

The Man From Home

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

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This romance deals with a curious admixture of American plainness and European high life; with a young Indiana girl dazzled by a title and in the clutches of a quartet of sharpers headed by an impunctuous British peer; with the girl's Anglomaniac brother, a Russian noble in disguise, an escaped Russian convict and a faithless wife, and, most important of all, with the girl's shrewd, witty, courageous, resourceful guardian, Daniel Voorhees Pike of Kokomo. Daniel loves the Indiana girl and is determined to save her from the sharpers even against her own will. Read and you will learn how Daniel, with but a single friend to aid him, faced a most difficult dilemma and why he figured so prominently in an international romance in which heredity was more important than hearts and cupidity far more conspicuous than Cupid.

CHAPTER I

"IT'S A GIRL!"



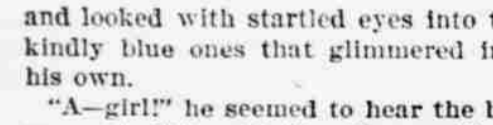
"SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE HON. ALMERIC ST. AUBYN."

His feet on the desk of the office in the Central Bank building, the giant man with the stern features and the kindly gray eyes that always seemed a perpetual rebuke to the face in which they were set, ruminated over the letter he held in his hand. His neck was to the door—a half glass door—which was also the main and only entrance to the room and which bore upon its translucent surface in rugged letters, worn by the polishing the glass had undergone, the words, "Daniel Voorhees Pike, Attorney at Law."



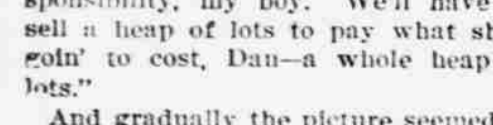
"DAN," he said, "it's a girl!"

And he heard the gasp the boy gave forth as he turned about on his stool



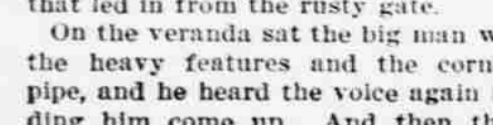
"I should like much to know his name."

The earl smiled and went on with his breakfast.



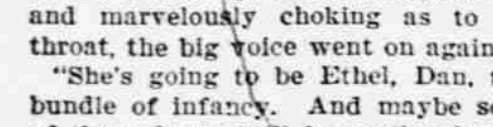
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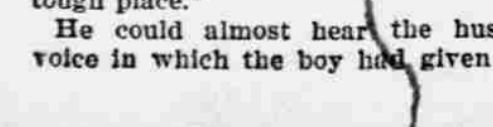
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required promise and the awe with which he heard that the newest atom of humanity to arrive was already homeless, and then the picture faded again, when came a succession of similar views.

He saw the dingy real estate office grow into a respectable brick building, and then into a handsome stone edifice, and the heavy featured man turn grayer and grayer and more somber and more hunched, and he could remember the day when the tiny Ethel was brought to the office for the first time and of the manner in which she began to grow up. He recalled the day when she reached the mature age of twelve and of how he had presented to her a little blank after the manner in which he had blushed for all his twenty-five years.

And then he recalled the day when John Simpson had confided to him that the "kids" were to be given advantages and were to be sent abroad to school. This, he recalled as if it had been yesterday the feeling with which he had gone off into a corner and wrestled with the gift that had been his. He could even see the fluttering hand that waved to him from the car window as the train took her and her brother away.

Suddenly the door behind him opened and shut quickly, and quick steps caused him to drop his feet to the floor. He turned and found a visitor at his elbow.

"Dan," said the newcomer, "it's all yours. Jenkins just got a telegram that the K. and G. has decided to offer you the representation for this end of the state."

"That so?" responded Pike aimlessly.

"Of course it's so, man!" replied the other, shaking him vigorously by the shoulder. "Wake up, can't you? It's worth fifteen thousand a year to you!"

Pike turned quizzical eyes upon his friend and folded the letter he held in his hand.

"Much obliged to you, Tom," he said. "I guess I'm kind of upset today. Got a letter here that—got me a little. I'm thinking of going away for a spell."

"Going away?" ejaculated his friend with wide eyes. "Going away! Where?"

"I guess I'll take a trip across the water," replied Pike dreamily. "All ways wanted to see those foreign parts, those Venices and Romes and Londons. Must be a queer tribe over there, Tom. Not much like us plain folks here, eh? Lots of high and mighty dukes and earls and things and coats of arms and crowns and coaches with white horses, eh?"

Tom Perkins sat down in a chair with a gasp of astonishment. He stared at his friend with frank amazement written on his face and opened his mouth twice before his lips formed the words, "Europe, eh?"

"Europe," he said at last.

"Europe," he replied. "Say, Tom, you remember Jim Cooley? They sent Jim over there, didn't they? Made him vice consul or something over in London? I'd maybe get a chance to see Jim and talk to him about—about old times."

His voice died down, and he regarded the wall again.

"Never happened to hear of folks over there of the name of—of Hawcastle, did you, Tom?" he went on. "I don't know what sort of business they are in, but I guess they're well to do. Never happened to hear of them, eh?"

Perkins shook his head, and Pike went on:

"Maybe I'll write to Jim Cooley and ask him about these people. Jim'd be likely to know 'em, I guess. Vice consul must be a pretty big bug over there."

"Law case?" asked Perkins suddenly.

"Sort of," answered Pike quietly. "I don't know that I'd call it just that. Perhaps the trip would be a change anyway. And I'd like to see this man Hawcastle."

"Where does this Hawcastle live?" asked Perkins.

"England. Got a house he calls Hawcastle Hall."

"What about the K. and G.?" asked Perkins suddenly.

"I don't know what it is, but I'll have to wait awhile."

Perkins stood up resolutely and faced his friend.

"There's something wrong with you, Dan," he said emphatically. "There's something mighty wrong. It ain't like you to go running off this way unless there's something behind it. He stopped, for Pike was whistling softly to himself, whistling like the man who is striving to recall some tune that is only half forgotten. Then he turned to Perkins.

"Remember that old time, Tom," he asked. "Remember that old time, Tom," he asked.



"Ethel in a big garden hat."

sort of seem to attract 'em over there. It must be a mighty fine place."

"Huh!" replied Perkins disgustedly. "What's the matter with Kokomo? Why don't that girl come back home and marry and settle down? Tell me that."

Pike smiled quietly, and his head seemed to sink into his shoulders a trifle as he thrust his hands into his pockets.

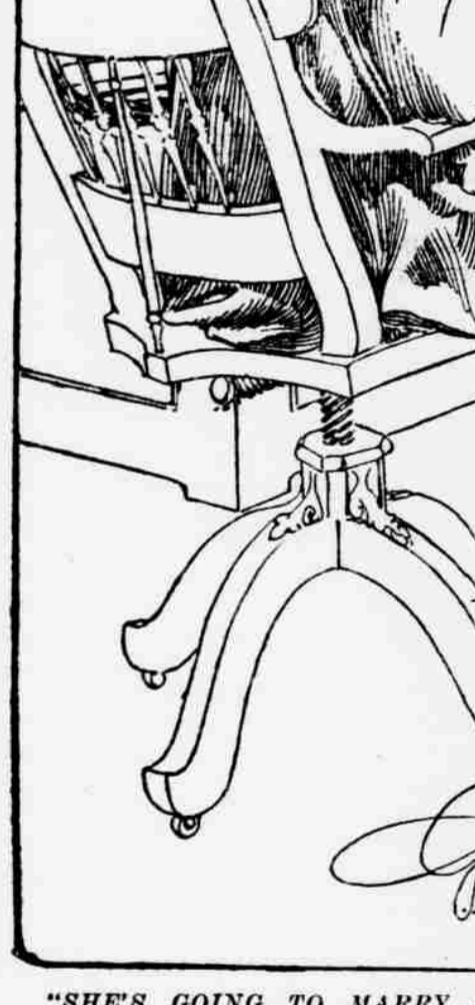
"I guess she's going to marry and settle down, Tom, all right," he said slowly. "From what I hear she's going to marry one of those dukes or earls I was mentioning."

"Marry a foreigner?" cried Perkins, jumping to his feet. "Why, I thought she—"

"Never mind what you thought, Tom," returned Pike. "I'm telling you she's going to be married. That's why I guess she won't be likely to come back to Kokomo. I guess Kokomo's a pretty poor looking place after some of those other places she's been seeing."

"How do you know?" asked Perkins, drawing his chair forward.

Pike lifted the letter he had folded up



"SHE'S GOING TO MARRY THE HON. ALMERIC ST. AUBYN."

"I got this from her," he said simply. "Want to know what's in it?"

"Yes," answered Perkins.

"I can't let you read it, but it's from a place in Italy—Sorrento," he went on slowly, moulting the unfamiliar word. "She says she's going to marry the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn, heir to the ancient house of Hawcastle. And she wants to make a settlement on him. She can't marry without my consent, you know, Tom. If she does the money goes to the Kokomo Orphan asylum."

"Going to give your consent?" inquired Perkins.

"Don't know," answered Pike. "I've got to look the young man over first. I promised John Simpson I'd always look after her. That was when she was born. He said girls sometimes got into a tight place and they'd need some one to pull them out. Sounds good, doesn't it, Tom? Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn. Must be a member of congress or something over there. Maybe he'll be senator some day. I can't object. Tom, if he's got a show to make a good living for her, can't he? Say, what is a settlement, anyway? You don't suppose I've been keeping her short of money, do you, and she's had to borrow?"

Perkins shook his head gloomily.

"Don't ask me," he said. "I don't know anything about women. Why, Dan, I thought you'd mapped it out to marry."

"That'll do for that," said Pike quickly. "Well, not talk about that now, Tom. Suppose you go down to Archie Toombs and ask him about Sorrento and how to get there and when a fellow gets there after he starts. I'm going to write a letter to Jim Cooley and get him to hunt up this Hawcastle."

When Perkins had gone Pike pulled open the letter and read it once again. It was the most formal of notes, beginning "Dear Mr. Pike," and ending "Yours sincerely." It contained a brief notice of the writer's intentions, or rather, intentions in the event of a certain contrepas that to her seemed inevitable, and trusted that the end would meet with his approval.

He signed as he folded it and returned it to its envelope.

"And that ends the guardianship," he muttered. "Wonder what I'm going to do with the old house now?"

From a drawer in his desk he pulled a framed picture that showed a delicate featured girl, with big, frank eyes and a wealth of light, curling hair that was half hidden by a big

garden hat. There was a smile about the lips that seemed very engaging, and the mouth dress she wore had been accentuated in its simplicity by the art of the London photographer. Pike had preserved the picture, which had been given to him by old John Simpson the day before he died, and he sighed as he looked at it.

Then he laid it face down upon the desk and dropped his chin into his hand. It may have been an hour that he sat there, and in that time never a thought of his legal business crossed his mind. He was busy with a fanciful picture of an unknown city that in spite of his desire wished to take on the aspects of a larger Kokomo, and in his fancy he could see a big, well knit young fellow bending eagerly over to look into the face of a girl, and he heard her call him Almeric.

"Must be a mighty fine man," he mused—"a fine big man—to capture her."

Then Perkins came in to ask if Pike wished to sail from New York for Havre in two days' time, stating that it would be necessary to leave that night if Pike wished to take passage on her.

"I'll go, Tom," he said. "Maybe you'll drop in here once in awhile and tell folks that ask for me that I'll be back in a month or so."

Then he sat down and wrote to Jim Cooley at London.

As it that night he stepped aboard an eastbound train and the next morning was in New York. Sorrento seemed a long way off, and it was with a heavy heart that he walked up the gangplank of La Provence.

CHAPTER II

SIX years of life abroad, and these during the most impressive period of their young lives, had left an indelible imprint upon the two young people.

Horace Simpson had taken to himself the manners of the Harrow and Oxford schools. He had acquired the society of what he had learned, with parrot-like aptness, to call those "vulgar Americans" and had confined his social intercourse solely to such of the European "haut ton" as he could manage to scrape acquaintance with.

And this last was a somewhat uphill task, for whatever else one may say about the English, they are inclined to view with very little favor the pos-

patrons in return for modest and well put advertisement.

Strangely enough, the Hawcastle-Creech combination did not drag the willing Simpsons into the glittering presence of the real set.

On the contrary, with a somewhat dog in the manger policy, they awakened both the earl and his sister-in-law to the fact that they wished no sharers in those American dollars that John Simpson had sweated his brow for, and as a consequence they proposed a little trip—a quiet, anti-season trip—to Sorrento, where not a guest would disturb them and where matters might be given a chance to right themselves.

And there, strangely enough, the Simpsons met the Comtesse Champany and were quite delighted to find the gifted and brilliant Frenchwoman an intimate of the earl's. The second morning of their arrival the gay comtesse put in an appearance and with a promptitude that was astonishing took young Horace under the widowly wing and marked him as her own. And that same morning the noble earl took his equally noble son into the shrubbery and spoke to him.

"You've got to do it, St. Aubyn," he said. "The family honor is at stake. For heaven's sake, marry the little fool! What if her scoundrel name is Simpson? You can make her forget it."

We are stony broke, my good boy, and she has a hundred and fifty thousand. This will keep us going for another year or two, and if Helene can capture the young ass, Horace, I'll force her to divide with me."

"But it's such a beastly bore, governor," drawled Almeric St. Aubyn, and he flicked idly at the rhododendron bushes with his stick.

He was a pale, washed out youth, with an inimitable drawl and a shimmering of intellect that might, if it had been given an opportunity, have resolved itself into a good working imitation of a brain. To his friends he was a blank as the white rhododendron bushes with his stick.

"You see, governor," the honorable Almeric went on, "it isn't as if I cared for the little gal. I'm a queer beggar, you know, and it's awfully rough on a chap to pretend interest in such a little vulgarian. Of course I know we're awfully hard up and all that sort of thing, but—"

His noble father seized him roughly by the arm.

"You don't have to live with her, you know," he said savagely. "It will be easy enough to make it so unpleasant for the mix that she'll be glad to go back to the States, and she can't get back a penny. We'll have that tight enough."

"Oh, all right, old chap!" he drawled. "I'll lift her to the infernal seventh heaven, or whatever you call it. Don't expect me to moon over her, though."

And that compact being settled, the earl went off for his morning walk along the cliff, and Almeric to keep his engagement for a morning ride with Ethel Granger-Simpson.

CHAPTER III

AN hour later Mariano, the maitre d'hotel of the Regina Margherita, stepped out upon the terrace and began to lay a cloth upon one of the smaller round tables that stood close to the white marble balustrade. On the other side of the wall could be heard the mandolins and guitars of the fishermen, and Mariano glanced up crossly as the song arose upon the morning air.

"Silenzio!" he cried, and for a moment the music died down.

Mariano went at once to the table upon which he had spread the cloth and placed silverware and delicate china upon it, and he was thus engaged when Michele, the commissionaire, appeared at the top of a flight of marble steps that led into the eastern wing of the hotel, fronting on the terrace.

"Here is M. Ribiere to see you, sir," he said softly, with a backward glance at his shoulder, and Mariano straightened up instantly, with a smile of welcome, for Ribiere was an old and valued acquaintance in the genteel art of soft Italian legal stealing.

A tall, alert young Frenchman, clad in an English walking suit of gray and carrying a portfolio, beneath his arm, ran lightly down the steps and approached the maitre d'hotel.

"Ah, Mariano!" he cried as he approached.

The maitre d'hotel threw up his hands in despair, and his round eyes rolled heavenward.

"Again incognito! Every year he comes to these hotels for two, three or four days, but always incognito!"

Ribiere paid little attention to him, but opened a notebook and removed a frown upon his forehead. Mariano shrugged his shoulders and went on setting the table, then stopped and looked up.

"Each time we lose the honor to have it known," he went on. "In Naples, everywhere, are such American peoples that would give large pourboire to mingle with his highness."

"The secretary lifted a warning finger."

"Have I not said it to be incognito, and yet you prate of highness in the first breath. Would you wish to show me Herr Grollenhagen? He looked sternly at the man opposite him. "See that you do not offend again." He consulted his watch.

"He comes in his machine from Naples. As on former visits, all is to be as before. No one must guess. To show me Herr Grollenhagen?"

"Herr Grollenhagen?" ejaculated Mariano quickly and with astonishment in his round features. "Herr Grollenhagen?"

"He wishes to be known as a German," went on M. Ribiere. "It pleases him to be so thought."

"The secretary smiled in a superior manner."

"You have said it. Last night he talked by chance to a strange North American in the hotel at Napoli. Apparently he is much interested. Today he has that stranger for companion in his automobile. I remonstrate. What use? He laugh for one-half the hour. Again a blank as the white rhododendron bushes with his stick. For some moments he stood with the napkin in his hands gazing out over the wonderful bay that lay before the hotel.

"He is not like those cousin of his in Petersburg and Moscow," he said at last, with a sigh of awe in his tones. "And it's through monsignor, who is so good and though, will not the anarchist strike against the name of even royalty himself? You have not that fear?"

The secretary shivered in the soft warm air and seized his companion by the wrist.

"I have!" he said quickly. "He has not. I take what precautions I can secretly from him. But of what use? You have few patrons?"

A smile crossed Mariano's face, and he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"It is yet so early in the season. Those poor musician"—he pointed off beyond the gates—"they wait always at every gate to play when they shall see any coming, but of late they are disappearing. Within, there is no hotel, are but sex people, all of one party!"

An expression of relief crossed the Frenchman's face, and he opened his notebook quickly.

"Good!" he murmured. "Who are they?"

Mariano scratched his head with one ruminative finger and bent his brows upon the table in thought.

"There is milor, an English excellency—the Earl of Hawcastle; there is also his son, the excellency honorable Almeric St. Aubyn; there is Miladi Creeche, an English miladi, who is sister-in-law to Milor Hawcastle."

"Quickly Ribiere jotted down the names in his book and then looked up.

"Three English," he said. "Good so far. Those English are safe."

Mariano went on:

"There is an American signorina, Mees Granger-Seemponse, Miladi Creeche travel with her to be chaparran. 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 Creeche?" interrupted the Frenchman, with a puzzled frown.

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

Ribiere, who was rapidly in his notebook and without looking up said:

"Who else is there?"

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

"Always incognito!"

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 care had hung over a little more heavily upon him than 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 of his well groomed Englishman knows no peer on earth, while the jaunty exactness of his snowy pama-sama 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 cheerfulness that 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, restoring them with reverential care upon a side table. As the earl unfolded the paper he glanced up.

"No English papers," he said.

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

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

"It has not to say, madame," he replied. "That is all. And will milor and Mme. de Champany excuse me? And may I take the journal? There is one who should see it."

Hawcastle smiled slightly at his excitement and nodded.

"Very well, Mariano," he said, and Mariano, with another jerk that was supposed to include both of the illustrations, crossed disappeared with a speediness that was alarming. For an instant there was a 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 Irandu," he said, but the assurance did not seem to carry weight with madame, for she leaned her chin in her hand and looked off over the bay, and there was a troubled look in her eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

Old Clothes Made New

By the Henderson Pressing Club.

We guarantee to take your old clothes and make them as good as new, removing dirt and discoloration, and if we fail your money is cheerfully refunded. If you want your work done perfectly send us your old clothes if they are done send someone else everything in the cleaning and pressing line. We don't have to experiment on your clothes to learn how to do them. A series of four years' experience will tell us how and fourteen years' practical working at the trade qualifies us to know how to do everything in the line in strictly up-to-date fashion. We also make a specialty of work for ladies, such as skirts, shirt waists, kid gloves, etc. Send everything to us or phone and we will call for same in any part of town.

J. R. PRATT.

Next door to Borsary's Drug Store. PHONE 380-B.

Notice of Administration.

HAVING QUALIFIED BEFORE THE Hon. Judge of the Superior Court of this County as administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of the late Bette B. Black, I hereby give notice as follows: That I will call on all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me on or before the 1st day of May, 1910, or the notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 27th day of April, 1909. GUSSE C. BLACKWELL, Administratrix with will annexed.

ROANOKE BRICK CO

WELDON, N. C.

Manufacturers of BRICK OF ALL KINDS FIRE BRICK A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given orders. J. J. BETSCH, Henderson, N. C. Local Ad.

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