



FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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BACK YARD FARMER

Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters—Garden and Plant Pests—Dwarf Tomatoes—Flower Bed Notes.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE. Practically all of the domestic garden pests can be killed without difficulty by the proper treatment. Yet few people seem to realize this and everywhere we see plants and house flowers struggling for existence and supporting a host of parasites when just a little intelligent treatment would turn these plants from sickly weaklings into hardy producers. Some of the commonest pests, together with the proper treatment to eliminate them, follow:

Aphis, or green lice, is a parasite about one-half the size of the head of a pin—green in color and shows but little activity. They are found particularly on the cucurbits, that is, the vines of the cucumber family, and on all sorts of house plants. If ants are present on your outside plants, look out for these green lice. They are sometimes called ant-cows, for the ants seem to tend them, stroking them with their feelers, when the Aphis gives out a sweet secretion, of which the ants are fond. The treatment for green lice is tobacco tea, which is readily made by boiling tobacco stems in water. Spray the plants with a spray gun three or four times at two or three day intervals.

Red Spider.—The red spider is a little red bug. It moves rapidly over the plants. Merely spraying with tobacco tea or plain, clear water will get rid of this pest. Its size is about the same as the green lice.

Striped Beetle.—The striped beetle is one-eighth of an inch long and the fact that it can fly makes it a danger to any garden. It is found in the soil at the base of the stems of the cucurbits. It kills the young vines but after the vines begin to send off runners they are safe from this pest. The treatment is powdered white hellebore scattered around the hills and on the plants, or the plants can be sprayed with water and the hellebore dusted on, or a suspension solution may be made and the plants sprayed. Another treatment is air-slacked lime in suspension solution, or cow manure plastered over the ground near the vines.

Cut Worms may attack any plant in the garden, cutting it off under the ground. They have a special liking for peas and beans. If young, tender plants die quickly, or you find that the plants from seed are not appearing above ground, look out for cut worms. Mix one pound of bran with enough water to make a dough; add a tablespoonful of some sirup and another tablespoonful of white arsenic; mix well and scatter a little about the plants. The cut worms will eat this and die.

Potato Bugs.—This familiar pest can be quickly gotten rid of by spraying the potato plants with a suspension solution of Paris green. Spray two or three times to kill the young. Paris green contains arsenic, and in using this or the white arsenic, care should be used, as it is exceedingly poisonous.

Tomato Worms.—If you find your tomato plants are losing their leaves, look out for these worms. They are anywhere from three to six inches in length and as large as three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It is seldom that more than two or three appear in the garden at one time, and they are quickly killed by hand.

For Cabbage Worms, dust the plants with powdered hellebore before the heads form. Later dust the hellebore on the outside leaves as the worms appear.

A little attention to getting rid of garden pests will well repay in the increased production of the garden.

Dwarf Tomatoes. Tomatoes are one of, if not the most, popular summer vegetables. This world-wide favorite is of comparatively recent use as an edible. It was originally cultivated for its decorative features only, the fruit being called "Love Apples," and people considering them to be poisonous. This singular error was probably due to the fact that tomatoes belong to the "Nightshade" family, several of whose members are deadly poison to human beings.

The popularity of tomatoes is due largely to the great variety of ways in which they can be prepared for the table. No other vegetable can be eaten raw or cooked in such a variety of forms. No other vegetable has wider range of growth, is easier to grow, or produces more from the land.

Tomatoes were originally divided into the tree and bush classes, after their manner of growth. About 50 years ago a French market gardener noticed a sturdy low-growing tomato bush in a field of ordinary vines. We say bush advisedly, because it had a short, strong stalk and stood right up, holding its branches and fruit off the ground. From his original plant "sport" has been developed a great variety of dwarf tomatoes. This peculiar occurrence has never re-occurred, and if this humble gardener had not preserved his remarkable plant, the world would be without a race of commercial tomatoes that bids fair to put the larger sorts out of business, so far as the large grower is concerned. We have long been familiar with tomatoes which are dwarf as to the size of the fruit and they need not be considered seriously.

It spreads less and may be planted closer together. Where the large varieties will go about 2,700 to the acre, planted four feet apart, and will yield about 450 bushels of good fruit, the Giant Dwarf may be planted 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 feet apart, nearly 5,000 plants to the acre, and has frequently yielded 600 bushels.

Even if this were to be overlooked entirely, the fact that the dwarf tomato plant does not have to be tied or staked up, makes it much better for both the small garden and the market garden. The fruit is naturally kept off the ground and ripens without rotting in the attempt. Handle them just as you have handled the large varieties and plant them closer together and forget about the stakes.

The Giant Dwarf is the most common dwarf variety in this country and we advise you to try a few plants this year or next. Through cultivation is necessary, as with any other tomato, and you must break up the surface after every rain. Another excellent forcing plan is to sink a bottomless tin can in the ground by each plant and pour liquid fertilizer, or even plain water, into it twice weekly.

Laying Out Flower Beds. Why do people plant flowers in beds? Everyone does it, and there is hardly one in a hundred that knows why they plant them in beds instead of singly and scattered or some other way. They do it because everybody else does it.

Planting flowers is a good deal like growing whiskers in some ways. Right after the Civil War every man grew a full beard, because so many of the returning heroes had beards through necessity that they made whiskers fashionable.

That's why we plant flowers in beds. Because the other fellow did, and still does. But fortunately there are mighty good underlying reasons for so doing, whether we understand them or not.

In the first place, the herbaceous or soft stemmed plants usually look better in masses, lines or other groups. A large or continuous mass of color makes a strong impression upon the observer where a few scattered blooms would be ignored. A single soldier is unnoticed, but the marching of a regiment thrills the very soul. So it is with flowers, and this cumulative effect is the biggest reason for massing them together.

Perhaps the only other immediate alternative would be to scatter them about over the lawn as they occur in nature—a group of blue here, a single pink there, etc. This is all very well for the yard that is kept in a wild state, but it will never do for the finished city or suburban lot. It makes a fair, smooth lawn impossible and the combination of natural flower arrangements and polished gardening accessories spoils the effect of each one.

As far as possible, the beds should be kept at the outer edges of the lawn to avoid cutting it up and making it look small. The old-fashioned, formal beds—round, square, star-shaped, diamond or crescent—are not in good taste now, and the lines of the beds should be irregular, although clearly defined. This applies to every walk border, to a lesser degree, although we personally like a straight lined bed near a straight lined walk.

If it is necessary to place small beds out in the lawn, the round or oval bed is probably the best in form and it should contain low flowers, so as not to hide the landscape back of it.

Beds should be dug deep, thoroughly fertilized and pulverized, and the edges cut clean and smooth with an edging tool. The earth should be gently crowned from the edges to the center, to provide drainage. Do not plant the flowers so close to the grass as to interfere with clipping the grass at the edge of the lawn about the bed.

How Turks Captured Gallipoli. Gallipoli, where the severe fighting occurred between the Bulgarians and the Turks, became the possession of the latter in a manner that recalls the Biblical description of the fall of Jericho. This happened nearly a century before the capture of Constantinople so that Gallipoli, or as the ancients called it Callipolis, the Beautiful City, was one of the Turks' first European acquisitions.

Invited over to Europe by Christians to take part in their quarrels, the Turks crossed the Dardanelles and seized the Castle of Tzypne. Then in 1358 came a terrific earthquake, which shattered the cities of Thrace. The walls of Gallipoli fell down, the inhabitants deserted the place, and the Turks marched in over the ruins and stayed there, in spite of the remonstrances of the Emperor Cantacuzenus. The Sultan Orkhan replied that Providence had opened the city to his soldiers, and he could not be guilty of the impiety of disregarding such a manifestation of the Divine will.

Cement Floor. In making cement hog floors, it is advisable to arrange a slat frame or woven wire device in one corner when placing a row in the house at farrowing time. The frame should rest flat on the floor, being higher on the outer edge than in the middle, to prevent the nesting from being scattered about and to guard the pigs crawling off onto the cold floor and chilling—a very common occurrence unless something is done to prevent it.

Kill Prairie Wolves. Prairie wolves are becoming so numerous in eastern Washington and destroying so many small pigs and poultry that farmers are forming hunting clubs to destroy them. One farmer near Palouse, Wash., lost 17 pigs in one night, all of which were destroyed by wolves.

Sign of Carelessness. Whenever you see a lot of chickens roosting on the farm machinery lying around unprotected in the fence corner you may be sure that the owner will have a hard time getting his note renewed at the bank.

Select One Dairy Breed. It is better to select one dairy breed than it is to try to combine the good points of all.

Command Big Prices. Well-matched teams are the ones that command the big prices.

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, and 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.

The young man was astonished. "Didn't you see him in the tent, leading the choir?"

"He has a house in town," Fran said timidly. "I don't want to bother him while he is in his religion. I want to wait for him at his house. Oh," she added earnestly, "if you would only show me the way."

Just as if she did not know the way! Abbott Ashton was now completely at her mercy. "So you know Brother Gregory, do you?" he asked, as he 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 question. They sought the grass-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 different thing to me from what it means to the choir."

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 coming. That's what the song means to me."

"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 tent?"

"I wouldn't tell you why I laughed," Fran declared, "for a thousand dollars. And I've seen more than that in 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 Abbott."

His manner made her laugh sympathetically. It was just the manner she liked best—gay, frank, and a little mischievous. "Abbott?" she repeated; "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, some never understand."

It was because Abbott Ashton was touched that he spoke lightly. "What a very young Nonpareil to be wandering about the world, all by yourself!"

"She was grateful for his rally. "How young do you think?"

"Let me see. Hum! You are only—about—"

She laughed mirthfully at his air of preposterous wisdom. "About thirteen—fourteen, yes, you are more than that, more than that. But take off that enormous hat, little Nonpareil. There's no use guess-

ing in the dark when the moon's shining.

Fran was gleeful. "All right," she cried in one of her childish tones, shrill, fresh, vibratory with the music of innocence.

By this time they had reached the foot-bridge that spanned the deep ravine. Here the wagon-road made its crossing of a tiny stream, by slipping under the foot-bridge, some fifteen feet below. On the left lay straggling Littleburg with its four or five hundred houses, faintly twinkling, and beyond the meadows on the right, a fringe of woods started up as if it did not belong there, but had come to be seen, while above the woods swung the big moon with Fran on the foot-bridge to shine for.

Fran's hat dangled idly in her hand as she drew herself with backward movement upon the railing. The moonlight was full upon her face; so was the young man's gaze. One of her feet found, after leisurely exploration, a down-slanting board upon the edge of which she pressed her heel for support. The other foot swayed to and fro above the flooring, while a little hand on either side of her gripped the top rail.

"Here I am," she said, shaking back rebellious hair.

Abbott Ashton studied her with grave deliberation—it is doubtful if he had ever before so thoroughly enjoyed his duties as usher. He pronounced judiciously, "You are older than you look."

"Yes," Fran explained, "my experience accounts for that. I've had lots."

Abbott's lingering here beneath the moon when he should have been hurrying back to the tent, showed how unusually the good things of life—experience, for instance—are divided. "You are sixteen," he hazarded, conscious of a strange exhilaration.

Fran dodged the issue behind a smile—"And I don't think you are so awfully old."

Abbott was brought to himself with a jolt that threw him hard upon self-consciousness. "I am superintendent of the public school," the very sound of

his subconsciousness. Why did this stranger speak of Miss Grace Noir as the "lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory?" The young man at times had caught himself thinking of her in just that way.

School superintendents do not enjoy being mystified. "Really," Abbott declared abruptly, "I must go back to the meeting."

Fran had heard enough about his leaving her. She decided to stop that once and for all. "If you go back, I go, too!" she said conclusively. She gave him a look to show that she meant it, then became all humility.

"Please, don't be cross with little Nonpareil," she coaxed. "Please don't want to go back to that meeting. Please don't want to leave me. You are so learned and old and so strong—you don't care why a little girl laughs."

Fran tilted her head sideways, and the glance of her eyes proved irresistible. "But tell me about Mr. Gregory. He's the richest man in the 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 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 church, I mean; I have the ambition to hold, one day, a chair at Yale or Harvard—that means to teach in a university," he broke off, in explanation.

"You see," with a deprecatory smile, "I want to make myself felt in the world."

Fran's eyes shone with an unspoken "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 a while in divine eye-beams of flattering approval, then gave him a little stilt to 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 put themselves out, they've lost sight of the shores 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—or—practical."

"Yes," said Fran, wondering who "the woman" was, "if you can't be practical, there's no use to be. Well, I 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 talking about?" She hurried on, as if to cover her confusion. "But I haven't got as far in books as you have, so I'm not religious."

"Books aren't religion," he remonstrated, then added with unnecessary gentleness, "Little Nonpareil! What an idea!"

"Yes, books are," retorted Fran, shaking back her hair, swinging her foot, and twisting her body impatiently. "That's the only kind of religion I know anything about—just books, just doctrines, what you ought to be, and how you ought to act—all nicely printed and bound between covers. Did you ever meet any religion outside of a book, moving up and down, going about in the open?"

He answered in perfect confidence, "Mr. Gregory lives his religion daily—the kind that helps people, that makes the unfortunate happy."

Fran was not hopeful. "Well, I've come all the way from New York to see him. I hope he can make me

happy. I'm certainly unfortunate enough. I've got all the elements he needs to work on."

"From New York!" He considered the delicate form, the youthful face, and whistled. "Will you please tell me where your home is, Nonpareil?"

"America. I wish it were concentrated in some spot, but it's just spread out thin under the Stars and Stripes. My country's about all I have."

She broke off with a catch in her voice—she tried to laugh, but it was no use. Suddenly it came to Abbott Ashton that he understood the language of moon, watching woods, meadow-lands, even the gathering rain-clouds, all 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 beyond the limits that mark a superintendent'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 slowly coming down the hill. As superintendent, 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 widow; the lady desired to see no more.

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

asked, "How cold is it? My thermometer is frozen."

The young man did not betray uneasiness, though he was really alarmed, for his knowledge of the fleshy lady enabled him to foresee 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, we'll be neighbors, for that's where I live. Who was she?"

"Miss Sapphira Clinton," he answered, by a common impulse, they began walking toward Hamilton Gregory'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 said, "he's the chairman of the School Board."

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"Yes," he said, "he's the chairman of the School Board."

It was a counterfeit, and being as it was April Fool's day, she had taken it out to the sidewalk and then watched a man picking it up. She was laughing at his feelings when he found himself stung.

"And you told her she had stung 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 do us for a week, and a hundred other things. I jumped up and down. I swore. I smashed things."

"And then?"

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

the woman who was not Mrs. Gregory.

Hardly had Abbott Ashton disappeared down the village vista of moonlight and shadow-patches, before 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 dependent to the bluest degree; and though competent at the clash, she often found herself purpling on the eve of the crisis. The moment had come to test her fighting qualities, yet she dropped 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 tent.

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 action from Fran, when the iron was to be welded. Out of the deepening shadows her will leaped keen as a blade.

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 said decidedly.

Hamilton Gregory was seriously disturbed. However evil-doesed, the wife should not be left to wander aimlessly about the streets. Of these hotels in Littleburg, the cheapest was not overtly particular. He would take her there. "Do you mean to tell me, he temporized, "that you are absolutely alone?"

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 hope you are doing some writing for one of the popular magazines.

Percolium—That's slightly exaggerated; I haven't been able to get my stuff into any but the—unpopular ones yet.

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

Coffins Many Centuries Old. Two tiny coffins have recently been found in the monastic burial ground of Peterborough, Northampton, England, and have been placed in Peterborough cathedral. They are said to be the coffins of the twin children of King Canute, who were drowned in Whittlesy Mere as they were crossing to be educated at Peterborough abbey.

APRIL FOOL JOKE, ALL RIGHT Grocer, His Wife, and Unknown "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 listener.

"So it was, but you wait a minute. I shoved the bill into my vest pocket and thought no more of it 'till next morning—April Fool morning. The bill was gone and I humped for the house like a cyclone. Had she seen it? She had. She had found it on the bedroom floor. Thank heaven."

"That was lucky."

"And then she told me that being

HOLD RECORD FOR FASTING

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

The most persistent faster of all time was probably Roger Crab, who lived in the time of the commonwealth.

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 Ikenham, 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 instead of roast mutton and rabbit I give him broth thickened with bran and pudding made with bran and turnip leaves chopped together."

Vigorous health was the result, says the London Chronicle, but his abstinence from food was regarded with such suspicion that on one occasion he narrowly escaped being burned alive as a wizard.

Another famous hermit who man-

aged to reduce diet to very simple proportions was James Lucas, with whom many of us are doubtless familiar as Mr. Moses in Charles Dickens' "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

Lucas lived mainly upon bread and penny bun, though to these were added at times eggs and herrings and gin. A basket slung from the roof out of reach of the rats served him as a larder, and he abjured washing all furniture and clothes, wrapping himself 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 paradox.

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 Boulevard du Crime.

The audience became so passionately devoted to some of the characters interpreted for their pleasure that they sometimes showed quite fierce hostility to the actors who had to take parts inimical to them. One night, for instance, Briand, who had represented Hudson Lowe in a scene on the island of Saint Helena when Napoleon was imprisoned there, was seized by some roughs as he left the theater and swung 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.

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