

SYNOPSIS.

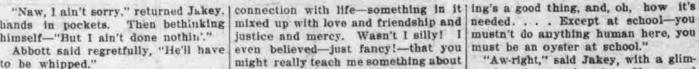
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CHAPTER X .- Continued.

"I wish you'd talked this reasonable Robert Clinton was there to witness animal for you to train; did you come at first. It's always what people don't his indifference. see that the most harm comes of. I'll I'll explain it all to 'em, and they li italicized words. know Abbott is all right, just as I've always known."

doing his duty by her. Later, I'll drop could he have found the place? in and have a bite with you."

This, then, was Bob's "idea," that hide the perfect innocence of the superintendent. He had known Abbott er. He had watched him through stu- passed unheeded.



Clinton nodded, and sat down solemnly, breathing hard. Abbott was ing but books." restlessly pacing the floor, and Bob was staring at him unwinkingly, when you in a room where you can underthe door opened and in came Fran. Fran walked up to Abbott hesitatwe make you thorough-'

ingly, and spoke with the indistinctness of awed humility. "You are to are to keep me here till I get it."

Bull send me this message?" mured, her eyes fastened on the open

page. From the yard came the shouts of

children, breaking the bonds of learn- being expelled?" ing for a wider freedom. Abbott, gazing severely on this slip of a girl, found her decidedly commonplace in

"This is the problem," Fran suid, give a little tea out here on the ve- with exceeding primness, pronouncing randa, and the worst talkers in 'own the word as if it were too large for will be in these chairs when you bring her, and holding up the book with a Fran away from Abbott's office. And slender finger placed upon certain

"Let me see it," said Abbott, with professional dryness. He grasped the "Get Miss Grace to come," Bob said book to read the proposition. His sheepishly. "She doesn't like Fran. hand was against hers, but she did not and she'll be glad to know Abbott is draw away, for had she done so, how

Fran, with uplifted eyes, spoke in the plaintive accents of a five-year-old no stone might be left unturned to child: "Right there, sir . . . It's awful hard."

Robert Clinton cleared his throat Ashton as a bare-legged urchin run- and produced a sound bursting with ning on errands for his widowed moth- accumulated h's and r's-his warning

skin, as her hand quivered warmly

and as she escaped from her splendid

black orbs, she entered his brain by

the avenue of his own thirsty eyes.

What was the use to tell himself that

the corners of her eyes, making a

triangle of smooth white skin to the

roots of the hair, and it seemed good,

just because it was Fran's way and

not after a machine-turned fashion:

Fran was done by hand, there was no

"Sit there," Abbott said, gravely

pointing. She obeyed without a word,

leaving the geometry as hostage in the

teacher's hand. When seated at a dis-

creet distance, she looked over at Bob

Clinton. He hastily drew on his spec-

Abbott volunteered, "This is Mr.

"I know," said Fran, staring at her

pencil and paper, "he's at the head

of the show, and watches when the

Clinton drew forth a newspaper, and

Fran scribbled for some time, then

looked over at him again. "Did you

get it?" she asked, with mild interest.

"Did I get-what?" he returned, with

"Oh, I don't know what it is," said

"If I were you," Clinton returned,

flushing, "I'd be ashamed to refer to

the night you disgraced yourself by

"Fran," Abbott interposed severely,

Fran bent her head over the desk,

but was not long silent. "I don't like

a-b-c and d-e-f." she observed with

more energy than she had hitherto dis-

because it doesn't seem to matter.

angles and lines are nothing to me;

what I care for is this time I'm wast-

'Sit down!" Abbott commanded.

Fran sank back upon the bench.

stamping his foot, "slt down!"

"Fran!" exclaimed Robert Clinton.

"I suspect," said Abbott mildly,

"that they have put you in classes too

"But I don't want to be tried in

rooms," Fran explained, "I want to be

Fran with humility; "the name of it's

tacles, that he might look old.

wild animals are tamed."

opened it deliberately.

puzzled frown.

laughing in the tent.'

up impetuously.

'attend to your work."

'Religion'.'

Clinton, President of the Board."

doubt of that.

Star bolling "Naw, I ain't sorry," returned Jakey. | connection with life-something in it | ing's a good thing, and, oh, how it's justice and mercy. Wasn't I silly! I mustn't do anything human here, you

FRAN

BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

· IRWIN · MYERS

"Aw-right," said Jakey, with a glimreligion. But, no! it's all books, noth- mering of comprehension. He seemed coming to life, as if sap were trickling "Fran," Abbott reasoned, "if we put from winter-congealment.

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BOBBS - MERRILL CO.)

Bob Clinton, too, felt the fresh stand the things we try to teach, if breeze or early spring in his face. He pils the best way to be what they were removed his spectacles.

"The first thing I knew," Fran said, resuming her private conversation The children in Class A, or Class B my birth he deserted mother. Uncle to look alike; but I don't want my starve, that deserted mother and her little baby? I don't look starved, do I? "You'll regret this, Miss," declared Pshaw! If a woman without a cent to strong boy like you with a mother to smile every time he hits the mark?

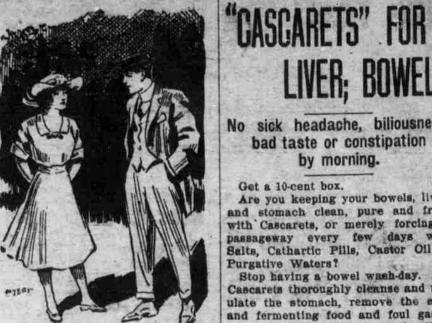
> "Sorr'," muttered Jakey shamefacedly.

> "I am glad to hear it," Abbott exclaimed heartily. "You can take your cap to go, Jakey.

"Lemme stay," Jakey pleaded, not budging an inch.

Fran lifted her face above the tousled head to look at Abbott; she and it's only in its connection to life sucked in her cheeks and made a that I'd give a pin for all the religion triumphant oval of her mouth. Then on earth." she seemed to forget the young man's presence.

"But when mother died, real trouble began, It was always hard work, while she lived, but hard work isn't trouble, book. I feel lost-so out in space. la, no, trouble's just an empty heart! only ask for a place in the universe-Well, sir, when I read about how good to belong to somebody . . . " Mr. Hamilton Gregory is, and how seem to belong to anybody, Jakey, I'm one of the best men that ever--" outside of everything. But you have "Oh, let's go home," cried Fran im



in hair, or flesh, or glory of eye, or softness of lips, altogether lacking in his physical being, but eagerly destred "Professor Ashton," she spoke seri-

ously, "I have been horrid. I might have known that school is merely a place where young people crawl into books to worm themselves from lid to lid, swallowing all that comes in the

way. But I'd never been to school, and I imagined it a place where a child was helped to develop itself. I thought teachers were trying to show the pu-

but that's not your fault; you are just a system. If a boy is to be a black smith after he's grown, and if a girl in the same class is to be a music teacher, or a milliner, both must learn about a-b-c and d-e-f. So I'm going away for good, because, of course, I couldn't afford to waste my time in speed. this house."

"But, Fran," Abbott exclaimed impulsively, "don't you see that you are holding up ignorance as a virtue? Can you afford to despise knowledge in this civilized age? You should want to know facts just because-well, just be cause they are facts."

"But I don't seem to, at all," Fran responded mildly. "No, I'm not making fun of education when I find fault with your school, any more than show irreverence to my mother's God when 1 question what some people call 'religion.' It's the connection to life that makes facts of any value to me;

"I don't understand," Abbott faltered She unfolded her hands and held them up in a quaint little gesture of aspiration. "No, because it isn't in a

"But," said Abbott, "you already be much he gives away-to folks he nev- long to somebody, since Mr. Gregory er sees-here I came. But I don't has taken you into his home and he is

a home and a mother, Jakey, and a patiently. "Let's all of us skip out of

LIVER; BOWELS No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation

by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or **Purgative Waters?**

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the soar and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and polsons in the bowels,

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep-never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Billousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Most Any Time. The scene is set.

A country road, trees, sky, summer homes, a lake in the distance. A steam railway line crosses the road at right angles.

Enter, up the road, an automobile, well loaded and running at high

Enter at the far right an express train.

Both automobile and train are rushing toward the crossing.

Owner of automobile to chauffeur: Can you make it?"

The chauffeur, speeding up: "Sure can make it!"

He doesn't .--- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAIR CAME OUT IN BUNCHES

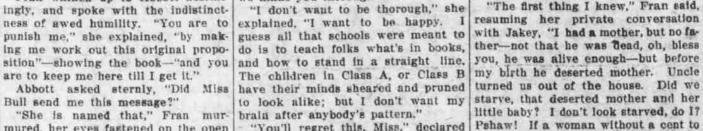
Route No. 3, Box 20A, Broken Arrow, Okla .- "My trouble began with an itching of the scalp of my head. My scalp at first became covered with fiakes of dandruff which caused me to scratch and this caused a breaking out here and there on the scalp. It became so irritated until I could not rest at night and my hair would come out in bunches and became short and rough.

"Everything I used would cause it to grow worse and it continued that way for about three or four years. While reading the paper I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. It proved so good that I decided to get some more. I used them as directed and in two weeks I saw a good ef-

fect. Now my hair is longer and

looks better than I have ever known





Clinton, in a threatening tone. "You her name, and ten pounds in her arms sit down. Do you want the name of can make good, what about a big

"I don't care very much about the names of things," said Fran coolly; Tell these gentlemen you're sorry for "there are lots of respectable names punching that boy." appearance. How the moonlight must that hide - wickedness." Her tone Miss Sapphira was highly gratified. have bewitched him! He rejoiced that changed: "But yonder's another wild to see him beaten?" She darted to the

dious years, had believed in his future career-and no, no bold adventuress, though adopted into Hamilton Gregory's home, shou'd be allowed to spoil Abbott's chances of success.

In his official character as chairman of the board, Robert ellinton marched with dignity into the superintendent's office, meaning to bear away the wilted Fran before the eyes of woman. Abbott Ashton saw him enter with a cense of relief. The young man could not understand why he had held Fran's hand, that night on the footbridge. Not only had the sentiment of that hour passed away, but the interview Fran had forced upon him at the close of a recent school-day, had inspired him with actual hostility. It seemed the irony of fate that a mere child, a stranger, should, because of senseless gossip, endanger his chances of reappointment-a reappointment which he felt certain was the best possible means of advancement. Why had he held Fran's little hand? He had never dreamed of holding Grace's -ah, there was a hand, indeed! "Has she been sent down?" Bob



"Did I Get-What?" He Returned With a Puzzled Frown.

asked, in the hoarse undertone of a fellow-consuirator.

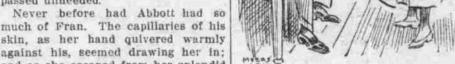
"No." Abbott was eager to prove the good big world is enjoying itself his innocence. "I haven't seen a sign just outside the window." She started of her, but I'm looking every minuteglad you're here."

Confidences were impracticable, because of a cousled-headed, ink-stained pupil who gloomed in a corner.

Wills, hello, there, Jakey!" cried Clinton, disconcerted; he had hoped this from's subjugation might take far advanced. We must try you in "What are another room-" The witnesses. the hey ?!!

he whipped," was the de-

tried in acts-deeds. Until I came molander you're sorry for here, I'd never been to school a day you can run in my life," she went on in a contiden-



Don't You See That You Are Holding Up Ignorance as a Virtue?"

she was commonplace, that his posicorner, and seated herself beside tion was in danger because of her? Jakey. Suddenly her hair fell slantwise past

ing his mustache deprecatingly. "ev- lines did Abbott read, but rather the erybody knows I wouldn't see a dog changing lights and shadows in great burt if it could be helped. I'm Jakey's black eyes. It was marvelous how All four hurried out into the hall as i friend, and I'd be yours, Fran-honestly-if I could. But how's a school upon the screen of the listener's perto be run without authority? You ception. At her, "When mother died." ain't reasonable. All we want of you is to be biddable."

beginning to give way to high pres- director felt like crying: "Then besure, "I thought you were a school- long to me!" teacher, not just, but also-a something very nice, also a teacher. But not you. Teacher's all you are, just came over to Abbott Ashton, with rules and regulations and authority and chalk and a-b-c and d-e-f."

Abbott crimsoned. Was she right? perately wishing that she might think for it. She quivered with an exquisite-

Fran, after one long glowing look at him, turned to the lad in disgrace, and placed her hand upon his stubborn arm. "Have you a mother?" she asked wistfully.

"Yeh," mumbled the lad, astonished at finding himself addressed, not as an ink-stained busk of humanity, but as an understanding soul.

"I haven't," said Fran softly, talking to him as if unconscious of the presence of two listening men, "but I had one, a few years ago-and, oh, it seems so long since she died, Jakeythree years is a pretty long time to be without a mother. And you can't think what a fault-blindest, spollingest, candiest mother she was. I'm glad yours

is living, for you still have the chance played. "They're equal to each other, to make her proud and happy. but I don't know why, and I don't care, No matter how fine I may turn outdo you reckon I'll ever be admired by Nothing interests me unless it has anybody, Jakey? Huh! I guess not. something to do with living. These But if I were, mother wouldn't be here to enjoy it. Won't you tell Professor Ashton that you are sorry?" ing, sitting in a stuffy old room. while

"Fran-" Abbott began.

Fran made a mouth at him. "I don't belong to your school any more," she informed him. "Mr. School Director can tell you the name of what he can do to me; he'll find it classified under the E's."

After this explosion, she turned again to the lad: "I saw you punch the fishing is good or not. When the that boy, Jakey, and I heard you say soft breeze comes in at the window you didn't, and yet it was a good punch. What made you deny it? allurement We must pin our atten- the efforts to Mrs. Sangster could bake Punches aren't bad ideas. If I could tion firmly to the turgid and dry strike out like you did, I'd wait till I geometry of a legal brief, or the sersaw a man builying a weaker one, and ried figures of the daybook, or the

the hourd the board that tone, "I agreed to attend because impulsively to her feet, and doubled ment, and let every other thought ders for sweetmeats to give that wo I imagined school ought to have some her arm-"and I'd let her land! Punch- await its turn at the end of office man employment.-Christian Hersig

place in the world, so I say 'Hurrah!' this chalky old basement-smelly place bceause you belong to somebody, and, and breathe the pure air of life." best of all, you're not a girl, but a boy to strike out straight from the shoul- looked back. Sadness had vanished der."

their confines.

delivery of a speech which, if served intensity. She seemed suddenly il upon printed page, would never prompt lumined, not only from without, but the reader to cast his hat to the ceil-"Say, now," Bob remonstrated, pull- ing. No mere print under bold head-Fran could project past experiences Abbott saw the girl weeping beside the death-bed. When she sighed, "I "And you!" cried Fran to Abbott, don't belong to anybody," the school There were Miss Sapphira Clinton

> Fran now completed her work. She meekly folded hands.

He found the magic of the moon-



tongue wander from the relevant facts. He kept insistently to the straight line that is the shortest disman who can shut out of his mind all tance from point to point. He curt but one thing. An unsuccessful prinly dismissed all that was supercipal of a school once said that every fluous, immaterial and calculated to teacher ought to be able to do three blur the salient outlines of the mat things at once. Of course, he was ter in controversy. wrong. The teacher who does one thing at a time and does it well is Anesthetized Rejection Slip. giving the pupil the best possible ob-Elizabeth Jordan said that with al ject lesson in concentration. We

the manuscripts the late Margaret E have to learn to think clearly amid distracting noises, to go forward on a Sangster had occasion to return, no one ever carried a heartache with it. strait and narrow way without diversions and excursions that waste our time and our substance, and to keep greatly interested in young writers at work regardless of the "tired" feel-And when they had no writing gift ing, the "spring" feeling, and whether tactfully she would set them going or in some other direction. Perhaps some

we stiffen the moral fiber against its I'd stand up to him-" Fran leaged busy system of a mercantile establish she knew until she got sufficient or

She darted toward the door, ther from her face, to give place to a sud Jakey was dissolved; tears burst den glow. The late afternoon sut shone full upon her, and she held her One may shout oneself hoarse at the lashes apart, quite unblinded by its

> from within. Abbott seized his hat. Robert Clin ton had already snatched up his. Jakey squeezed his cap in an agitated hand moved by the same spring.

Unluckily, as they passed the hall window, Fran looked out. Her eyes were caught by a group seated on the verapda of the Clinton boarding house Miss Grace Noir, and several mothers sipping afternoon tea. In an instant Fran had grasped the plot. That cloud rose from the immovable Jakey and of witnesses was banked against the green weather-boarding, to behold her

gnominy. "Mr. Clinton," said Fran, all sweet ness, all allurement. "I am going to "I will get it." said Abbott promptly (TO BE CONTINUED.)

room. What was the secret of his

power? It was that he would not let

the jury's attention or the witness

She saw everyone who wanted to see

her, receiving all callers. She wai

woman who had brought her poor lit

sweetmeats, though she couldn'

write. Then would Mrs. Sangste.

work around among the club women

Their First Tiff. "I'm sorry I ever married you!"

shrieked the bride, on the occasion of their first quarrel.

"You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband."

lawyer in action in a crowded court-

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that if

Bears the Signature of Chart Hillstehore In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Easily Seen. "Have the Jinxes a family skeley

ton?"

"Yes, and she's wearing one of these silhouette gowns, too." - Liverpool Mercury.

Against a Stone Wall.

"My poor man, you are the pictureof dejection," sympathetically declared the prison visitor. "And a framed picture, at that,"

added the convict.-Buffalo Express.

The world production of tin last year was 114,196 tons, as compared with 166,828 tons the year before.

For the treatment of colds, sore throat, etc., Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops give-sure relief—5c at all good Droggists.

Politoness opens many doors, but they are usually self closing.

it to be. I give all the credit of my cure of scalp trouble to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Ella Sheffield, Nov. 30, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold

throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Sadder Still.

Discussing a recent political scandal, in which an official was accused of dishonesty, Richard Harding Davis, lunching with a number of theatrical stars at a fashionable roof garden in New York, said, with a sigh: "He is a man I would have thought incapable of baseness. It is sad to think that every man has his price." "Yes," said a comedian, "but a sadder fact still is that half the time he can't get it."

THINK OF THE MILLIONS

that have been relieved in the past 75years by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and decide whether they are not. worth a trial. They regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver and purify the blood. Adv.

Man Who Makes Good Is One Who Can Shut Out of Mind All but One Thing. The man who makes good is the

YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK | hours. You may have heard a great

