

SYNOPSIS.

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, escoris 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 Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, 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 the seventh of Fran secretary. Takes a violent dislike to Fran and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to serve the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl 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's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory the fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory thesists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens. It is decided that Fran must go to school.

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued. Fran's quick eye caught the exprescion 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 I'd add a straw to your . Now you har me: if you want to do it, just put me in long trains with Pullman epers, for I'll do whatever you say. If you want to show people how tame | you I am, just hold up your hand, and I'll crawl into my cage."

The laughter of Mrs. Gregory sounded wholesome and deep-throated—the child was so deliciously ridiculous. ne, then," she cried, with a lightness she had not felt for months, me, crawl into your cage!" And she opened her arms.

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

claimed Mrs. Gregory, folding her

"To you?" Fran sobbed, overcome by the wonder of it. "To you, dear With a desperate effort she crowded back intruding thoughts, and grew calm. Looking over her shoulder at Simon Jefferson-"No more



"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 ex-cited."

"Fran!" gasped Mrs. Gregory in disnay, "hush!"

But Simon Jefferson beamed with asure at the girl's artless ways. He w what was bad for his heart, and Fran wasn't. Her smiles made him feel himself a monopolist in sunshine. Simon Jefferson might be fifty, but he still had a nose for roses.

Old Mrs. Jefferson was present, and from her wheel-chair bright eyes read aften the marriage he found out his much that dull ears missed. "How gay Simon is!" smiled the mother—he edy of it. I don't excuse him for gowas always her spoiled boy.

Mrs. Gregory called through the

FRAN JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS ILLUSTRATIONS BY O · IRWIN · MYERS (COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.) true man, but a weakling. I am giad | about it?" she softly interposed. "That

trumpet. "I believe Fran has given brother a fresh interest in life." Old Mrs. Jefferson beamed upon a-a degenerate." Fran and added her commendation:

be pulled."

Fran clapped her hands like a child, indeed. "Oh, what a gay old world!" she cried. "There are so many people in it that like me." She danced before the old lady, then wheeled about with such energy that her skirts threatened to level to the breeze.

"Don't, don't!" cried Mrs. Gregory precipitately. "Fran!" "Bravo!" shouted Simon Jefferson.

Encore!" I feel good, I always want to do some-

thing wrong-it's awfully dangerous for a person to feel good, I guess. Mrs. Gregory, you say I can belong to you marked effort to avoid the issue lest -when I think about that, I want to she commit the indiscretion of blamdance. . . I guess you hardly ing her employer's wife. "I rememknow what it means for Fran to be- ber having heard you say that when long to a person. You're going to find myself—and you, too! Do you think out. Come on," she shouted to Mrs. father's home to live with a cousin in I'd add a straw to your . . . Now Jefferson, without using the trumpet— a distant town who happened to be a always a subtle compliment to those nearly stone-deaf, "I mustn't wheel myself about, so I'm going to wheel

> thoughts of Grace Noir. Belonging to he was graduated from that college? ting rid of the secretary. It would be exceedingly difficult. "But two months ought to settle her," Fran yours is."

In the meantime, Grace Noir and Gregory sat in the library, silently turning out an immense amount of work, feeding the hungry and consolclick of typewriter.

"About this case, number one hundred forty-three," Grace said, looking up from her work as copyist, "the girl whose father wouldn't acknowl-

"Write to the matron to give her this island—the library—blossomed a look were there. love of mankind and devotion to lofty themselves ever surrounded by a sea in sight. "It is a sad case," he mur-

"You think number one hundred forty-three a sad case?" she repeated, always, when possible, building her next step out of the material furnished by her companion. "But suppose she is an impostor. He says she's not his daughter, this number one hundred forty-three. Maybe the isn't. Would you call her conduct sad?"

Gregory took exquisite pleasure in arguing with Grace, because her serene assumption of being in the right gave to her beautiful face a touch of the angelic. "I should call it impossible.

"Impossible? Do you think it's imcossible that Fran's deceiving you? How can you know that she is the daughter of your friend?"

He grew pale. Oh, if he could have Grace in declaring her an impostor! But she possessed proofs so irrefutable that safety lay in admitting her claim, lest she prove more than he had al-ready admitted. "I know it, absolutely. She is the daughter of one who was my most—my most intimate friend.'

Grace repeated with delicate reproof-"Your intimate friend!"

"I know it was wrong for him to desert his wife." "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 mistake-it broke his heart, the traging away to Europe-"I am glad you don't. He was no

I have never been thrown with such

pushed, and pulls me when I want to he went back to find her and she was stay with Mrs. Jefferson, be pulled."

Thave no doubt," he seemed a poul of the pulled." kept on hunting? Do you think, Grace, that he should have remained yoked to an unbeliever, after he realized his

There was heavenly compassion in her eyes, for suddenly she had divined his purpose in defending Fran's she wanted to?" 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 Fran widened her fingers to push essentials of life. Her stience suggestdown the rebellious dress. "If I don't ed that as she could not speak without put leads on me," she said with con- casting reflection upon Mrs. Gregory, trition, "I'll be floating away. When she would say nothing, and this tact was grateful to his grieved heart.

"I have been thinking of something very strange," Grace said, with a you were a young man, you left your 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 As she passed with her charge into young man, went to live with a cousin the garden, her mind was busy with who was a college professor, and that Mrs. Gregory naturally suggested get. And she says that her father's father

At these piercing words, Gregory bowed his head to conceal his agitation. Could it be possible that she had guessed all and yet, in spite of all, could use that tone of kindness? It ing the weak with stroke of pen and burst upon him that if he and she could hold this fatal secret in common, they might, in sweetest comradeship. form an alliance against fate itself.

She persisted: "The account that Fran gives of her father is really your He spoke almost in a whisper. "My He friend and I were much alike." Then spoke softly. There prevailed an at- he looked up swiftly to catch a look decides to go away. She'll tire of this face with the sunshine of many dear mosphere of subtle tenderness; on of comprehension by surprise, if such house-I promise it. She'll go-just old easy-going years.

ideals. These two mariners found identical, I presume. Don't you see ory." In her earnestness she started through the trumpet. of indifference; there was not a sail story, and that she didn't have enough growing resolution, she walked swiftly newspaper? I don't believe she is her. 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." "Well-" faltered Gregory. But why should be defend Fran?

"Mr. Gregory," she asked, as if what she was about to say belonged to what had gone before, "would it greatly inconvenience you for me to leave your

employment?" venience me!-would you-could" "I have not decided-not yet Speaking of being yoked with unbe-Heyers-I have never told you that Mr.

Robert Clinton has wanted me to marthe church, of course it was imposdenied Fran-if he could have joined sible. But now that he is converted-"Grace!" groaned the pallid listener.

to Chicago." "But you couldn't love Bob Clinton

ed up and came toward her, his eyes in gentle acquiescence. glowing. "Will you make my life a complete failure, after all?" "Love him?" Grace repeated calmly. This is merely a question of doing

the most good. I know nothing about

"Shall we not discuss it?" she said course.

"But, Grace! What could I dowithout-"

is wisest until my decision is made. We were talking about Fran-do you "But, Miss Grace," he urged plead- think this a good opportunity for Mrs. to hide Mrs. Jefferson's real feelings. cause you like to do carpenter work. "She pushes me when I want to be ingly, "do you think my friend, when Gregory to attend services? Fran can

"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." "Mr. Gregory!" she reproved him.

"Well," he cried, somewhat defiant-"don't you think she could go, if "Well," Grace answered slowly, "this girl will leave her without any

-any excuse." "Oh, Miss Grace, if my wife were only-like you-I mean, about going to church!'

"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.

After a long silence, Grace looked up from her typewriter. "Mr. Gregory," she said pausingly, "you are unhappy."

Nothing could have been sweeter to him than her sympathy, except happiness itself. "Yes." he admitted, with a great sigh, "I am very unhappy, but you understand me, and that is a little comfort. If you should marry Bob over the wheel, she advanced her Clinton-Grace, tell me you'll not think of it again." "And you are unhappy," said Grace,

steadfastly ruling Bob Clinton out of the discussion, "on account of Fran." He burst forth impulsively-"Ever since she came to town!" He checked himself. "But I owe it to my friend to shelter her. She wants to stay and -and she'll have to, if she demands

"Do you owe more to your dead friend," Grace asked, with passionate solemnity, "than to the living God?" He shrank back. "But I can't send her away," he persisted in nervous haste. "I can't. But heaven bless you, own history. What does that show?" Grace, for your dear thought of me."

wait!-she'll go, as unceremoniously Grace smiled coolly. "But hardly as she came. Leave it to me, Mr. Gregthat Fran has invented her whole up, and then, as if to conceal her imagination to keep from copying to the window as if to hold her manuafter your biographical sketch in the script to the light. Gregory followed

"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. Fran, speaking through the ear-

trumpet with as much caution as deafness would tolerate, said, "Dear old lady, look up at the library window, He was electrified. "Grace! Incon- if you please, for the muezzin has climbed his minaret to call to prayers.

Very little of this reached its destination-muezzin was in great danger of complicating matters, but the old lady caught "library window," and held ry him. As long as he was outside of it securely. She looked up. Hamilton Gregory and Grace Noir were standing at the tower window, to catch the last rays of the sun. The "He would like me to go with him flag of truce between them was only a typewritten sheet of manuscript Grace held the paper obliquely toward -he isn't worthy of you, Grace. It's the west; Hamilton leaned nearer and, impossible. Heaven knows I've had with his delicate white finger, pointed disappointments enough-" He start- out a word. Grace nodded her head

> "Amen." muttered Fran. "Now let everybody sing!" The choir leader and his secretary vanished from sight.

"Just like the play in Hamlet," Fran said half-aloud. "And now that the

"Then let me teach you, Grace, inside play is over, I guess it's time for old Ham to be doing something." Mrs. Jefferson gripped the arms of gently. "That is best, I think. If I de her wheel-chair and resumed her tale, the light. Then plunge the glass end cide to marry Mr. Clinton, I will tell as if she had not been interrupted. It two or three inches into the water and you even before I tell him. I don't was of no interest as a story, yet pos- look through the open end. This simknow what I shall choose as my best sessed a sentimental value from the ple marine telescope is made on the fact that all the characters save the principle of the more elaborate glasses raconteur were dead, and possibly all through which to look at the famous but her forgotten. Fran loved to hear gardens under the sea near the Cata-"Shall we just agree to say no more the old lady evoke the shades of long lina islands.—Christian Herald.

gone to join them. Usually Fran brought her back. with gentle hand, but today she di-

vined subterfuge; the tale was meant Fran ventured through the trumpet: And let me tell you one thing, dear

put up on these grounds. I guess you provement. ought to stay out of it. But either I or the secretary has got to git." Fran was not unmindful of grammar, even of rhetoric, on occasion. the type of arch to build. Such a lo-She knew there was no such word as "git," but she was seeking to symbol-

ize her idea in sound. As she closed her teeth, each little pearl meeting a pearly rival, her "git" had something of the force of physical ejectment. Behind large spectacle lenses sparks flashed from Mrs. Jefferson's She sniffed battle. But her eyes.

tightly compressed lips showed that she lacked both Fran's teeth and Fran's intrepidity. One steps caulously at seventy odd. Fran comprehended. The old lady must not let it be suspected that she

was aware of Gregory's need of cotton in straining ears, such as had saved Ulysses from siren voices. The pretense of observing no danger kept the fine old face uncommonly grim. "Little girls shouldn't fight," was her discreet rejoinder. Then leaning

snow-white head to the head of coalblack. "Better not stir up dragons." Fran threw back her head and laughed defiantly, "Bring on your dragons," she cried boastfully. "There's not one of 'em I'm afraid of." She extended one leg and stretched forth her arm. "I'll say to the Dragon, 'Stand up'-and she'll stand; 1'll say 'Lie down'-and down she'll lie. I'll

say 'Git'-and she'll-" Fran waved her dragon to annihilation, "Goodness," the old lady exclaimed,

getting nothing of this except the rantomime; that, however, was eloquent. She recalled the picture of David in her girlhood's Sunday-school book. "Are you defying the Man of Gath?" "You will bless me with more rea. She broke into a delicious smile which said Grace softly, "when Fran seemed to flood the wrinkles of her limbs, of finished timbers, of lattice

Fran smote her forehead. "I have a few pebbles here," she called

Mrs. Jefferson grasped the other's



Bring on Your Dragons," She Sald Boastfully.

have 'em!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marine Telescope.

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 brassheaded tacks, driven into the wood and overlapping the glass. Fill all the cracks with sealing wax to keep out

Then the awful truth flashed upon factor. him, and he fied. As he went out of Any comparatively homogeneous

her, receiving all callers. She was en lean years. fastened to a thread swung down and man employment.—Christian Herald fill to level the bad spot and replace in cold weather.

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 indisago, shades who would never again criminately, however, because most of assume even the palest manifestation the amateur garden arches one sees to mortals, when this old lady had 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 be-If you want an arch, study your prob-"I wish there was a man-secretary lem carefully and put it where it will on this place, instead of a woman. do the most good. Let it be in keeping with the surroundings or it will old soldier—there's going to be a fight be a detriment rather than an im-

In many cases the proper place and surroundings for an arch already exist, and the question is merely one of cation 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 scenes 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 Lower 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 ably, the arch should be covered with vines, such as ivy, honeysuckle, woodbine, climbing roses, clematis, 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 which the ornaments of the superstructure are imposed. Unobstructive in itself, it is taken for granted by the feeds as cottonseed meal, or bran, man in the street, and its importance, aye, its very presence, is overlooked terials, grindings may be preferable.

the sojourner in hot or dry climates. for instance, and in most localities it is practically impossible to grow good thin arm, and said, with zestful ener- lawns. The long, hot, dry summers gy, "Let her have 'em, David, let her and the impoverished soils discourage Make an oblong narrow box out of rolled and watered with patience and courses, and the great expense of regularity.

lawn, and this is one of the main rea- a course impracticable. Therefore, sons for the high board fences of Dixle sawmills and other manufacturing es-Land. Most every yard has its pro- tablishments are built on floating tecting fence, as much to hide the platforms and moved up the streams nakedness of the soil as to keep out as they are needed. After the lumber trespassers. It takes fair shoulders is prepared in a sawmill it can be to wear low cut gowns and fences packed in a way that makes transprosper most where lawns are poor.

without a rug or carpet. Other features strike the vision more prominently and really impress the observ. boats, 200 feet long by 27 feet wide. er as being the chief beauty of the capable of carrying a load of 470 tons. The mind that generally thinks his teachers at school. At any rate, | LESSON FOR ARDENT SWAIN | dangled not two inches from the lov- scene, but take away the surrounder's nose. On it were these porten ing lawn and the artistic effect will be lowered much more than it would be by the loss of any other single

the door, sixteen girls from the head green turf will have the same effect. measles. For I, of ten, who had been into the damp night after him. He the lot, the finer and more carefully ley relative of mine. I must "have finished the turf must be. How is your lawn prospering this really I enjoyed the experience of be-

year? We trust that you did not for ing treated with the consideration to get to spray the dandelions with sul- which the boy of ten was unaccusseed, because this was a great year I had measles at all! But I had all the for dandelions, and they produced raspberry vinegar I wanted!-London She saw everyone who wanted to see enough seed to last them through sev- Chronicle.

greatly interested in young writers. The plantain does not seem to be And when they had no writing gift, as thick as last year, and it's a fine and get rid of them for good. Their grown feed is available, it is possible

If there is a low spot in the lawn that you would like to raise, or a high one that needs lowering, cut the

the sod, pounding it down hard, and

keep it watered. Keep the walks and drives rimmed 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 fuesy.

House Plants in Summer.

When the hot weather of sammer is at hand, we must not permit our outof-door 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 win-

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, wellrotted 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

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 loca-

tion-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 work, of poles or wire. Each has its under the surface of the leaves. Spray individual uses, but all are governed them with tobacco water. Plain waby the same principles of artistic good | ter sprayed on daily will help the taste. In the majority of cases, prob 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 'n feed is taken up by the cost of grinding. However, in some cases grinding or soaking one feature to work with, he would should be resorted to. Barley should most certainly choose the lawn. It not be fed whole and dry. Soy beans constitutes the solid foundation upon are preferably fed ground or soaked.

Then when it is desirable to use certain grains in mixtures with such middlings or other commercial ma-The usefulness of a greensward in So, we can come to no strict rule making nature more beautiful and about grinding grain for feeding. restful is particularly impressed upon Usually the margin is close; in one case a farmer may lose by not grind-Take most of our own southern states ing; in another he may lose (the cent of grinding) by grinding.

Floating Factories in India. Floating factories have become an the grass and the possessor of a fine important part of the development of lawn is the proudest person on the the forest resources of India. In cerstreet. Every weed is carefully re- tain parts of that country the forests moved, the grass is kept short and is are only accessible through the water erecting land plants for the utilisation Even then they cannot be sure of a of the lumber resources makes such portation much more economical than A yard without a lawn to finish it any system of logging. Plants for off is as barren of beauty as a parlor the preparation of tannin extracts have also been established in this manner. The plants are built on flat-

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 deliberately put to sleep with a measmeasles and get them over." And

Care of the Breeding Herd. By getting the breeding herd well good breeding and growing condition.

Helfer Calves in Winter. The helfer calves that are being raised to replenish the herd should not be allowed to shift for themselves

CHARACTER SHOWS IN FACE

Good Thoughts Look Out Through Kindly Eyes and Fair Pleasant Features.

Our faces are open diaries, in ow we speed our days, what we inner nature. think, the sort of people we are. fine face," or of a woman that "she are. life back of the face. What is a surer ladication of this than when we do. Our faces invariably tell our we see a child draw away from a first impse of a person? What is often emark of a child: "I don't

Not always true, perhaps, not in very instance is the child right, but

pleasure; if we grow hard and ave away from us reads it.

"good thoughts, true thoughts, I kept missing the skirts off my sad-thoughts fit to treasure up," looks out die. It was an awful vexation to start upon the world through kindly eyes out in the country from Somerville and fair and pleasant features. The and find my saddle stripped to face of an evil man or woman wears naked tree. My hostler convinced me a malignant saturnine aspect, that after some difficulty that he was not which any one may read the record gives the world a warning of the stealing the leather.

The eyes are more eloquent than When we say of a man that "he has the tongue in telling others what we

as a beautiful face," we speak of the We never hide from discerning eyes as much as we sometimes think stories.

Immunue 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 "I had a funny experience with saddies some years ago," he re-marked 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

"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. Repartee.

"My only fear in respect to woman her hand. suffrage," said Mr. Baldibrow, "is its possible effect upon the public life of the future. Woman's love of a you with the whole strength and bargain would cause her to go in for cheap statesmen."

the pile of illustrious remnants you I must tell you what is in my heart, men are still sticking to!" Whereupon Mr. Baldfbrow began to woman heard from my lips the se-hem like a stump-speaker, but nothing came of it. His eloquence was not equal to the oscasion.-Harper's

Startling Experience Cures Him of Making Love to Maidens at Balls.

numerous attentions, and she was rich and weddable. They sat in the makes no love at balls now. 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

loud, but loud enough, "I have loved ardour of a man's nature when it is roused by all that is pure and good an indulgent smile. "Well-look at longer restrain my pent-up feelings. and assure you that never yet has

It happened at a public ball. He was a man of serious intentions and of the stairs sent sixteen laughs out and of course the smaller the scale of

"Dear one," he whispered, not very "Yes?" said Mrs. Baldibrow, with and lovely in woman, and I can no

tous words: "I'm a bit of a liar myself."

Anesthetized Rejection Slip. Elizabeth Jordan said that with all the manuscripts the late Margaret E. phate of iron before they went to tomed, for on my soul, I don't believe Sangster had occasion to return, not one ever carried a heartache with it.

tactfully she would set them going on time to cut out the few that remain | conditioned when every kind of farm in some other direction. Perhaps some woman who had brought her poor lit- seed does not travel far, except via to get them through the winter in tle efforts to Mrs. Sangster could bake the bird route. sweetmeats, though she couldn't write. Then would Mrs. Sangster work around among the club women she knew until she got sufficient or sod into two feet by one foot strips Just then a rustle was heard on she knew until she got sufficient or and lift it off the spot. Then cut or the stairs above them, and a card ders for sweetmeats to give that wo and lift it off the spot. Then cut or