

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name
By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** and **HARRY LEON WILSON**

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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. II.—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. Ethel promises to marry the son because she craves a title. III.—The Russian Grand Duke Vasil is shortly to arrive at the same hotel in cognita as Herz von Grollhergen. IV.—The Earl of Hawcastle is in need of money and wants his son to get a huge settlement of money on his marriage to Ethel. An escaped Russian bandit is located at Sorrento.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Very well, Mariano," he said, and Mariano, with another jerk that was supposed to include both of the illustrious ones, disappeared with a speediness that was alarming. For an instant there was silence, and then the countess, with a quick upward glance of her dark eyes, said tremblingly:

"I should like much to know his name."

The earl smiled and went on with his breakfast.

"You may be sure it isn't Ivanoff," he said, but the assurance did not seem to carry weight with madame, for she leaped her chin in her hand and looked off over the bay, and there was a troubled look in her eyes.

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 care for no more to eat. I have perhaps some foolish feeling of unsafety. It is now two nights that I dream of him—or 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 rallery 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 any-

thing but a clumsy oaf he'd have made her settle it 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 picture 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 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 insolency."

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 affection 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.

"Entin! 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 awfully 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!"

CHAPTER VI. EASY PREY.

USUALLY when a man through inclination or environment decides that the manners of his people will not serve for him and that the customs of the land of his adoption are more applicable to his purpose he outdoes even the natives in his conformation to the existing modes.

Horace Granger-Simpson—the Gauger was but a recent innovation due to the belief that Simpson by itself was altogether too hopelessly plebeian to attract even a modicum of attention—had consorted with the gilded youth of several capitals, and his education had progressed to such an extent that the youth of Kokomo would have stoned him instantly upon his arrival at the town depot.

He ambled with a rocking gait, drawn from the guardsmen he had so carefully watched, down the steps of

the hotel on to the terrace, and his attire would have attracted notice from a Hindoo idol. He wore spotlessly white fannels, white shoes pipelayed to a dazzling degree, a thoroughly British straw hat, chamol gloves and a pale blue scarf held together with a massive pearl.

For an instant Mme. la Comtesse looked at him and then, with a little cry of greeting, rushed toward the steps and took both his startled hands.

"Ah, my dear Horace Granger-Simpson!" she said excitedly. "Has your sister told you?"

Horace swallowed once or twice savagely and then made a heroic effort to keep down the radiance that was choking him, made two effectual dabs at his eyes with the handkerchief he took from his sleeve and responded joyfully, though brokenly:

"She has, indeed. I assure you I am quite overcome, my dear friends. Really, I assure you."

With a silvery laugh Mme. de Champigny stepped backward from him, making a little courtesy as she did so. The earl came forward with outstretched hands and grasped one of Horace's between both his own.

"My dear young friend," he said. "Not at all—not at all."

As the remark seemed a trifle ambiguous, Horace looked at him inquiringly, but, reading reassurance in his face, replied instantly:

"I assure you I am. I assure you I am. It's quite overpowering, isn't it?"

With a look of commiseration the countess regarded him and said softly:

"Ah, poor M. Horace!"

From his sprawled attitude in the chair the honorable Almeric drew a protest.

"I say! Don't take it that way, you know. She's very happy."

Horace recovered himself instantly and crossed the terrace quickly to grasp the hand of the bridegroom to be. The fact that it was as limp as a mackerel did not worry him an instant.

"She's worthy of it—she's worthy of it! I know she is! And when will it be, St. Aubyn?" he said.

"Enchanting!" cried the countess enthusiastically. "So clear is his grasp of the case, eh?"

Hawcastle flashed her a glance and turned to Horace.

"Oh, the date?" he said doubtfully.

"I dare say within a year—two years—"

There was another little cry of protest from the countess, and the earl glared at her menacingly. Horace



"She accepted me."

started, too, and seemed to be about to enter a positive objection, but he contented himself with saying:

"Oh, but I say, you know, isn't that putting it jolly far off? The thing's settled, isn't it? Why not say a month instead of a year?"

"Ha-hum!" said the earl. "Oh, if you like! I don't know that there is any real objection."

"I do, indeed," returned Horace.

"See here! Why not let them marry here in Italy?"

Hawcastle could scarcely conceal his satisfaction, while Mme. de Champigny executed a bit of a pas seul behind Horace's back.

"Ah, the dashing methods of you Americans!" returned the earl smilingly. "You carry things on so! Next you'll be saying 'Why not here at Sorrento?'"

"Well, and why not, indeed?" asked Horace instantly.

"And then," went on Hawcastle, smiling, "and then it will be, 'Why not within a fortnight?'"

"Right-o!" cried Horace. "And why not within a fortnight?"

Almeric sat up and stared at his noble father and brother-in-law to be, but the earl smiled once more that cheerful smile and waved a deprecating hand.

"Ah, you wonderful people! You are whirlwinds, yet I see no reason why it should not be in a fortnight."

"Oh, here! I say, you know!" interjected Almeric, heaving himself erect in the chair and waving a protesting crop. The earl turned on him instantly.

"As I say, dear boy, why not?" he inquired suavely, and Almeric wilted immediately.

"Just as you say, governor," he answered meekly.

"Enchanting! Brava!" cried the countess, and Hawcastle again turned to the palpitating Horace.

"My son is all impatience," he murmured, fixing the young man with his eye.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The Misdirected Letter.

By TIMOTHY C. DICK.

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Abner Simmons entered his bachelor apartment after returning from business, sighed, sat down in an easy chair and felt very lonely. Presently he looked up at the mantel, and there stood a letter. It was addressed in a woman's hand to Mrs. Abner Simmons.

To Mr. Simmons this address was a mockery. It suggested a home, a pleasant looking woman tripping downstairs at hearing her husband's latch-key in the door, followed by a troop of girls and boys; a comubial kiss and several pairs of little arms around papa's neck.

All this Mr. Simmons saw in the oblong letter addressed to her who was not. Of course there was a Mrs. Simmons for some man of the same name as himself; but, alas, there was no such person for him! What should he do with it? He took it down from the mantel and examined it closely. A hand was stamped on it with its forefinger pointing to "Try this" and "Try that." There were so many of these suggestions "to try" that Mr. Simmons believed the letter had been the rounds and no Mrs. Simmons found. How could she be found since she did not exist? He determined to make a dead letter office of himself, open it and return it to the writer.

Mr. Simmons took out a letter and a card photograph. The photograph was that of a woman from thirty to thirty-five years old, and as he looked it seemed to be the face of her whose reception of him had filled his fancy. The letter was signed, "Your loving sister." The address was given, and Mr. Simmons put it in another envelope, with a brief note stating his motives in opening it and asking for information of Mrs. Abner Simmons and how she happened to exist without his being any better for her existence. He wished to keep the photograph, but did not feel authorized to do so. He addressed it to the street and number given in the letter.

In about a week a reply came. The writer said the name on the letter was not Simmons, but Timmons. (After all, there was no Mrs. Simmons.) The photograph was a likeness of Miss Margaret Butterworth. The writer, Miss Cornelia Boyd, was transmitting it to Mrs. Timmons. The letter concluded with thanks for the favor Mr. Simmons had done the writer.

Just what Mr. Simmons had said in his note about the photograph did not appear, but Miss Boyd must have noticed something of admiration and been ready, as most women are, to help out a romance, for she was not called upon to mention the picture, as she did. Mr. Simmons wrote again, asking if Miss Butterworth were related to James Butterworth, an eminent divine and an uncle of the writer. A reply came that Miss Boyd could not answer the question and gave Miss Butterworth's address.

Mr. Simmons cooked up quite an ingenious letter to Miss Butterworth. After mentioning that he had seen her picture and how he came to see it he said that the features were remarkably like those of the Rev. James Butterworth, his esteemed uncle, and he was sure that he (Simmons) could claim her for a relative, probably a first cousin. He received a polite reply that the lady had no such relative and had never heard of any such person. This was not surprising to Mr. Simmons, whose knowledge of the reverend gentleman was precisely that of Miss Butterworth. The clergyman was an invention.

The genealogical plan having failed, Mr. Simmons wrote again to Miss Boyd, frankly stating that he would be interested to meet the original of the photograph and asking if in the kindness of her heart she would suggest a method for the purpose. All the world loves a lover, and Miss Boyd gave him a list of half a dozen friends of Miss Butterworth, any of whom might introduce him provided they knew him to be a gentleman.

Meanwhile Miss Boyd had put her friend on to the fact that she had an unknown admirer, and it was Miss Butterworth who suggested the names of the possible introducers. One, and only one, of the names was known to Mr. Simmons, and he was a member of Simmons' club. The attentions Mr. Simmons suddenly began to shower upon this man were only understood when a request came for the introduction.

It was an advantage to Mr. Simmons' cause that for several months Miss Butterworth was cognizant of the fact that she had an unknown admirer. Her fancy during this time was feeding on Mr. Simmons' personnel. Miss Boyd, whose misdrected letter had led to this possible romance, made inquiries about Mr. Simmons, found friends who knew him and pronounced him a good man. This Miss Boyd exaggerated into "a noble, good man." Miss Butterworth, too, was on the shady side of thirty and not unwilling to meet her fate. Before the introduction she had been given Mr. Simmons' antecedents, his business and social standing by her friend, who asked permission to do the introducing. All that remained was to see Mr. Simmons.

When she did see him the impression was so favorable that the way from this point was made easy for him. He proposed to her the evening he met her, she gave an answer tantamount to an acceptance, and they were married in due time.

And now the fancy excited by the supposed name of Mrs. Simmons (who, after all, has little or nothing to do with this story) is being rapidly fulfilled.

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