

SYNOPSIS.

Evan arrives at Hamilton: Gregory's bome in Listileburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, tanking during the service and is asked to teave. Abbott Asinton, superintendent of sethools, escorts Fran from the tent. He fells her Gregory is a wealthy mane-deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church, Asinton becomes greatly interested in Fran and white taking leave of hor, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, elster of Robert Chinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at springfield while attending college and then described her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story, hirs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and school Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter, first declares that the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Alics. Gregory remains stanch in her triendship. Fran is ordered before Super-intendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran is owing the school in company of the two men to the amazement of the scandalinos a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran is no a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous floor famer, Fran Nonparell. She tired of chrous life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott.

CHAPTER XII .- Continued.

play cards, Professor Ashton. Do you also attend the dances? Surely you to come home, and that is all." haven't been dancing and playing cards very long?"

Not for a great while," responded Abbott, with the obstinacy of a good conscience wrongfully accused.

"Only since Fran came, I am sure, she said, feeling him escaping. She looked at him with something like scorn, inspired by righteous indignation that such as he could be influsuced by Fran. That look wrought havoc with the halo he had so long blinked at, as it swung above her head. "Does that mean," he inquired, with a steady look, "that you imagine Fran has led me into bad habits?"

"I trust the habits are not fixed." rather contemptuously. 1 margi and lose your position at school, for the sake of-of that Fran."

"I hardly think so, either," returned Abbott. "And now I'd better go to my school work."

ory, in distress, "but her heart is pure eighteen years old; she came as a litgold. I don't know what all this means,] out when I have had a talk with her-"

"Don't go, Professor Ashton," intercosed Grace, as he started up 'until you advise me. Shall I tell Mr. Gregory? Or shall I conceal it on the assurances that it will never happen

Abbolt seated himself with sudden persuasiveness. "Conceal it, Miss !; Afrace, conceal it!" he urged.

if you will frankly explain what happened-here before Mrs. Gregory, so she can have the real truth, we will meyer betray the secret. But if you emanot tell everything, I shall feel it my daty-I don't know how Mrs, Gregory feels about it-but I must tell Mr. Gregory."

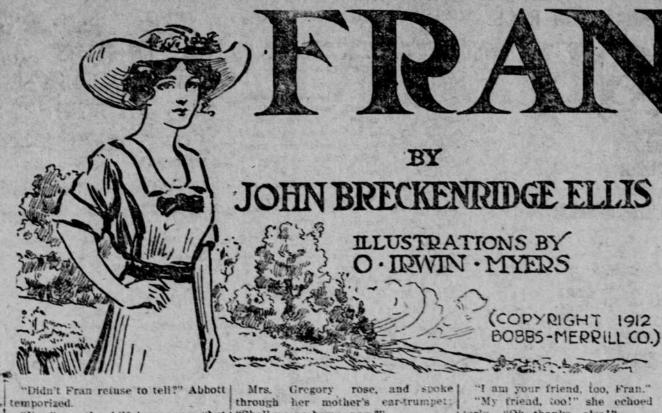
I would rather walt," said Mrs. Gregory, "and talk to Fran. She will promise me anything. I trust you, Abbott; I know you would never lead my title girl into wrong-doing. Leave it all to me. I will have a good talk with ;

"And," said Abbott engerly, "if we both solemnly promise-" Grace bit her lip. His "we" con-

demned him. "I don't ask you to hide the affair on my account," he said, holding up his head. "I don't want Fran put in an whether Fran has or not." unjust light. She isn't to be judged

like other people."

Oh," murmured Grace, "then you told him? What ought I to do?" of right? I don't. There's one God Abbott retorted botly. and one right. No, I cannot consent: the cholr practice ends."



"Yes." was the skilful response; "but | "Shall we go home, now?" her reticence must have been to save of anything she does. I imagine she years old, and she is a show-girl." hated to get you into trouble."

"Miss Grace, you have heard Mrs. her?" Gregory say that she trusts me-and she is Fran's guardian. I ask you to do the same '

"I must consider my conscience." That answer closed all argument "You had better tell her," said Mrs.

know."

prised myself."

"Let him go on!" she said with a flash anthropist. that petrified the secretary.

"When I came up to the bridge, she was sitting there, with some cardsall alone. She had some superstition about trying fortunes on a new bridge surprised. "I did not know that you at midnight, and that explains the late walk to Hamilton Gregory's. Abbott those eyes! What weapons have I trying to defend you suddenly she ness of the hour. So I persuaded her Ashton pushed the wheel-chair, and it given her?"

mured, smiling.

ing?" Grace asked.

would give her."

"Of course." sent herself, perhaps?"

bott, rising.

wanted to know if you and she would are not cheerful tonight." Mrs. Gregory, I have always think you mean to desert the church. felt that Fran has deceived us about it's from sitting so long by the Whited and Miss Grace to discuss such sub- me, I wouldn't have let her have any finger tips upon the scalp at the edge that alcohol is absorbed rapidly, and her age! She is older than she pre- Sepulcher." tends to be!"

> "I believe this concludes our bargain," said Abbott, rising.

"Fran is imprudent," said Mrs. Greg- Fran told me long ago that she is of speech."



"Sitting on That Bridge at Midnight Alone, Telling People's Fortunes."

take her in more readily, if we believed her a mere child."

"Does Mr. Gregory know that?" "I haven't told him; I don't know

"You haven't told him!" Grace was speechless. "You knew it, and haven't the best of friends?" think there is more than one standard "You ought to keep your promise."

what I saw, last night, I shall feel one of those flashes of inspiration peobliged to tell Mr. Gregory as soon as | cultur to her sex, "that Fran is a show-

He read in the troubled face that she reflector of her opinions." had known this secret, also.

"I was taking a walk to rest my was she in this revelation. It would be nation of her character?" quietly, "for I should have been sur- proofs of her conspiracy spread before toy from a little child." her, should be driven forth, never Abbott was still amused. "Has she Mrs. Gregory turned upon Grace. again to darken the home of the phil- emptied me of all she wants?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Alliance With Abbott.

rose-scented breezes after the musty "I told her neither."
auditorium of Walnut Street church. "As soon as you and Mrs. Gregory "What kind of fortune was she tell- auditorium of Walnut Street church.

Whatever kind the new bridge Fran going to choir practice," the old Fran, "I went right down from the "Oh, then the cards stood for peo- along to encourage her, for they say I looked her in the eye, and I asked ple, didn't they! And the card you she has a fine voice, and they want all what you had been telling about me. "I have told you the story," said Ab. I'll have to do will be to sit and look told! Nobody else knew. And you at the coffin."

Mrs. Gregory spoke into the trumpet, with real distress-"Mother, moth- now!" er! Abbott won't understand you; he

"Yes." said the old lady, "number tle girl, because she thought we would thirteen, if there's anything unlucky in figures."

Abbott effected diversion. "Mrs. Gregory, I'm glad Miss Noir agreed to say nothing about her discoveries, for the only harm in them is what people might imagine. I was pretty uneasy, at first, of course I knew that if she felt she ought to tell it, she would. I never knew anybody so conscientious." There was a pause, then Mrs. Greg-

ory responded. "She will not tell." Abbott had seen them safely into the house, and had reached the gate on his departure, when Fran came running up. In pleased surprise he opened the gate for her, but she stopped in the outside shadow, and he

naused within the yard. "Fran!" he exclaimed with pleasure. 'is the practice ended?" She made no response.

"Fran, what's the matter?" Silence

Abbott was both perplexed and hurt. Remember what we said on the new bridge," he urged; "we're friends while we're together and after we part!""

"Somebody ought to burn that new bridge," said Fran, in a muffled tone; "it's no good making wishes come honor I didn't. I had to admit droptrue."

with cool distinctness: "I have a pret- her anything about your age. I didn't ty hard fight, Mr. Ashton, and it's need mention the carnival company."

"Which you will kindly explain?" explains it."

"My friend, too!" she echoed bitterly. "Oh, thanks-also!"

"That Fran," repeated Grace, "is a Abbott came through the gate, and

as if he would have liked to fight his Springfield to make investigations. tient. "I don't think her character agent." Then she said that if I'd school Grace shows persistent interest ground inch by inch, "and it was rath- Grace had for ever alienated Abbott has ever had a chance to develop; the Grace had for ever alienated Abbott has ever had a chance to develop; thinks that Fran may be an imposter, er late. I was strolling about Little- Ashton, but there was always Robert she's too fixed on thinking herself than declares that the secretary must go. er late. I was strolling about Little- Ashton, but there was always Robert she's too fixed on thinking herself that I'm an impostor. But I told her burg. At last I found myself at the Clinton. He would obey her every what she isn't. Her opinion of what no tickets are going to be returned. new bridge that leads to the camp- wish; Robert Clinton should go. And she ought to be is so sure, that she I said-This show absolutely takes meeting grounds, when ahead of me. when Robert had returned with a full has never discovered what she really place, rain or shine." there was-I saw Fran. I was much history of Hamilton Gregory's school. is. And you can't possibly hold a sesurprised to find her out there, alone." days at Springfield, and those of Greg. cret from her, if you're her friend; she "I can understand that," said Grace ory's intimate friends, Pran, with the takes it from you as one snatches a

"Yes. You have given her strong

weapons against me, and you may be sure she'll use them to her advantage." "Fran, step back into the light-let

was only Mrs. Jefferson, ignorant of Fran set her back against the fence, Mrs. Gregory breathed with relief. what had taken place, who commented and looked at him darkly. "The secret What an odd little darling!" she mur- on the bright moon, and the relief of of my age, and the secret of my past."

"They were bent and determined on wheeled away Mrs. Jefferson," said lady told Abbott, "so Lucy and I went choir loft, and straight over to her. big doings at funerals, but I expect to you and I would ever-would ever get the preacher working up feelings, all came pat enough from her-and you house?" dropped your King of Hearts over the appeal he held out his hand, "That means she did. Then she "Mother," said Mrs. Gregory, "you fence-you told her that! And when



and Looked at Him Darkly.

ping the card, to keep her from think- going to offer myself as secretary, and "Why do you say that? Area't we ing you out here at midnight with a stranger. She saw us in the shadow, win the day." Fran collected herself, and spoke and guessed-that other. I didn't tell

"Sitting on that bridge at midgnight, essary to know who's on my side, and Fran's concentrated tones grew mildwhat might satisfy Mrs. Gregory teight alone, telling people's fortunes by who isn't. I may not come out ahead; er: "But Mrs. Gregory has known Besides, Fran, she is really necessary not seem best to me. No, professor, cards . . . Professor Ashton— but I'm not going to lose out from tak- about the show all this time. She to Mr. Gregory's great charity enter- it you feel that you cannot explain Mrs. Gregory!" Grace exclaimed, with ing a fee for a friend." would die before she'd tell on me."

"Which you will kindly explain?" "I never told, Fran. I'm not going "You are Grace Noir's friend—that to say that again; but you shall be-



"Of course, Abbott. But it just proves what I said, about her emptying her friends, about taking their secrets from them even without their knowing she's doing it. I said to her, sharp and quick, 'What have you been saying about me, Miss Noir?" She said-I understand from Professor you, for the girl never seems ashamed show-girl! She is eighteen or nineteen tried to read her face. "Does the fact Ashton that you are not a young girl that I am her friend condemn me?" at all, but a masquerader of at least "Wouldn't it be best for you to ask "No - just classifies you. You eighteen years.' I answered-Being "Ask her? .Her? No, I ask you!" a mirror in which she sees herself; you should have found that out, your-"Her friends are mere puppets, it friend said, Professor Ashton informs The secretary gazed at him with a appears," Abbott said, smiling. "But me that you are a circus-girl. Don't mind." Abbott said slowly, proceeding necessary for some one to go to His jesting tone made her impa. Ashten is my advance advertising

> "Fran," said Abbott in distress, "I want to talk this over-come here in the vard where you're not so con-

"Show-girls ought to be conspicuous. No, sir, I stay right here in the glaring moonlight. It doesn't call for darkness to tell me anything that is on your mind, Professor."

"Fran, you can't hold me responsible me see your face; are you in earnest? for what Miss Grace guessed. I tell For the most part, that was a silent Your eyes are smoldering-Oh, Fran, you, she guessed everything. I was saw through it all. I don't know how it was-maybe Mrs. Gregory can explain, as she's a woman. You shall not deem me capable of adding an atom to your difficulties. You shall feel that I'm your friend 'while we're together and after we part.' You must believe me when I tell you that I need your smile." His voice trembled with

She looked at him searchingly, then dropped in the yard was your card, of the good singing they can have at Why, you told her everything, even her face relaxed to the eve of revo-course." Uncle Tobe Fuller's funeral. I despise that I was trying to find out whether lution. "Who have you been trying to get a glimpse of, all the times you "And did Fran have a card to repre go, and as I can't hear the solos, nor married! I might as well say it, it parade the street in front of our

Abbott declared, "You!" In mute

"You're a weak brother, but here-" we were standing there at the gate. And she slipped her hand into his. be apparent then only a slight oiliness half massage with a pure skin food "No," the other responded, "I think you even tried-but no, I'll leave you "If she'd been in conversation with of all the finger tips. Next place the along the same lines. jects. Here we are at the same gate, presentiments. It takes talent to keep of the hair, one hand at either side that if the skin food is applied quickbut I guess there's not much danger. from telling what you know, but gen- of the head. It does not matter much by after, it, too, will sink quickly in. "Fran!" cried Abbott, with burning guessing. What I hate about it is, that neck, or on the forehead, but where dashes of cold water and pat dry. Mrs. Gregory was calm. "Miss Grace, doesn't know you are using a figure cheeks. "I didn't tell her, upon my the very next time you fall into her ever you do start, let the hands be an Now, if you wish the best results. hands, you'll be at her mercy. If I even distance apart. For instance, do not put off starting this massage told you a scheme I've been devising, place one in back of each ear. Once until you are badly in need of the she'd take it from you in broad daylight. She can always prove she's right, because she has the verse for t-and to deny her is to deny Inspiration. And if she had her way-she thinks I'm a sort of dissipationthere'd be a national prohibition of Fran."

"If there were a national prohibition of Fran, I'd be the first to smuggle you in somehow, little Nonpareil. Isn't it something for me to have taken you on trust as I have, from the very beginning?"

His brown eyes were so earnest that Fran stepped into the shadow. "It's more than something, Abbott. Your trust is about all I have. It's just like me to be wanting more than I have. I'm going to confide in you my scheme. Let's talk it over in whispers." They put their heads together. Tomorrow. Grace Noir is going to the city with Bob Clinton to select mesic for the choir-he doesn't know any more about music than poor Uncle Tobe Fuller, but you see, he's still alive. It will be the first day she's been off the place since I came. While Fran Set Her Back Against the Fence she's away, I mean to make my grand effort."

"At what Little Wonder?" "At driving her away for good. I'm

with her out of sight, I'm boping to "But she's been his secretary for five

years-is it reasonable he'd give her up? And would it be honorable for you to work against her in that way? prises

"The more reason for getting rid of her."

couldn't be her friend if you were not a masquerader of at least thirty-five. "Let me push the chair," said Ab her conscience is so sure, that she bott, stepping to Mrs. Gregory's side. hasn't use for anything but a faithful it wasn't a fair blow, but you have to fight Indians in the brush. Then your Gregory, "for she is determined to far-away look, hardly conscious that that's rather to her credit, isn't it? you think you've strayed too far from he was beating retreat, so absorbed Would you mind to explain your imagi. the tent? she asked. I said-Oh, I brought the show with me; Professor leave, Mr. Gregory need never know

spicuous."

sudden tenderness.

Natural, aptitude to grasp a situachief center of its cultivation. Saf- tion has been turned to account more

> "We were playing one-night stands," son if he had carried out his intention said he. "in Kansas during the ter-rible period of cyclones, and found ourselves in a large, dilapidated build-Sands, "are in the habit of congregat-

night have hovered on the verge of stage in the part of a drunken hus- of business. I called this assembly the oblivion but for the opportune mar-riage of the Marquis of Lorne. Then, for the first time, did the initial word of the book's title, "Lorna," catch the eye of the public, who, imagining that it must have reference to the queen's new son-in-law, rushed to get a conv. way and refused to make the required reduction.

The crocus is nowadays held to new son-in-law, rushed to get a copy. Which, if it made no reference to the host in bygone centuries it was cultiful president of the union, "and after the president of the union, and after the president of the union the uni

into the air, and, quick as a flash, turned to the lady, and said: 'There, what did I tell you? .

"The audience howled with laughter, and the quick-witted comedian was undoubtedly the means of preventing a serious calamity."

One feature of St. Kildan life wo

have appealed strongly to Doctor Johnlic gave it but gradging approval, and, ing. called, by courtesy, a theater. ing in front of one of the houses at like many another good novel, it. The low comedian was on 'the most every morning for the discussion



VARYING IDEAS FOR BATHING COSTUMES

MERICAN and Parisian designers agree that white makes an attractive tone for bathing garments. The two models shown give one an idea of the bathing garments very much in vogue at American and Parisian seaside resorts. The American costume on the left is of white silk with sandals to match and headgear of the same color. The Parisian garment, on the right, is of white taffeta trimmed with broad silk braid of the same color, and cap to match.

FIVE-MINUTE SCALP MASSAGE IMPROVING SKIN OF THROAT

Bring Best Results and Hair Will Not Become Oily.

started rub the finger tips above each treatment, for then five minutes will temple, slowly and gently forward, un- hardly suffice. Start right in now and til they meet at the crown of the head. make a five-minute massage a part of then draw them back to the starting your daily toilet. Keep it up and in point in the same manner. Repeat time you cannot help but notice a dethis operation until the finger tips be cided change in your skin. Five mincome dry, when more vaseline should utes may not seem worth while, but it five minute massage more vaseline is you do possess, besides keeping in rubbed into the scalp than one real- abeyance the many troublesome blemizes, and it is well nourished thereby. ishes which affect the skin. If the massage is properly carried out, that is to say, always started at the hair line, and little vaseline used.

1 & result.

LATE PARISIAN MODEL



Margaine Lacroix model of pink se with skirt veiled by White chiffon yoke.

Give Him the Hide Then Many a prodigal son isn't worth his real.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Persevered In, This Treatment Will Just a Few Minutes Each Day, With Proper Applications, Will Ac-

complish Wonders. If your scalp is dry and shows dan- If the skin of the threat is loose and druff, get a bottle of ordinary red baggy, dip the tips of your fingers in vaseline. Put a very little of the vase- alcohol, massage from the throat upline on the tip of each finger of your ward toward the chin, and then from hand; then rub the tips of the fingers the throat downward toward the of the other hand against those that chest. Do this two and a half minhave vaseline on them. There should utes, and the remaining two and a ius to keep the other fellow from whether you start at the nape of the When finished give the throat a few

be applied to them. By means of this will surely help to retain the beauty

Draped Lace Tunics.

Although perhaps the lace tunic has the hair will not become the least oily a tendency to age its wearer it has compensating merits which recommend it to women of middle age and even younger women who have a tendency to stoutness. For the close-fitting pointed tunic of black lace cut with the apper part in the form of a coat tends to make the figure look slim in a manner that many, alas! find eminently desirable as years come fast

upon them The favorite lace employed is Chantilly, and when one knows how to drape artistically nothing can be more elegant. On the contrary, nothing can be dowdler than a drapery which seeks to be artistic-and fails lamentably in the attempt.

Wash silk petticoats are a useful addition to any wardrobe, be it limited or not. They are made of somewhat heavy silk. Silk and cotton so-called tub silk, is almost as durable as heavy all-silk material and is more durable for petticosts, at least, than cheap all silk. The petticoats are made in striped pattern with scant bins flounces at the bottom. They can be worn with any light street costumes. One of violet and white in narrow stripes could be worn with tan, green or violet outside skirts; one of tan and white would find many uses, and more decided colors would be useful to wear with a few frocks.

To Gain Health and Beauty. A teaspoonful of olive oil before each meal is an excellent thing for the nervos as well as a tissue builder. and is said to prevent the joints from becoming stiff and rheumatic. Outwardly applied, it prevents wrinkling. which is caused by a deficiency of fat in the cells of the skin. In cases of extreme waste of tissue larger doses are advised, as the oil is absolutely pure nourishment. Keeping oil in darkness is the secret of its remaining sweet. Cold is less essential than

Fan Again in Fash

The fetching neck ruff remains a great favorite with the girl of the sea-son. A chie girl at a smart afternoon gathering the other day were the latest and sheerest development of the ruff, which cousists of but a single ess of fine tuile, with nary a

in Short Time After Cause is Won. A story comes from Sydney of a

on that was formed, strike declared ed won, the union dissolved all inof 20 minutes. The strike was of theater-mers in

ern-storming troupe. The management asked two shillings

formed a theater-goers' union.

Pickets were stationed and within a few minutes 278 persons—practicelly found the house quite full. But 1 had my place."—London Chronicle. pay the two shillings.

The manager appeared at the door-

Reserving a Seat. "Why don't you let the people in?" suggested Mr. Justice Joyce in trying to solve the Paladium queue tangie. Mt. Gambier, in South Australia, and This would be putting the theatrical was against the management of a clock back. In the seventeenth century doors were opened long before the curtain rose. Pepys' for instance mission to the show, but the patronizes the pit: "To the playhouse we audience refused to pay at a little past 12 to get a good place are thin one shilling, and after a in the nit . . . and then, getting a esty consultation outside the theater poor man to keep my place, I out and

STRIKE WON IN 20 MINUTES of one shilling. He counted slowly aromatic and as a davoring for cakes | QUICK WIT PREVENTS PANIC ing down to the footlights, looked up to nine, when the manager capitulated. and pies. A distinction of crocus The strike was declared at an end, blossoms, also, was held to be good Natural Aptitude to Grasp a Situation the union dissolved and the strikers for strengthening the lungs and heart, trooped into the hall .-- New York Trib- and as a preventive of plague. Evidence of the flower's commercial value survives in the name of the fron Walden, but saffron nowadays is than once on the stage, and, in one appreciated only by the sparrows case, if the veracity of a favorite who wreck the crocuses to obtain it.

Richard Blackmore's romance, "Lor-

na Doone," was by no means a suc-

Turned to Good Account

comedian goes for anything it saved a panic and possible loss of life.