTION

If it be claimed that he is exempted from or not liable to military service by reason of any exemption granted or claimed or application pending under the Military Service Act, 1917, or the regulations thereunder, his exemption papers, or a certificate of the Registrar or Deputy Registrar of the district, to which he belongs evidencing the fact; or

OTHER CLASS

If it be claimed that he is not within the **Class**, or that he is exempted, not liable or exempted upon any other ground, a certificate of two reputable citizens residing in the community where he lives having knowledge of the fact upon which the claim is founded and certifying thereto;

FAILURE TO CARRY REQUISITE EVIDENCE

If upon or after the 1st day of June, 1918, any such male person be found without the requisite evidence or certificate upon his person or in or upon the building or premises in which he is, he shall thereupon be presumed to be a person at the time liable for military service and to be a deserter or defaulter without leave;

PENALTY

And he shall also be liable upon summary conviction to a fine not exceeding \$50 or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month, or to both such fine and imprisonment; and moreover, any such person may forthwith be taken into military custody and may be there detained and required to perform military duty in the Canadian Expeditionary Force so long as his services shall be required, unless or until the fact be established to the satisfaction of competent authority, that he is not liable for military duty.

FALSE CERTIFICATE

The use, signing or giving of any such certificate as hereinbefore mentioned shall, if the certificate be in any material respect false or misleading to the knowledge of the person using, signing, or giving the same, be an offence, punishable, upon summary conviction, by a penalty not exceeding five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for any term not exceeding six months and not less than one month.

ISSUED BY THE MILITARY SERVICE BRANCH OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

Ottawa, May 22, 1918.