

The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WHISPER OF VENGEANCE.

THE moment Lady Crecy had gone Daniel smiled broadly for the first time since he had set eyes upon Ivanoff. He could see his way clear now to the thorough accomplishment of his mission, and he mentally thanked heaven for putting into his hands such a weapon as the Russian fugitive.

"Glenwood, eh? And he protected the historic name of St. Aulyn, that noble earl, protected it on the surface while he dragged it in the mire of another man's disgrace and humiliation in private. He was a sweet lot, that noble earl! He carried himself high, and his keen eye lost no whit of its dignity and importance from that conscience that must be uneasy within his breast."

And the woman, too, "Helene," Ivanoff had called her. So they had stuck together all those ten years, with Lady Crecy as a most complaisant and discreet chaperon—but that couldn't be for, whatever else Lady Crecy might be, worldly wise and haughty, she was at least an English gentleman at heart, and she would have starved rather than connive at a scandal of that sort.

No, Daniel reflected, he would have to leave Lady Crecy out of the mess, even though she was a bitter old dame. But Hawcastle should feel the touch of the iron. It should burn him deeply, and the scar would remain.

And the fair countess, who was angling for that noble pair, Horace and his share of the estate! That woman, who had deliberately sent a good man to what was worse than death, should he have any pity for her? Not for a single instant.

He leaped up and hastily crossed the room to the writing desk, scribbled a note and, before he put it in the envelope, rang the bell.

As he sensed the note Mariano tapped discreetly at the door, and Pike called.

"Come in!"

"Look here, Mariano, I want you to take this note to Miss Simpson," he said quickly.

"To Miss Granger-Simpson?" asked the man deferentially.

"Yes. Do you know where she is?"

"She walks upon the terrace alone, said," replied Mariano.

"Then give it to her yourself—to no one else—and do it now!" he went on emphatically, pushing the servant out of the door in his haste. When he had closed it he went to the door of the suit, threw it open and called:

"Ivanoff!"

Almost immediately the Russian came into the room, and Pike noted the suffering upon his face, the look of timid apprehension with which he glanced furtively about. For him there was a carabinieri in every corner.

"Have they come?" he whispered tensely. Daniel went over to him and laid a hand upon the man's shoulder, looking him triumphantly in the eyes.

"Not yet," he answered, and paused. "Ivanoff, you prayed to see your wife and your friend Glenwood before you went back to Siberia."

The Russian tore himself away with a gasping cry, but Daniel caught his wrist.

"If that prayer is answered through me," he went on, "will you promise to remember that it's my duty?"

Ivanoff covered his face with his hands, and his breath came shakingly. "It is impossible. You wish to play with me?" he gasped.

"Do I look playful?" demanded Daniel. And as he spoke a single sound came sharply outside the window off to the right. At the sound Ivanoff shrank into himself, and his fingers trembled in the other's grasp.

"The carabinieri—for me?" he cried.

Both men turned quickly to the window, and Pike thrust Ivanoff heavily behind him as he drew aside the heavy curtain.

"Don't show yourself!" he commanded. But there was a smothered exclamation from the fugitive, and he pointed over Pike's shoulder.

"Look! Near the lamp yonder—there by the gates—the carabinieri!"

His arm trembled as it rested for an instant on the American's shoulder, and Pike returned quietly.

"Don't! They've been there since we hid you beneath the machine." He stopped and shaded his eyes with his hand from the glare of the lamp inside the room, then started. "Why—who on earth—who that they've got with 'em? Why, good Lord, it's done!"

Ivanoff strained over his shoulder to look and then replied bitterly:

"It is Herr von Grotterhagen! But I not tell you he was a Russian! He has betrayed me himself! He was not satisfied that others should. Ah, I knew I was in the wolf's throat here!"

Pike swore emphatically and en-

trappedly. "Don't you believe it," he snarled. "They've arrested poor old doc! Got him as he went out!"

"No!" cried Ivanoff. "They speak respectfully to him! They bow to him!"

"They'll be bowing to us in a minute. That's probably the way these colonels run you in!" snarled Daniel.

As he spoke there was a sharp knock on the outer door, and he seized Ivanoff by the arm.

"Back into the room with you! Wait until I call, and remember it's my fight!"

He was about to add more when the door opened and Mariano appeared. Instantly the American changed his tone to one of severe command.

"And don't you forget what I've been telling you. You get the sand out of that gear box first thing tomorrow morning, or I'll see that you draw your last pay Saturday night!"

Ivanoff caught the idea and bowed silently and then turned and entered the door to the inner chamber. Mariano came forward and bowed.

"Mees Granger-Simpson," said he and went out, standing to one side to make room for Ethel as she entered with a look of complete astonishment on her face. Pike approached her.

"On her much obliged to you for talking my note the right way," he said. "I've got some pretty good reasons for not leaving this room."

She inclined her head icily and nodded with the note she held.

"Your note seemed so extraordinarily urgent," she began, but he interrupted.

"It had to be," he said. "Some folks who want to see me are coming here and I want you to see them here. They'd stop you from coming if they could."

She flashed a look of disbelief at him.

"There was no effort to prevent me," she said coldly.

"I didn't give 'em time," he smiled.

"May I ask to whom you refer?" she inquired.

"Certainly. The whole kit and bodsy of 'em," he replied. "Excuse me, I haven't time to be elegant, even if I know how."

"Do you mean my chaperon would disapprove?" she asked, hastily rising.

"I shouldn't be surprised. I reckon the whole fine flower of Europe would disapprove. Disapprove! That's a good bug you to keep you away!"

"Then I can't stay," she cried and started for the door. He stepped between her and the exit and raised his hand with a gesture of command.

"Yes, you can, and you will, and you've got to," he said. "I'm your guardian, and you'll do as I say. You'll obey me this once if you never do again. You'll stay here while I talk to these people, and you'll stay in spite of everything they say or do to make you go! She looked startled and stepped back from him, and he went on:

"God knows I hate to talk rough to you. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but it's come to a point where I've got to use the authority I have over you."

In an instant she flared up.

"Authoritatively! Do you think?"

"You'll stay here for the next twenty minutes if I have to make Crecy and Agincourt look like a peace conference," he snapped. And she sank back into a chair with a gesture of alarm.

Pike went closer to her and spoke more softly.

"You and your brother have soaked up a society column notion of life over here," he said. "You're like old Ponce Delaney of Terre Haute. He got so he'd drink cold tea if there was a label on the bottle that spelled whisky."

"You're going too far!" the girl cried.

"They've got you fuddled with labels here," went on the American. "It's my business to see that you know what kind of people you're dealing with."

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 again.

"I do not despise you. If I had stayed at home and grown up there I should probably have been a provincial young woman, playing 'Sweet Genevieve' on the organ for you to-night," she said. "My life has not been that, however, and you have humiliated me from the moment of your arrival here. You have made me ashamed both of you and myself. And now you have some preposterous plan that will shame me again—both of us—once more before these gentlemen?"

There was a bustling without and some loud talking, and Pike smiled wryly.

"I think these gentlemen are here," he said. As he spoke the door was opened and Lady Crecy hur-

riedly entered, followed by the countess, Horace, Almeric and the earl. The latter bowed cordially to Pike, and Lady Crecy hurried to Ethel with a cry of astonishment.

"My dear child! What are you doing here in this dreadful place with this dreadful person!" she demanded shrilly.

"My dear! Les convenances!" cried madame.

"Ethel! I am surprised! Come away at 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:

"I'm her guardian, and she's here by my authority, and, what's more, she'll stay by my authority."

Horace turned to the earl.

"Lord Hawcastle, will you insist upon Ethel's leaving? It's quite on the cards we shall have a disagreeable scene here."

Hawcastle smiled evilly.

"I see no reason for it. We're here simply for Mr. Pike's answer. He knows where he stands, and he knows where we stand," said the earl suavely, and the American met his smile evenly.

"I reckon you're right so far," he said.

"And your answer will be yes?" asked the earl, but Pike shook his head.

"You're wrong there," he answered, and Hawcastle changed front in an instant.

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Granger-Simpson," he said. "There may be painful things done. Better your sister were spared them. Take her away."

Pike snapped at them all and moved to the door, where he faced them.

"Miss Ethel, you'll stay right where you are!" he commanded, and, paying no attention, Pike turned to Hawcastle.

"You're here for an answer, you say?"

"Yes," answered the earl, after an instant's pause, and Dan went closer to him.

"An answer to what?" he demanded, looking the other in the eye.

"An answer to my request that you accede to the wishes of this young lady," replied the earl earnestly.

"And if I don't what are you going to do?" demanded Pike quickly. Horace at once broke in:

"Ethel, you must go!" he implored. But Pike moved him to silence.

"Tell her. Why do you come here sure of the answer you want?" he insisted savagely.

"A gentleman would spare her that," said Hawcastle, with uneasiness, and the American laughed.

"I won't," he snapped. "Speak out! Why?" But the earl would not answer directly, so Pike turned to Ethel.

"This afternoon I tried to help a poor devil, a broken down Russian running away from Siberia, where he'd been for nine years."

Ethel half rose in her chair and faced him eagerly.

"A poor, weak thing," he went on, "hounded like you've seen a rat in the gutter by dogs and bootblacks. Some of your friends here saw us bring him into this apartment. They know we've got him here now. If I don't agree to hand over you and \$750,000 of the money John Simpson made it means that the man I tried to help goes back to Siberia and I go to an Italian jail for two years or as much more as they can make it."

"Nonsense," cried Hawcastle. But Ethel waved him aside and turned, with a withering look on Pike.

"I know 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—"know 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!"

"If it's a ghostly lie!" croaked Hawcastle, his face livid.

"You came for your answer," went on Pike strideily, "and, by the living God, I've got it for you!" He stepped to the door of the inner chamber and threw it open.

"Ivanoff!" he called, and the Russian came into the room. At the sight of him Hawcastle fell back against the mantel, and the countess collapsed in a heap on the floor. Ivanoff saw none but her soul, striding to her, lifted both clinched hands above her head.

"Ivan—oh, mother of God! Ivan! Don't kill me!" she gasped.

For a moment he stood over her, then collapsed into a chair, where he winced, sobbing violently.

It was Horace who first appreciated the somberness of the crouching, terror-stricken woman upon the floor.

"Briene!" he whispered, but Pike stepped forward and waved him back.

"You stand back!" said the lawyer. "She's his wife." And at the words Horace fairly staggered. Daniel went on, pointing to the cowering Hawcastle. "And there's his best friend."

The words seemed to rouse some of the fighting St. Aulyn instinct in the earl, and his eyes flashed.

"It's a lie!" he cried hoarsely. "I never saw the man in all my life before."

"The lady seemed to recognize him," said Pike grimly. "I guess you won't have to jab your memory too hard. It's only ten years to St. Petersburg. Mr. Glenwood?"

"Almeric, go for the police!" ordered the earl.

"No, no!" cried the countess. "I can't stand it!"

Pike laid his hand upon Ivanoff's shoulder and spoke loudly:

"Call 'em in! We're ready!"

Almeric, with a frightened glance around, stepped to the doors and threw them wide, calling as he reached the passage:

"Tell that officer to bring his men here!"

He turned and again entered the room, and Pike's face lit up unpleasantly as he looked at him, then softened as he turned to Ethel.

"I want you always to remember that I consider it cheap at the price," he said.

There was a quick step without, and Von Grotterhagen entered, followed by Ribiere. For an instant he glanced about the circle and then spoke in a clear, ringing voice.

"There will be no arrests tonight, my friends," he said, and at the words Hawcastle sneered openly.

"This man goes, too!" he declared violently. "Call those carabinieri!" he reiterated to Almeric.

Von Grotterhagen smiled sweetly and raised his hand deprecatingly.

"The officer is not here. You see, the carabinieri have been withdrawn." He turned to Daniel. "For you, my friend, I have relinquished my incognito." Pike stared at him uncomprehendingly, and the German turned to Lord Hawcastle.

"This man, Ivanoff," he said, "is in my custody."

For a moment the two men measured each other, and then Hawcastle burst out violently:

"By whose authority? Do you know you are speaking to the Earl of Hawcastle?"

Von Grotterhagen smiled. Ribiere stepped forward and addressed Hawcastle directly.

"More respect, sir!" he cried. "You are addressing the Grand Duke Vassil of Russia!"

Hawcastle paled and fairly staggered into the arms of his son, who reeled from the shock. The others stared uncomprehendingly, and Pike looked up with a curious frightened look upon his lean face. Quite slowly he moved to the table and rested a hand upon it and with the other, crossed his chin. His eyes were looking straight ahead, and he murmured in a awestruck tones:

"Good Lord! And think what—why, I've been calling him—doe!"

The grand duke perceived the agitation on Pike's face and came forward to take his hand.

"My friend," he said gently, "it has been refreshing." He spoke to Ribiere.

"I shall take the man Ivanoff's statement in writing. Bring him to me with you."

He turned on his heel quickly and went off through the door on the other

side of the room that led to his private chamber. When he had gone Ribiere touched Ivanoff on the shoulder as a signal, and the stricken man arose. One glance he cast upon the guilty woman, who shrank so shiveringly into a corner as he gazed upon her, and then said:

"I would not touch you—even to strangle you!" and then to the thunderstruck Hawcastle he said:

"God will let me pay my debt to the Earl of Hawcastle!"

In an instant he was gone, and Hawcastle, pale with rage and anguish, strode forward to Pike, who was smiling.

"Why, you"—the earl began, but Daniel raised his hand. He spoke softly and gently.

"Oh, I hated to hand you this, my lord," he said. "I didn't come over here to make the fellow of Krocno any more than I did to let you and Dan in. It's all right, John. I've got a daughter, and I reckon now she'll

wasting any alliance with the remnants of Crecy and Agincourt."

From the other side of the sofa, where she had been sobbing on her brother's shoulder, Ethel came tremblingly.

"I have no choice," she said slowly. "You see, I have given my promise when I took to this house to show my trust. And that can't be broken now."



"It is mine," the Earl of Hawcastle.

that it is a shame to hear it the promise is only more sacred. You see, the shame is not his fault, is it? You want me—to be—honorable—don't you?"

When she had finished Daniel was leaning well back on the table.

"Your father and mother—both—came from Missouri, didn't they?"

He sighed heavily, and she hung her head. Hawcastle looked toward the open door of the room and coughed at her son upon the shoulder. When they had reached the door the earl looked back and shook his fist at Pike.

"You haven't heard the last of this—course you!" he said and disappeared quickly. Lady Crecy, who had been in a semi-swooning condition, came suddenly out of her trance and gazed sharply about her.

"Don't mumble your words," she said sharply and rose to her feet. With a withering glance at Pike she turned to Ethel.

"Come, my dear," she said. "This terrible place is not for you. Let us go."

Horace came suddenly to life and closed his drooping jaw. He stepped forward and faced the old lady.

"My sister will remain for a time, Lady Crecy," he said. "I will look after her—in the future."

Lady Crecy put up her lorgnette and stared at him with a haughty sniff left the room with the air of a conqueror. Pike gazed after her whimsically.

"There goes the last of the empresses," he said and looked down at his feet.

Twice Ethel essayed to speak, and twice she put out her hand in his direction, and both times she failed. Then, with a choking little sob, she picked up her dress and fairly ran from the room. Horace followed her quickly, and still Pike stood there in an attitude of incomprehension.

"The point he had striven for had failed. He had shown this girl the true rottenness of the people she had tried so hard to ally herself with, and the knowledge had failed to move her. His brilliant plan had recoiled upon his own head and had resulted in more firmly implanting a sense of duty in her heart. He saw no way out now. At first it had been a desire—now it had become a duty, and he wondered if he had the right to withhold from her her patrimony.

It was not until he saw a dark figure with a bag in its hand walk quickly down the steps and out through the entrance garden, not until he had heard the creak of carriage springs and the muttered directions and then the crunch of the wheels, that he awoke. He called a passing servant—Mariano, it proved it be—and questioned him.

"Who was that?" he asked.

Mariano bowed deeply.

"It is minor the Earl of Hawcastle," he replied. "He has gone to keep the appointment he has made some days since at Napoli. It is said."

"Behaving very peculiarly—outrageously, I might say."

"How?" demanded Almeric, stifling a yawn.

"Shedding tears over this Ivanoff's story. What's more, she has sent that dreadful Pike person to him with assistance."

"Money! By Jove! Good girl! Buying the beggar off to keep him from making a scandal for us! How's that?"

Lady Crecy looked at him with something akin to admiration.

"Almeric! How clever of you! Of course she is! Your father will be pleased. What a pity he didn't wait!"

Daniel appeared at the top of the steps and, seeing the pair, came slowly toward them. As he reached the table where they sat he addressed Almeric.

"Your pa seemed in a hurry last night," he said.

Almeric started silently, but Lady Crecy arose and, with a haughty glance, swept into the hotel. Pike looked after her and then back to Almeric.

"Oh, yes," the latter answered. "Had to catch a train—the pater had—be's easily worried by trifles, you know."

"Well, you don't worry—not too easy, do you, son?"

"Oh, one finds nothing particular this morning to bother one," the young man replied, yawning. "Nothing at all. Of course Miss Ethel is standing to her promise."

"Yes, she is," replied Pike grimly, and Almeric went on:

"Yes, the governor only thought it best to clear out a bit until we were certain that she manages to draw off this convict chap—that you Americans call 'affixing him,' isn't it?"

Pike lifted a warning hand.

"Don't try to talk United States, son. Just tell me in your own way."

"Why," replied Almeric, "she's been giving him money, hasn't she? You took it to him yourself, didn't you? Naturally we understood what it was for. She's trying to keep the beggar quiet."

"So that's what she sent the poor cuss the money for, was it? That's the way you look at it, eh? The American asked.

"Why, of course! What other reason could there be?" asked the other.

"Well, you know I'd sort of gathered it was because she was sorry for him—thought he'd been wronged, but, of course, I'm stupid!"

"Well, ray-thee! I don't know that it was so necessary for her to hush him up, but it showed a very worthy intention to her, didn't it, eh, now?"

Pike looked at him carefully.

"Would you mind my being present when you thank her for it?" he asked, and Almeric laughed riotously.

"Shouldn't in the least if I intended to thank her. It simply shows that she considers herself already one of us. It's perfectly plain—as plain as you are, eh?"

He walked off whistling.

Pike gazed after him with an admirable chuckle. As he turned about he saw Ethel standing at the head of the steps, and there was a sad look upon her face.

"I hear that Lord Hawcastle has left," she said quietly.

"Yes, I saw him go last night," he answered, looking up at her.

"He left very quickly," she said absently.

"He did seem to be forgetting the scenery," the American replied. "Did you see Ivanoff?"

"Yes, I am almost sorry he made so much of—what I could do."

"There are some good people over here, ain't there?" he ventured, and she looked at him quickly.

"When you are at home again I hope you will remember them," she said.

"I will," he replied.

"And I hope you will forget every thing I ever said," she went on.

"Somehow it doesn't seem likely a if I ever would," he returned.

"Oh, yes, you will," she said. "All those unkind things I said to you—"

"Oh, I'll forget those easy," he interrupted quickly, and she went on almost tearfully:

"And the other things, too, when you're once more among your kind, good home folks—and probably there's one—you'll be so glad to get back to you'll hardly know you've been away—an unworthy girl, one that doesn't need to be cured of—oh, all sorts of follies—a kind girl, one who's been sweet to you. I can see her, she wears white muslin and waits by the gate for you at twilight. Isn't she like that?"

He shook his head.

"No, not like that."

"But there is some one there?" she asked.

He smiled sadly.

"Well, she's only been there in a way. I've had her picture on my desk for a good while. Sometimes when I go home in the evening she kind of seems to be there. I bought a honey-old house up on Main street, you know, it's the house you were born in. It's—"

(Continued next week.)

CHAPTER XVIII.
MIAUS DERSTROON.

LADY CRECY was out early the next morning. Perhaps she had hoped that something might be saved from the wreck and recollecting the ancient adage about the early bird, she was seated on the terrace having breakfast and keeping a keen eye on the main entrance when the hopeful Almeric appeared, yawning and inexpressibly bored.

"Morning, aunt," he said.

"Where's your father, Almeric?" she demanded.

"Flew the bally coop for Naples last night. Seemed to be jolly well upset, you know. Feared this beastly convict chap would take a shot at him or something like that."

Lady Crecy snorted.

"He always was a fool. Bah! He should have stayed. Where's the countess?"

"Naples; to look after the governor, I'd say. Went off this morning. Heastly about this convict chap, you know. What's to become of him?"

"I can at least give you some information," the old lady replied. "This grand duke person's obtained for the fellow a pardon by telegraph from St. Petersburg."

"How's the dear Ethel?" she asked.

"She's the dear Ethel," said Mrs. Crecy, "and Almeric when he had departed his astonishment."

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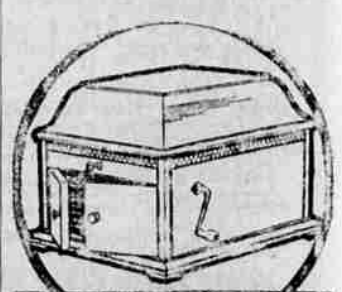
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"She's the dear Ethel," said Mrs. Crecy, "and Almeric when he had departed his astonishment."

SUNNY MONDAY

The lasting qualities of Sunny Monday laundry soap mean economy to the woman who uses it. Its wonderful dirt-starting qualities are retained until the cake is worn to a wafer, and as it is a hard soap which does not wash away quickly, one bar of it will go as far as two bars of any yellow laundry soap. You save your pocketbook as well as your clothes when you use Sunny Monday.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO



Victrola X-75

This lowest-priced Victrola has the same exquisite richness and mellowness of tone which distinguish the more expensive types of this greatest of all musical instruments.

Come in and hear it. Hear the larger Victrolas, too—the \$100, \$150, \$200 and \$250 models.

ROACH MUSIC HOUSE Commercial Club Bldg. MAIN 862

Other styles of the Victor, \$10 to \$250

one of the dead man's wives. On the witness stand Mr. Unruh, in response to queries, said he was formerly business manager of the deceased horseman and now was executor of his will.

"How many times was Baldwin married before January 1, 1892?"

"Three times," answered Unruh, but before he had finished he had testified that the answer should have been four.

"Who was his first wife?"

"Sarah Ann Unruh. They were married in the southern part of Indiana."

Mr. Unruh also asserted that only one child of the marriage, Mrs. Clara Baldwin Stokes, now is alive.

"Who was the next wife?"

"A widow by the name of Cochran. They had no children. She is still alive and somewhere in California."

"Virginia Dexter Third Wife. And the third wife?"

"She was Virginia Dexter. She and Baldwin had one surviving child, Anita Baldwin McLaughrey. She was born before Baldwin married her mother."

"And Baldwin's next marriage?"

The query was followed by an objection, but Mr. Unruh was finally permitted by the court to answer, saying that the fourth wife of the turfman was Lilly Bennett, the surviving widow, who became Mrs. E. J. Baldwin May 29, 1884.

NEWS OF CRESWELL AND VICINITY

The Southern Pacific Company has appointed Dr. J. L. George its emergency surgeon for the Creswell district.

Miss Essie Cowles of San Francisco, visited with her sister, Mrs. W. W. Hewitt and family from last Friday until Sunday. She was on her way home from a visit with relatives in Washington.

Mrs. J. S. Smith was called to Co-burg last week by the sickness of her daughter, Mrs. McQue. She returned Saturday leaving her daughter, who was threatened with typhoid fever, much improved.

H. H. Schmitt and E. E. Scarbrough left for Stockton, Calif., Saturday where Mr. Schmitt goes to inspect the working of a steam plow, which he contemplates using on the Bohrnstedt orchards here.

C. L. Fitchard, the hop buyer, shipped 51 bales of hops from this place Tuesday. This was the last of the hops raised by Mr. Brady and had been in storage here since last fall.

County Surveyor Collier was in town Saturday and did some work on the 20-acre tract south of here recently purchased by W. E. Butler of R. E. Walker. It is Mr. Butler's intention to cut the land up into 10-acre tracts.—Chronicle.

CENSUS TAKEN OF BALDWIN'S WIVES

Late Speculator and Sport Was Four Times Married

Los Angeles, Jan. 19.—"Lucky" Baldwin's many marriages were enumerated today in Judge Rives' department of the superior court, where the contest of Beatrice Anita Rowley-Turnbull for a daughter's share in the estate of the dead multimillionaire turfman was resumed.

Attorneys for the plaintiff, after placing Everett P. Ashley, brother of the claimant's mother, Mrs. Eillian Ashley Turnbull, upon the stand, called for H. A. Unruh, executor of the will of Baldwin and brother of

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