

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent zanducing the shoir 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 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 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's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gergory insists 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 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 Now I'd add a straw to your . 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."

The laughter of Mrs. Gregory sounded wholesome and deep-throated-the child was so deliciously ridiculous. "Come, then," she cried, with a lightness she had not felt for months, "come, 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- themselves ever surrounded by a sea ed there, while the fire in her dark eyes burned tears to all sorts of rain- in sight. "It is a sad case," he murbow colors. It seemed to her that of mured, all the people in the world, Mrs. Gregory was the last to hold her in affec- forty-three a sad case?" she repeated. tionate embrace. She cried out with a always, when possible, building her sob, as if in answer to her dark mis- next step out of the material furnished givings-"Oh, but I want to belong to by her companion. "But suppose she somebody!"

"You shall belong to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, folding her forty-three. Maybe she isn't. Would 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."

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

But Simon Jefferson beamed with pleasure at the girl's artless ways. He knew what was bad for his heart, and Fran wasn't. Her smiles made him feel himself a monopolist in sunshine.



"Love Him? This is Merely a Question of Doing the Most Good."

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 much that dull ears missed. "How gay Simon is!" smiled the mother-he was always her spoiled boy.

Mrs. Gregory called through the 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 nulled."

Fran clapped her hands like a child, indeed. "Ch, 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. "Frant"

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS ILLUSTRATIONS BY O · IRWIN · MYERS (COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.) teacher in a college, and that you were | shouted Simon Jefferson.

"Bravo!"

Encore!" Fran widened her fingers to push down the rebellious dress. "If I don't put leads on me." she said with contrition, "I'll be floating away. When thing wrong-it's awfully dangerous for a person to feel good, I guess. Mrs. -when I think about that, I want to dance. . . I guess you hardly know what it means for Fran to belong to a person. You're going to find out. Come on," she shouted to Mrs. Jefferson, without using the trumpetalways a subtle compliment to those nearly stone-deaf, "I mustn't wheel myself about, so I'm going to wheel you."

As she passed with her charge into the garden, her mind was busy with Mrs, Gregory naturally suggested getting rid of the secretary. It would months ought to settle her," Fran of comprehension by surprise, if such mused.

In the meantime, Grace Noir and Gregory sat in the library, silently work, feeding the hungry and consoling the weak with stroke of pen and click of typewriter.

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

"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 of indifference; there was not a sail

"You think number one hundred is an impostor. He says she's not his daughter, this number one hundred 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 impos-

"Impossible? Do you think it's impossible 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 denied Fran-if he could have joined 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 already admitted. "I know it, absolutely. She is the daughter of one who was my most-my most intimate friend."

Grace repeated with delicate re proof-"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 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 true man, but a weakling. I am glad have never been thrown with such -a degenerate."

"But, Miss Grace," he urged rleadingly, "do you think my friend, when he went back to find her and she was 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 father. He was thinking of his own wife, and of his wife's mother and brother-how they had ceased to show Gregory to attend services? Fran can sympathy in what he regarded us 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 fact was grateful to his grieved heart,

"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 only-like you-I mean, about going a distant town who happened to be a to church!"

graduated from his college. Don't you most important thing in the world." young man, went to live with a cousin feel good, I always want to do some- he was graduated from that college? And she says that her father's father was a rich man-just as yours was-Gregory, you say I can belong to you and that the cousin is dead-just as yours is."

At these piercing words, Gregory bowed his head to conceal his agitation. Could it be possible that she 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 thoughts of Grace Noir. Belonging to own history. What does that show?" He spoke almost in a whisper. "My friend and I were much alike." Then a look were there.

Grace smiled coolly. "But hardly identical, I presume. Don't you see turning out an immense amount of that Fran has invented her whole story, and that she didn't have enough



"Bring on Your Dragons," She Said Boastfully.

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." "Well-" faltered Gregory. But why should be defend Fran?

"Mr. Gregory," she asked, as if what had gone before, "would it greatly inconvenience you for me to leave your employment?"

He was electrified. "Grace! Inconvenience me! - would you - could . .

"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."

"But you couldn't love Bob Clinton -he isn't worthy of you, Grace. It's impossible. Heaven knows I've had disappointments enough-" He started up and came toward her, his eyes 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 love.

"Then let me teach you, Grace, et-

"Shall we not discuss it?" she said gently. "That is best, I think. If I decide to marry Mr. Clinton, I will tell gone-do you think he should have you even before I tell him. I don't hall under the stairway. It was a across one end, held in place by brasskept on hunting? Do you think, Grace, know what I shall choose as my best course."

"But, Grace! What could I dowithout-"

"Shall we just agree to say no more 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. 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." "Mr. Gregory!" she reproved him.

"Well," he cried, somewhat defiantly, "don't you think she could go, if she wanted to?" "Well," Grace answered slowly,

"this girl will leave her without any any excuse." "Oh, Miss Grace, if my wife were

"I consider it," she responded, "the think it marvelous, this claim of Fran. Her emphatic tone proved her sinwho says that her father, when a cerity. The church on Walnut street stood, for her, as the ark; those who sessed a sentimental value from the who was a college professor, and that remained outside, at the call of the fact that all the characters save 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 had guessed all and yet, in spite of all, a great sigh, "I am very unhappy, but could use that tone of kindness? It you understand me, and that is a little comfort. If you should marry Bob 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 be exceedingly difficult. "But two he looked up swiftly to catch a look 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. 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 unceremoniously 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

"If she would only go!" he groaned. 'Grace! Do you think you could ?-Yes, I will leave everything to you."

The window at which they stood

Fran, speaking through the eartrumpet with as much caution as deaflady, look up at the library window, 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 ilton Gregory and Grace Noir were catch the last rays of the sun. The flag of truce between them was only she was about to say belonged to what | Grace held the paper obliquely toward the west: Hamilton leaned nearer and, with his delicate white finger, pointed out a word. Grace nodded her head through the trumpet. in gentle acquiescence.

"Amen," muttered Fran. "Now let everybody sing!"

The choir leader and his secretary have 'em!" vanished from sight.



"Just like the play in Hamlet," Fran said half-aloud. "And now that the inside play is over, I guess it's time for old Ham to be doing something."

Mrs. Jefferson gripped the arms of her wheel-chair and resumed her tale, as if she had not been interrupted. It was of no interest as a story, yet posraconteur were dead, and possibly all but her forgotten. Fran loved to hear the old lady evoke the shades of long 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 subterfuge; 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 f or the secretary has got to git."

Fran was not unmindful of grammar, even of rhetoric, on occasion. She knew there was no such word as "git," but she was seeking to symbolize 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 eyes. She sniffed battle. But her tightly compressed lips showed that she lacked both Fran's teeth and Fran's intrepidity. One steps cautiously at seventy-odd.

Fran comprehended. The old lady was aware of Gregory's need of cotton fine old face uncommonly grim.

overlooked the garden into which Fran laughed defiantly. "Bring on your ploits" in his dealings with men, Dan-had wheeled old Mrs. Jefferson. dragons," she cried boastfully. "There's iel 11:32. This will cover four lesnot one of 'em I'm afraid of." She sons. Another pupil should then preness would tolerate, said, "Dear old her arm. "I'll say to the Dragon, markable conflict which God, through 'Stand up'-and she'll stand; I'll say

her dragon to annihilation, getting nothing of this except the pantomime; that, however, was eloquent. Christ who is our passover ought to it securely. She looked up. Ham- She recalled the picture of David in be carefully and yet emphatically preher girlhood's Sunday-school book. standing at the tower window, to "Are you defying the Man of Gath?" She broke into a delicious smile which seemed to flood the wrinkles of her a typewritten sheet of manuscript. face with the sunshine of many dear old easy-going years.

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

Mrs. Jefferson grasped the other's thin arm, and said, with zestful energy, "Let her have 'em, David, let her

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LESSON FOR ARDENT SWAIN the door, sixteen girls from the head

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

It happened at a public ball. He her hand.

"Dear one," he whispered, not very loud, but loud enough, "I have loved 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-"

Just then a rustle was heard on the stairs above them, and a card plained that they had difficulty in unfastened to a thread swung down and derstanding what they could and dangled not two inches from the lov- could not sell. One of the defendants er's nose. On it were these porten- admitted selling soap to a man who

tous words: "I'm a bit of a Har myself." him and he fied. As he went out of don Mail.

of the stairs sent sixteen laughs out into the damp night after him. He makes no love at balls now.

Marine Telescope.

Make an oblong narrow box out of was a man of serious intentions and four pieces of quarter-inch board about numerous attentions, and she was two feet long by sixteen inches wide, rich and weddable. They sat in the and fit a piece of clear, clean glass nook for lovers. There was not a headed tacks, driven into the wood soul in sight and, and he thought his and overlapping the glass. Fill all the golden opportunity had arrived. Down cracks with sealing wax to keep out he flopped on his knees, and clasped 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 you with the whole strength and principle of the more elaborate glasses ardour of a man's nature when it is through which to look at the famous roused by all that is pure and good gardens under the sea near the Catalina islands.-Christian Herald.

Storekeepers in Difficulties.

A number of shopkeepers were summoned at the Grimsby police court recently for contravening the closing order under the shops act. They comwas very dirty. "Thinking cleanliness was next to godliness, I let him have Then the awful truth flashed upon a packet," said the Jefendant -- Los

INTERNATIONAL (By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening

Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEW.

Deliverance and Disobedience.

READING LESSON ONLY-Nehemlah 9:9-21. See also Acts 7:30-34. GCLDEN TEXT—"Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and full of com-passion, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy."—Neh. 9:17 (Am. R. V.)

The lessons for the past quarter begin with the deliverance of the child Moses and end with the apostasy of the golden calf and cover a period of approximately 80 years. In almost every lesson there is something prophetic or typical of Christ, but two things may be mentioned with special emphasis, viz., the passover, lesson VI, see I Cor. 5:7, and the bread from heaven, lesson VIII, see Matt. 26:26, I Cor. 11:23, 24.

For the younger classes a most fascinating story can be told when presenting this review. Describe Miriam watching the ark, Pharaoh's daughter espying the ark, sending the babe to its mother and later adopting it as her son. Tell of the day when Moses made his great choice, of the time he thought he could free his brethren, but failed, not yet having the necessary power from God. Then the 40 years as a shepherd (John 10:14), the revelation at Horeb, the conflict at Pharaoh's court, the passover, and the flight by night, the crossing of the Red sea, the gift of the quails and the manna and that dramatic scene of the giving of the law. Enough is here presented to more than occupy the lesson period.

Four Episodes.

For the older classes. The lessons of this quarter seem to group themselves into four general episodes: (1) Moses, his salvation, education, flight and call; (2) Pharaoh, his pride, humiliation and the passover; (3) the flight, at the Red sea, being fed in the wilderness, and (4) the law, God's holiness, his commandments and the great apostasy.

The following brief review is suggested: Have one class member tell must not let it be suspected that she of the steps leading up to the Israelitish slavery in Egypt. Let another puin straining ears, such as had saved pil present either orally or written, an Ulysses from siren voices. The pre- account of the life of Moses up to tense of observing no danger kept the | the time of his appearing before Pharaoh with his apparently audacious "Little girls shouldn't fight," was request, "Let my people go." Let that her discreet rejoinder. Then leaning student not only recite the historical over the wheel, she advanced her facts but also show God's dealing snow-white head to the head of coal- with this son of an obscure slave. He "She'll go," Grace repeated fixedly. black. "Better not stir up dragons." might illustrate by alluding to others Fran threw back her head and whom God has raised up to "do exextended one leg and stretched forth | sent as concisely as possible that rehis representative Moses, worked out 'Lie down'-and down she'll lie. I'll with Pharach. This whole episode say 'Git'-and she'll-" Fran waved was treated as lesson V, the text being Ps. 105:23-36, and in lesson VI "Goodness," the old lady exclaimed, the record of the passover. This latter, the great feast of the Jews and sented. Let us not neglect to present the Bible teaching on this, one of the greatest truths ever revealed to man by a gracious, loving, heavenly father, Heb. 9:22.

Member as Spokesman.

The third episode can be presented if in class by a student, or if the review is a general one by the whole school. Let some particular class select one of its members as spokesman. This embraces lessons VII and VIII and is a gracious revelation of God's protecting care and also his abundant supply for our every need. In this section is another and a most beautiful suggestion of that "living bread" so freely provided for all who will accept.

Coming now to the last great enisode of this quarter, the events in connection with the giving of the law, we embrace lessons IX, X, XI and XII. Before God gave them the various commandments he sought to emphasize his majesty and his holiness by the smoking mountain, etc. We then have two lessons on the decalogue, a most fitting arrangement inasmuch as the first part deals with the God-side of life-man's relation to his creator -and the second part has to do with man's relations to his brother man. The last lesson is a terrible illustration of this dual fact. The utter inability of the natural heart to fulfill its high sounding promises, its exceeding sinfulness and the necessity of right relations with him who alone can keep it pure is, it seems to us, the important lesson of the setting up of the golden calf.

The two reading lessons give us the true light of the divine patience and the divine persistence.

The golden text is also an epitome of the spirit of these lessons.

Outline: 1. Moses (a) Training, Lesson I; (b) Fugitive, Lesson II; (c) Called, Lesson

2. Pharaoh (a) Commanded, Lesson IV; (b) Humbled, Lesson V; (c) Conquered, Lesson VI.

3. Flight (a) Deliverance, Lesson VII; (b) Fed, Lesson VIII.

4. Law (a) Holiness and Majesty, Lesson IX; (b), (c) Commandments, Lessons X, XI; (d) Apostasy (Golden Calf), Lesson XII.