

WILSON

miving at the attachment of a young

and helpless girl's money with the

This morning he was clad in an im-

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 pre-

Mariano entered bearing a coffee tray,

and the earl greeted him with a cheer-

ful good morning which Mariano ac-

sented to milord with a low bow.

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SYSNOPSIS

Chapter I .-- Daniel Voorhees Pike, a rising foreknowledge of a lifelong misery for young Kokomo (Ind.) lawyer, hears that his her as the consequence. ward, Ethel Granger- Simpson is to be married abroad to the son of an English earl. Her maculate suit of lightly striped white father was his nearest friend, and he has long and the pale rose necktle that he loved the girl. He goes abroad to arrange with wore was a living monument to the her the business matters connected with her mar- fact that the well groomed Englishnage. II --- Ethel Granger-Simpson and her man knows no peer on earth, while the brother, Horace, have become anglomaniacs and jaunty exactness of his snowy panare spending much of their late father's fortune in travel and entertaining. They become inti-mate with Lady Creech, the Earl of Hawcastle, As he entered the terrace his alert 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 signor na, Mees Granger-Scempsone. Miladi Creeshe travel with her to be chaperon." Here he became enthusiastic as the memory of sundry pieces of gold and silver wakened his keen thoughts. "She is young, generoso; she give a king, money to every one; she is multa bella. so pretty, weeth charm"-

"You mean this Lady Creeshe?" interrupted the Frenchman, with a puz zled frown.

"No, no, no!" cried Mariano in horrified amazement. "Miladi Creeshe is ole lady and does not hear so well; quite deaf; no pourboires; nothing. I speak of the young American lady, Meez Granger-Seempsone, who the English honorabile 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 Mees Granger-Seempsone, a young gentleman from also North America. He make



her daintily gloved hands together and cried softly: "Brava!"

That they were old friends, these two, was to be seen at a glance. There commons of 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 steps till some one comes home." 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 flit-

ting 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 all old fashioned."

"O heavens!"

"I am afraid so."

-fourth, I'm sure."

last week?"

es?" he asked.

the window.

for me."

"Well?"

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:

knowledged as one would a favor from "And a confidential agent-secret service man, I dare say-has requested "Milor' is serve," he announced with his arrest from the Italian authorities. soft accents and took the hat and light | But, to quote from our grandiose II

walking stick, bestowing them with Mattino, 'the brigand tore himself from

since he doesn't come she climbs over the rall 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."

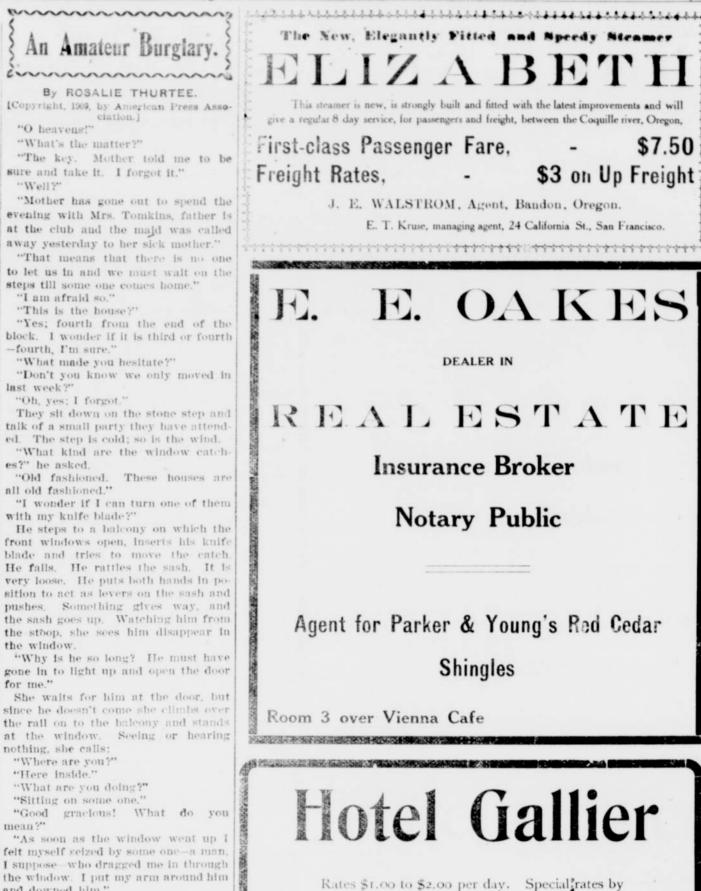
"Good gracious! What do you mean?" "As soon as the window went up 1

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 goody gracious!"

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

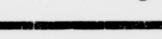
"Why don't you ask him?" "I have asked him who he is and what he meant by grappling me, but all I can get out of him is 'Nix furstay.' He must be a German. Anyway, he doesn't seem to understand.' "How provoking! What in the

world are we going to do?"



week or month. Sample Room in Connection.

Bandon



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and Amazand An



"Always incognito!

the eyes all the day at another lad, 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.

"Becoss," he answered-"becoss I have thought that madame the comtesse is so good a friend of the ol' 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 !

whink 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 up. with him and who is as innocent as a babe. Set dejeuner on the table instantly, when he shall arrive, for twoa perch, petit pols, leed figs, tea. I will stairs. 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 and, while this brilliant morning his her with suspicion and to gather her cares had hung even a little more yet he gave no outward hint of any troubles that beset him.

He was a well preserved man of fif- the top of the steps and cried softly: ty-six, with close cropped fron 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 asleep?" 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 wilk at cheating in a card game or the larceny of a traveling bag was sufficient to debar him from con-



"A RUSSIANF" SHE EJACULATED.

reverential care upon a side table. As the hands of the carabinieri,' or something like that. I can't be sure, but it the earl unfolded Il Mattino he glanced

"No English papers?" he said. "Milor', the mail is late," answered Michele and bowed himself up the

"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

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 mpable eye of an observer than a

eam of self description or admission. She was of that type that causes the of standing on the brink of events. elderly dowager of any race to regard male entourage beneath the protecting heavily upon him than was his desire, wings. Mme. de Champigny, raising and Mme. la Comtesse excuse me? her hand with a little gesture of greeting, paused an instant as she stood at one who should see It.'

> "Me voici?" The earl jumped to his feet and bowed, inquiring at the same time:

"My esteemed relative is still 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 success. For sale by C. Y. Lowe.

"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." from the girl.

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

"Hans! Vas ist?" This comes from upstairs

The young burglar claps his hand over Hans' mouth. A light is coming and the sound of steps in the staircase. A young wo

man 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?"

binierl, and without the doubts he con-"Tell this man in German, if he unceal himself in some of these grotta derstands German and isn't a deaf near Sorreuto, and searchment is being mute, that I got in here by mistake. execute'. The agent of the Russian I'll let him up if he'll let me out of it embassy have inform' the bureau that peaceably." this escape one is a mos' in-fray-mose "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 htm. Is he your husband?"

"My husband! Nein! You think I am old voman!" "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 im-

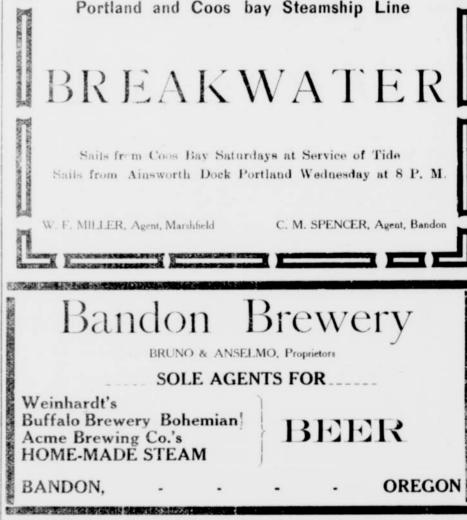
patiently. Then to the woman on the stairs, "Tell him, please." There was a parley in German, which the trespassers did not understand. At last the interpreter said the

mitted to arise. "I don't know how I came to make

and diarrhoea is due to a lack of such a mistake," said the girl as they proper treatment at the first stage moved away. of the disease. Chamberlain's Colic,

tiously

the usual kiss.



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man was satisfied. Then he was per-

"Nor L" said the young man senten-

"Here comes mother. Mother, what's

reliable and effectual medicine, and when given in reasonable time will our number?" prevent any dangerous consequences.

read to me"-Mariano broke in excitedly. He had picked up the paper and was devouring it with avidity. "If milor' permit, and madame"he bowed like an automaton-"I shall translate.

"Ouite right, Mariano," said the earl

and the maitre d'hotel went on avidly.

excitedly, "from the hand of the cara-

robber and danger brigan'."

sitement and nodded

tion

"The brigan' tore himself," he read

"What name does the paper say he

has?" interrupted Mme. de Champigny,

with a catch of her breath, and Mari-

no bowed again jerkily in her direc-

"It has not to say, madame," he re-

plied. "That is all. And will milor'

And may I take the journal? There is

Hawcastle smiled slightly at his ex-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PROPER TREATMENT FOR DYSENTERY

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AND DIARRHOEA