

CHAPTER L

A Knock at the Door. Fran knocked at the front door. It was too dark for her to find the bell: however, had she found it, she would

have knocked just the same. At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Union Campmeeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the doorafter Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small fist-looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, reproof. The lady in the doorway ber"-one of those fitting birds of outer darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof.

cool, impersonal, as if, by its very away: "What do you want?" . "I want Hamilton Gregory," Fran

answered promptly, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm told he lives here."

"Mr. Gregory"-offering the name with its title as a palpable rebuke-"lives here, but is not at home. What do you want, little girl?"

daunted.

to whatever it is. I am acquainted Supplement. with all of his affairs-I am his secretary."

can I find the place?" was Fran's shade between red and brown, his quick rejoinder. She could not ex- eyes blue. His finely marked face plain the dislike rising within her, and striking bearing were stamped She was too young, herself, to con- with distinction and grace.

strange doors at night-time

road"-she pointed-"and keep on for ence? about a mile and a half, you will will be in the tent, leading the choir.'

line, and the shining of her eyes



Guess," Said Fran Inscrutably, "You're Not Mrs. Gregory."

"you're not Mrs. Gregory."

According to Legal Decisions Few

Men Need Have High Opinion of

Themselves.

That "human life is cheap" would

appear from a study undertaken by

sions handed down in this country

with reference to the "cash value" of

It is estimated that at ten years

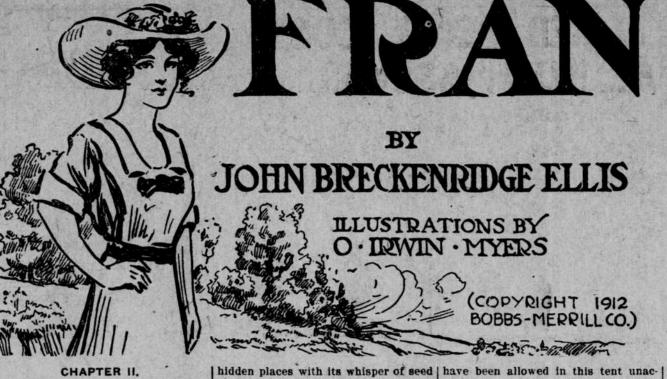
of age a boy of the laboring class

is worth \$2,061,42; at fifteen, \$4,263.46;

time the decline is steady, a man of

seventy, by this legal decision scale,

rating at only \$17.13! By the same prac-



The sermon was ended, the exhor

A Disturbing Laugh.

tation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnest were smoking; all were waiting for the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowd outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back, loosely disposed, and entirely unoc- the evangelistic hymn, he was by no eye and rigid arm had never ceased to Why should be go further? This scoflieved herself confronted by a "camp- cupied. She seated herself, straight means at the end of his resources. indicate the disturber of the peace. as an Indian, and with the air of be- Standing at the margin of the plating very much at ease. The scene was new to her.

The voice from the doorway was along a natural declivity, looked down one word did he s; eak. Even between aloofness, it would push the wanderer In front of the platform men and en against the pinos and the snarewomen were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she "Where is he?" Fran asked, un- had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him "He is at the camp-meeting," the from the singers who crowded the young woman answered reluctantly, platform, not only by his baton which irritated at opposition, and displeased proclaimed the choir-leader, but by with herself for being irritated. "What his resemblance to the picture she had do you want with him? I will attend discovered in a New York Sunday

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaved except for a silken reddish mustache; "Where's that camp-meeting? How his complexion was fair, his hair a

sider the other's youth an advantage, It was strange to Fran that he did but the beauty of the imperious wom- not once glance in her direction. an in the doorway-why did it not stir True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite especial attention. Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected but she had looked forward to meetthat, despite its seeming improbabil- ing him ever since she could rememity, it might be important for him to ber. Now that her eyes were fastsee this queer creature who came to ened on his face, now that they were "If you will go straight down that how could he help feeling her pres-

The choir-leader rose and lifted his come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while "All right." And turning her back hymn-books fluttered open throughout on the door, Fran swiftly gained the the congregation. Suddenly the leader front steps. Half-way down, she of the choir started into galvanic life. paused, and glanced over her thin He led the song with his sweet voice, shoulder. Standing thus, nothing was his swaying body, his frantic baton, to be seen of her but a blurred out- his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and indifference. If in repose Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing.

> "One thing we know. Wherever we go— We reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half-notes, thus-

'So scatter little, scatter little, scatter scatter little, Scatter little seeds of kindness."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as "I guess," said Fran inscrutably, pianos and a snaredrum, the voice of times singing helped them "through," "No," came the answer, with an al- toward heaven, seemed to dart chilled his blood. To his highly weeks' campaign, his displeasure most imperceptible change of manner through the interstices of "rests," to wrought emotional nature, that sound grew. Within him was an undefined -a change as of gradual petrifaction, thread its slender way along infinites of mirth came as the laughter of thought vibration akin to surprise, be so. What a treasure somebody was "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with imal curves of silence. As one list- flends over the tragedy of an immortal caused by the serenity of the hushed that the lady, who was not Mrs. Greg- ened, it was the inspired truth as ut- soul. ory, quietly but forcibly closed the tered by Hamilton Gregory that It was as if, with the closing of that science. As if one had never before disturbed by the ungodly." He point- was exerting himself to the utmost of door, she would have shut Fran out been told that one reaps what one ed an inflexible fluger at Fran: "Yon- gesture and noise to glorify the Maker

with reference to the fact whether or

not the person's death caused hard-

ship to others who were dependent up-

The value of a man to himself is.

it is further pointed out, unimportant

of view. His value to society at large

cannot be considered in a cash esti-

mate, since that kind of value de-

pends upon other than physical re-

sources. His value to those who look

Gallo-Roman Villa Unearthed.

A Gallo-Roman villa has been un-

permanent disability, \$25,000. This, it is pointed out, is merely an average as year, and the remains of the villa just and stationery stand, and the owner

far as decisions have been examined. discovered might, we are told, rival found the only way to keep both his

are based upon an idea not of his time that this villa is spoken of, as when women were, near. The gong

to him for support can alone be esti-

a well known lawyer of the legal deci- after he is dead-from a legal point

tical method of computation one eye earthed in Paris in connection with

is worth \$5,000; one leg, \$15,000; two the works for the underground rail-

legs, \$25,000; one arm, \$10,000; one way near the Luxembourg. Traces hand, \$6,000; one finger, \$1,500, and of Roman remains are being discov-

It should be added that the esti- those of some of the finest brought

mates of the value of a man's life to light in Pompeii. It is not the first

value to himself, but of his value to parts of the walls and atrium were does it.

at twenty-five, \$5,488,03, from which mated on the material side.

sown amiss. Tears rose to many eyes. companied by her parents. Brethren! and smothered sobs betrayed intense | Too much is at stake, at moments emotion

Of those who were not in the least ness. A number of men, most of them heard Hamilton Gregory's impassioned moved. Where are the ushers? I young, thronged the footpath leading earnestness, and divined his yearning hope she will go without disturbance. from the stiles to the tent. A few to touch meny hearts; nor did she but go she shall! Now, Brother Gregdoubt that he would then and there ory, sing." the pretty girls to come forth from have given his life to press home upon the erring that they must ultimately reap what they were sowing. Never-It would have been easier for her to laugh than to cry.

his exhortations for the singing of because the evangelist's determined



'Won't You Go With Me. Little Girl?"

their way to the group kneeling at the front. Prayers and groans rose as if oblivious of devouring eyes. louder. Jubilant shouts of religious victory were more frequent. One could now hardly hear the choir as it insisted-

"We reap what we sow, We reap what we sow

Suddenly the evangelist smote his hands together, a signal for song and prayer to cease.

Having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground:

"Brother Clinton, can't you get it?"

The man shook his head. "You've been kneeling there night after night," the evangelist continued: "don't you feel that the Lord loves you? Can't you feel it? Can't you revival services close. They close this night. I go away tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting night? Just quietly here, without any gether--Brother Clinton, can't you get through tonight?"

Brother Clinton shook his bead.

Fran laughed aloud. The evangelist had already turned to Hamilton Gregory as a signal for well as by the acompaniment of two the hymr: to be resumed, for some-Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like but the sound of irreverent laughter macteric expression of the three-pool to see oneself.

brought the message home to con- ened face, "these services have been their quiet star-beacons, while man sows, uneasy memory started out of der sits a little girl who should not of that calm canopy? From the

station, but now the entire villa has

been laid bare, and it is found to have

consisted of twenty rooms, with a

large atrium and a piscina. It faced

in the direction of the Rue Gay Lus-

sac and the boulevard Saint Michel,

and according to all appearances it

was the most sumptuous private resi-

dence built in Paris during the Gallo-

Roman period -Paris correspondence

Anti-Swear Gong

"Please do not swear when the bell

rings. That is the signal a lady is

buying semething out front." This is

the sign that is stuck up in the big

poolroom of a Virginia town, where

the young men are inclined to cuss

when they miss an easy side-pocket

shot or "scratch" on an easy play.

pool trade and magazine customers

was to stop the boys from swearing

London Telegraph.

dividual cases would vary greatly were in progress for the Luxembourg

like these, to shrink from heroic measures. Souls are here, waiting to affected, Fran was one. She saw and be saved. Let the little girl be re-As the song swept over the wor-

ushers as still remained held a brief did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found Although the preacher had ceased to volunteer as policeman, and he only

form, looking out on the congregation, face seemed cut in stone as she stared he slowly moved back and forth his at the evangelist. How could she have than a thousand villagers, ranged magnetic arms in parallel lines. Not known she was going to laugh? Her part." tumultuous emotions, inspired by the upon the platform of undressed pine. the verses, when he might have striv- sight of Hamilton Gregory, might afraid." It was not until then, that other way. That laugh had been as a darting of tongue-flame directed should cry, changed everything. against the armored Christian soldier whose face was so spiritually beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent.

Fran was suddenly aware of a man turning her head, she asked in a rather weakly, "But you came here rather spiteful voice, "Are you the alone." sheriff?

He spoke with conciliatory persuasiveness: "Won't you go with me, little girl?"

Fran turned impatiently to glare at

He was a fine young fellow of perhaps twenty-four, tall and straight, clean and wholesome. His eyes were sincere and earnest yet they promised the proper time and place. His girl," she answered plaintively, mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad.

Fran rose as swiftly as if a giant lence. But as he fixed his ardent eyes had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, teen, perhaps. Her face was so upon space, as he moved those impel-then," she said in a tone somewhat strangely eloquent in its yearning for ling arms, a man would rise here, a smothered. She climbed over the something quite beyond his compreeager'r, the unsaved would press their way to the group kneeling at

the face, that made her feel like crying, just because or so she anciedit revived the recollection of her foneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars.

CHAPTER III

On the Foot-Bridge. To the young usher, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eves were still full of the light from feel it now? Can't you get it? Can't gasolene-burners, his ears still rang you get it now? Brother Clinton, I with the confusion of tent-noise into want you to get through before these which entered the prolonged monotones of inarticulate groanings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irreverent Amens.

Nothing just then mattered except friends want you to get it now. All the saving of souls. Having faithfully these praying neighbors want to see attended the camp-meeting for three you get it. Can't you get through to weeks he found other interests blotted out. The village as a whole had excitement, without any noise or tu- given itself over to religious ecstasy mult, just you and your soul alone to-! Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evang- them to set his blood tingling with elist's feet.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, besky. Was it not incongruous that the town?" "Several times," he cried, with whit- heavens should be so peaceful with

weather-stained canvas rolled the warning, not unmusically:

'We reap what we sow,

Above the tide of melody, the voice of the evangelist rose in a scream, appalling in its agony-"Oh, men and women, why will you die, why will you die?"

But the stars, looking down at the silent earth, spoke not of death, spoke only as stars, seeming to say, "Here are April days, dear old earth, balmy springtime and summer harvest beshipers in a wave of pleading, such fore us!-What merry nights we shall pass together!" The earth answered theless she was altogether unmoved. consultation. The task assigned them with a sudden white smile, for the moon had just risen above the distant woods

At the stile where the footpath from the tent ended, Abbott paused. fer, the one false note in the meet-Fran was furlous; her small white ing's harmony, had been silenced "There," he said, showing the road. His tone was final. It meant, "De-

Fran spoke in a choking voice, "I'm well have found expression in some he knew she had been crying, for not once had he looked back. That she

"I am so little." Fran said plaintively, "and the world is so large." Abbott stood irresolute. To take

Fran back to the tent would destroy pausing irresolutely at the end of the the Influence, but it seemed inhuman plank that held her erect. Without to send her away. He temporized "But I'm not going away alone,"

said Fran. Her voice was still damp, but she had kept her resolution dry. In the gloom, he vainly sought to discern her features. "Whose little girl are you?" he asked, not without an accent of gentle commiseration.

Fran, one foot on the first step of the stile, looked ap at him: the sudden flare of a torch revealed the sormuch in the way of sunny smiles-at row in her eyes. "I am nobody's little

Her eyes were so large, and so soft and dark, that Abbott was glad she was only a child of fourteen-or fiflight prevented definite perception of As they passed the last pole that her face. There was, in truth, an ele supported a gasolene-burner, Fran ment of charm in all he could discern glanced up shyly from under her of the girl. Possibly the big hat broad hat. The light burned red upon | helped to conceal or accentuate-at the young usher's face, and there was any rate, the effect was somewhat something in the crimson glow, or in elfish. As for those great and luminously black eyes, he could not for the life of him have said what he saw in



a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as cause of this young girl with the he gazed into the earnest eyes of mocking laugh, he was losing the cli- Fran, it was like looking into a clear

"Nobody's little girl?" he repeated. inexpressibly touched that it should denied! "Are you a stranger in the

"Never been here before," Fran answered mournfully.

"But why did you come?" "I came to find Hamilton Gregory. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SMALL VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE | the community. The figures in in- | uncovered years ago, when the works | PLACE FOR DANGEROUS DRUGS | sponsibility of dealing continually Household Should Have Some Kind

> Almost every medical man has experience of some lotion intended for outward application being taken by mistake, and such accidents will go on happening until the general public does something for its own protection. The druggist may label his bottles ever so carefuly, but to a child the label conveys no meaning, and if the bottle be left within his reach no

of Cupboard Where They May

Be Kept in Safety.

happens. Every house should contain a small safe cuboard out of reach of children where bottles may be kept, for many medicines which are perfectly harmless if taken as prescribed by the person for whom they are ined would bring about serious results if the bottle were emptied at one draught.

one can be surprised if an accident

People do not realize what great precautions are taken by dispensers at large hospitals who have the re- York World

with many powerful drugs. In most cases all poisons are kept in a special cuboard, so arranged that an electric bell rings loudly as soon as the door is opened, summoning immediately a "checker," without whose presence

no dangerous drug can be taken out. These precautions, valuable as they undoubtedly are, must be supplemented in the patient's home; it is there for the most part that the accident:

He Meant a Wee Nap, Not a Wee Nip. After Charles Myers, a Mason (Mo.) barber, had finished up the stranger he raised the chair, and his customers head fell over to one side. The barber straightened him up and shook him a little.

You were asleep," said Charley. "So I was -so I was," agreed the gentleman in the chair. "Well, you'll have to come 'round to my place and take one on me.

"I don't drink," returned Charley . "Neither do l. I'm the new preach er at the First Street church."-New

## **TENDERFEET WIN** WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

HILL AND SONS, THE OAT CHAM-PIONS, ARE COCKNEYS BORN AND BRED.

City-bred in the world's greatest metropolis and untrained as to things agricultural, were J. C. Hill and his three boys when they settled on homesteads at Lloydminster, in the Province of Saskatchewan (western Canada), eight years ago. Today they are the recognized champion oat growers of the North American continent, having won twice in succession the silver challenge cup, valued at \$1,500 at the Fifth National Corn exposition, Columbia, S. C. The Plate, officially known as the Colorado Oat trophy, is emblematic of the grand championship prize for the best bushel of oats exhibited by individual farmers or experiment farms at these expositions.

The Hill entry won this year in the face of the keenest competition, hundreds of exhibits being sent by experienced farmers from all parts of the United States and Canada. The oats were grown on land which was wild prairie less than four years ago.

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They labored early and late and denied themselves paltry pleasures, glad to stand the gaff for a while in rising to their possibilities. They talked with successful farmers and studied crops and conditions and profited by both. E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for The new life on the farm was strange but they never lost heart, handicapped as they were by lack of experience and capital.

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serious displace-ment. I had back-ache aud bearing down pains so bad that I could not sit in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and

was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

Read What Another Woman says: Peoria, Ill.-"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night.

"After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured.

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Genuine must bear Signature Breut Good



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The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

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