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 II.

THE EXILES.

SIX years of life abroad, and these during the most impressionable 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 youth. He had eschewed 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 possessor of no other attribute than money. True, there are exceptions, and these but prove the rule.

Ethel, who had grown into a really beautiful young woman, had followed suit, so far as in her modest powers lay. Such of her school friends as would permit the half formed acquaintance to ripen she had retained. Such others of her own modest beginnings she had quietly but emphatically dropped. From plain democracy she had sought the antithesis, and the leap was all the more an earnest one because of its breadth.

The Simpsons—and they had added their mother's maiden name and linked it to the paternal nomenclature with a hyphen—had been deeply bitten with the aristocratic virus and after a long and arduous struggle had managed to meet Lady Creech.

This titled mondaine had the misfortune to be viciously short of patrimony and inordinately long of lineage, and, while her life of self denial had doubtless imbittered her, she had a most inordinate value of birth and a distinct appreciation of cash; hence when it came her way to pick the Granger-Simpsons out of the slough of commonplace acquaintance she did it with a royal favor and for a stipulated consideration.

"Really, my dear Hawcastle"—she pronounced it as old sailors pronounce "fo'c's'tle"—she was wont to say, "really, of course, they are quite impossible, but the girl is an adaptable little thing, and I may be able to make something of her in time, while the boy—ah, I fear I shall have to leave him to you and St. Aubyn."

"Do as you like," replied the Earl of Hawcastle, with some choler, "but keep them out of my way as much as possible. I positively will not be badgered by these unbaked colonists."

"One might stand a quantity of badgering, Hawcastle, for £300,000," at which the genial earl would squirm nervously.

At any rate, the Simpson children began to be seen in the second stratum of London society and met endless numbers of the shopworn nobility, but, sad to relate, never one of the truly respectable. To those who know their London there are several layers of nobility, and the layer the ordinary individual meets, who has no social prestige to begin with, is composed of that peculiar class that lends its name to doubtful directorates, to queer prospectuses, to struggling milliners with an eye on the main chance and who gladly extend unlimited credit to their 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, ante-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 de Champigny 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 for 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 scurrilous name is Simpson? You can make her forget it. We are stony broke, my good boy, and she has a hundred and fifty thou. That 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 "that hopeless ass" and to his enemies and debtors—of the latter not a few—"that beastly bounder, St. Aubyn."

"You see, governor," the honorable Almeric went on, "it isn't as if I cared for the little gal. I'm a queer beggar,

"The family honor is at stake."

you know, and it's fearfully 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 minx 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."

The Hon. Almeric laughed.

"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.

IN DISGUISE.

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 small 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 commissionnaire, 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 over his shoulder, and Mariano straightened up instantly, with a smile of welcome, for Ribiere was an old and valued accomplice in the gentle 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 genial Mariano bowed gracefully and rubbed his flexible hands together.

"M. Ribiere!" he chattered gayly. "This is one of the days of days"—

The music burst forth again, and he whirled about angrily in the direction of the lemon grove.

"Silenzio!" he cried, with waving hands. "Silenzio!" and turned again to Ribiere. Michele, with a glance at them, went back within the hotel.

Ribiere turned a warning glance toward the hotel and whispered in Italian:

"Let us speak Engleesh. Fewer understand."

Mariano again bowed and spread out his hands in assent.

"I hope m'sieu still occupy the exalt' position of secretar' to monseigneur the gran' duke."

The Frenchman walked quickly to one of the little wicker tea tables that were scattered about, sat down and opened his portfolio.

"We will not mention either the name or the rank of my employer," he said gravely. "There are reasons of state. You understand?"

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

"Again incognito! Every year he come to thees hotel for two, three or four day, but always incognito!"

Ribiere paid little attention to him, but opened a notebook and removed a fountain pen from his pocket. 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 reech American peoples that would give large pourboire to mingle with his highness"—

The secretary lifted a warning finger.

"Have I not said it is to be incognito, and yet you prate of highness in the first breath. Would you wish he shall withdraw his patronage?" He looked staringly 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 all he must be Herr Grollerhagen"—

"Herr Grollerhagen!" ejaculated Mariano quickly and with astonishment in his round features. "Herr Grollerhagen!"

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

Mariano stood lost in contemplative astonishment.

"What a man," he sighed—"of caprice, eccentrique, so wonderful! Ha!"

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 the maitre d'hotel remained lost in astonishment. 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 Moscowa," he said at last, with a touch of awe in his tones. "And yet, though monseigneur is so good and generoso, 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 one coming, but of late they are disappoint. Within, with us in the hotel, are but seex 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 honorabile Almeric St. Aubyn; there is Miladi Creeshe, 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-Seempsone. Miladi Creeshe travel with her to be chaperon." Here he became enthusiastic as the memory of sundry pieces of gold and silver wakened his keen thoughts. "She is young, generoso; she give money to every one; she is multa bella, so pretty, weeth charm"—

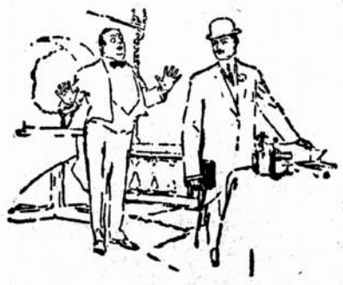
"You mean this Lady Creeshe?" interrupted the Frenchman, with a puzzled frown.

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

Ribiere wrote rapidly in his notebook and without looking up said:

"Who else is there?"

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



"Always incognito!"

the eyes all the day at another lady, who is of the party, a French lady, Comtesse de Champigny. Ha, eet amuse me!" And he burst into a respectful titter.

Ribiere looked at him with grave astonishment and bent once more to his notebook, over which the pen flew with a practiced hand.

"Why?" he said shortly.

Mariano smothered his mirth with the napkin he carried and with an effort controlled himself.

"Becoss," he answered—"becoss I have thought that madame the comtesse is so good a friend of the ol' English Milor' Hawcastle. A maitre d'hotel see many things, eh, and I think Milor' Hawcastle and madame have known each other from long perhaps. This dejeuner is for them; also I think from what I hear that both have been in Russia one time. They spik togezzer in Russ."

"Pouf! They will not recognize my employer," said Ribiere, "no more than this North American who travels with him and who is as innocent as a babe. Set dejeuner on the table instantly, when he shall arrive, for two—a perch, petit pois, iced figs, tea. I will send his own caviare and vodka from what I carry."

"Va bene, signor!" answered Mariano and vanished into the hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE NEWS.

THE Earl of Hawcastle was nearly at the end of his financial rope. And yet to look at him as he entered upon the terrace from the lemon grove no one would have thought that a care in the world possessed him.

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 cares had hung even a little more heavily upon him than was 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. He carried himself with an erectness that bespoke pride in race, if not in deeds of his own. He was distinguished with that curious individuality that causes those in the street to nudge one another and ask in whispers who another may be, and he was unmistakably high bred.

True, his sense of honor that would balk at cheating in a card game or the larceny of a traveling bag was not sufficient to debar him from conniving at the attachment of a young and helpless girl's money with the foreknowledge of a lifelong misery for her as the consequence.

This morning he was clad in an immaculate suit of lightly striped white flannel, with carefully pipeclayed shoes, and the pale rose necktie that he wore was a living monument to the fact that the well groomed Englishman knows no peer on earth, while the jaunty exactness of his snowy panama 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 cheerful 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, bestowing them with reverential care upon a side table. As the earl unfolded Il Mattino he glanced up.

"No English papers?" he said.

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

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

As he spoke the countess, clad in the very latest Parisian creation, swept down the steps and approached the table. She looked well, and she knew it.

Apparently about thirty-two, she would probably have confessed to five years more under pressure, but her dark beauty was well set off by the light colors she affected, and the tilt of her parasol revealed more to the capable eye of an observer than a ream of self description or admission.

She was of that type that causes the elderly dowager of any race to regard her with suspicion and to gather her male entourage beneath the protecting wings. Mme. de Champigny, raising her hand with a little gesture of greeting, paused an instant as she stood at the top of the steps and cried softly:

"Me voici!"

The earl jumped to his feet and bowed, inquiring at the same time:

"My esteemed relative is still asleep?"

The countess swept forward to her chair, which Hawcastle pulled out for her, and murmured:

"I trust your beautiful son has found much better employment — as our hearts would wish him, eh?"

Hawcastle laughed shortly and mirthlessly.

"He has. He's off on a canter with the little American."

Whereat the demure countess clapped her daintily gloved hands together and cried softly:

"Brava!"

That they were old friends, these two, was to be seen at a glance. There was no inquiring as to each other's tastes and dislikes. It was evident that long association had ingrained an intimate knowledge of the other into the mind of each, and they met as good comrades without more than perfunctory courtesy. The earl went on as he resented himself.

"I didn't mean Almeric, however, Helene, but my august sister-in-law." Without further comment he turned to the paper again and read. The amiable countess smiled at him enigmatically and broke a roll with the gesture of an empress.

"The amiable Lady Hermione Trevelyan Creech has dejeuner in her apartments. What do you find to read, mon cher?"

Hawcastle threw the paper down upon the cloth with an exclamation.

"I'm such a duffer at Italian," he said, "but apparently the people along the coast are having a scare over an escaped convict, a Russian."

The hovering Mariano, who was flitting about the table like a wounded sparrow, started slightly and hesitated with a silver cover in his hand, then stepped forward.

"If milor' will pardon me"— The countess also started and put down her fork with a slight rattle.

"A Russian?" she ejaculated.

"Yes," grumbled the earl. "An escaped Russian bandit has been traced to Castellamare"— He paused to insert the choicest bit of melon in his mouth, and Mariano's jaw dropped with the excitement.

"Castellamare—not twelve kilometers from here!" he whispered in awestruck tones, and the earl continued when he had masticated the fruit:

"And a confidential agent—secret service man, I dare say—has requested his arrest from the Italian authorities. But, to quote from our grandiose Il Mattino, 'the brigand tore himself from the hands of the carabinieri,' or something like that. I can't be sure, but it read to me"—

Mariano broke in excitedly. He had picked up the paper and was devouring it with avidity.

"If milor' permit, and madame"—he bowed like an automaton—"I shall translate."

"Quite right, Mariano," said the earl, and the maitre d'hotel went on avidly.

"The brigan' tore himself," he read excitedly, "from the hand of the carabinieri, and without the doubts he conceal himself in some of these grotto near Sorrento, and searchment is being execute'. The agent of the Russian embassy have inform' the bureau that this escape one is a mos' in-fray-mose robber and danger brigan'."

"What name does the paper say he has?" interrupted Mme. de Champigny, with a catch of her breath, and Mariano bowed again jerkily in her direction.

"It has not to say, madame," he replied. "That is all. And will milor' and Mme. la Comtesse 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 illustrious ones, disappeared with a speediness that was alarming. For an instant there was silence, and then the countess, with a quick upward glance of her dark eyes, said tremblingly:

"I should like much to know his name."

The earl smiled and went on with his breakfast.

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

To be continued

Order for Hearing on Claims

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court.
Special Term, June 8, 1909.

In the matter of the estate of John A. Whitcraft, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased being this day granted unto J. W. Carr of said county.

It is ordered, that all claims and demands of all persons against said estate be presented to this court for examination and allowance at the probate office, in the court house, in the city of Austin in said county, on Monday, the 13th day of December, 1909, at three o'clock p. m.

It is further ordered, that six months from the date hereof be allowed to creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented to said court, or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for cause shown further time be allowed

Ordered further, that notice of time and place of the hearing and examination of said claims and demands shall be given by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the city of Austin in said county.

Dated at Austin, Minnesota, the 8th day of June, 1909. By the Court.

(Seal) J. M. GREENMAN, Judge of Probate

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
County of Mower—ss.
In Probate Court,

In the matter of the estate of Estella A. Bump, decedent.

The state of Minnesota to the heirs at law, creditors and all other persons and parties interested in the granting of administration of the estate of said decedent.

The petition of C. W. Bump having been filed in this court representing that Estella A. Bump then a resident of the county oi Mower, state of Minnesota, died intestate on the 21st day of May, 1909, and praying that letters of administration of her estate be granted to Arthur W. Wright, and the court having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition:

Therefore, you, and each of you, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this court, at the probate court rooms in the court house in the city of Austin, in the county of Mower and state of Minnesota on the 6th day of July, 1909, at 3 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court and the Seal of said Court, this 7th day of June, 1909.

(Seal) J. M. GREENMAN Judge of Proba e.

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