

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 anglo-manics 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 Comtesse de Chamigny, 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 the title. III.—The Russian Grand Duke Vassili is shortly to arrive at the same hotel incognito as Herr von Grollenhagen. IV.—The Earl of Hawcastle is in need of money and wants his son to get a huge settlement of money at his marriage to Ethel. An escaped Russian bandit is located at Sorrento. V.—For some reason the comtesse fears the alleged bandit is one of her father's friends. VI.—Ethel's father, Ivanoff, Almeric tells his father Ethel has accepted him. VII.—Horace agrees to persuade his sister Ethel to settle \$750,000 on Almeric. VIII.—Ethel Horace of her delight at the prospect of her coming marriage into the ancient family of the St. Aubyns. IX.—Von Grollenhagen arrives with Daniel Voorhees Pike on foot, their auto having broken down. X.—Harold, Ethel and the Hawcastle party are disgusted with what they term the "American manner" of Pike. She tells Pike of her identity, as he had failed to recognize her in her European clothes and European deportment. XI.—The Russian refugee meets Pike, and the latter shows him a plan to hide from the Italian police. Von Grollenhagen aids Pike to do this.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NIHILIST.

WITH a hasty glance about the garden to make sure he was not observed, the refugee approached Von Grollenhagen and Daniel and spread out their hands. As he stepped forward there was a movement of the window curtains in the casement above the doorway to the hotel, and he turned; but, whatever had caused it, the movement had ceased and there was nothing apparent.

"The Italian journals call me a brigand," said the Russian, "and in this they are inspired by the Russian legation at Rome. I am known as Ivanoff Ivanovitch, and I have spent nine years in Siberia, nine years of hell. It is ten years ago since I was condemned in St. Petersburg, and you, who know nothing of the horrors of Russian prisons, cannot understand what I have suffered, my friends. I was a professor of languages, a translator in the bureau of the minister of finance, and I was trusted."

For a moment he paused and pressed his scarred hands to his lined forehead, then sighed and went on:

"I was also a member of the Blue Fifty, a Constitutionalist, and as such was able to do a little for the cause, the cause, the same, my friend"—he turned to Pike—"for which your forbears suffered and fought—the cause of liberty. I could do but little, though I tried. At last I transferred the funds of the government to the Society of the Blue Fifty. It was a small thing. It was for the cause—not one ruble for myself. I swear it!"

Von Grollenhagen started back, with a gesture of repulsion, and Ivanovitch held out his hands.

"Not one ruble for myself!" he repeated. "It was for Russia's sake, not mine!"

He paused and went on wearily:

"But I committed the great Russian crime. I was caught, and through treachery. There was an Englishman who lived in Petersburg. He had contracts with the government. I thought he was my friend—my best friend. I had married in my student days in Paris. Ah, it is the old story!" he cried bitterly. "I knew the Englishman admired my wife, but I trusted her, and I trusted him, and he made my house his home. So many have done that thing. I had 50,000 rubles in my desk—the funds I had transferred—to be delivered to my society. One day the police came to search, and they found only me—not my wife, not my English friend, not the 50,000 rubles. I went to Siberia. Now I search for those two."

He leaned against the automobile and pressed his hands over his face, while Pike and Von Grollenhagen glanced at each other sorrowfully. Finally the latter asked:

"It was they who sent the police?" And Ivanovitch replied vigorously:

"After they had taken the money and were beyond the frontier themselves. That is all I have against them."

For a moment the hunted look left his eyes, and into them came the ravenous gleam of the hunting, starving wolf. His fingers clasped and unclasped themselves spasmodically, and there was a set look about his jaws that spoke ill for the guilty pair should they ever meet this man with the manacles off his hands.

The lawyer shuddered slightly as he gazed at him, and he laughed a short, hard laugh.

"Looks to me as if that would be about enough to have against them," he said. Von Grollenhagen stood combing his wiry beard with strong fingers

and evidently studying the case. At last he spoke.

"Then by your own confession you are an embezzler and a revolutionist," he said, and at Ivanovitch's start of



"Not one ruble for myself. I swear it!"

object misery and contrition Pike stepped forward and laid his hand on the German's arm.

"The man's down," he said gently. "You wouldn't go back on him now?"

He waited an instant and then chuckled grimly in a thin, humorous way. "Besides, you've made yourself one of his confederates, doc," he finished.

As he spoke Von Grollenhagen glanced at him quickly, and his eyes took on a tinge of surprise.

"Upon my soul, but I have, my friend!" Then he laughed outright.

"Ah, from the first sight of you in the hotel at Napoli I saw that you were a great man."

Daniel looked at him and grinned in his face.

"What you doing, doc—running for congress?" he asked, and the German joined him in the humor of the situation and then turned gravely to the Russian.

"I fear the carabinieri did not depart without suspicion."

"Suspicion?" echoed Ivanovitch bitterly. "They will watch every exit from the hotel and grounds. What can I do until dark?" Pike interrupted him quickly and motioned to the hotel.

"Why, doc, he's got the whole lower floor of this wing. You're his chauffeur!"

"I was about to suggest it," interrupted Von Grollenhagen, in his turn, with some grimness of manner. "I have a room that can well be spared for Professor Ivanovitch."

"How can I ever thank you? God bless you both!" said the Russian, going toward them with outstretched hands.

"Huh! Don't waste time talking about it," said Pike. "I shouldn't be surprised if you were hungry."

He took the refugee by the arm and steered him in the direction of the hotel, and as the three entered the hotel door the curtains above the entrance



He kissed her hand rapturously.

were agitated violently and the head of Lady Creech popped out of the casement with the suddenness of a Punch. From the keen look on her face one might have imagined that had it not been for her deafness she might have heard every word of the conversation that had gone on below her. As it was, after gazing anxiously in the direction of the road she withdrew her head sharply and within a minute came out of the door of the hotel just in time to encounter Horace and Mme. de Chamigny coming in from the grove. She approached them at once.

"Have you seen my brother?" she demanded excitedly. "Where is Lord Hawcastle?"

Horace looked at her with surprise.

"On the other side of the garden, Lady Creech," he answered, "down there on the terrace," and watched, with some amusement, the speedy efforts of the grim old lady as she hurried off.

The amusement, however, rapidly gave place to a more interesting pastime, for, summoning all his callow courage, he set himself vigorously to hint at a possible union between himself and the noble countess.

It was evident from the first word that the lady was prepared for him and that, while she intended to offer him every bit of encouragement in her power, she would not be satisfied with anything short of a definite proposal and more likely before witnesses if possible.

He made his initial move with some gayety. She returned his banter with a mock seriousness and in answer to his challenge on her somber mood replied:

"But I cannot believe you are always serious, my friend."

"Try me," he demanded eagerly. "Set me some task to prove how seri-

ous I am." She smiled at him.

"Gladly," she said. "Complete this odious settlement. Overcome the resistance of this bad man who so troubles your sweet sister."

Horace took her hand and murmured:

"You promise me that when it is settled I may speak to you?"

"Yes. You may speak to me—when you please." And at the words he kissed her hand rapturously.

In the meantime the suddenly rejuvenated Lady Creech had found her brother-in-law and had imparted to him words of the utmost importance. She had temporarily forgotten her deafness, or else the agitation that possessed her had removed it, for she was bordering upon "a state of mind."

She walked him back to the hotel when she found him and talked continuously all the way, and as she talked his excitement grew to match her own. As they approached the garden Lady Creech said to him:

"I couldn't hear distinctly, for they mumbled their words, but upon my soul, Hawcastle, even if I couldn't hear well, I saw enough."

(To be Continued.)

'Twas A Glorious Victory.

There's rejoicing in Fedora, Tenn. A man's life has been saved, and now Dr. King's New Discovery is the talk of the town for curing C. V. Pepper of deadly lung hemorrhages. "I could not work nor get about," he writes, "and the doctors did me no good, but, after using Dr. King's New Discovery three weeks, I feel like a new man, and can do good work again." For weak, sore or diseased lungs, Coughs and Colds, Hemorrhages, Hay Fever, LaGrippe, Asthma or any Bronchial affection it stands unrivaled. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial Bottle free. Sold and guaranteed by A. F. Long.

TANGLED WEB WEAVED DURING THAW'S TRIAL

Mother's Testimony to Save Son Is Proving a Boomerang.

White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 3.—How Harry K. Thaw conducted himself at the Matteawan asylum was described by Dr. Amos B. Baker, first assistant physician of the institution. District Attorney Jerome expects to be through with the state's alienists today and Charles Morschauser, Thaw's lawyer, will put his client on the stand, possibly late in the afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw heard Jerome introduce against her son testimony she had willingly given heretofore to save his life. This testimony was seized upon by the state to prove the young man insane. It included the mother's accounts of his nervous temperament as a child, materially valuable to Thaw when he was in danger of the electric chair, but now menacing to his hope of proving himself a sane man. One thing quoted by the district attorney was her statement concerning the prisoner that "his body was too puny for his head."

Last fall the prison authorities searched Thaw's pockets when he was asleep and the next day he offered \$500 reward for the detection of anyone tampering with his clothes. The fruits of this search appeared in court when Dr. Baker handed in as evidence about thirty newspaper clippings. They were not read.

DAM BURSTS; 2 LIVES LOST

Houses Swept Away and Crops Destroyed Near Morelos, Mex.

Morelos, Mex., Aug. 3.—Two were killed and three hurt, several houses were swept away and crops destroyed by the bursting of a dam across the San Juan river, near here. The wreck was caused by a cloudburst. The damage is estimated at \$500,000.

Ocean of Water Is Set Free.

Fort Morgan, Colo., Aug. 3.—The retaining wall of the Empire reservoir, holding more than three million cubic feet of water, has given way. The surrounding country is flooded.

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BY OUR REGULAR CORPS OF NEWS-GATHERERS.

WEST CARPENTER.

Frank Eck was at Rensselaer Monday.

The hum of the threshing machine is in our vicinity.

Martin Cain was cutting oats with two binders. Tom Porter helped him.

Oats are booming, 33 cents per bushel. Some of the farmers want 15 bushels per acre.

On Wednesday, August 4th, Frank Eck was surprised when he sat down to dinner to partake of some roasting ears out of his garden. He says, as he was eating those roasting ears, he looked out of his door and saw a man cutting oats on what is known as the old Frank Phelps farm, and that it is the first time he ever ate roasting ears in oats cutting time. Hurrah for Indiana!

Seared With A Hot Iron, or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c. at A. F. Long's.

AIK.

Everybody is very busy threshing and the grain is turning out very well.

Cecil Swaim, Frank and Carter Garriott were Rensselaer goes Wednesday.

Several of the boys around here attended the minstrel show at Rensselaer Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Ray Williams and baby visited with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Davidson, Tuesday.

Indus, Zelah, Earl and Charlie Wiseman attended the picnic at Park Sunday and report a nice time.

Mrs. Carter Garriott and children are visiting with her sister, Mrs. John Belcher of South Bend, for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and Iris Comer of Parr, visited with their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Garriott, Tuesday.

Chas. Lakin, who has been at the bedside of his wife, who was operated on in a Chicago hospital last week, reports her as getting along quite well, and will probably be able to come home in two weeks.

Zeb Swaim's two children who have been very sick with typhoid fever, are better, but still another one of the girls is taking it now. The little boy that broke his arm last week is improving nicely. Surely Mr. and Mrs. Swaim are having their share of sickness lately.

The Crime of Idleness.

Idleness means trouble for any one. It's the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, headache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 25c at A. F. Long's.

SURREY.

We need some rain. It is good and hot here.

Dan Wirick is thinking something.

He is trying to rent a house.

Ed Gilmore completed a new well for Mr. Lornegan last week.

Charles Parks has been helping E. S. Thornton with his oats, which are good this season.

Miss Alice Parks returned home from a six weeks visit with her brother at Bainbridge.

C. Dewitt, who got his arm broken so badly at Fair Oaks the 4th, is getting much better.

The blackberry crop proves to be very poor this season as so many of them have dried up.

What oats that have been threshed here are yielding nearly 30 bushels, and the quality is fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Natie Chupp have moved into a new house, lately built by his father for their use.

The parties who have been marketing pickles at the Parr plant say they are of very good quality.

A. J. Freeland's new dwelling is nearing completion. It is a good structure of modern architecture.

Wages have been the highest this harvest season they have been for many years and average \$2.00 per day.

Those wanting to get cheap land in the west can get it at wholesale of the parties who homesteaded in Colorado last May.

Rankin Halstead rides a new motorcycle. It is a very poor thing for a bachelor like him to ride, for it will not carry double.

Jake Jungles met with a bad accident to his engine Saturday while moving his threshing machine. The fuel cleaner fell into the gear wheels.

Now what do you think, George Rusch has got a lot of fine furniture of Montgomery and has got it in shape to use. He says the next thing to come is the lady.

The mutual telephone move is being discussed with much interest. Here it is thought to be the best move of that kind ever made for the benefit of the farmers. Let all the farmers work while a good thing is before them. If this move proves successful there will be nearly everyone in this vicinity have a telephone put in.

MILROY.

Ed Herman was in Lee Sunday evening.

Ruvla Herman was a Lee caller Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Wood was in Lee Monday morning.

Jas. Clark cut oats for Wm. Brock the first of the week.

Wm. Halstead spent Sunday night with G. L. Parks and family.

Mrs. Thomas Spencer visited her mother at Monticello last week.

John Southard and family ate dinner Sunday with Mrs. L. Foulks.

Mrs. Louisa Foulks and Mrs. Roy Williams went to Monon Monday.

Chas. Smith and Jean Marchand went Monday to Kansas on a prospecting trip.

Mrs. Fred May and children spent Friday and Saturday of this week with home folks.

Creighton Clark and family and Thomas Spencer and family called on Geo. Foulks' Sunday.

Mrs. Lud Clark and Mrs. John Mitchell helped Mrs. Ed Herman cook for threshers Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCashan and little daughter visited the former's mother and sister Tuesday.

Mrs. Blair and children of Piper City, Ill., spent the first of the week with G. L. Parks and family.

Mrs. Byron Hill and children of Mommence, Ill., are spending this week with Geo. Woods and family.

Earl Foulks and Elmer Gilmore returned home Sunday evening from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Clark near Morocco.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saltwell returned Saturday from Francesville where they were called to attend the funeral of a cousin of Mr. Saltwell's, residing at that place.

The basket meeting announced last week will be held in R. Foulks' grove, north of Banner school house. Rev. Northrup, pastor of the M. E. church at Monon, will deliver a sermon in the afternoon. Sunday school and other services will be held in the morning.

The Lee orchestra have kindly consented to be present, with their instructor, V. Young of Monon. Come and bring your baskets.

EGYPT.

Oats cutting is a thing of the past. W. F. Michael was a Rensselaer goer Monday.

Roy Buckle commenced work for D. V. Blake Tuesday.

Charles and Jesse Gray were seen in this locality Sunday.

James Bicknell called on Jasper Pass Sunday afternoon.

Joseph Nelson is cleaning the Egypt cemetery this week.

Mrs. McCashan spent last week with her son Alva and wife.

Bruce Stevens of Morocco was seen in this locality again Saturday.

Iva Blake spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Blake.

Mrs. George Kennedy and daughter Velma were in Rensselaer Saturday.

James Bicknell and Charles Antcliff hauled corn to Foresman Tuesday.

Roy Michael and Nate Welsh took Sunday dinner with the Bullis boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cook spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Galley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Saylor visited the latter's brother, Ora Ritchey, Sunday.

Wilbur Bowers and Fred Berger went to the show at Goodland Tuesday night.

John Michael went to visit his sister, Mrs. Philip Heuson, last Thursday.

Mrs. Jasper Pass is the proud owner of a three hundred and fifty dollar piano.

Hannah and Kate Welsh attended Sunday school at the Bullis school house Sunday.

Ansel Pruett started Thursday for Larimore, N. D., where he will work through harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Dunn and children picked blackberries at Willard Pruett's Monday.

Mrs. Charles Harris and mother, Mrs. Timmons, visited James A. Keister and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Antcliff and daughter Pearl, and son Charles and family, visited at Charles Antcliff's Sunday.

Mrs. Cassie Chapin of Brook and Mrs. Emily Bullis of Kewanna visited last Thursday with Frank Welsh and family.

Victor and Vance Michael took Sunday dinner at Frank Welsh's and in the afternoon they and the Welsh boys played ball down at the slough.

Leonard Keister delivered twenty-five quarts of blackberries to Mort Ritchey Thursday afternoon and as hot as it was, Mort rolled up his sleeves and had all of those berries canned before dark.

Milk cows in this vicinity are selling rather high. D. V. Blake sold one to Alf Peters at sixty-five dollars and not a very fine looking cow either. Come this way again Alf, others have Jerseys to sell.

FAIR OAKS.

Mrs. T. J. Mallatt is some better at this writing.

Clayton Moffitt left here Saturday to work in the harvest field.

Mrs. Cottingham has moved back into her own property this week.

Clayton Moffitt left here Saturday for his home in Davenport, North Dakota.

Jud Hunt and Chas. Blue of Rensselaer were in town between trains Tuesday.

A. T. Wiseman of near Wheatfield is visiting his sister, Mrs. Mallatt, this week.

Doss Norman and family of Rens-

selaer visited relatives here in Fair Oaks Sunday.

My, but we got a heavy rain and electric storm in these parts Wednesday evening.

George Barker, who has been up in Michigan since last winter, returned last week.

Mrs. Otto Cedarwell and children of east of town visited with her aunt, Edith Moffitt Friday.

Mrs. Ed Lakin is away visiting home folks during Ed's absence. He is expected home Wednesday.

Alfonda Clifton moved back from the country Tuesday and occupies one of Mat Karr's properties.

Chas. Halleck, who has been away canvassing for his nursery for a week, returned home the first of the week.

Willie Cottingham has got a position with Sam Richey at Wheatfield, as car repairer on the C. & E. I. R. R.

Mrs. Dan Wood, of just out of town, has installed a brand-new organ in her house for her little daughter Edna.

Mrs. Chas. Barker and children and Miss Cora Trump returned home Tuesday after a week's visit with relatives near Yeddo.

Cloyd Clifton, Bert Umfree, Fred McCay and John Kight left here for North Dakota the first of the week to work in the harvest field.

The pickle people shipped out a couple more car loads of old pickles the past week. They took in over one hundred bushels of new ones Wednesday.

A Mr. Frank Southerland of Ohio came here the latter part of the week looking after some matrimonial affairs, it is said. He only tarried a couple of hours or so.

We got a nice shower Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning which was very much needed in some parts as the weather has been very hot and dry. Corn is advancing very fast now. Threshing has begun but the showers will cause them to lay off a day or so. There has not been any stacking of grain as yet.

Pain anywhere stopped in 20 minutes with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. The formula is on the 25-cent box. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about this formula! Stops womanly pains, headache, pains anywhere. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for free trial, to prove value of his Headache, or Pink Pain Tablets. Sold by All Dealers.

PARR.

Jay Wilcox spent Sunday evening at J. L. Babcock's.

Mrs. C. Caldwell is on the sick list at this writing.

Edward Reish is visiting his sister, Mrs. Jesse Eldridge.

Sherman Renicker and family are preparing to move to Colorado this week.

John Gaffey who was run over with a binder the other day, is getting along very good.

Misses Helen Murray and Neil Myers of Rensselaer are visiting Miss Blanche Babcock this week.

Quite a number from here attended the 48th birthday anniversary of Mrs. David Alter last Sunday.

On account of the rainy weather oats threshing is rather dull for the present, but the people like to see rain for the pickles.

Andrew Potts and Jesse Eldridge started from here Monday night for a trip in the west, both expecting to take a claim in Colorado.

Joe Gunyon left Monday for Indianapolis where he will visit his parents before going to Iowa, where he is employed for the summer.

J. N. Price, Sr., was overcome with heat last Monday noon while on his way home from the farm where he had been trimming hedge. He is getting along nicely at this writing.

Mrs. Isaac Brubaker came Sunday evening to make an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Blankenbaker and friends here, before leaving for her future home in Colorado.

The five-cent show at Wood's hall last Saturday night was well attended and the pictures were fine. The show will still be continued on each Saturday night. Everybody come and enjoy yourself.

The Illinois Pickle Co. is getting along very nicely with their construction of the pickle tanks and a good many pickles have been brought in already. They are having a well drilled and expect to bottle the pickles here.

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