

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, escorts Fran from the tent. He cells her Gregory is a wealthy man laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. Held the theory is a wealthy man apillar of the church. Ashto was a greatly interested in Fran and while one greatly interested in Fran and while 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 lints at a wenty-year-old secret, leave 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 is the daughter of a very land friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to hearms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace hegins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at the first of the forty and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. Fran affects the man and interrupts a fouching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory his intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue has surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story Grace. Fran offert he story and deciders that he cannot continue has surprised the first of the story and uest. Ashton urgest him not to disclose that he has learned.

CHAPTER XVII .- Continued. It was impossible for Abbott to receive all this as a whole; he took up the revelations one at a time. "Is it possible that Fran is Mr. Gregory's daughter?"

"Oh, she's his, all right, only child of his only legal wife-that's why she came, thinking her father would do the right thing, him that's always praying to be guided aright, and balking whenever the halter's pulled straight."

"Then," Abbott stammered, "Mrs. Gregory is . . ."

"Yap; is with a question mark. But there's one thing she isn't; she isn't Robert said, ruminating. the legal wife of this pirate what's of folks that thinks they're worse than

"As for Mr. Gregory," Abbott began sternly-

vigorous expletive, and growled, "One I'll limit the thing to Grace-"



"Is It Possible That Fran Is Gregory's Daughter?"

thing, Mr. Gregory has done for me, dammed-I say-

"Bob," Abbott exclaimed, "don't you understand Fran's object in keeping the secret? It's on account of Mrs. Gregory. If she finds it out—that she's som by the sight of that villain. not legally married—don't you see? Come!" Of course it would be to Fran's interests-bless her heart! What awhat a Nonpareil!"

"Tain't natural," returned Clinton, for any girl to consult the interests of a woman that's supplanted her mother. No, Fran's afraid to have it a consciousness of his absence and its told for fear she'd be injured by your cause was like a hot iron branding

cut-glass paragon, your religion-stuffed

you, she's thinking only of Mr. Greg- an errand which must result in ruin!

of that perfect angel-but just say self informed of Robert's movements

gristle-

"Bob, if I assure you that Miss Noir will never spend another day under his roof, will you agree to keep this discovery to yourself?" "You can't make no such assurance.

of the animal kingdom he twigs to, she'll not leave his roof." "Bob, if she leaves that house in the

morning, for ever, won't you agree to silence, for Mrs. Gregory's sake-and because Fran asks it?" "Fran's another angel, bless her heart! But you can't work it."

"Leave it to me. Bob. I'll be guided by the spur of the moment." "I need a bookkeeper at my stcre,"

"I promise you that Miss Noir will ory, you are ill."

soon be open to offers.' going to see the feathers fly. No-I | vealed by an electric arc that swung don't want Mrs. Gregory to learn about at the street corner-its mellowed Robert pursued the name with a it, any more than you or Fran; but

> "She'd tell Mrs. Gregory." "Don't you say anything against Grace Noir, Abbott, for though you are

my friend-' "I say nothing against her; I say

only that she's a woman."

"Well," Clinton reluctantly agreed I reckon she is. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go with you into that

wolf's den, and I'll let you do all the talking; and if you can manage things in half an hour-just thirty minutes by my watch-so that Grace leaves there tomorrow, I'll leave you to steer things, and it's mum for keeps. But I'm going to be present, though I don't want to say one word to thatthat-But if he don't crawl out of his wool far enough to suit the purpose. in short, if he don't cave, and in half an hour-"

"Half an hour will do the business," said Abbott stoutly. "Come!"

"Be sure to call for Mr. Gregory by himself," said Robert, as they walked swiftly back to the Gregory residence. "If Grace comes into the room while we're talking, or Mrs. Gregory-"

"If they do," Abbott said quickly, "you are not to utter one word, not one, about Springfield-you under been so long dammed—yes, I say stand? It's a bargain, and I shall hold if our love were dead and buried—" you to your word of honor."

"For half an hour I won't say a word." Clinton declared, "unless it's some word just drawn out of my bo-

CHAPTER XVIII.

Just Thirty Minutes. Clinton in search of Fran's life-secret, subject."

Gregory's brain. What a mocking fa-|ing, "You will not agree to it? To say." He glared at Abbott as if daring "Fran afraid? That's a joke! I tell to send Robert on his terrible errand-

Mrs. Gregory would be pitied when it became known how she had been deceived; Fran would be pitied because she was a disowned daughter: Grace You don't see the point, When I think would be pitied for trusting in the integrity of her employer-but Gregory, who of all men needed pity most, would be utterly despised. He did not think of himself alone, but of his works of charity-they, too, would fall, in his disgrace, and Walnut Street churcheven religion itself-would be discredited because of an exposure that could avail nothing.

Gregory had been too long proclaimengraving in a Family Bible! No, I ing the living God not to feel Him as a Presence, and in this Presence he felt a shuddering fear that could suggest no relief but propitiation. He as well as Abbott Ashton had kept himas far as they were known to Miss Sapphira, hence the day of Robert's return found his thought of atonement

at its most frenzied stage. As evening wore on, he made up his mind to the fatal step.

Before Robert could oppose him, Gregory would confess. Now that the last hour had come, he sought his wife, reeling like a sick man as he descended the hall stairs.

old hymn, when he discovered her often wonder if many women could enrest of him nothing but bone and presence in the brilliantly lighted par- dure as silently-but there must never lor. Grace was expecting a visit from Clinton and had made the room cheerful for his coming, and Mrs. Gregory looking in and finding no one present, had sunk upon the stool before the piano. She did not see her husband, If she ain't put wise to what branch for her face was bent low as she feelingly played, "I Need Thee Every Hour.

Gregory, well-nigh overwhelmed with the realization of what he meant Him every hour."

She did not start at his voice, though his presence had been unsuspected. She raised her serious eyes, and ob-

"See here, Abbott, I can't afford to turned off the lights and drew a chair the lights again. lose any chances on this thing. I'm near her. The room was partly rebeams entered the open window. "Lucy, I have something very important to say to you."

Her fingers continued to wander among the keys, making the hymn barely audible, then letting it die away, only to be revived.

"Lucy, I have never spoken of this before, but it has seemed to me for a long time that we have wandered rather far apart-yes, very far apart. We sit close together, alone, our hands could touch, but our souls live in difway?"

She ceased playing abruptly, and ferent worlds. Do you ever feel that answered almost in a whisper, "Yes."

"Perhaps it is my fault," said Gregory, "although I know that if you had taken more interest in what interests me, if you had been true to the Faith as I have tried to be-"

"I have been true to you," said Mrs. Gregory.

"Of course-of course-there is no question of our being true to each other. I feel that I am not wholly to blame. Lucy, it has been my fault and it has been your fault-that is how I look at it."

There was silence, then she said, There seems nothing to be done." "How do you mean? You speak as She rose abruptly, saying, "And its grave unmarked."

"Sit down, Lucy-I haven't told you what I came to tell-you must listen and try to see it as I see it. Let us be reasonable and discuss the future in a-in a sensible and matter-of-fact way. If you will agree-'

"I will not agree to it," she answered firmly. "Let me go, Mr. Gregory, During the week spent by Robert there is no need ever to bring up that

He had risen, and now in blank amazement, he stared at her, repeat-

tality, that it should have been Grace what? You are unreasonable. What him to speak the words that must desubject have I brought up?" "It is very true that we have drifted | her position.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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too far apart to be as we were in the beginning. But there is still something left to me, and this something I ure, the shame of-of-a neglected wife. "My God!" whispered Gregory, falling back, "then somebody has told you

about Springfield—it was Fran!" "I don't know what you mean," she returned, apparently without emotion. 'What I mean is, that I shall never consent to a divorce."

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Post of the second

"A divorce? Good heavens, Lucy a separation because you disown the church? What have I ever done to make you imagine such an absurdity?" She answered gently, "Yes. it seems her husband's side.

I misunderstood. But you said you wanted me to discuss the future in a matter-of-fact way, and I couldn't think of the future as having any other matter-of-fact solution."

Gregory was hotly indignant. "Lucy, if that is meant as an insinuation against-'

Mrs. Gregory raised her hand com pellingly. "Do not speak any name." she said, looking at him steadily. "I can endure much," she went on, in a Mrs. Gregory was softly playing an milder tone, finding him silent; "I be a name mentioned between us."

Her manner was so unwontedly final, that he stood looking at her, not knowing how to resume the pressing subject of his past. They were in that same silent attitude when Grace Noir came in from the hall. Grace turned up the lights, and ther

-"Oh!" It was impossible to prevent an unpleasant compression of the mouth at discovering Gregory so near to do, grasped the door for support. his wife. "Am I in the way? I am Presently he spoke, brokenly, "Lucy, looking for company, and I heard the how true that is-we do, indeed, need | doorbell-please excuse me!" she added, biting off the words.

"Of course you are not in the way," Gregory returned desperately. "Company, you say? And you heard the served his haggard face. "Mr. Greg- doorbell-is Bob Clinton-" He grew white. "My eyes are bad, for some "No-the light hurts my eyes." He reason," he muttered, and switched off "How very dark you have it in

here!" said Grace reprovingly. "Of course Mr. Clinton has been shown the back-parlor, where it is light. I will go to him there, and leave you two-" she paused irresolutely, but neither spoke. Grace had no sooner gone than Greg-

ory with an effort found his voice Lucy, my conscience has tormented me until it will not let me rest-about you. It's right to know something more about my life than I have ever

"Right in there." said the maid's voice, from the hall, and Abbott Ashton and Robert Clinton entered the

While Robert was greeting Mrs. Gregory with exaggerated pleasure, in order to escape facing her husband Abbott spoke to the other with an odd sense of meanness, as if he partook, by mere nearness, of the other's cow ardice. "I wish to speak to you for a few minutes, Mr. Gregory."

Gregory, like an animal brought to bay, said, "I suppose you've some excuse about playing cards with Fran." "More important than playing cards." Abbott returned.

Gregory fought off the inevitable: 'If you refer to losing your position at the public school-'

"No, Clinton has come home from Springfield, and we have a matter-' "It's pressing business," spoke up Robert, who all this time had been asking Mrs. Gregory if her mother was well, if Simon Jefferson was no worse,

at home-"and private business." "I have no business," Mr. Gregory exclaimed, in fear, "that my wife need not know." "This is-" cried Robert. Then re

membering, he struck the keys a resounding chord Mrs. Gregory was about to leave

the room.

starting to the door to intercept her, "I want you to stay. I'll have no secrets from you, Lucy. I want you to hear what these gentlemen have to stroy his wife's last feeble hold on

"I hope Mrs. Gregory will excuse us," said Abbott, smiling at her as cheerfully as he could, "but she knows shall cling to as long as I can. I mean that there are matters of business to avoid the publicity, the open expos- that women don't understand, or care to learn. This is something that relates merely to you, Mr. Gregory, and

"Of course I understand you, Abbott," said Mrs. Gregory gently. "and Mr. Gregory is wrong to insist on my interrupting-women are always in the way-" She smiled, and, slipping around Gregory, had reached the door, when she came face to face with are you mad? Do you think I want Grace Noir, entering. At sight of her -for-Grace did not pause, but went over to the piano-Mrs. Gregory apparently reconsidered, and stepped to

> "So you did come," Grace said, smiling at Robert. "Shall we go into the other room?"

Robert reveled in her beauty, and to that extent his anger against Gregory flamed higher. "Pretty soon," he said. 'pretty soon, Miss Grace-in just twenty minutes-" he looked at his watch, then at Abbott.

"I must tell you, Mr. Gregory," Abbott began rapidly, "that I had just thirty minutes to consummate the matter with you-just half an hour, when we came here, and ten minutes are already gone. Only twenty minutes are left."

"What do you mean by your twenty minutes being left?" Gregory blus-

Abbott spoke carefully, at the same time drawing a little farther away from the man he despised: "Bob has been to Springeld about that matter, you understand." "No, I don't," cried Gregory. "Or if

do-tell it out-all of it." "He has been to Springfield," Ab-

bott went on, "and he got on the inside of the business, and the interests are determined that—that they will retaliate on you for your successes in



My God! Then Somebody Has Told You About Springfield. It Was

the past, and at the same time be a help to Bob."

"I don't understand," Gregory gasped blankly. "Me neither," muttered Robert.

"It's very simple," Abbott maintained. "The Springfield interests want to give you a blow, and give Bob a helping hand. Therefore, you are to transfer your secretary to his store, where a bookkeeper is needed.'

"Oh, indeed," interposed Grace Noir icily. "I am a mere pawn, I presume, to be sent where I am wanted. But I if Fran was hearty, if Grace Noir was would like to ask Mr. Clinton if he found out anything about Fran, while he was in Springfield?" "Fran is all she claims to be," Rob

ert declared bluntly (TO BE CONTINUED)

Never Satisfied.

nothing he is pretty sure to think it "No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Gregory, might have been something better.

When a man gets something for

of 70 volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 or 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 520 volts will stop

sition to do one or both a favor and incidentally aid the employes of the Winsted postoffice in the performance of their duties. There is a card at the office for Bertha, and the message that it contains is such that Postmaster nuscular fibers of the heart, or of Glynn and his clerks are anxious to have it reach its destination. The

> church I left some cheese on the plate near the organ. Will you take it away. if there is any left, and put it in the

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Usually So. "What is an optimist, pa?" "A man who doesn't want other people to worry when he sees things all coming his way."

For Effect. "Pa, what is a pulpiteer?" "A pulpiteer, son, is a preacher

who makes frequent use of the pul-Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

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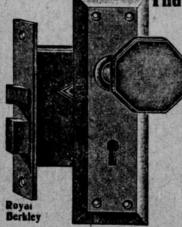
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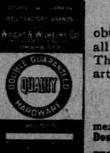


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Beneficial Exercise, Though It Might Be Well for One to Select the Time and Place.

Yawning may be rude—especially in company-but it is a good thing for you to do. For one thing, it ventilates the

lungs. When you take an ordinary breath the lungs are not completely filled, nor are they thoroughly emptied by an ordinary respiration. There is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs always, which physiologists call 'residual air.'

This air in time becomes foul and affects the blood, and through the blood the nervous centers. Certain nerves get tickled, as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretching the lungs to their fullest extent, filling them with clean, fresh air and driving the foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn. For another, yawning opens and stretches and ventilates all the various passages leading to the lungs. You will perhaps be surprised to

MUCH VIRTUE IN GOOD YAWN know that yawning is even beneficial the surface of the well, he constantly DEATH FROM ELECTRIC SHOCK often being killed by a direct current stopped and turned his honest head

to your hearing. The cracking sound which you so often hear when giving an extra big ter laid hold of the bucket to draw it yawn is due to the stretching and towards him, because he then had opening of the eustachian tubes. just one more turn to make to bring they are congested, which happens regularity the poor animal performed when you have a had cold in the head,

people complain of deafness. If you feel inclined to yawn, then do so. It is Nature's way of cleaning out your lungs and air passages.

Some years ago an ass was employed in the Isle of Wight, in drawing water by a large wheel from a very deep well. When the keeper wanted water, he would say to the ass, "Tom, my boy, I want water, get into the wheel, my good lad," which Thomas immediately performed with prompt ess that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to go around on its axis, to complete his labor, because

to observe the moment when his mas-These tubes communicate between the the rope to the top. It was pleasing ear and the back of the throat. If to observe with what steadiness and his labor.

Pawnshop Sentiment. A watch had just passed from the hands of a seedy young man into those of a pawnbroker. Before the young man got out of the shop the

broker called him back. "Here's a picture—a woman's picture-in the back of this watch," he said. "You'd better take it out."

The young man flushed.

"It isn't worth while," he said. "I'll deem the thing in a week or two' "Maybe you will and maybe you won't," the broker retorted. "You never can tell about these things. I may not be strong on sentiment, but alternating currents low frequency one thing I insist on is that no man shall leave a woman's picture in a The lower animals are more suscepevery time he brought the bucket to watch that he pawns here."

Cessation of Life Is Due to Contrac-

tion of the Fibrils or Muscular Fibers of the Heart. While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English

Death produced from electric shock says this magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or paralysis of the respiratory organs. While doctors have been unable to find any treatment that will cure the former, artificial respiration often

magazine, quoting an authority on the

subject, the whole matter is simple.

overcomes the respitatory paralysis. The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body; and with usually is more dangerous than high.

respiration suddenly. Uncle Ike to Dear Bertha Do you know "Dear Bertha" or "Uncle Ike?" If so you are in a po-

message is as follows: "Dear Bertha: If you go to the

The writer neglected to add Bertha's address, and consequently when the card reached the office it was posted in the lobby with the dozens of others that are held for one reason or anoth-