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The Man From Home A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON.

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She dropped her head.

"You're bullying me! I don't see why you talk so brutally to me." "Do you think I'd do it for anything

but you?" he asked. "You are odious, insufferable!" she

cried, with a flash of temper. "Don't you think I know you despise me?" he asked bitterly. And she flared

"I do not despise you. If I had stay ed at home and grown up there l should probably have been a provincial young woman, playing 'Sweet Genevleve' on the organ for you to-night," she said. "My life has not been that, however, and you have humili ated me from the moment of your ar rival here. You have made me ashamed both of you and myself. And now you have some preposterous plan that will more before these gentlefolk."

some loud talking, and Pike smiled wanly.

"I think them gentlefolk are here," he said. As he spoke the door was thrown open, and Lady Creech hur-riedly entered, followed by the countess, Horace, Almeric and the earl. The latter bowed sardonically to Pike, and Lady Creech hurried to Ethel with a ery of astonishment. "My dear child! What are you doing

here in this dreadful place with this dreadful person?" she demanded shrilly.

"My dear! Les covenances!" cried madame

"Ethel! I am surprised! Come away t once?" demanded Horace. "Oh. I say, you know, Miss Ethel, really!" echoed Almeric. "You can't stay here, you know!"

Pike stopped them with a gesture and said:

stay by my authority."

ene here." Hawcastle smiled evilly.

wenty

said.

and Hawcastle changed front in an instant.

sister were spared them. Take her away.'

can make it." "Nonsense," cried Hawcastle. But Ethel waved him aside and turned, with a withering look on Pike. "I knew you had some further humiliation in store for me. Do you think I would believe that an English nobleman would stoop" Pike interrupted her ruthlessly and

bitterly. "Stoop?" he cried. "Why, ten years

ago in St. Petersburg there was a poor devil of a revolutionist who in his crazy patriotism took government money for the cause he believed in. He made the mistake of keeping that money in the house, when this man"-he pointed to Hawcastle-"knew it was there. He also made the mistake of having a wife this man coveted and stole, as he coveted and stole the money. Oh, he made a good job of it! Don't think that tonight is the first time he has given information to the police. He did it then, and the husband went to Siberia"

Hawcastle was the picture of amazement and horror as he staggered up. "A dastardly slander!" he cried.

"And he'll do it again tonight!" Pike went on. "I go to an Italian jail"-he whirled and pointed an accusing finger at Mme, de Champigny-"and that same poor devil of a husband goes back to Siberia!"

"It's-it's a ghastly lie!" cronked Hawcastle, his face livid.

"You came for your answer," went on Pike stridently, "and, by the living

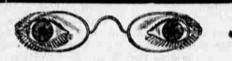


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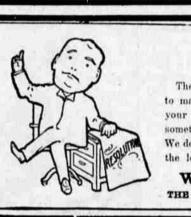


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