

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

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The Man From Home

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** and **HARRY LEON WILSON**

SYNOPSIS

Chapter I.—Daniel Voorhees Pike, a rising young Kokomo (Ind.) lawyer, hears that his ward, Ethel Granger Simpson is to be married abroad to the son of an English earl. Her father was his nearest friend, and he has long loved the girl. He goes abroad to arrange with her the business matters connected with her marriage. He—Ethel Granger Simpson and her brother, Horace, have become anglophobes and are spending much of their late father's fortune in travel and entertaining. They become intimate with Lady Creech, the Earl of Hawcastle, his son, Almeric St. Aubyn, and Countess de Champigny, an adventuress and associate of the earl's. They are at a hotel at Sorrento, Italy.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"There is an American signora, Miss Granger-Simpson. Miladi Creech travel with her to be chaperon." Here he became enthusiastic as the memory of sundry pieces of gold and silver awakened his keen thoughts. "She is young, generous; she give money to every one; she is multa bella, so pretty, weath charm."

"You mean this Lady Creech?" interrupted the Frenchman, with a puzzled frown.

"No, no, no!" cried Mariano in horrified amazement. "Miladi Creech is old lady and does not hear so well; quite deaf; no pourboires; nothing. I speak of the young American lady, Miss Granger-Simpson, who the English honorable son of Milor Hawcastle wishes to espouse, I think."

Ribiere wrote rapidly in his notebook and without looking up said:

"Who else is there?"

"There is the brother of Miss Granger-Simpson, a young gentleman from also North America. He make



"Always incognito!"

the eyes all the day at another lady, who is of the party, a French lady, Comtesse de Champigny. Ha, eet amuse me!" And he burst into a respectful titter.

Ribiere looked at him with grave astonishment and bent once more to his notebook, over which the pen flew with a practiced hand.

"Why?" he said shortly.

Mariano smothered his mirth with the napkin he carried and with an effort controlled himself.

"Beccoss," he answered—"beccoss I have thought that madame the comtesse is so good a friend of the English Milor Hawcastle. A maitre d'hotel see many things, eh, and I think Milor Hawcastle and madame have known each other from long perhaps. This dejeuner is for them; also I think from what I hear that both have been in Russia one time. They spik tegezzer in Russ."

"Pouf! They will not recognize my employer," said Ribiere, "no more than this North American who travels with him and who is as innocent as a babe. Set dejeuner on the table instantly, when he shall arrive, for two—a perch, petit pois, lead figs, tea. I will send his own caviare and vodka from what I carry."

"Va bene, signor!" answered Mariano and vanished into the hotel.

CHAPTER IV. STRANGE NEWS.

THE Earl of Hawcastle was nearly at the end of his financial rope. And yet to look at him as he entered upon the terrace from the lemon grove no one would have thought that a care in the world possessed him.

Added to the natural calm demeanor of the Englishman of station was a certain self-possession gained by years of standing on the brink of events, and while this brilliant morning his cares had hung even a little more heavily upon him than was his desire, yet he gave no outward hint of any troubles that beset him.

He was a well-preserved man of fifty-six, with close cropped iron gray hair and a straight cut military mustache that hid certain cruel lines in his mouth and softened the severe lineaments. He carried himself with an erectness that bespoke pride in race, if not in deeds of his own. He was distinguished with that curious individuality that causes those in the street to nudge one another and ask in whispers who another may be, and he was unmistakably high bred.

True, his sense of honor that would balk at cheating in a card game or the larceny of a traveling bag was not sufficient to debar him from con-

ducting at the attachment of a young and helpless girl's money with the foreknowledge of a lifelong misery for her as the consequence.

This morning he was clad in an immaculate suit of lightly striped white flannel, with carefully pipeplayed shoes, and the pale rose necktie that he wore was a living monument to the fact that the well-groomed Englishman knows no peer on earth, while the jaunty exactness of his snowy panama hat was a revelation in proper headgear.

As he entered the terrace his alert glance swept it from end to end, and he noted that there was no one about. He moved at once to the table that Mariano had set for him, and at the instant he sat down Michele ran down the steps of the hotel with a folded newspaper in his hand which he presented to milord with a low bow. Mariano entered bearing a coffee tray, and the earl greeted him with a cheerful good morning which Mariano acknowledged as one would a favor from a king.

"Milor is serve," he announced with soft accents and took the hat and light walking stick, bestowing them with



"A RUSSIAN" SHE EJACULATED.

reverential care upon a side table. As the earl unfolded Il Mattino he glanced up.

"No English papers?" he said.

"Milor, the mail is late," answered Michele and bowed himself up the stairs.

"Also Mme. de Champigny," growled the earl as he glanced down the unfamiliar pages.

As he spoke the countess, clad in the very latest Parisian creation, swept down the steps and approached the table. She looked well, and she knew it.

Apparently about thirty-two, she would probably have confessed to five years more under pressure, but her dark beauty was well set off by the light colors she affected, and the tilt of her parasol revealed more to the supable eye of an observer than a team of self-description or admission.

She was of that type that causes the slyer dowager of any race to regard her with suspicion and to gather her male entourage beneath the protecting wings. Mme. de Champigny, raising her hand with a little gesture of greeting, paused an instant as she stood at the top of the steps and cried softly:

"Me voel!"

The earl jumped to his feet and bowed, inquiring at the same time:

"My esteemed relative is still asleep?"

The countess swept forward to her chair, which Hawcastle pulled out for her, and murmured:

"I trust your beautiful son has found much better employment—as our hearts would wish him, eh?"

Hawcastle laughed shortly and mirthlessly.

"He has. He's off on a canter with the little American."

Whereat the demure countess clapped

her daintily gloved hands together and cried softly:

"Brava!"

That they were old friends, these two, was to be seen at a glance. There was no inquiring as to each other's tastes and dislikes. It was evident that long association had ingrained an intimate knowledge of the other into the mind of each, and they met as good comrades without more than perfunctory courtesy. The earl went on as he reseated himself.

"I didn't mean Almeric, however, Helene, but my august sister-in-law." Without further comment he turned to the paper again and read. The amiable countess smiled at him enigmatically and broke a roll with the gesture of an empress.

"The amiable Lady Hermione Trevelyan Creech has dejeuner in her apartments. What do you find to read, mon cher?"

Hawcastle threw the paper down upon the cloth with an exclamation.

"I'm such a duffer at Italian," he said, "but apparently the people along the coast are having a scare over an escaped convict, a Russian."

The hovering Mariano, who was fitting about the table like a wounded sparrow, started slightly and hesitated with a silver cover in his hand, then stepped forward.

"If milor will pardon me"—The countess also started and put down her fork with a slight rattle.

"A Russian?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," grumbled the earl. "An escaped Russian bandit has been traced to Castellamare"—He paused to insert the choicest bit of melon in his mouth, and Mariano's jaw dropped with the excitement.

"Castellamare—not twelve kilometers from here!" he whispered in awestruck tones, and the earl continued when he had masticated the fruit:

"And a confidential agent—secret service man, I dare say—has requested his arrest from the Italian authorities. But, to quote from our grandiose Il Mattino, 'the brigand tore himself from

An Amateur Burglary.

By ROSALIE THURTEE.

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"O heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"The key. Mother told me to be sure and take it. I forgot it."

"Well?"

"Mother has gone out to spend the evening with Mrs. Tomkins, father is at the club and the maid was called away yesterday to her sick mother."

"That means that there is no one to let us in and we must wait on the steps till some one comes home."

"I am afraid so."

"This is the house?"

"Yes; fourth from the end of the block. I wonder if it is third or fourth—fourth, I'm sure."

"What made you hesitate?"

"Don't you know we only moved in last week?"

"Oh, yes; I forgot."

They sat down on the stone step and talk of a small party they have attended. The step is cold; so is the wind.

"What kind are the window catches?" he asked.

"Old fashioned. These houses are all old fashioned."

"I wonder if I can turn one of them with my knife blade?"

He steps to a balcony on which the front windows open, inserts his knife blade and tries to move the catch. He fails. He rattles the sash. It is very loose. He puts both hands in position to act as levers on the sash and pushes. Something gives way, and the sash goes up. Watching him from the stoop, she sees him disappear in the window.

"Why is he so long? He must have gone in to light up and open the door for me."

She waits for him at the door, but since he doesn't come she climbs over the rail on to the balcony and stands at the window. Seeing or hearing nothing, she calls:

"Where are you?"

"Here inside."

"What are you doing?"

"Sitting on some one."

"Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"As soon as the window went up I felt myself seized by some one—a man, I suppose—who dragged me in through the window. I put my arm around him and downed him."

"Oh, my goodly gracious!"

"I wonder if we've got in the wrong house."

"Why don't you ask him?"

"I have asked him who he is and what he meant by grappling me, but all I can get out of him is 'Nix furstay.' He must be a German. Anyway, he doesn't seem to understand."

"How provoking! What in the world are we going to do?"

"Lucky he doesn't holler. We'd be caught red handed in an act of burglary. The house can't be yours."

"Oh, dear! Did I say the fourth house from the end of the row? Come to think of it, it's the fifth."

"Maybe it's the fiftieth." This in a dissatisfied tone.

"That's positively cruel. How can I be expected to know the position of a house I've not lived in a week?"

"How long am I to sit on this man?"

"I'll call the police."

"If you do I'll spend the time set apart for our honeymoon in jail."

"Can't you leave him, jump out of the window and run for it?"

"And have him yelling 'Stop thief!' and I run into a cop's arms? That's a brilliant idea."

"Gott in himmel! Ugh! Um!" from the man underneath, struggling.

"Shut up!"

"What in the world will be the end of this? We'll be arrested, and the least we can expect is that it will all be in the papers tomorrow morning."

"If I knew the inside of this house I could look him up somewhere," from the young man.

"Hans! Was ist? This comes from upstairs."

The young burglar claps his hand over Hans' mouth.

A light is coming and the sound of steps on the staircase. A young woman in night robe peeps cautiously over the banister and gives a shriek.

"For heaven's sake keep quiet. Do you speak English?" cried the burglar in anguish.

"Yah. Vot's d' matter?"

"Tell this man in German, if he understands German and isn't a deaf mute, that I got in here by mistake. I'll let him up if he'll let me out of it peacefully."

"It was all my mistake," called the girl outside. "I live in this block, the fourth or fifth house from the end—I don't remember. Oh, do please tell him. Is he your husband?"

"My husband! Neln! You think I am old woman!"

"Oh, dear, I'm so unlucky! I make nothing but mistakes tonight."

"Will you kindly cease to make any more mistakes till after we have got out of this?" says the young man impatiently. Then to the woman on the stairs, "Tell him, please."

"There was a parley in German, which the trespassers did not understand. At last the interpreter said the man was satisfied. Then he was permitted to arise.

"I don't know how I came to make such a mistake," said the girl as they moved away.

"Nor I," said the young man sententiously.

"Here comes mother. Mother, what's our number?"

"Forty-six. That's not it. Seventh house from the east end."

The young man went home without the usual kiss.

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