# THE MAN FROM HOME

## A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY L. WILSON

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.

THE ENGAGEMENT.

"HOW can one know it is not Ivanoff?" she asked slowly, and this time the earl laughed aloud.

"He wouldn't be called an infamous brigand," he said, but the countess waved her hand.

"That, my friend, may be only Italian journalism."

"Pooh!" said Hawcastle. "This means a highwayman—not—not an embezzler, Helene."

The countess arose from the table and moved about restlessly with her eyes on the blue expanse.

"I should be glad to believe it, my good friend, but I—I care for no more to eat. I have perhaps some foolish feeling of unsafety. It is now two nights that I dream of him—of Ivanoff—bad dreams for us both, my friend."

The earl looked up in amazement and then burst into a laugh.

"What rot!" he exclaimed. "It takes more than a dream to bring a man back from Siberia."

The countess looked at him with some sharpness.

"Then I pray there has been no more than dreams," she murmured quietly.

Even as she spoke there came the tinkling sound of the mandolins and guitars, and madame turned to the lemon grove in time to see a young girl in a fawn colored riding habit, with a soft felt hat upon her head and a riding crop in her gauntleted hands, enter, followed by three picturesque banditti with the instruments.

As she reached the terrace she paused and drew from her glove some silver which she dropped into the hand of the first villain with a laugh. Then she turned, smiling, as the musicians withdrew and waved her crop at the two who were watching her. The earl arose with a bow, and madame advanced with outstretched hand.

"Ah, the divine Miss Granger-Simpson!" said Newcastle with raillery in his tones, and the girl laughed with a happy, care free face.

"The divinely happy Miss Granger-Simpson," she said, and at the sound of her voice and the look in her eyes the countess ran to her and kissed her rapturously upon each cheek.

"Oh, I hope you mean"— she began, when Hawcastle interrupted her with some excitement.

"You mean you have made my son divinely happy?"

The girl extricated herself laughingly from the embrace of the countess and turned to the earl.

"Is not every one divinely happy at Sorrento," she cried, waving her crop, "even your son?" and with another laugh ran quickly up the steps and into the hotel, leaving the other two looking at each other with astonishment.

As they looked a piano from the music room that opened upon the terrace broke forth with Chaminade's "Elevation," and Ethel's voice took up the words clearly. The countess turned to her companion.

"She flies to her piano, mon cher. Ah, that is good for our little enterprise, eh? Listen!"

Hawcastle sat down with a grunt of satisfaction.

"It's time! If Almeric had been anything but a clumsy oaf he'd have made her settle in weeks ago."

The woman turned her dark eyes upon him with a flash.

"You are invidious, mon ami. My affair is not settled. Am I a clumsy oaf too?"

The earl laughed quietly.

"No, Helene. Your little American is so in love with you that if you

*A young girl followed by three picturesque banditti.*

asked him suddenly, 'Horace, is this day or night?' he would answer, 'It's Helene.' But he's too shy to speak. You're a woman; you can't press matters. But Almeric's a man; he can. He can urge an immediate marriage, which means an immediate settlement and a direct one."

Mme. de Champigny picked up a silver fork from the table and examined it carefully.

"It will not be small—that settlement? You have decided what sum?"

Hawcastle looked up sharply and nodded with decision.

"I have—a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!"

From the countess came a gasp of astonishment.

"My friend! Will she?" And she turned and stared at the room where the piano was still playing. Hawcastle laughed grimly.

"Not for Almeric, but to be the Countess of Hawcastle. My ancient sister-in-law hasn't been her chaperon for a year for nothing. And, by Jove, she hasn't done it for nothing, either!"

And this time he laughed quite heartily as with a grim appreciation of the jest.

"But she's deserved all I shall allow her," he resumed. "You see, it was

*"She accepted me."*

she who found these people. Indeed, we might say that both you and I owe her something. Even a less captious respectability than Lady Creech's might have looked askance at the long 'friendship' that has existed between us. Yet she has always countenanced us, my dear, though she must have guessed a great many things. And she will help us to urge an immediate marriage. You know as well as I do that unless it is immediate there'll be the devil to pay. Don't miss that essential. Something must be done at once. We're at the breaking point, if you like the words—a most damnable insolvency."

As he finished speaking the immaculate and vacuous Almeric himself strolled into the terrace and, putting up his glass as he came forward, said softly:

"Hello, governor! Howdy, countess!"

With an affectation of boredom he sprawled into a chair and tapped at his boots with his crop.

"Out riding a bit ago, you know, with Miss Granger-Simpson. Rippin' girl, isn't she?"

His father leaned across the table with tension in every line of him.

"Go on!" he said anxiously, and Almeric looked up at him with a silly smile.

"Didn't stop with her, though."

"Why not?" demanded the earl angrily.

"A sort of man in the village got me to look at a bull terrier pup," Almeric went on, with a yawn. "Wonderful little beast for points. Jolly luck, isn't it? He has got a head on him"—

Hawcastle interrupted savagely.

"We'll concede his tremendous advantage over you in that respect," he said and threw the cigar he had just lighted into the coffee cup.

"Is that all you have to tell us?" implored the countess, with a dramatic gesture, leaning forward. Almeric looked up with surprise.

"Oh, no!" he said. "She accepted me."

The earl dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief, and the countess clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Enfin! Brava! And will she let it be soon?"

Again Almeric stifled a yawn.

"I dare say there'll be no row about that," he replied. "You see, I've made her awfly happy."

"On my soul, I believe you're right," said Hawcastle, "and thank God you are!"

Rising, he walked up and down the terrace and then turned quickly.

"Here's her brother," he said softly. "Attention now!"

(To be continued.)

# ALL TRAVEL RECORDS ON LINE BROKEN

### Advices Indicate Next Month's Travel Will Show Greater Volume of Business.

The month of July, 1909, now closing, will go down in the history of the Southern Pacific railroad as breaking all records to date, for volume of passenger traffic carried on its Shasta route over the "road of a thousand wonders." Despite the great increase in train facilities, including the addition of a throught limited train from San Francisco to Portland and another new local train between Ashland and Portland, the two old overland expresses each way daily have been running in two and three sections loaded to the guards. And advices to railroad officials indicate that the height of the travel season will not be reached until the month of August, which is likely to show even a greater volume of traffic than July.

This great westward travel movement of the present summer months is commonly attributed to the Seattle exposition, but this is an error. The extensive advertising Oregon has been doing for several years past is just beginning to bear full results, and people by the thousands are coming to the Pacific northwest and Oregon to look the country over and judge for themselves the things they have been reading about.

Incidentally many of them are taking in the exposition, but it is said that a record of the ticket inspectors of the Southern Pacific company, if available, would show that not 40 per cent of this tremendous tourist travel is availing itself of the excursion rates made especially for the Alaska Yukon fair.

According to what is believed to be a conservative estimate, 50,000 people will have passed through the Ashland gateway during the month of July. This is based on an estimate of 200 passengers for each of the eight daily trains, without taking into account the numerous special trains of exenrsionists passing both north and south.

### Prepaid Railroad Orders.

"Something which is of considerknown is the system of prepaid orable interest to the public generally and which is perhaps not generally ders now in effect between stations of the Southern Pacific company and all points in the United States. By means of this system tickets may be purchased at Medford from any place in the United States and mailed or telegraphed direct to the party wishing to come here. Sleeper accommodations and small amounts of cash in connection with these tickets may also be forwarded at the same time."

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Harness Saddles
Whips Robes
Tents Blankets
Wagon Sheets
Axle Grease and Gall Cure
ALL KINDS OF CUSTOM WORK
J. C. Smith
314 E. Main

# ED ANDREWS IS VISITING CITY

### Says That He Has by No Means Abandoned Medford as His Home —Is In Oil Business.

Ed Andrews, veteran opera star and comedian of national renown, fruit grower of Medford, irrigation developer of Roseburg and now oil driller of Coos Bay, is in the city spending a few days with his friends.

"I have not left Medford and have no intention of making my home anywhere else," said Mr. Andrews. "I am busy securing oil leases and options around Coos Bay. I sold my interests in the Sutherlin project at the same time J. W. Perkins sold his.

"We have organized a company to drill for oil at Coos Bay. There is every prospect of oil there. I am so sure of finding it that I will wager all my property that we strike it. J. W. Perkins, Colonel J. F. Mundy and son and myself are officers of the company. Associated with us are some of the leading business men of the Coos Bay district.

"Work is still progressing on the Roseburg oil well, which is down 2300 feet, with better indications of oil than yet had. Oil will be struck if the shale bed the drill is going through is not too deep. No water has been struck below the 40-foot level.

"Indications are that we will strike oil without much work at Coos Bay."

Mr. Andrews brought with him some briquettes made from Coos Bay coal, which has been found the solution of the lignite coal problem. Coos Bay coal is much lighter and of poorer quality than Medford coal.

### New Cases.

Waitie Howard vs. James M. Howard; suit for divorce. W. E. Phipps, attorney for plaintiff.

Willamette Sharp vs. William D. Sharp; suit for divorce. J. A. Lemery, attorney for plaintiff.

J. F. Meikle and C. A. Payne vs. A. F. Arant; action to recover money. J. A. Lemery, attorney for plaintiff.

### Probate.

Estate James R. Tarbell; order made discharging J. E. Young, administrator.

Filing of final report of William Bybee, deceased.

In the matter of the guardianship of Fred Lundahl, insane; order appointing J. H. Fitzgerald guardian.

In matter of administration of estate of Thomas W. Stanley, deceased; order appointing W. Moyer, Nathan Lininger and J. D. Parker appraisers.

In matter of estate of J. B. Tarbell; discontinuing hearing of final report.

### Marriages.

J. A. Anderson and Mrs. Lizzie S. Bailey.

E. H. Baker and Eliza Epps.

Isaac C. Moore and Louisa Drake.

### Suits.

Southern Pacific company, corporation, vs. J. S. Parker and wife. Colvig & Reames, attorneys for the plaintiff.

Floyd D. Moore vs. Dr. J. Herndon and F. G. Swedenburg, co-partners; action to recover damages. Richardson, Dimick, Morehead & H. K. Hanna, attorneys for plaintiff.

J. E. O'Brien vs. Lucy M. O'Brien; suit for divorce. Colvig & Reames, attorneys for plaintiff.

Elmer S. Morton vs. James Oden and Emmeline Oden et al; suit for injunction. Colvig & Reames, attorneys for plaintiff.

Bijou Theatre

Starting Thursday, offers the theatergoing public of Medford one of the most attractive programs of the season.

Illustrated Songs

2 2—DRAMATIC SUBJECTS—2 2—COMEDY FILMS—2 2

Billy E. Van

The great song and dance artist and monologist, in his latest hit.

Carver & Oliver

Presents another of their high-class specialties entitled

The Night Raiders

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep, and you sleep alone."

Come and laugh with us.

Admission Only 10c-15c

The Best Meal
In Medford is to be had
At The Star Restaurant
All white help. Home cooking. Room and board $5.00 a week. Give us a trial and be convinced.
MRS. W. E. GOODE Prop. 322 E7th St.

APPLES AND PEARS AND ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.
YAKIMA VALLEY NURSERY
Largest Commercial Nursery in the Pacific Northwest. Not in the combine. Competes with all first-class nurseries.
L. E. HOOVER, Agent
MEDFORD, OREGON

We would like to talk with you about fire insurance. We are agents for the WORLD'S GREATEST FIRE INSURANCE Companies.
The ÆTNA, ROYAL, QUEEN
LIVERPOOL, LONDON,
GLOBE and others
R. A. HOLMES,
Successor to CANON & HOLMES
Room 33, Jackson Co. Bank Bldg. Phone No. 781.

Mrs. Irene Hampton Isaacs
Instuctor of Piano, Liszt Method
Studio at Residence, North Orange Street