

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent.

CHAPTER III.-Continued.

"Didn't you see him in the tent, lead- sic of innocence. ing the choir?"

would only show me the way." Just as if she did not know the

Abbott Ashton was now completely led her over the stiles and down the wagon-road.

"Never saw him in my life," Fran replied casually. She knew how to say it prohibitively, but she purposely left the bars down, to find out if the young man was what she hoped.

And he was. He did not ask a grown path bordering the dusty road; as they ascended the hill that shut out a view of the village, to their ears came the sprightly Twentieth Century hymn. What change had come over Ashton that the song now seemed as strangely out of keeping as had the peacefulness of the April night, when he first left the tent? He felt the prick of remorse because in the midst of nature, he had so soon forgotten about souls.

Fran caught the air and softly sang -"We reap what we sow-" "Don't!" he reproved her. "Child,

that means nothing to you." "Yes, it does, too," she returned, rather impudently. She continued to sing and hum until the last note was smothered in her little nose. Then he spoke: "However-it means a differsut thing to me from what it means

He looked at her curiously, "How different?" he smiled.

"To me, it means that we really do reap what we sow, and that if you've done something very wrong in the past—ugh! Better look out—trouble's consciousness. "I am superintendent Fran's eyes shone with an unspoken

"And will you kindly tell me what it means to the choir?"

"Yes, I tell you what it means to the choir. It means sitting on benches and singing, after a sermon; and it means a tent, and a great evangelist and a celebrated soloist-and then going home to act as if it wasn't so."

Abbott was not only astonished, but pained. Suddenly he had lost "Nobody's little girl," to be confronted by an elfish spirit of mischief. He asked with constraint, "Did this critical attitude make you laugh out, in the

"I wouldn't tell you why I laughed." Fran declared, "for a thousand dollars. And I've seen more than that fu my day." They walked on. He was silent, she

impenetrable. At last she said, in a changed voice, "My name's Fran. What's yours?" He laughed boyishly. "Mine's Ab-

His manner made her laugh sympathetically. It was just the manner she liked best-gay, frank, and a little mischievous. "Abbott?" she repeated; he became preternaturally solemn. "well-is that all?" "Ashton is the balance; Abbott

Ashton. And yours?" "The rest of mine is Nonpareil-

funny name, isn't it!-Fran Nonpareil. It means Fran, the small type: or Fran who's unlike everybody else: or-Oh, there are lots of meanings to me. Some find one, some another. gravely. some never understand." It was because Abbott Ashton was

touched that he spoke lightly: "What a very young Nonpareil to

She was grateful for his raillery. "How young do you think?" "Let me see. Hum! You are only-

about-" She laughed mirthfully at she only said plaintively: his air of preposterous wisdom. "About thirteen-fourteen, yes, you He was disturbed and perplexed. It the unfortunate happy." are more than fi-i-ifteen, more than



The young man was astonished shrill, fresh, vibratory with the mu- himself thinking of her in just that the delicate form, the youthful face,

said timidly. "I don't want to bother vine. Here the wagon-road made its clared abruptly, "I must go back to him while he is in his religion. I crossing of a tiny stream, by slipping the meeting." want to wait for him at his house, under the foot-bridge, some fifteen Oh," she added earnestly, "if you feet below. On the left lay straggling leaving her. She decided to stop that Littleburg with its four or five hun- once and for all. "If you go back, broke off with a catch in her voicedred houses, faintly twinkling, and be- I go, too!" she said conclusively. She she tried to laugh, but it was no use fringe of woods started up as if it did meant it, then became all humility. at her mercy. "So you know Brother not belong there, but had come to be bridge to shine for.

movement upon the railing. The moon- laughs." light was full upon her face; so was feet found, after leisurely exploration. ible. question. They sought the grass- a down-slanting board upon the edge ory," she pleaded, "and don't mind my of which she pressed her heel for sup- ways. Ever since mother died I've hand on either side of her gripped the trouble that was for me.'

rebellious hair.

Abbott Ashton studied her with grave deliberation—it is doubtful if he nounced judicially, "You are older than you look." "Yes," Fran explained, "my expe-

Abbott's lingering here beneath the moon when he should have been hur-

rying back to the tent, showed how unequally the good things of life-experience, for instance-are divided church, I mean; I have the ambition You are sixteen," he hazarded, conscious of a strange exhilaration.

smile-"And I don't think you are so awfully old."

a jolt that threw him hard upon self- the world."



"Goodness!" Cried Fran, "Does It Hurt

"Goodness!" cried Fran, considering his grave mouth and thoughful have, so I'm not religious." eyes, "does it hurt that bad?"

Abbott smiled. All the same, the position of superintendent must not be bartered away for the transitory an idea!" pleasures of a boot-bridge. "We had

"I am so afraid of you," murmured last a long time yet. I'd hate to have be wandering about the world, all by that disagreeable lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory."

Abbott was startled. Why did she thus designate Mr. Gregory's secretary? He looked keenly at Fran, but

"Can't we stay here?" was as if a fitting shadow from some . But take off that enormous hat, unformed cloud of thought-mist had come all the way from New York to

stranger speak of Miss Grace Noir as enough. I've got all the elements he bite me. Do you try to get back to Fran was gleeful. "All right," she the "lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory?" needs to work on." cried in one of her childish tones. The young man at times had caught

By this time they had reached the "He has a house in town," Fran foot-bridge that spanned the deep ra- being mystified. "Really," Abbott de-

Fran had heard enough about his yond the meadows on the right, a gave him a look to show that she

"Please don't be cross with little Gregory, do you?" he asked, as he seen, while above the woods swung Nonpareil," she coaxed. "Please don't the big moon with Fran on the foot want to go back to that meeting. Please don't want to leave me. You Fran's hat dangled idly in her hand are so learned and old and so strongas she drew herself with backward you don't care why a little girl

Fran tilted her head sidewise, and the young man's gaze. One of her the glance of her eyes proved irresist-"But tell me about Mr. Gregport. The other foot swayed to and found nothing in this world but love fro above the flooring, while a little that was for somebody else, and

The pathetic cadence of the slender-"Here I am," she said, shaking back throated tones moved Abbott more than he cared to show.

"If you're in trouble," he exclaimed, "you've sought the right helper in Mr. had ever before so thoroughly en- Gregory. He's the richest man in the joyed his duties as usher. He pro- county, yet lives so simply, so frugally-they keep few servants-and all because he wants to do good with his money. I think Mr. Gregory is one rience accounts for that. I've had of the best men that ever lived." Fran asked with simplicity, "Great church worker?"

"He's as good as he is rich. He never misses a service. I can't give the time to it that he does-to the to hold, one day, a chair at Yale or Fran dodged the issue behind a university—" he broke off, in explana-

"You see," with a deprecatory Abbott was brought to himself with smile, "I want to make myself felt in

coming. That's what the song means of the public school." The very sound "Hurrah!" and as he met her gaze, he felt a thrill of pleasure from the impression that he was what she wanted him to be.

Fran allowed his soul to bathe while in divine eye-beams of flattering approval, then gave him a little sting o bring him to life. "You are pretty old, not to be married," she remarked. "I hope you won't find some woman to put an end to your high intentions, but men generally do. Men fall in love, and when they finally pull themselves out, they've lost sight of the shore they were headed for."

A slight color stole to Abbott's face. In fact, he was rather hard hit. This wandering child was no doubt a witch. He looked in the direction of the tent. as if to escape the weaving of her magic. But he only said, "That sounds -er-practical."

"Yes," said Fran, wondering who "the woman" was, "if you can't be practical, there's no use to be. Well, can see you now, at the head of some university-you'll make it, because you're so much like me. Why, when they first began teaching me to feed- Good gracious! What am I of the words rang as a warning, and talking about?" She hurried on, as asked, "How cold is it? My ther if to cover her confusion. "But I mometer is frozen." haven't got as far in books as you

"Books aren't religion," he remon-

"Yes, books are," retorted Fran. better hurry, if you please," he said shaking back her hair, swinging her foot, and twisting her body impatiently. "That's the only kind of religion Fran. "But I know the meeting will I know anything about-just books, just doctrines; what you ought to beto wait long at Mr. Gregory's with lieve and how you ought to act-all nicely printed and bound between covers. Did you ever meet any religion down, going about in the open?"

He answered in perfect confidence Mr. Gregory lives his religion dailythe kind that helps people, that makes

Fran was not hopeful. "Well, I've little Nonpareil. There's no use guess- fallen upon the every-day world out of see him. I hope he can make me

"From New York!" He considered

and whistled. "Will you please tell School superintendents do not enjoy me where your home is, Nonpareil?" She waved her arm inclusively "America. I wish it were concentrat ed in some spot, but it's just spread out thin under the Stars and Stripes. My country's about all I have." She

> Suddenly it came to Abbott Ashton that he understood the language of moon, watching woods, meadow-lands, you into trouble. Good-by. Run for even the gathering rain-clouds; all it!" spoke of the universal brotherhood of man with nature; a brotherhood including the most ambitious superintendent of schools and a homeless Nonpareil; a brotherhood to be confirmed by the clasping of sincere hands. There was danger in such a confirmation, for it carried Abbott betendent's confines.

As he stood on the bridge, holding Fran's hand in a warm and sympathetic pressure, he was not unlike one on picket-service who slips over the trenches to hold friendly parley with the enemy. Abbott did not know there was any danger in this brotherly handclasp; but that was because he could not see a fleshy and elderly lady perintendent, he should doubtless have considered his responsibilities to the public; he did consider them when the lady, breathless and severe, approached the bridge, while every pound of her ample form cast its weight upon the seal of her disapproving, low-voiced and significant, "Good evening, Professor Ashton."

Fran whistled. The lady heard, but she swept on without once glancing back. There was in her none of that saline tendency that made of Lot a widower; the lady desired to see no more.

Fran opened her eyes at Abbott to their widest extent, as she demurely



The young man did not betray uneasiness, though he was really alarmed, for his knowledge of the strated, then added with unnecessary fleshy lady enabled him to foresee gentleness, "Little Nonpareil! What gathering clouds more sinister than those overhead. The obvious thing to be done was to release the slender hand: he did so rather hastily.

"Have I got you into trouble?" Fran asked, with her elfish laugh. "If so, lutely alone?" we'll be neighbors, for that's where I live. Who was she?"

"Miss Sapphira Clinton," he answered as, by a common impulse, they began walking toward Hamilton Gregoutside of a book, moving up and ory's house. "Bob Clinton's sister, and my landlady." The more Abbott thought of his adventure, the darker it grew; before they reached their destination it had become a deep gray.

"Do you mean the 'Brother Clinton' that couldn't get 'through'?" "Yes . . . He's the chairman of

the School Board."



"Ah!" murmured Fran comprehend At Gregory's gate, she said, "Now you run back to the tent and I'll beard the lion by myself. I know I'm certainly unfortunate | it has sharp teeth, but I guess it won't the tent before the meeting's over. Show yourself there. Parade up and down the aisles."

He laughed heartily, all the sorrier for her because he found himself in "It was fun while it lasted, wasn't

it!" Fran exclaimed, with a sudden gurgle. "Part of it was," he admitted 'Good-by, then, little Nonpareil,"

He held out his hand. "No, sir!" cried Fran, clasping her hands behind her. "That's what got

CHAPTER IV.

The Woman Who Was Not Mrs. Greg-

Hardly had Abbott Ashton disappeared down the village vista of moonlight and shadow-patches, before yond the limits that mark a superin- Fran's mood changed. Instead of seeking to carry out her threat of bearding the lion in the den, she sank down on the porch-steps, gathered her knees in her arms, and stared straight before her.

Though of skillful resources, of impregnable resolution, Fran could be despondent to the bluest degree; and though competent at the clash, she often found herself purpling on the slowly coming down the hill. As su- eve of the crisis. The moment had come to test her fighting qualities, yet she drooped despondently.

Hamilton Gregory was coming through the gate. As he halted in surprise, a black shadow rose slowly, wearily. He, little dreaming that he was confronted by a shadow from the past, saw in her only the girl who had been publicly expelled from the

The choir-leader had expected his home-coming to be crowned by a vision very different. He came up the walk slowly, not knowing what to say. She waited, outwardly calm, inwardly gathering power. White-hot

She addressed him, "Good evening, Mr. Gregory."

He halted. When he spoke, his tone expressed not only a general disapproval of all girls who wander away from their homes in the night, but an especial repugnance to one who could laugh during religious services. "Do you want to speak to me, child?"

"Yes." The word was almost a whisper. The sound of his voice had weakened her.

"What do you want?" He stepped up on the porch. The moon had vanished behind the rising masses of storm-clouds, not to appear again, but the light through the glass door revealed his poetic features. Flashes of lightning as yet faint but rapid in recurrence, showed his beauty as that of a young man. Fran remained silent, moved more than she could have thought possible. He stared intently, but under that preposterous hat she was practically invisible, save as a black shadow. He added again, with growing impatience, "What do you want? His unfriendliness gave her the spur

she needed. "I want a home," she

Hamilton Gregory was seriously disturbed. However evil-disposed, the waif should not be left to wander aimlessly about the streets. Of the three hotels in Littleburg, the cheapest was not overly particular. He would take her there. "Do you mean to tell me," he temporized, "that you are abso-Fran's tone was a little hard, not

because she felt bitter, 'but lest she betray too great feeling, "Absolutely alone in the world." (TO BE CONTINUED)

To Be Rigidly Exact. Regstaff-I hear you are doing some writing for one of the popular magazines.

Percollum-That's slightly exaggerated; I haven't been able to get my stuff into any but the-er-unpopular

away fifty gold dollars?" "Yes, and that her mother must go, and the hired girl must go, and we'd have to make a pound a butter

"Oh, she just called me a fool and let it go at that, and I guess she's right."-Exchange,

Coffins Many Centuries Old. ing to be educated at Peterborough

Suggestion for Draped Gown That Has Won Admiration



rich panel of the same material, accordeon pleated.

GOOD USE FOR OLD GOWN OLD POKE BONNETS REVIVED

Complete Transformation May Be Made in the Fashioning of the One-Piece Frock.

It is rather astounding what a fashfonable air can be given to a onepiece frock that has served during the liner who is clever enough to know winter as a house gown, by adding to that the old fashions are being reaction from Fran, when the iron was to be welded. Out of the deepening shadows her will leaped keen as a door wear through the spring and the it a belted jacket of figured silk mate- vived, and if women wish to look like door wear through the spring and summer and saves one the necessity

of getting a suit. with satin cloth which had served its present millinery. It is not a scoop; purpose since December as a smart it merely has a rounded brim in front house frock was converted by one to shade the eyes, and is turned up woman into a spring suit for the with a flap in the back. There is a street and for afternoon wear by the chin band of black velvet or colored addition of a dark blue watered pop- satin ribbon and a bunch of flowers' lin jacket which had a pronounced over one ear. wave in it. This was lined with a de chine run through a jet buckle in inch turnover cuff of the same. The wrap at home, it is wise for her to economy of getting this garment was furthered by having a separate skirt made of plain material, which could be worn at odd hours with a white shirtwaist.

Whatever else you forget in planning your spring and summer wardrobe remember that the short dressy coat is probably the conspicuous garment of the moment.

BEAUTIFUL NEW MODEL



A new model of blue crepon trimned with white maline and lace col-

Made Into Things of Beauty by the Clever Hands of the Up-to-Date Milliner.

Here and there one sees an alluring poke bonnet brought to life by the mil-

met with approval because in its modern shape it is exceedingly becoming A dark blue crepe de chine trimmed and does not clash with the ideas of

The milliners make these old-time figured silk in blue and yellow and flowered mantles to go with the hat, belted in with a loose girdle of crepe and the same color scheme is supposed to be carried out in the two. If front. The revers were of crepe de a woman is going to attempt trimchine and the long sleeves had a two- mind such a hat and making such a remember this.

Picturesque Note.

Even in the matter of tailor-made gowns a certain picturesque note asserts itself this season, the severity of the coats, for example, being very frequently softened by the introduction of frilled jabots of net and lace. emphasizing the Directoire style in which the collars and revers are cut.

The coats themselves, too, show a very becoming fullness, both back and front, above the curved lines of stitched strappings with which so many of the basques are finished. The fabrics which are employed for some of these tailor-made gowns are in themselves exceedingly picturesque and far more decorative than the smooth cloths and fine serges which have been used hitherto for gowns of this description.

New Veil. It is accordion plaited, and has a number of practical points. It is easy of adjustment, as it clings to the edge of the hat, and it can be conveniently rolled up and carried about in a handbag without becoming mussed. The material may be either net or chiffon. but soft chiffon is the most satisfactory. You may have the plaits run any direction that you choose. The selvage forms the top and bottom finish, and hems are necessary only in the back. A plait three-eighths of an inch deep is a good size. Consult a plaiter as to the amount of material required for a certain shape and size. The finishing of the edges must be done before the plaiting is put in.

Change Purse Bracelets.

the new pieces of jewelry. The purse. shaped like a tiny circular powder puff box, has a closely fitted springoperated lid which flies back at a touch and reveals a space for nickels and dimes. It is attached to a selfclosing extension bracelet so narrow that it scarcely shows upon the wrist, and the purse itself is so flat that it readily slips out of sight under the glove's wrist.

Panel Sash

Worth is using a sash which may otherwise be described as a panel, it is so important. It is shirred with a heading at the high waistline, and hung in straight loose folds from there to the bottom of the skirt, entirely concealing the flat, scant line of the back caused by the placing of all the draparies and fullness in front.

Two Eccentric Englishmen Who Practiced Self-Denial Through Many Years of Their Lives.

The most persistent faster of all time was probably Roger Crabb, who lived in the time of the common-In order to carry out his Ideas most

effectually he sold off his stock in trade, distributed the proceeds among the poor and took up his residence in a hut near Ickenham, where he lived on three farthings a week. "Instead of strong drinks and

wines," says the eccentric Roger, "I give the old man a cup of water and stead of roast mutton and rabbit I dox. give him broth thickened with bran and pudding made with bran and turnip leaves chopped together." ous health was the result, says the London Chronicle, but his absten-

tion from food was regarded with ch suspicion that on one occasion he narrowly escaped being burned Another famous hermit who man-

whom many of us are doubtless out of reach of the rats served him as self in an old blanket.

A generosity with gin made him the friend of all the tramps in the kingdom and eventually he had to employ two armed watchmen to protect him from their attentions. A hermit with a bodyguard is something of a para-

Actor's Triumph.

In 1845 the Boulevard du Temple was the heart of the theatrical world of Paris. In the ten theaters that lined that comparatively short thoroughfare so much blood was shed on the stage every evening at the popular plays that it was known as the Boule-

HOLD RECORD FOR FASTING aged to reduce diet to very simple | The audience became so passionate | APRIL FOOL JOKE, ALL RIGHT it was a counterfeit, and being as it proportions was James Lucas, with ly devoted to some of the characters interpreted for their pleasure that familiar as Mr. Mopes in Charles they sometimes showed quite flerce Dickens' "Tom Tiddler's Ground." hostility to the actors who had to take Lucas lived mainly upon bread and parts inimical to them. One night. penny buns, though to these were for instance. Briand, who had repreadded at times eggs and herrings and sented Hudson Lowe in a scene on the gin. A basket slung from the roof island of Saint Helena when Napoleon was imprisoned there, was seized by a larder, and he abjured washing, all some roughs as he left the theater furniture and clothes, wrapping him- and flung into the basin of the Chateau d'Eau. This quite delighted him, and he gloated over it as a triumph when he was telling the tragicomic incident the next day.-From the Bookman.

Where He Shone. The prisoner was charged with larceny and a lawyer of dublous reputation was defending him.

"I submit, gentlemen of the jury, shouted the lawyer, "that the facts disclosed do not constitute larceny, alealing than am I!"

"But a less successful practitioner,"

"Sucker" All Mixed Up in Peculiar Little Comedy.

"Oh, no, there won't be any divorce," said the grocer. "Wife and I won't speak to each other for the next three months, and then we'll begin to get friendly again. You see, I had changed small bills for a fifty, and when I went home that night wife wanted a new dress. I told her I couldn't afford it, as I had had a bad fifty passed on me, and when she doubted I showed her the bill. She took my word for it and said she'd wait." "That was good for her," said the

I shoved the bill into my vest pocket and thought no more of it 'till next morning—April Fool morning. The closed do not constitute larceny, al-though I will concede that the district house like a cyclone. Had she seen attorney is usually a better judge of it? She had. She had found it on the bedroom floor. Thank heaven."
"That was lucky."

"And then she told me that being

watched a man picking it up. She was laughing at his feelings when he hound himself stung." "And you told her she had flung

was April Fool's day, she had taken

it out to the sidewalk and then

do us for a week, and a hundred other

things. I jumped up and down. I swore. I smashed things."

Two tiny coffins have recently been found in the monastic burial ground of Peterborough, Northampton, England, and have been placed in Peter borough cathedral. They are said to be the coffins of the twin children of King Canute, who were drowned in Whittlesey Mere as they were cross-