

FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, and finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs to her room in search of him, but finds him nowhere. She is asked to leave, and she goes. She is then asked to leave, and she goes. She is then asked to leave, and she goes.

trumpet. "I believe Fran has given brother a fresh interest in life." Old Mrs. Jefferson beamed upon Fran and added her commendation: "She pushes me when I want to be pushed, and pulls me when I want to be pulled."

There was heavenly compassion in her eyes, for suddenly she had divined his purpose in defending Fran's father. He was thinking of his own wife, and of his wife's mother and brother—how they had ceased to show sympathy in what he regarded as the essentials of life. Her silence suggested that as she could not speak without casting reflection upon Mrs. Gregory, she would say nothing, and this tact was grateful to his grieving heart.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.
Fran's quick eye caught the expression of baffled reaching-forth, of uncertain striving after sympathetic understanding. "You darling lady!" she cried, clasping her hands to keep her arms from flying about the other's neck, "don't you be troubled about me. Bless your heart, I can take care of myself—and you, too! Do you think I'd add a straw to your . . . Now you hear me: If you want to do it, just put me in long trains with Pullman sleepers, for I'll do whatever you say. If you want to show people how tame I am, just hold up your hand, and I'll crawl into my cage."

As she passed with her charge into the garden, her mind was busy with thoughts of Grace Noir. Belonging to Mrs. Gregory naturally suggested getting rid of the secretary. It would be exceedingly difficult. "But two months ought to settle her," Fran mused.

"I have been thinking of something very strange," Grace said, with a marked effort to avoid the issue lest she commit the indiscretion of blaming her employer's wife. "I remember having heard you say that when you were a young man, you left your father's home to live with a cousin in a distant town who happened to be a teacher in a college, and that you were graduated from his college. Don't you think it marvelous, this claim of Fran, who says that her father, when a young man, went to live with a cousin who was a college professor, and that he was graduated from that college? And she says that her father's father was a rich man—just as yours was—and that the cousin is dead—just as yours is."

With a flash of her lithe body, Fran was in her cage, and, for a time, rested there, while the fire in her dark eyes burned tears of all sorts of rainbow colors. It seemed to her that of all the people in the world, Mrs. Gregory was the last to hold her in affectionate embrace. She cried out with a sob, as if in answer to her dark misgivings—"Oh, but I want to belong to somebody!"

"Write to the matron to give her good clothing and good schooling." He spoke softly. There prevailed an atmosphere of subtle tenderness; on this island—the library—blossomed love of mankind and devotion to lofty ideals. These two mariners found themselves ever surrounded by a sea of indifference; there was not a sail in sight. "It is a sad case," he murmured.

Grace smiled coolly. "But hardly identical, I presume. Don't you see that Fran has invented her whole story, and that she didn't have enough imagination to keep from copying after your biographical sketch in the newspaper? I don't believe she is your friend's daughter. I don't believe you could ever have liked the father of a girl like Fran—that he could have been your intimate friend."

"You shall belong to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, folding her closer. "To you?" Fran sobbed, overcome by the wonder of it. "To you, dear heart!" With a desperate effort she crowded back intruding thoughts, and grew calm. Looking over her shoulder at Simon Jefferson—"No more short dresses, Mr. Simon," she called. "You know your heart mustn't be excited."

"I have not decided—not yet. Speaking of being yoked with unbelievers—I have never told you that Mr. Robert Clinton has wanted me to marry him. As long as he was outside of the church, of course it was impossible. But now that he is converted—" "Grace!" groaned the pallid listener. "He would like me to go with him to Chicago."

"If she would only go!" he groaned. "Grace! Do you think you could?—Yes, I will leave everything to you." "She'll go," Grace repeated fixedly. The window at which they stood overlooked the garden into which Fran had wheeled Old Mrs. Jefferson.

"Love Him? This is Merely a Question of Doing the Most Good." short dresses, Mr. Simon," she called. "You know your heart mustn't be excited." "Fran!" gasped Mrs. Gregory in dismay, "hush!"

"Wrong!" How inadequate seemed that word from her pure lips! "But," he faltered, "we must make allowances. My friend married Fran's mother in secret because she was utterly worldly—frivolous—a butterfly. Her own uncle was unable to control her—to make her go to church. Soon after the marriage he found out his mistake—it broke his heart, the tragedy of it. I don't excuse him for going away to Europe—" "I am glad you don't. He was no

his teachers at school. At any rate, I kept missing the skirts of my saddle. It was an awful vexation to start out in the country from Somerville and find my saddle stripped to a naked tree. My hostler convinced me after some difficulty that he was not stealing the leather. "Finally I found that the youngster, Walter, stripped the saddle to keep his trousers' seat lined with a saddle skirt against a whipping at school.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

CHARACTER SHOWS IN FACE
Good Thoughts Look Out Through Kindly Eyes and Fair Pleasant Features.
Our faces are open diaries, in which any one may read the record of how we spend our days, what we think, the sort of people we are. When we say of a man that "he has a fine face," or of a woman that "she has a beautiful face," we speak of the life back of the face. What is a surer indication of this than when we see a child draw away from a first glimpse of a person? What is often so truly condemnatory as the instinctive remark of a child: "I don't like her face, mamma!"

The mind that generally thinks "good thoughts, true thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up," looks out upon the world through kindly eyes and fair and pleasant features. The face of an evil man or woman wears a malignant saturnine aspect, that gives the world a warning of the inner nature. The eyes are more eloquent than the tongue in telling others what we are. We never hide from discerning eyes as much as we sometimes think we do. Our faces invariably tell our stories.

Immune from Whipping. Doc Shaw, officially known as Capt. C. A. Shaw, was in a reminiscent mood down town the other day, and his mind reverted to his equestrian troubles when he saw a fancy saddle horse go by. "I had a funny experience with saddles some years ago," he remarked to a friend. "I was rearing a nephew, Walter Watkins, in addition to my own family. He was full of life and action—too full, I fear, for

about it?" she softly interposed. "That is wisest until my decision is made. We were talking about Fran—do you think this a good opportunity for Mrs. Gregory to attend services? Fran can stay with Mrs. Jefferson." "I have no doubt," he said, still agitated, "that my wife would find it easy enough to go to church, if she really wanted to go."

"I consider it," she responded, "the most important thing in the world." Her emphatic tone proved her sincerity. The church on Walnut street stood, for her, as the ark; those who remained outside, at the call of the bell, were in danger of engulfment.

"Do you owe more to your dead friend," Grace asked, with passionate solemnity, "than to the living God?" He shrugged back. "But I can't send her away," he persisted in nervous haste. "I can't. But heaven bless you, Grace, for your dear thought of me." "You will bless me with more reason," said Grace softly, "when Fran decides to go away. She'll tire of this house—I promise it. She'll go—just wait—she'll go, as unconsciously as she came. Leave it to me, Mr. Gregory." In her earnestness she started up, and then, as if to conceal her growing resolution, she walked swiftly to the window as if to hold her manuscript to the light. Gregory followed her.

"If she would only go!" he groaned. "Grace! Do you think you could?—Yes, I will leave everything to you." "She'll go," Grace repeated fixedly. The window at which they stood overlooked the garden into which Fran had wheeled Old Mrs. Jefferson.

"Bring on Your Dragons," She Said Boastfully.
this arm, and said, with careful energy. "Let her have 'em, David, let her have 'em!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LESSON FOR ARDENT SWAIN
Startling Experience Cures Him of Making Love to Maidens at Balls.
It happened at a public ball. He was a man of serious intentions and numerous attentions, and she was rich and weddable. They sat in the hall under the stairway. It was a nook for lovers. There was not a soul in sight and, and he thought his golden opportunity had arrived. Down he flopped on his knees, and clasped her hand. "Dear one," he whispered, not very loud, but loud enough, "I have loved you with the whole strength and ardour of a man's nature when it is roused by all that is pure and good and lovely in woman, and I can no longer restrain my pent-up feelings. I must tell you what is in my heart, and assure you that never yet has woman heard from my lips the secrets that are throbbing and—"

ago, shades who would never again assume even the palest manifestation to mortals, when this old lady had gone to join them. Usually Fran brought her back with gentle hand, but today she divined subtlety; the tale was meant to hide Mrs. Jefferson's real feelings. Fran ventured through the trumpet.

"I wish there was a man-secretary on this place, instead of a woman. And let me tell you one thing, dear old soldier—there's going to be a fight put up on these grounds. I guess you ought to stay out of it. But either I or the secretary has got to go."

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Marine Telescope.
Make an oblong narrow box out of four pieces of quarter-inch board about two feet long by sixteen inches wide, and fit a piece of clear, clean glass across one end, held in place by brass-headed tacks, driven into the wood and overlapping the glass. Fill all the cracks with sealing wax to keep out the light. Then plunge the glass end two or three inches into the water and look through the open end. This simple marine telescope is made on the principle of the more elaborate glasses through which to look at the famous gardens under the sea near the Catalina Islands.—Christian Herald.

Anesthetized Rejection Stip.
Elizabeth Jordan said that with all the manuscripts she late Margaret E. Sangster had occasion to return, not one ever carried a heartache with it. She saw everyone who wanted to see her, receiving all callers. She was greatly interested in young writers. And when they had no writing gift, tactfully she would set them going on in some other direction. Perhaps some woman who had brought her poor little efforts to Mrs. Sangster could be sweet-talked, though she couldn't write. Then would Mrs. Sangster work around among the club women she knew until she got sufficient orders for sweetmeats to give that woman employment.—Christian Herald.

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—Making an Ornamental Arch—A Beautiful Lawn—Care of House Plants.
By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE.
Ornamental detached arches in flower gardens are coming back and we are glad to greet them. This cordial welcome will not be extended indiscriminately, however, because most of the amateur garden arches one sees are as much out of harmony as Lorado Taft's pet abhorrence—a statue of a man in high hat.

Don't put an arch in your garden or at the entrance to your walk because you like to do carpenter work. If you want an arch, study your problem carefully and put it where it will do the most good. Let it be in keeping with the surroundings or it will be a detriment rather than an improvement. In many cases the proper place and surroundings for an arch already exist, and the question is merely one of the type of arch to build. Such a location would be the entrance to a secluded garden, the end of a walk or drive, or even the street entrance. The landscape or garden picture is the only kind of a picture that may be beautiful from all directions, and even these natural scenes must be planned from one viewpoint to get the most satisfactory results.

In planning your arch, decide first from which direction it will be seen most frequently. If the view to be emphasized is toward the house, the arch must be of a character to harmonize with the house. If the view is from the house, the arch should be in keeping with the landscape about it and back of it. The function of the garden arch is to locate and accentuate a gateway, a formal entrance to some entirely different scene and surroundings. It marks a distinct boundary line, hence it is entirely misplaced when the surroundings on either side of it are similar in appearance. As a street entrance it will give excellent results, but only when there is an adjoining barrier, a hedge, a fence, or at least a clump of shrubs. Do not make the mistake of using such an entrance in a detached manner, because in that case it is a gateway without any possible purpose.

Use it as an entrance to the wild flower garden, from there to the formal garden, thence to the vegetable garden, the chicken parks, the tennis court, but always from one distinct scene to a decidedly different scene. Beautiful arches are made of rough limbs, of finished timbers, of lattice work, of poles or wire. Each has its individual uses, but all are governed by the same principles of artistic good taste. In the majority of cases, probably, the arch should be covered with vines, such as ivy, honeysuckle, woodbine, climbing roses, climatis, trumpet creeper, Japanese ivy, etc.

Most of us have no idea of the limitless possibilities of making our homes attractive by proper use of the simpler factors of landscape gardening, and in considering these assets the ornamental arch should not be overlooked. "The Lawn in Landscape Art." If the landscape gardener had but one feature to work with, he would most certainly choose the lawn. It constitutes the solid foundation upon which the ornaments of the superstructure are imposed. Unobtrusive in itself, it is taken for granted by the man in the street, and its importance, as its very presence, is overlooked. The usefulness of a greensward in making nature more beautiful and restful is particularly impressed upon the sojourner in hot or dry climates. Take most of our own southern states for instance, and in most localities it is practically impossible to grow good lawns. The long, hot, dry summers and the impoverished soils discourage the grass and the possessor of a fine lawn is the proudest person on the street. Every weed is carefully removed, the grass is kept short and is rolled and watered with patience and regularity. Even then they cannot be sure of a lawn, and this is one of the main reasons for the high board fences of Dixie Land. Most every yard has its protecting fence, as much to hide the nakedness of the soil as to keep out trespassers. It takes fair shoulders to wear low cut lawns and fences prosper most where lawns are poor. A yard without a lawn to finish it off is as barren of beauty as a parlor without a rug or carpet. Other features strike the vision more prominently and really impress the observer as being the chief beauty of the scene, but take away the surrounding lawn and the artistic effect will be lowered much more than it would be by the loss of any other single factor. Any comparatively homogeneous green turf will have the same effect, and of course the smaller the scale of the lot, the finer and more carefully finished the turf must be. How is your lawn prospering this year? We trust that you did not forget to spray the dandelions with sulphate of iron, before they went to seed, because this was a great year for dandelions, and they produced enough seed to last them through seven lean years. The plantain does not seem to be as thick as last year, and it's a fine time to cut out the few that remain and get rid of them for good. Their seed does not travel far, except via the bird route. If there is a low spot in the lawn that you would like to raise, or a high one that needs lowering, cut the sod into two feet by one foot strips and lift it off the spot. Then cut or fill to level the bad spot and replace

the sod, pounding it down hard, and keep it watered. Keep the walks and drives trimmed with an edge cutting tool, making the bevel cut in the sod about two inches wide and two inches deep. This will make it much easier to finish the grass edges smoothly and it will also aid somewhat in drainage. One of these edge cutters is very handy for edging flower beds also, and many people use them to cut away about tree trunks, but we do not favor the latter plan because it breaks the natural union of the tree trunks with the sod and looks too fussy.

House Plants in Summer. When the hot weather of summer is at hand, we must not permit our outdoor activities to cause us to neglect our house plants. The best place for grown folks, children and all living things during the summer is outdoors, where the sunshine and the fresh air can strengthen and heal, making ready for the next winter season. Of course, the closer to natural conditions they are during the normal growing season, the better growth the plants will secure and the finer plants we will have for the house next winter.

When danger from late frosts has surely passed, take less expensive plants, the geranium, the foliage plants and others of their kind and transplant them. Put them in good, rich, deep, loamy beds if you can, or in window boxes if the beds are unavailable. Give them lots of sunshine, so that the stalks and foliage will grow rank and strong. In transplanting, spade up the bed to a depth of at least a foot, pulverize the soil finely, mixing in fine, well-rotted stable manure, and set the plants in the ground half an inch deeper than they were in the pots. Pack the earth firmly about them after setting. It will do no harm to remove some of the old earth, but the roots cannot be pruned or broken off to any great extent, unless you prune back the foliage to an equal extent.

Water the plants as soon as they are set, and water them every other day, at least doing the watering when the sun is not hot. If it is desired to have the flowering plants bloom early and profusely, pinch off the ends of half the branches so that the energy of the plant will go to the flowers. Most people prefer to postpone the blooming period until winter, however, and this can be accomplished by pinching off the flower buds during the summer, as soon as they appear. The result will be a heavy growth of stalk and leaf during the growing season, and profuse blooms during the winter indoors.

Tropical and semi-tropical plants, such as palms, cacti and rubber plants, usually are too expensive to risk on the lawn, and it is well to change the earth in their pots and place them in a sunny position on the porch. Ferns should have a cool, shady damp location during the summer. If your plants have to be kept in the house, water frequently and beware of plant lice and red spider. The former attach themselves to the stems and under the surface of the leaves. Spray them with tobacco water. Plain water sprayed on daily will help the plant and drive the red spiders away in a very short length of time.

GRINDING GRAIN FOR STOCK
No Set Rule Can Be Given, as Conditions Vary—Soy Beans Are Preferably Fed Soaked.
The Michigan experiment station concludes, as a rule, stock should be allowed to do their own grinding, as the saving in feed is taken up by the cost of grinding. However, in some cases grinding or soaking should be resorted to. Barley should not be fed whole and dry. Soy beans are preferably fed ground or soaked. Then, when it is desirable to use certain grains in mixtures with such feeds as cottonseed meal, or bran, middlings or other commercial materials, grindings may be preferable. So, we can come to no strict rule about grinding grain for feeding. Usually the margin is close; in one case a farmer may lose by not grinding; in another he may lose (the cost of grinding) by grinding.

Floating Factories in India. Floating factories have become an important part of the development of the forest resources of India. In certain parts of that country the forests are only accessible through the water courses, and the great expense of erecting land plants for the utilization of the lumber resources makes such a course impracticable. Therefore, sawmills and other manufacturing establishments are built on floating platforms and moved up the streams as they are needed. After the lumber is prepared in a sawmill it can be packed in a way that makes transportation much more economical than any system of logging. Plants for the preparation of tannin extracts have also been established in this manner. The plants are built on flatboats, 200 feet long by 27 feet wide, capable of carrying a load of 470 tons.

Must One Have Measles? Is there still the belief that children must have measles at some time or other? I remember looking with awe at a boy of twelve who never had measles. For I, of ten, who had been deliberately put to sleep with a measles relative of mine. I must "have measles and get them over." And really I enjoyed the experience of being treated with the consideration that the boy of ten was unaccustomed to, for, on my soul, I don't believe I had measles at all! But I had all the raspberry vinegar I wanted!—London Chronicle.

Care of the Breeding Herd. By getting the breeding herd well conditioned when every kind of farm ground feed is available, it is possible to get them through the winter in good breeding and growing condition. Heifer Calves in Winter. The heifer calves that are being raised to replenish the herd should not be allowed to shift for themselves in cold weather.