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Take ONE of the Little Tablets and the Pain is Gone

HEADACHE NEURALGIA

"Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills have been used by me for rheumatic pains, headache and pain in back and sides, and in every case they gave perfect satisfaction."
Henry Coomer, N. Y.

AND THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM and SCIATICA

25 Doses 25 Cents

Your Druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and he is authorized to return the price of the first package (only) if it fails to relieve promptly.

BERMUDA \$15 and up

First Class Round Trip

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STEAMER SAILS MAY 25th, 3 P. M.

Way to the Most Delightful Month in Bermuda. Bath in the clearest of turquoise water. Every outdoor recreation. Fields of rare and beautiful flowers in gorgeous bloom. Less than two days from New York by the superb 18-knot twin-screw ocean flyer "Prince George" (equipped with wireless). The fastest and most comfortable steamer to Bermuda. Itinerary and booklet of Bermuda-Atlantic S. S. Co., 24 State St., N. Y.

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for Ladies and Gentlemen

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Complete Your DINNER

by ordering your fine point systems on the half shell

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Rockwell's Hotel and Annex

Luzerne, New York

On the Hudson River, near Lake Luzerne, surrounded by wooded mountains at the gateway to the Adirondacks in the Switzerland of America.

Accommodations for 100

Rates \$15.00 Per Week and Upward

Large, light dining room with private tables

Newly Furnished Rooms

All Summer Amusements

Garage and Excellent Accommodation for Motorists

45 Minutes from Saratoga. Write A. G. CUSHMAN R 24 b5*

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, DISTRICT OF BRIDGEPORT, ss. PROBATE COURT.

May 29th, 1909.

Estate of Julia A. Gilbane, late of the town of Bridgeport, in said District, deceased.

The Court of Probate for the District of Bridgeport, hath limited and allowed six months from the date hereof for the Creditors of said Estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time, will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

PATRICK J. GILBANE, Administrator.

Farmer Want Ad. 1c a

The Man From Home

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON** and **HARRY LEON WILSON**

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association

(Continued.)

"You haven't heard the last of this course you?" he said and disappeared quickly. Lady Creech, 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 Creech," he said. "I will look after her—in the future."

Lady Creech put up her lorgnette and stared at him and 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 testimony.

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 he—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."

CHAPTER XVIII

MR. UNDERWOOD.

LADY CREECH was out early the next morning. Perhaps she had hoped that something might be saved from the wreck and recalled 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.

"Mornin', 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 Creech 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. Beastly 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 this morning?" asked Almeric when he had digested his astonishment.

"Having 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 Creech 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.

"Four men seemed in a hurry last night," he said.

Almeric started violently, but Lady Creech 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 paper had—he'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—what you Americans call 'mixing him,' isn't it?"

"He 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, say that! I don't know that it was so necessary for her to hush him up, but it showed a very worthy intention in 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.

"You'll find her some day," she said quietly.

twilight. And I shall be far away, keeping the promise that I have made and living out—my destiny."

"What destiny?" he asked gravely.

"I am bound to Almeric by his misfortune. He has to bear a name that is disgraced, and it is my duty to help him bear it—to help him make it honorable again, to inspire him in the struggle that lies before him to rise above it by his own efforts, in the product of his work."

"Work?" asked Pike in astonishment.

"Yes," she went on. "No matter how humbly he begins and no matter what it costs me, I must be with him, helping him, isn't that true?"

"That's what any good, brave woman would do," he said.

"It must be done. I haven't seen Almeric since last night. I must see him now. I've shirked facing him today. He has always been so light and gay that I dread seeing him bending under

"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.

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"Somehow it doesn't seem likely as 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 unworried 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 homey old house up on Main street, you know; it's the house you were born in. It's kind of lonesome sometimes, and then I get to thinking she's there, sitting at an old piano that used to be my mother's and singing to me—"

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"Mr. Granger-Simpson, have you seen my nephew?"

"No, I've rather avoided that, if you don't mind my saying so," Horace replied.

"I'm sorry, Lady Creech," he went on, "but I've had a most awful shaking up, and I'm thinking of going back home with Mr. Pike. I think he's about right in his ideas. You know we abused him, not only for himself, but for his vulgar friend, yet his vulgar friend turned out to be a grand duke, and look at what our friends turned out to be!"

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"Rot!" replied the young man. "I almost missed him. But I think I'm to be congratulated, you know, eh?"

"I think you are, my son," said Pike quietly. "I have given my consent."

"Bipin!" declared Almeric. And Lady Creech started forward.

"And the settlement?" she asked.

Pike nodded.

"The settlement also—everything!"

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"Whom do you mean?" she asked, wondering in her voice.

"Why, that convict chap. Didn't you send him away? You bought him off so he wouldn't talk, didn't you—gave him money not to bother us?"

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Almeric was taken aback.

"Oh—what! He wouldn't agree? Oh, I say, that will be a pill for the governor—he'll be worried, you know!"

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"Don't you see that you've got to worry a little about yourself; that you've got to begin to do something worthy that will obliterate this shame? To work—to work!"

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"With his own lips. Didn't you?" Almeric asked Pike.

"I did," said the lawyer quietly.

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As Mariano disappeared with the dog at arm's length Lady Creech said solemnly:

"Almeric, really there are more important things, you know."

"Rot!" replied the young man. "I almost missed him. But I think I'm to be congratulated, you know, eh?"

"I think you are, my son," said Pike quietly. "I have given my consent."

"Bipin!" declared Almeric. And Lady Creech started forward.

"And the settlement?" she asked.

Pike nodded.

"The settlement also—everything!"

Ethel came from the side of the terrace, followed by Horace, who seemed to be arguing with her.

"Of course I never worried, you know," said Almeric. "But I fancy it will be a weight off the poor governor's mind. I'll wire him at Napoli, for he'll be glad to know about that bally convict chap—the arrangement you made with him, you know."

"Almeric, I think it's noble to be brave in trouble, but—"

Ethel began, and Pike smiled behind his hand. Almeric looked at her in astonishment.

"I say, you know, you've really got me!"

"I mean that I admire you for your pluck, for your seeming unconcern under disgrace, but—"

"Disgraced! Why, who's disgraced? Not the governor, as I see it! You got that chap called off, didn't you?"

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, wondering in her voice.

"Why, that convict chap. Didn't you send him away? You bought him off so he wouldn't talk, didn't you—gave him money not to bother us?"

She whirled on him like a storm.

"Why, heaven pity you! Do you think that?" she cried.

Almeric was taken aback.

"Oh—what! He wouldn't agree? Oh, I say, that will be a pill for the governor—he'll be worried, you know!"

Ethel went close to him.

"Don't you see that you've got to worry a little about yourself; that you've got to begin to do something worthy that will obliterate this shame? To work—to work!"

"What possible need will there be for that? Why, there's the settlement!"

"Settlement!" cried Ethel, aghast. "You talk of settlement now?"

"Don't you see? The only objection was the settlement, and Mr. Pike's given his consent to that."

"He's consented to that?" she asked.

"With his own lips. Didn't you?" Almeric asked Pike.

"I did," said the lawyer quietly.

She recoiled from the group.

"Yesterday, when I wanted something I thought of value, he refused to let me buy it. Today, when I know that name is less than nothing, he bids me give my fortune for it. What manner of man is this?"

Almeric slapped his leg.

"I don't see that the situation is changed. I don't stick out for the precise amount the governor said. If it ought to be less because of last night—why, we won't haggle over a few thousands."

With a cry of rage and despair Ethel turned on him.

"This is the final word of my humiliation! I felt that you were in shame, and because of that I was ready to keep my word—to stand by you and

"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.

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

"Somehow it doesn't seem likely as 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 unworried 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 homey old house up on Main street, you know; it's the house you were born in. It's kind of lonesome sometimes, and then I get to thinking she's there, sitting at an old piano that used to be my mother's and singing to me—"

"Singing 'Sweet Genevieve?'" she asked quietly.

"Yes, that's my favorite. But, then, I come to and I find it ain't so. No voice comes to me, and I find there ain't nobody but me—"

"You'll find her some day," she put in quickly. "I shall think of you often with her listening to her voice in the

"I beg your pardon," said a voice behind them, and they turned to find Lady Creech. She went on, addressing Horace:

"Mr. Granger-Simpson, have you seen my nephew?"

"No, I've rather avoided that, if you don't mind my saying so," Horace replied.

"I'm sorry, Lady Creech," he went on, "but I've had a most awful shaking up, and I'm thinking of going back home with Mr. Pike. I think he's about right in his ideas. You know we abused him, not only for himself, but for his vulgar friend, yet his vulgar friend turned out to be a grand duke, and look at what our friends turned out to be!"

He stepped quickly to the entrance and disappeared into the hotel. Almeric's voice was heard as Lady Creech turned to go, and Pike smiled.

"Here he comes now, bending under the blow," he said.

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