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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE GUEST OF QUESNAY

By Booth Tarkington.

set my door ajar, moved my bed out from the wall to catch whatever breeze might stir, "composed myself for the night," as it used to be written, and lay looking out upon the quiet garden, where a thin white haze was rising. Just as I had begun to drowse the callerv steps creaked and the noble form of Kerdec emerged upon my field of vision. From the absence of the sound of footsteps I supposed him to be either barefooted or in his stockings. His visible costume consisted of a sleeping jacket tucked into a pair of trousers, while his tousled hair and beard and generally bearded and rumpled look were those of a man who had been lying down some time.

"I heard him sigh—like one sighing for sleep—as he went cautiously across the garden and set through the archway to the road. As that I sat straight up in bed to stare, and well I might, for here was a miracle! He had lifted his arms above his head to stretch himself comfortably, and he walked upright and at ease, whereas when I had last seen him the night before he had been able to do little more than crawl, bear far over and leaning painfully upon his friend. Never man beheld a more astonishing recovery from a bad case of rheumatism.

After a long look down the road he retraced his steps, and the moonlight, striking across his great forehead as he came, revealed the furrows plowed there by an anxiety of which I guessed the cause. The creaking of the wooden stairs and gallery and the whine of an old door announced that he had returned to his vigil.

I had perhaps a quarter of an hour to consider this performance, when it was repeated; now, however, he only glanced out into the road, retreating hastily, and I saw that he was smiling, while the speed he maintained in returning to his quarters was remarkable for one so newly convalescent.

The next moment Saffren came through the archway, ascended the steps in turn—but slowly and carefully, as if fearful of wakening his guardian—and I heard his door closing very gently. Long before his arrival, however, I had been certain of his identity with the figure I had seen gazing up at the terraces of Quesnay from the borders of the grove. Other questions remained to bother me: Why had Kerdec not prevented this night roving, and why, since he did permit it, should he conceal his knowledge of it from Oliver? And what, oh, what wondrous specific had the mighty man found for his disease?

A note my bedside my plate next morning addressed in a writing strange to me, one of dashing and vigorous character. It read:

In the pursuit of thrilling scientific research, what with the tumult which possessed me, I forgot to mention the bond that links us. I, too, am a painter, though as yet unobscured and unbranded. It must be only because I lack a gentle hand to guide me. If I might sit beside you as you paint, the hours pass on leaden wings at Quesnay, I could shriek. Do not refuse me a few words of instruction, either in the wilderness, whether I could support your shrinking steps, or from time to time as you work in your studio, which I glean from the instructive Mr. Ferrer) is at Les Trois Pigeons. At any hour, at any moment, I will speed to you. I am, sir, yours, if you will breathe a "yes," ANNE ELLIOTT.

green table beside her and a board in her lap, brazenly 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 violent little "lay-in" of shrubbery, trees and the sky line of the Inn. To my prodigious surprise and, naturally enough, with a degree of pleasure I perceived 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 "accomplishments."

"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 willow-wood."

"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-



"My thank you must be in kind," she said, "but I have 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."

"You did," she said. "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 added. "If it will convince you that I mean it I'll give up my hopes of seeing that sumptuous Mr. Saffren and go back to Quesnay now, before he comes home. You can't know how enervating 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 rivaling intelligent women entirely surrounded by large bodies of elementals. 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.

She slid her sketch into a groove in the box, which she closed, and rose to her feet before answering.

"I might tell you some day," she said indifferently. "If I gained enough confidence in you through association in daily pursuits."

"My dear young lady," I cried with real exasperation, "I am a working-man, and this is a working summer for me!"

"Do you think I'd spoil it?" she urged gently.

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

Oliver Saffren had come in from the road and was crossing to 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!"



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Otherwise Backache May get the best of you

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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 gayly:

"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 beryish the other day. I don't think I could feel like that again. It used to seem to me that I lived propped 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 aroundabout, but never long enough to see what it was really like. But it's not so now. Ah—be 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—be laughed—"jump off and ride on the clouds."

He pressed in his sunny go, feeling 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 conventionality."

"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 set 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.

"You're right. I'll tell him tonight." This came with sudden decision, but with less than marked what followed. "But he can't stop me now. No one on earth shall do that, except Mme. d'Armand herself—no one!"

I saw his hand groping toward me in the darkness, and, rising, I gave him mine.

"Good night," he said. "I'm glad to tell him. I'm glad to have told you. Ah, but isn't this?" he cried, "a happy world!"

"Turning, he ran to the gallery steps. "At last I'm glad," he called back over his shoulder—"I'm glad that I was born!"

I heard his voice indistinctly, but I thought, though I might have been mistaken, that I caught a final word and that it was "again."

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 suited 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, like myself 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 veil 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 waiting 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 wry nasality, speaking from behind us.

"Well, well!" it said. "So here we are again!"

I faced about and beheld, just emerging 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, for 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 were in your studio. I'll luke 'em over again for 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 'tput in a few days there," he responded coolly. "They's a young feller in this neighborhood I take a kind of 'fam'ly interest in."

"Who is that?" I asked curiously.

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

"You don't tell me it's the little lady's—what?" he bowed genially.

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 intrup' the conversation with yer lady friend," he said winningly. "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 nitcher that size?"

I 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 choked her slightly, "thank you!"

"Oh, I meant the pitcher!" he said hastily, evidently nonplussed by a gratitude so fervent.

The 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'd 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 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 overtook his features. However, pulling himself together, he found himself able to reply and with great gallantry:

"Well, or'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 Conquer," 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 side-long, 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 enraged, I added, stimulating his own manner:

"Eyes open and doors locked! What?"

"I guess they ain't much need of 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, vonnz feller! Whoosh! An' the (To be continued.)"



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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Block Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Browsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all the ills of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these Little Liver Pills able in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick headache

is thebane—so many lives that here in where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

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SPEND \$100,000 ON TRENT SCHEME

News—The installation of the power development system of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission along the Trent Valley Canal will entail an initial expenditure of about \$1,000,000. The water power at dams four and five in the canal system, will have a power development capacity of between 20,000 and 25,000 horse power.

Hon. Adam Beck, Chairman of the Commission, told The News this morning that the leases to dams four and five having been secured, the Government was in a position to assure the municipalities of the Eastern and Central sections of the Province, a cheap power supply.

In the Kingston district by-laws, authorizing the making of contracts for power are being voted on by Kingston, Prescott, Brockville, Cardinal and Lynn. In the central district the city of Peterboro and the town of Lakefield are also voting on by-laws. The chairman of the Commission has no doubt as to the outcome of the vote in any of the municipalities.

GRAHAM'S RECORD AT PETERBORO

Review—While it was rumored that young Graham, he of the electric railway promotions, who is now safely housed "underneath the stable" at Lindsay, had played a partially successful game with the heart of a local young lady, no verification of the story is obtainable.

Graham apparently gave Peterboro as wide a berth as possible, and Chief Thompson has had no complaints regarding the man's behavior. The chief however, remembers distinctly a game identical with that attempted by Graham, to have been worked with more or less success in the western towns, prior to his taking the position of chief constable at Woodstock. This game fell into the hands of the law, and was placed behind the cold grey walls of Kingston Penitentiary.

IS HE FORMER LINDSAY MAN?

The following is from the Buffalo Courier of November 26th. The man referred to is said to be F. C. Kent who, about ten years ago was employed at the local G. T. R. roundhouse:

Carlsruhe, Pa., Nov. 25.—F. C. Kent of Geneva, N.Y., representing the Chase nurseries, attempted suicide today by shooting himself through the head with a revolver at the New Wellington hotel, where he was staying.

"Kent is thirty-five years old, a widower, and has two children living in Canada. Physicians this afternoon said his condition is serious."

PRESENTATION TO REV. MR. BARR

On Tuesday afternoon a number of Mr. Barr's Whitty friends gathered in the council chamber for the purpose of making a presentation to him, of a handsome gold Swiss stop watch. Col. Farewell occupied the chair, and Mr. C. D. Gordon made the presentation. About fifteen gentlemen made short addresses and Mr. Barr made a suitable reply.

CEREAL DIVIDEND WAS PASSED

Globe: The annual meeting of the Canadian Cereal & Milling Co., was held yesterday, but no information was given out. It is believed, however that the dividend on preferred stock was not declared.

BATTALION DRILL SHED AND ARMORY

(From Friday's Evening Post)

Dr. White received word to-day from Ion. Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, to the effect that the erection of a battalion drill shed and armory or the town of Lindsay was under contemplation by the government.

Concrete Work Finished

The concrete work on White Lake dam in Glamorgan township, (Burnt River waters) is completed. This dam conserves the waters of White Lake and Black Lake and is part of the Trent Canal System.