

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. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in charity work and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in 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 sirl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted 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. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer. Fran Nonparell. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran offers her and sought a home. Grace decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request. Abbott urges him not to dismiss Gra

He met her eyes unfalteringly. "It's already nine o'clock," he said with singular composure. "Don't forget nine-

Then he disappeared in the crowd. Then, to her amazement, she beheld Hamilton Gregory stumbling toward her, looking neither to right nor left, seeing none but her-Hamilton Gregory at a show! Hamilton Gregory here, of all places, his eyes wide, his head thrown back as if to bare his face to her startled gaze.

"Fran!" cried Gregory, thrusting forth his arms to take her hands. "Fran! Even now, the bars divide us. But oh, I am so glad, so glad-and God answered my prayer and saved you, Fran-my daughter!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Near the Sky.

It was half-past nine when Abbott met Fran, according to appointment, before the Snake Den. From her hands she had removed the color of Italy. and from her body, the glittering raiment of La Gonizetti.

Fran came up to the young man from out the crowded street, all quivering excitement. In contrast with the pulsing life that ceaselessly changed her face, as from reflections of dancing light-points, his composure showed almost grotesque.

"Here I am." she panted, shooting a quizzical glance at his face, "are you ready for me? Come on, then, and I'll show you the very place for us." Abbott inquired serenely: "Down there in the Den?"

"No," she returned, "not in the Den. You're no Daniel, if I am a Charmer. No dens for us." "Nor lion cages?" inquired Abbott,

still inscrutable; "never again?"
"Never again," came her response Fran stopped before the Ferris

"Let's take a ride," she said, a little tremulously. "Won't need tickets. Bill. This is a friend of mine-Mr. Ashton. do you think of me, Abbott?" And Abbott, this is an older friend than you-Mr. Bill Smookins."



ingly hard-featured man, of no recogoveralls and greasy tar.

Abbott grasped Bill's hand, and inquired about business. "Awful pore, sense Fran lef' the show," was the answer, accompanied

by a grin that threatened to cut the

weather-beaten face wide open. Fran beamed. "Mr. Smookins knew my mother-didn't you. Bill? He was awful good to me when I was a kid. to-poor Miss Sapphira, she can't he was forced under the tent, he had he did, right down under the waterremember, Bill? That was sure-enough water-oh, he's a sure-enough Bill, let me tell vou!"

Bill intimated, as he slowed down the engine, that the rheumatism he had acquired under the water, was sure-enough rheumatism-hence his change of occupation. "I was strong enough to be a Human Nymph." he explained, "but not endurable. Nobody can't last many years as a Human Nymph."

Abbott indicated his companion-'Here's one that'll last my time." The wheel stopped. He and Fran were barred into a seat.

"And now," Fran exclaimed, "it's all ups and downs, just like a moving picture of life. Why don't you say something, Mr. Ashton? But no, you can keep still-I'm excited to death, and wouldn't hear you anyway. I want to do all the talking-I always do, after I've been in the cage. My brain is filled with air-so this is the time to be soaring up into the sky, isn't it! What is your brain filled with?-but never mind. We'll be just two balloons-my! aren't you glad we haven't any strings on us-suppose some people had hold!-I, for one, would be willing never to go down again. Where are the clouds?-Wish we could meet a few. See how I'm trembling-always do, after the lions. Now, Abbott, I'll leave a small opening for just one

"I'll steady you," said Abbott, briefly, and he took her hand. She did not ly, and he took her hand. She did not ly, and he took her hand. She did not ly as man and wife—without the secretary me. appear conscious of his protecting

"I never see the moon so big," she went on, breathlessly, "without thinking of that night when it rolled along the pasture as if it wanted to knock us off the foot-bridge for being where we oughtn't. I never could understand why you should stay on that bridge with a perfect stranger, when your duty was to be usher at the camp-meeting! You weren't ushering me, you know, you were holding my hand-I mean, I was holding your hand, as Miss Sapphira says I shouldn't. What a poor helpless man-as I'm holding you now, I presume! But I laughed in meeting. People ought to go outdoors to smile, and keep their religion in a house, I guess. I'm going to tell you why I laughed, for you've never guessed, and you've always been afraid to ask-"

"Afraid of you, Fran?" "Awfully, I'm going to show youlet go, so I can show you. No, I'm in earnest-you can have me, afterwards. Remember that evangelist?

There he stood, waving his hands-as I'm doing now-moving his arms with his eyes fastened upon the congregation-this way-look, Abbott."

"Fran! As if I were not already looking."

"Look-just so; not saying a wordonly waving this way and that . . And it made me thing of our hypnotizer—the man that waves people into our biggest tent-he seems to pick 'em | intendent of public schools caring for up bodily and carry them in his arms. a show-girl, even if she is Fran Non-Well! And if the people are to be pareil. How would it affect your cawaved into a church, it won't take reer?" much of a breeze to blow them out. I don't believe in soul-waving. But to engage in a show, so you are not a that doesn't mean that I don't believe in the church-does it?-do you

think?" "You believe in convictions, Fran-And since you've come into the church, er speak to a man who could feel you don't have to say that you believe

stop the wheel; I want to go right-up. little, so little under the roof-what

"Fran, I think you are the most-"

want you to talk about yourself. What hour that I want to marry?" made you go away from town? But Fran covered her face with her that's not the worst; what made you hands. For a while there was silence, stay away? And what were you doing then she said: off there wherever it was, while poor little girls were wondering themselves

Mr. Smookins was a Human Nymph in come now! Listen at all the street no intention of doing anything so those days, and he smoked and talked, criers, getting closer, and the whistle wicked as that, he only meant to do bott, the air I've breathed all my life- terness, now. Abbott, he seems all the carnival. Here we are, just above changed." the clouds of confetti, . . . Now we're riding through . . . pretty damp, these clouds are, don't you

think! Those ribbons of electric over he came to me-he was so exlights have been the real world to me. Abbott-they were home. . . No, Bill, we don't want to get out. We intend to ride until you take this wheel to pieces. And oh, by the way, Billjust stop this wheel, every once in a while, will you?-when we're up at the

very tiptop. All right-good-by." And Abbott called gaily, "Good-by, Mr. Smookins!"

"I'm glad you did that, Abbott. You think you're somebody, when somebody else thinks so, too. Now we're rising in the world." Fran was so excited that she could not keep her body from quivering. In spite of this, she fastened her eyes upon Abbott to ask, suddenly: "'Most'-what?" "Most adorable," Abbott answered,

as if he had been waiting for the prompting. "Most precious. Most bewitchingly sweet. Most unanswerably and eternally-Fran!" "And you-" she whispered.

"And I," he told her, "am nothing but most wanting-to-be-loved." "It's so queer," Fran said, plaintively. "You know, Abbott, how long you've fought against me. You know it, and I don't blame you, not in the least. There's nothing about me to

when I don't understand myself?" "I don't," he said, prompt'y. "I've



"Up, Samson, Up!"

given up trying to understand you. Since then, I've just loved. That's

"What will people think of a super-

"But you have promised never again

show-girl." "What about my mother who live and died as a lion-tamer? What will you do about my life-history? I'd nevashamed of my mother. What about my father who has never publicly "Yes-there's nothing on the out- acknowledged me? I'd not want to -who could be proud of him."

"As to the past, Fran, I have only this to say: Whatever hardships it

nizable age. Externally, he was blue bition behind the bars. Anyway, I hour. And it's the Fran of this living

"Father was there, tonight."

"At the lion-show? Impossible! Mr.

sick about you? But wait!-the Gregory go to a-a-to-a-" wheel's going down-down-down. "Yes, it is possible for him even to . Good thing I have you to hold go to a show. But to do him justice, stopped. sounds-I wish we had whistles; the some little thing like running awaysquawky kind. See my element, Ab- But no, I can't speak of him with bit-

> Abbott murmured, as if stupefied: "Mr. Gregory at a show!" "Yes, and a lion-show. When it was

cited-" "So was I," spoke up the other-"rather!"

"You didn't show it. I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I had been eaten up. . . No, no, listen. He wanted to claim me-he called me 'daughter' right there before the people, but they thought it was just a sort of-of church name. But he was wonderfully moved. I left the tent with him, and we had a long talk-I came from him to you. I never saw anybody so changed."

"But why?" "You see, he thought I was going to be killed right there before his eyes, and seeing it with his very own eyes made him feel responsible. He told me, afterwards, that when he found earning her living with showmen, so I could be supported. All in all, he is a changed man."

"Then will he acknowledge you?but no. no . . ."

tary. He imagines it would be a sort be. Grace Noir has found it all out-" "Then she will tell!" Abbott exclaimed, in dismay.

can't think of what lengths she was tory-poor Bob! Remember the night afraid he'll conclude that religion and-" isn't what he thought it was, living so close to it from now on."

"All this interests me greatly, dear, doesn't bear upon the main question." "Abbott, you don't know why I went o that show to act. You thought I was caring for a sick friend. What do

you think of such deceptions?" "I think I understand. Simon Jeftrapeze; it was possibly La Gonizetti's Mrs. Gregory is nursing some one. izetti was a friend of yours, and you my life to-totook her place, so the mother could stay with the injured daughter."

"You're a wonder, yourself!" Fran declared, dropping her hands to stare at him. "Yes, that's it. All these show-people are friends of mine. When the mayor was trying to decide what carnival company they'd have for the street fair, I told him about this show, and that's why it's here. Poor La Gonizetti needs the money dreadfully-for they spend it as fast as it's paid in. The little darling will have to go to a hospital, and there's nothing laid by. The boys all threw side, and oh, sometimes there's so have anything to do with a man who in, but they didn't have much, themselves. Nobody has. Everybody's poor in this old world-except you and me. I've taken La Gonizetti's place in the "But do you!" she interposed, still contained, whatever wrongs or wretch- cage all day to keep her from losing



out; and if this wasn't the last day, I don't know whether I'd have promised you or not. . . . Samson was pretty good, but that mask annoyed him. So you see-but honestly, Abbott, doesn't all this make you feel just a wee bit different about me?"

"It makes me want to kiss you, Fran.' "It makes you"-she gasped-"want to do-that? Why, Abbott! Nothing

can save you." "I'm afraid not," he agreed. The car was swinging at the highest

reach of the wheel. The engine She opened her eyes very wide. "I'd think you'd be afraid of such a world-

famous lion-trainer," she declared, drawing back. "Some have been, I assure you." "I'm not afraid," Abbott declared,

drawing her toward him. He would have kissed her, but she covered her face with her hands and bent her head instinctively. "Up!" cried Abbott. "Up, Samson,

Fran laughed hilariously, and lifted her head. She looked at him through her fingers. Her face was a garden of blush-roses. She pretended to roar

but the result was not terrifying; then

she obediently held up her mouth. "After all," said Fran, speaking somewhat indistinctly, "you haven't told why you ran away to leave poor Fran guessing where you'd gone. Do you know how I love you, Abbott?" "I think I know."

bott said: "As to why I left Little- Round, close-fitting turbans, Oriental It will be seen from the picture that burg: Bob knew of a private school turbans, small hats, a few of the larg- the muffs and hats are made to that has just been incorporated as a er ones that are beginning to emerge match, while the neckpieces are oddcollege. A teacher's needed, one with from their eclipse, are all taking to of another kind of fur or plush. This ideas of the new education—the edu- themselves the luxury and suggestion is only a fancy not an established cation that teaches us how to make of warmth and comfort which is lent fashion. The vogue of plain skirts books useful to life, and not life to them by the fur band. out who it was in the cage, he thought books—the education that teaches Millinery furs are called by the does away with the need of a neckof mother in a different way—he saw happiness as well as words and fig. names of the furs they imitate, as piece other than a band of fur around at my school, little rebel! Bob was an property so he recommended me, and many of the skins which are trans- chic and also delightfully comfortable. "You see? He can't, on account of with the way I talked—he's new to the possum, the skunk, the muskrat, the The materials used for the muffs Mrs. Gregory. There's no future for business, so that must be his excuse coyote and others have and help out and turbans are many, velvets,

"Hurrah! But you are to be far, far creasing demand for them. The skins satins and chiffon all contribute to of reparation to present me to the above my reach, just as I prophesied of these people of the wild are so disworld as his daughter, he thinks it Don't you remember what I said to guised by the dyeings and markings sories. would give him happiness-but it can't you during our drive through Sure-Enough Country?"

"And that isn't all," said Abbott, looking straight before him, and pre-"She would have told but for one tending that he had not heard. "In thing. She doesn't dare, and it's on that town-Tahlelah, Okla.,-I discovher own account-of course. She has ered, out in the suburbs, a cottagebeen terribly-well, indiscreet. You the dearest little thing-as dear as . . as Mr. Smookins; just big

willing to go--not from coldly making enough for a girl like Fran. I rented up her mind, but because she lost grip it at once-of course, it oughn't to be on herself, from always thinking she standing there idle—there's such a couldn't. So she went away with Bob fragrant flower garden-I spent some Clinton—she'll marry him, and they'll time arranging the grounds as I think go to Chicago, out of Littleburg his- you'll like them. I didn't furnish the cottage, though. Women always like he was trying to get religion? I'm to select their own carpets and things,

Fran's face was a dimpled sea of pink and crimson waves, with starry lights in her black eyes for signal ecause it interests you. Still, it lights. "Oh, you king of hearts!" she exclaimed. "And shall we have a church wedding, and just kill 'em?" Abbott laughed boyishly. "No-you

must remember that your connection with show-life is at an end." "But-and then-and so," cried ferson told me of a girl falling from a fran rapturously, "I'm to have a home trapeze; it was possibly La Gonizetti's after all, with flower gardens and the past. Soft and fine, the under

somebody."

long to you. And to know that my home is our home. . .

Abbott, with a sober sense of his unworthiness, embraced her silently. From far below came a sudden sound making its way through the continuity of the street-uproar. It was the chugging of the engine.

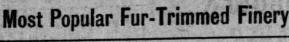
The wheel began to revolve. Down they came-down-down-Fran looked up at the moon. "Goodby," she called, gaily. "The world is

good enough for me!" (THE END.)

to have been even more sought after than his teeth. That which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy' was sold soon after the writer's death for ten thousand dollars; and the

The most extravagant instance of wears a small locket attached to a chain round his neck a part of the charred skull of Shelley.—The Sunday

But to regret that I gave you the kiss dear madam, that I cannot!





E VERYTHING is trimmed with rur but short-hanted runs, and already furriers are making are invariably this season cut either imitations of martin, ermine, skunk, In passing, it may be mentioned leopard, moleskin, mink and sealskin. that furs must not be cut with scis-These furs are used in bands and are sors. The home milliner or dressused for trimming muffs, turbans, maker may cut them satisfactorily by neckpieces and dresses. They border marking a line with tailor's chalk on gowns at the hem, and sleeves at the the skin side of the pelt and cutting wrist. Occasionally a high-necked along this line with a razor blade. In blouse shows a narrow band of fur sewing seams two edges are held to hugging the throat.

fabrics) that fur bands appear as an needle. All three edges are cutting It was a good while later that Ab indispensible part of the composition. edges.

ures; just the kind that you didn't find "sealskin," "fox," "martin," "mole," the collar. With such a suit a hat. old chum of the man who owns the likely that Molly Cottontail provides like that on the collar, is delightfully I went. It's a great chance, a magnifi- formed by furriers into almost any- One can face any degree of cold with cent opening. The man was so pleased thing they wish to imitate. The op- them. in providing furs for trimming, be- plushes, brocaded silks, brocaded and piecings and clippings of furmillinery and garments, and they

looking furs. The hats on which fur bands and ver on millinery. collars are used are small and close millinery. When long-haired furs are failure. used they are cut in narrow bands,

gether and overcast. Furriers use a But it is in millinery and muffs triangular needle, and it is far easier (which are made of velvet or other to sew skins with than the round

with plush jackets to match in color "leopard," "ermine." It is more than and muff to match, trimmed with fur

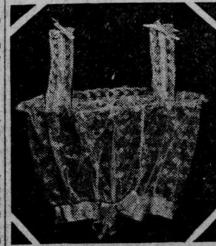
is and in- crepes, wide heavy brocaded ribbons

Some of the muffs and turbans fitting as a rule. Mostly velvet tur- shown may be attempted by the home bans, although plush and satin figure dressmaker with good chances of sucin the making of a good number of cess. Before attempting them, howmodels. The combination of fur and ever, she should examine a set made velvet, or fur and satin, is more effec- by professionals. There are many tive than that of fur and plush, in small items which if overlooked spell

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

FILMY LINGERIE **FASHION'S EDICT** FOR THIS SEASON

daughter. Mrs. Jefferson told me that carpets and things—a sure-enough garments of today do not confine home-Abbott, a home with you! themselves alone to sheer muslins, but The same one, I imagine. And La Gon- Don't you know, it's been the dream of call lace and even chiffon into their fragile make-up. The latter is used Abbott was inexpressibly touched for flounces and frills on garments Yes, I was just thinking of what I which are seldom worn or that can be heard you say, once—to belong to dry-cleaned. But the filmiest laces are woven to withstand careful launder-Fran slipped her arms about his ing and garments employing them are neck. "And what a somebody! To be practical. Some of these laces-as



German val and cluny—are very strong and will wear as long as nainsook or muslin.

Here is a corset cover which will please every woman who loves dainty nery. And is there one who does not? This pretty little furbelow is sian tunic and empress styles. When meant to be worn under sheer waists. in the Russian style the underskirt is Whether it shows through or not, it generally of plain white crepe, while is elegant, and will make a Christmas the tunic or smock is of white crepe gift that will delight the heart of its

From one and a quarter to one and a half yards of all-over lace will make two of these without any seams. Lace 18 inches wide is cut in two lengthwise and the straight strip forms the adorned, except for a narrow ribbon little bodice. Beading and lace edging that defines the high waistline. trim the top and form the straps over the shoulder. A wider beading of fine Swiss embroidery is made to the waist

Baby ribbon is run in the beading

Muffs are flat and soft. Lace is riers that their masquerading is ac- used for their trimming, and a touch cepted easily. No qualifying "imita- of lace on the turban corresponds tion" prefixes their borrowed names. with that on the muff. As is usual They are used in the handsomest of when furs are much in fashion (they are never out) metallic laces have make it possible for "the many" as reappeared and are sparingly used as well as "the few," to indulge in good- a decoration on fancy muffs and neck wear, and in touches of gold and sil-

the shoulder straps, which are made of beading with lace edging whipped to each side. A narrow hem finishes each side of the front. Wider ribbon is run through the beading at the waist and tied in a bow at the front.

By way of adding the most frivolous and dainty of finishing touches, tiny chiffon roses in pink, blue and white. with little ribbon rose foliage, is applied (in a short festoon) over the bust at each side. They are basted on, to be removed when the corset cover is washed.

The sewing on such garments is to be done by hand, but there is so little of it that only a short time is needed. Considering its beauty and inexpensiveness this corset cover is to be recommended as among the choicest of gifts. It is good enough for a millionaire, costs little, but, bought in the shops, sells for a high price. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Cretonne Slips. Cretonne slips to put over frocks that are hanging in the closet or wardrobe are convenient. They are made of two pieces of cretonne, cut in semicircular outline, a little bigger than a dress hanger. They are seamed together about the curved edge, with a

little opening left for the neck of the To the straight edge two long. straight sections of cretonne are gathered, long enough to come to the bottom of the frock. These straight pieces can be seamed together or fastened with tapes or socket fasteners.

Fine crepes are being used for the lingerie dresses of children in the Rusembroidered or printed in dainty postes, and the long sleeves are of fine batiste finished with narrow valen-

ciennes lace. The simplicity of the empire style ermits the use of fancy crepes, un-

Novel Paris Bag. Bags continue to be popular, and a new one which has come from Paris is made of silk, either striped or of at the top of the garment and tied in all black, and is daintily fitted with a full bow at the front. It is run in card case, mirror and a watch.

Oriental Christians Believe Banana Tree Was the Source of Good and Evil.

There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east that believe the banana to be the tree of the source of good and evil, in a bunch of the fruit of which the serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, and they add that when Adam and Eve became ashamed of their nakedness, they covered themselves with the

eaves of this plant. The origin of the banana is given as India, at the foot of the Himalayas, where it has been cultivated since remotest antiquity, says the National Geographic Magazine. Its origin in world is as doubtful as the origin of the American Indian. Natural to Asia and Africa, where more than twenty distinct species of the genus are known, it is said to have n brought first to America from sin, early in the sixteenth century. sence its spread was rapid

LEGEND OF GARDEN OF EDEN through the surrounding islands and the main land. This has never been authentically established, however, and some authorities include the banana among the articles that formed

the Spaniards. Certain it is that throughout the whole meridional America there is a strong tradition that at least two spe-cies of the plantain were cultivated long before the coming of the Europeans. Furthermore, it is singular that in all the languages indigend pears, the plant has a special name, not proceeding from the conquerors, as was the case with the names of many other plants, animals and various articles introduced into America

after its discovery. eridian of the earth, the fruit of the banana today forms in large part the principal food of a majority of the peoples living under the tropical zone.

The dead are soon forgotten—and so are a lot of us who are alive.

Little Lesson in Efficiency. A woman who has been studying the science of household efficiency comments that the obvious things that every woman ought to know about conthe base of food supply of the Incas serving time and energy in the doing and the Aztecs before the arrival of of the daily household tasks are the ones that seem to make no impression upon the average household. For instance, she says, always have the draining pan when washing dishes upon the left of the dishpan. You naturally wash the dishes with the right and hold them in the left. Then set them down on the left without using energy to reach across the right. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?

Out of the Dictograph. To think before you speak will help some, but it's better yet to hustle round and verify your facts.

The man with a hand full of tru

never developed a suspicion that the leal isn't square.
Birdle Frizzles feels terribly graced because her mother, as a girl, had to learn to play "Monastery Bells" and "Silver Waves" instead of rag-

Large Sums Have Frequently Been Paid for Articles That Many

Would Call Grewsome. It is not every man, not every hero worshiper, who would esteem the tooth of his hero of more value than diamonds. There is a ring belonging to an English nobleman, in which the place of honor, formerly occupied by a diamond, is given to a tooth that once did duty in a human jaw.

This tooth cost no less than three housand six hundred and fifty dollars; but it was the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. A relic collector sold it at auction in 1846, and the nobleman who bought it gave it the place of a diamond in his favorite ring.

Another tooth, which so far excites

the veneration of hero worshipers as to be able to hold a court of its own and to draw from long distances a small host of followers, is one that was originally hidden behind the lips of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his former residence in a glass case bearing the inscription, "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist

VALUE QUEER RELICS HIGHLY on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch, at three o'clock in the afterncon." The wig of a literary man appears

> favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought five thousand dollars. literary hero worship is that of a wellknown Englishman, who constantly

tole a kiss declares herself ready to waive her demand for punishment if you will ask her pardon and express your regret for what has happened.

Gentlemen (to the offended lady)-Yes, I am willing to beg your pardon