

FRAN

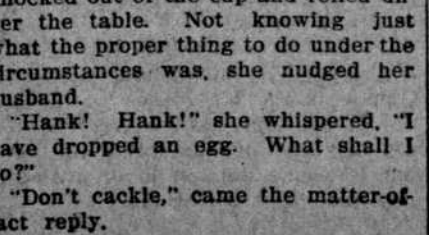
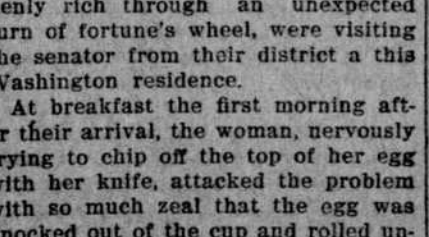
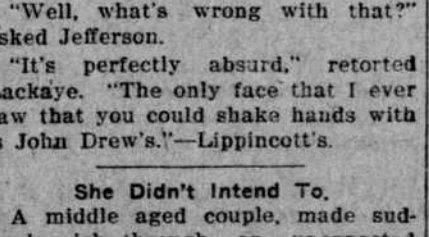
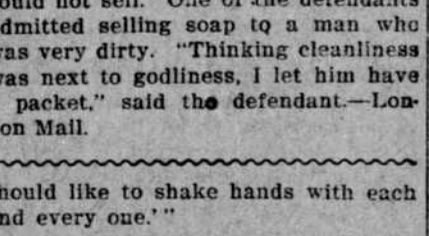
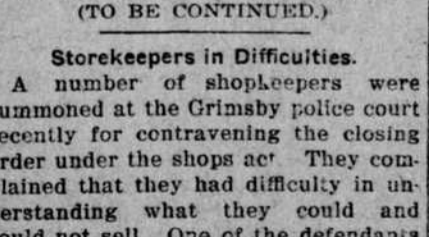
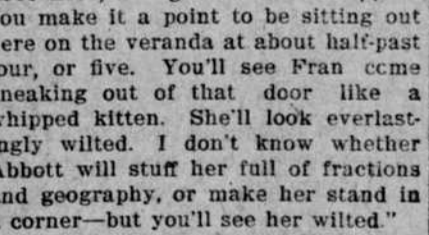
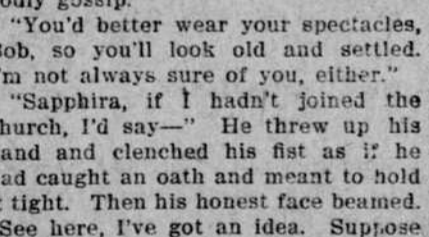
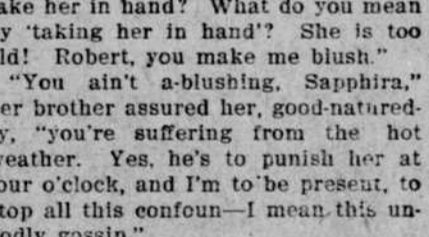
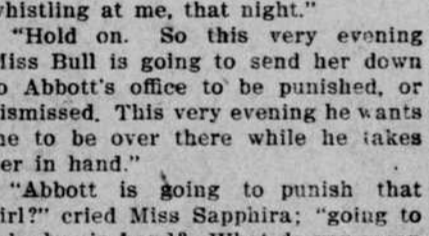
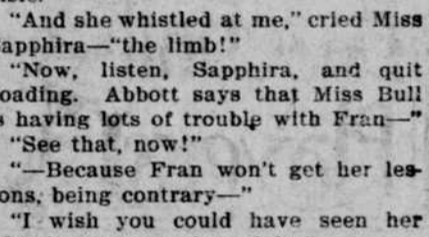
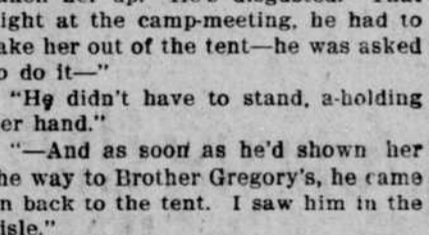
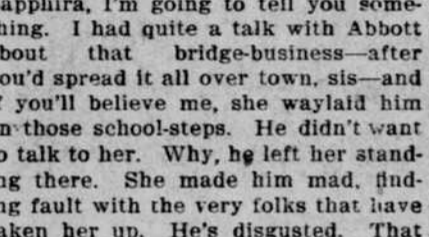
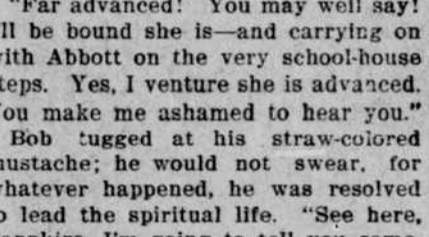
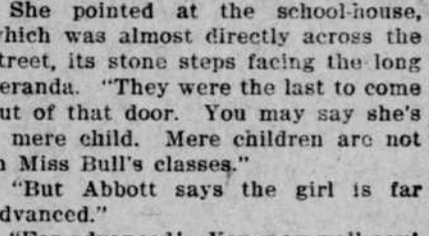
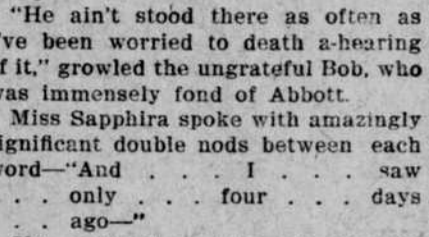
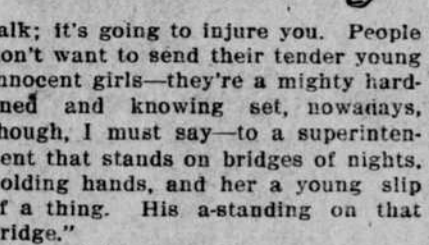
BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.



Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent...

CHAPTER IX.

Skirmishing. Fran made no delay in planning her campaign against Grace Noir.

He had no time to seek fair and romantic ladies. Five years ago, Grace Noir had come from Chicago as if to spare him the trouble of a search.

"Will You Please Excuse Me?" She asked with admirable restraint.

"Examine yourself," he advised, "and find out what it is in you that she doesn't like; then get rid of what you find."

"Huh!" Fran exclaimed, "I'm going to get rid of her, all right."

"Don't you bother about me," Fran coaxed; "to think of giving you pain, dear lady! I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world, and the person who would isn't worthy of being touched by my foot."

"So I presumed," Grace remarked significantly. "Mrs. Gregory, Fran interjected.

"No," he answered, proud of the fact. "You have made your home with Mr. Gregory. You are in Miss Bull's classroom. I knew Mr. Gregory would befriend you—he's one of the best men living. You should be very happy there."

"It isn't at all hard for me," Fran assured him, as she patted on the front steps. "Really, it's easy to be unhappy where Miss Grace Noir is."

"You are a young man," he said. "You must find it pretty hard," he remarked, with covert reproach, "to keep from being happy."

"I wonder," Simon Jefferson growled, "why somebody doesn't badger me to go to church?"

He announced, "This talk has excited me. If we can't live and let live, I'll go and take my meals at Miss Sapphira Clinton's."

"Do you mean Professor Ashton?" he returned, with subtle reproof.

Simon lit the pipe which his physician had warned him was bad for his heart. "Yes, Professor Ashton boards at the Clintons," Fran said wistfully.

was not warranted by its real atmosphere. Since there were not many inhabitants of Littleburg detached from housekeeping, Miss Sapphira Clinton depended for the most part on "transients;" and, to hold such in submission, preventing them from indulging in that noisy gaiety to which "transients" are naturally inclined—just because they are transitory—the elderly spinster had developed an abnormal solemnity.

This solemnity was not only beneficial to "drummers" and "court men" acutely conscious of being away from home, but it helped her brother Bob. Before the charms of Grace Noir had penetrated his thick skin, the popular Littleburg merchant was as unmanageable as the worst. Before he grew accustomed to fall into a semi-comatose condition at the approach of Grace Noir, and, therefore, before his famous attempt to "get religion," the bachelor merchant often swore—not from aroused wrath, but from his peculiar sense of humor.

"I'll be right back, and I'll be right back," he said. "I'll be right back, and I'll be right back," he said.

"He didn't have to stand a-holding her hand."

What was the world coming to? "There they stood," she told Bob. "The two of them, all alone on the foot-bridge, and it was after nine o'clock. If I hadn't been in a hurry to get home to see that roomers didn't set the house afire, not a soul would have seen the two colloquing."

"And it don't seem to have done you any good," remarked her brother, who, having heard the tale twenty times, began to look upon the event almost as a matter of course.

"Do you mean Professor Ashton?" he returned, with subtle reproof.

Fran, still dejected, nodded carelessly. "We're both after the same man."

Simon lit the pipe which his physician had warned him was bad for his heart. "Yes, Professor Ashton boards at the Clintons," Fran said wistfully.

CHAPTER X. An Ambuscade. Fran's conception of the Clinton Boarding-House, the home of jollity,

she asked with admirable restraint.

"Mrs. Gregory!" Hamilton Gregory exclaimed, disturbed. That she should be driven from his table by an insult to their religion was intolerable. "Miss Grace—forgive her."

Mrs. Gregory was pale, for she, too, had felt the blow. "Fran!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

Old Mrs. Jefferson stared from the girl seated at the table to the erect secretary, and her eyes kindled with admiration. Had Fran commanded the "dragon" to "stand"?

Simon Jefferson held his head close to his plate, as if hoping the storm might pass over his head.

"Don't go away!" Fran cried, overcome at sight of Mrs. Gregory's distress. "Sit down, Miss Noir. Let me be the one to leave the room, since it isn't big enough for both of us."

Mrs. Gregory buried her face in her hands.

"Don't you bother about me," Fran coaxed; "to think of giving you pain, dear lady! I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world, and the person who would isn't worthy of being touched by my foot."

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talk; it's going to injure you. People don't want to send their tender young innocent girls—they're a mighty hardened and knowing set, nowadays, though, I must say—to a superintendent that stands on bridges of nights, holding hands, and her a young slip of a thing. His a-standing on that bridge."

"He ain't stood there as often as I've been worried to death a-seeing of it," growled the ungrateful Bob, who was immensely fond of Abbott.

Miss Sapphira spoke with amazingly significant double nods between each word—"And . . . I . . . saw . . . only . . . four . . . days . . . ago."

She pointed at the school-house, which was almost directly across the street, its stone steps facing the long veranda. "They were the last to come out of that door. You may say she's a mere child. Mer children are not in Miss Bull's classes."

"But Abbott says the girl is far advanced."

"Far advanced! You may well say! I'll be bound she is—and carrying on with Abbott on the very school-house steps. Yes, I venture she is advanced. You make me ashamed to hear you."

Bob tugged at his straw-colored mustache; he would not swear, for whatever happened, he was resolved to lead the spiritual life. "See here, Sapphira, I'm going to tell you something. I had quite a talk with Abbott about that bridge-business—after you'd spread it all over town, sis—and if you'll believe me, she waylaid him on those school-steps. He didn't want to talk to her. Why, he left her standing there. She made him mad, finding fault with the very folks that have taken her up. He's disgusted. That night at the camp-meeting, he had to take her out of the tent—he was asked to do it."

"He didn't have to stand a-holding her hand."

"—And as soon as he'd shown her the way to Brother Gregory's, he came on back to the tent. I saw him in the aisle."

"And she whistled at me," cried Miss Sapphira—"the lumb!"

"Now, listen, Sapphira, and quit goading. Abbott says that Miss Bull is having lots of trouble with Fran—"

"See that, now!"

"—Because Fran won't get her lessons, being contrary—"

"I wish you could have seen her whistling at me, that night."

THE DREADED ANGLER FISH

Monster of Deep Cause Fishermen Much Trouble—One Caught With Ice Tongs.

New York.—Great numbers of the dreaded angler fish have recently appeared in the North and East rivers and have been seen floundering in the mud flats around Staten island.



Goosefish Caught With Ice Tongs.

mouth, the last referring to the curious structure which makes it appear that the entire interior of the creature is open like a bag when the mouth has been opened to the widest extent.

The angler is a particularly ugly and ferocious inhabitant of salt waters. It came by its name of fishing frog because the enormous size of its head, in proportion to its body, suggests the appearance of a frog.

The angler has no scales, but is furnished with fringes about the jaws, which are brightly colored and with which it is supposed to lure other fish.

Quite a commotion was created in the harbor of New York two seasons ago when Captain Andrew Anderson, of deck scow No. 6 of the Moran Towing company, captured a big angler with a boat hook and a pair of ice tongs.

Massachusetts Man Issues Statement Claiming He and Wife Live on Four Cents a Day.

Worcester, Mass.—The high cost of living problem has been somewhat solved by Marcus M. Wood, seventy-three years old, of the little town of Webster, who issued a statement claiming that he and his wife have lived on four cents a day for the last two months.

"You ain't a-bushin', Sapphira," her brother assured her, good-naturedly, "you're suffering from the hot weather. Yes, he's to punish her at four o'clock, and I'm to be present, to stop all this confound—I mean this ungodly gossip."

"You'd better wear your spectacles, Bob, so you'll look old and settled. I'm not always sure of you, either."

"Sapphira, if I hadn't joined the church, I'd say—He threw up his hand and clenched his fist as if he had caught an oath and meant to hold it tight. Then his honest face beamed. "See here, I've got an idea. Suppose you make it a point to be sitting out here on the veranda at about half-past four, or five. You'll see Fran come sneaking out of that door like a whipped kitten. She'll look everlastingly witted. I don't know whether Abbott will stuff her full of fractions and geography, or make her stand in a corner—but you'll see her witted."

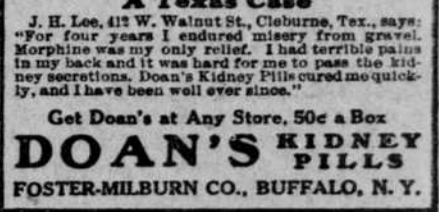
Storekeepers in Difficulties. A number of shopkeepers were summoned at the Grimby police court recently for contravening the closing order under the shops act.

Paris.—Six hundred and sixty-six millionaires, in francs, died in France in 1912. Reduced to dollars and cents, this put any man having \$200,000 in the millionaire class.

Three hundred and one of the 666 left fortunes ranging from \$200,000 to \$400,000, and 89 from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000. Of the very wealthy, three men left fortunes greater than \$1,000,000.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Head-aches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy. Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lee had.



Get Doan's at Any Store. 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

AMONG THE HEAVY EATERS

Remarkable Gastronomic Feats That Are Hardly Believable, Though All Authenticated.

Champion Fried Egg Eater of the Berkshires was the title of Louis Morris of Housatonic, Mass., before he entered in a recent egg eating contest on a wager.

A Rhode Island farmer had a record of half a bushel of walnuts, of which he was extraordinarily fond. He used half a bag of salt while eating them.

The automobilist was tinkering up his car by the roadside. Some trifling detail had jarred on his sensitive nerves.

Suddenly around the corner came an aged man.

"Hold on a half minute, old top," said the affable driver, "and I'll give you a lift to town."

"Thanks, sonny," he called back "I'd accept your offer if I wasn't in a hurry."

And he went down the road at a perfectly ripping pace.

"Hully smoke!" snorted the autoist. "That must have been old man Weston!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Predicament of a Suffragist. A well-known university professor who has taken much interest in the woman suffrage movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago.

His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply on its standard, and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody, and let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"

TRAGEDY TURNED TO COMEDY

British Officer Tells How Snuff Saved Him From a Hungry Indian Tigress.

A comedy which came very near to tragedy is related by a gallant officer of the Bengal Lancers, now home on furlough.

Here is the strange true story in the soldier's own words: "I was out for a day in the jungle, and had had rather poor sport. Lying down for a bit of a rest upon some rank dry grass on the edge of a wood in the afternoon, I was seized from behind without a moment's warning by a huge tigress, which had got my scent and silently tracked me down."

"She seized me by the breast of the coat with her great teeth, and quickly shook me into a state of unconsciousness. Of course, I thought it was all up with me.

Richard Grant White in his "Words and Their Uses," says, "Transpire means to breathe through, and so to pass off insensibly. The identical word exists in French, in which language it is equivalent of our perspire, which also means to breathe through, and so to pass off insensibly. The Frenchman says 'J'ai beaucoup transpiré' (I have much perspired)—in fact, transpire and perspire are etymologically as near perfect synonyms as the nature of language permits; the latter, however, has by common consent been set apart in English to express the passage of a watery secretion through the skin, while the former is properly used only in a figurative sense to express the passage of knowledge from a limited circle to publicity."

Makes America Seem Niggardly. Compared with the salary and allowances of the president of France, the pay of the president of the United States almost sinks into insignificance. The French president enjoys some petty benefits apart from the \$240,000 he draws yearly as salary and allowances. Supplies of vegetables for his table come from the kitchen gardens at Versailles, fruits from the orchards of Fontainebleau, game from the state forests and hay for his horses from the meadows of Rambouillet. Moreover, the state pays the wages of his table hands and his coachman, but not his chauffeurs, and his naval and military equerries are maintained by the ministries of war and marine.

SHAKING HANDS WITH FACES Lackaye Said John Drew's Was Only One With Which That Could Be Done.

Joseph Jefferson and Wilton Lackaye were in the same company one season. It was the custom of Mr. Jefferson to respond to curtain calls and make a speech to the audience. He enjoyed it, and the audience enjoyed it also. Mr. Lackaye, however, always contended that an actor should not step out of his part in this manner.

Language Intricacies. "But no. Before long I made a startling recovery. Hardly realizing for a while where I was and what had happened, I heard a little distance a peculiar noise, as if someone

she sneezing violently. It was the terrible tigress. "I rubbed my still somewhat dazed eyes, and then discerned the great beast slinking away, sneezing all the time, and every now and again emitting a frightful roar.

"Only when she had got clean out of sight did the strange truth dawn upon me. The tigress, in shaking me preparatory to flushing me off, had jerked my recently replenished snuff-box open from my jacket pocket, and received the contents full in her face and eyes. Hence the sudden retreat and my salvation."

She Didn't Intend To. A middle aged couple, made suddenly rich through an unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, were visiting the senator from their district at this Washington residence.

"Blunder!" exclaimed Jefferson. "What did I do or say that you would call a blunder?" "Why," said Lackaye, "you said, 'As I look into your faces, I feel that I

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Solves High Living Cost Massachusetts Man Issues Statement Claiming He and Wife Live on Four Cents a Day.

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