

FRAN



BY

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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 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. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace decides to ask Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter, hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request, Abbott urges him not to discuss what he has learned. On Abbott's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, Clinton agrees to keep silent. Driven into a corner by the threat of exposure, Gregory is forced to dismiss Grace. Grace is offered the job of bookkeeper in Clinton's grocery store. Gregory's infatuation leads him to seek Grace at the grocery. He finds her alone and tells her the story of his past. Grace points out that as he married the present Mrs. Gregory before the death of Fran's mother, he is not now legally married. They decide to flee at once. They attempt to escape during the excitement of a street fair and are forced to enter the lion tent to avoid Clinton. Abbott wanders into the lion tent to pass the time. A young woman wearing a mask is taking the place of the regular trainer. One of the lions rebels and the trainer removes her mask revealing the features of Fran. She finally overcomes the brute. Gregory's eyes are opened to the real nature of Grace as he sees murder in her eyes during Fran's contest with the lion. He tells her all is over between them.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

He met her eyes unfalteringly. "It's already nine o'clock," he said with singular composure. "Don't forget nine-thirty."

Then he disappeared in the crowd.

Then, to her amazement, she beheld Hamilton Gregory stumbling toward her, looking neither to right nor left, seeing none but her—Hamilton Gregory at a show! Hamilton Gregory here, of all places, his eyes wide, his head thrown back as if to bare his face to her startled gaze.

"Fran!" cried Gregory, thrusting forth his arms to take her hands. "Fran! Even now, the bars divide us. But oh, I am so glad, so glad—and God answered my prayer and saved you, Fran—my daughter!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Near the Sky.

It was half-past nine when Abbott met Fran, according to appointment, before the Snake Den. From her hands she had removed the color of Italy, and from her body, the glittering raiment of La Gonizetti.

Fran came up to the young man from out the crowded street, all quivering excitement. In contrast with the pulsing life that ceaselessly changed her face, as from reflections of dancing light-points, his composure showed almost grotesque.

"Here I am," she panted, shooting a quizzical glance at his face, "are you ready for me? Come on, then, and I'll show you the very place for us."

Abbott inquired serenely: "Down there in the Den?"

"No," she returned, "not in the Den. You're no Daniel, if I am a Charmer. No dens for us."

"Nor lion cages?" inquired Abbott, still inscrutable; "never again?"

"Never again," came her response.

Fran stopped before the Ferris Wheel.

"Let's take a ride," she said, a little tremulously. "Won't need tickets. Bill, stop the wheel; I want to go right up. This is a friend of mine—Mr. Ashton. And Abbott, this is an older friend than you—Mr. Bill Smookins."

Mr. Bill Smookins was an exceedingly hard-featured man, of no recognizable age. Externally, he was blue overalls and greasy tar.

Abbott grasped Bill's hand, and inquired about business.

"Awful pore, sense Fran lef' the show," was the answer, accompanied by a grin that threatened to cut the weather-beaten face wide open.

Fran beamed. "Mr. Smookins knew my mother—didn't you, Bill? He was awful good to me when I was a kid. Mr. Smookins was a Human Nymph in those days, and he smoked and talked, he did, right down under the water—remember, Bill? That was sure-enough water—oh, he's a sure-enough Bill, let me tell you!"

Bill intimated, as he slowed down the engine, that the rheumatism he had acquired under the water, was sure-enough rheumatism—hence his change of occupation. "I was strong enough to be a Human Nymph," he explained, "but not endurable. Nobody can't last many years as a Human Nymph."

Abbott indicated his companion—"Here's one that'll last my time."

The wheel stopped. He and Fran were barred into a seat.

"And now," Fran exclaimed, "it's all ups and downs, just like a moving picture of life. Why don't you say something, Mr. Ashton? But no, you can keep still—I'm excited to death, and wouldn't hear you anyway. I want to do all the talking—I always do, after I've been in the cage. My brain is filled with air—so this is the time to be soaring up into the sky, isn't it! What is your brain filled with?—but never mind. We'll be just two balloons—my! aren't you glad we haven't any strings on us—suppose some people had hold!—I, for one, would be willing never to go down again. Where are the clouds?—Wish we could meet a few. See how I'm trembling—always do, after the lions. Now, Abbott, I'll leave a small opening for just one word—"

"I'll steady you," said Abbott, briefly, and he took her hand. She did not appear conscious of his protecting clasp.

"I never see the moon so big," she went on, breathlessly, "without thinking of that night when it rolled along the pasture as if it wanted to knock us off the foot-bridge for being where we oughtn't. I never could understand why you should stay on that bridge with a perfect stranger, when your duty was to be usher at the camp-meeting! You weren't ushering me, you know, you were holding my hand—I mean, I was holding your hand, as Miss Sapphira says I shouldn't. What a poor helpless man—as I'm holding you now, I presume! But I laughed in meeting. People ought to go outdoors to smile, and keep their religion in a house, I guess. I'm going to tell you why I laughed, for you've never guessed, and you've always been afraid to ask—"

"Afraid of you, Fran?"

"Awfully, I'm going to show you—let go, so I can show you. No, I'm in earnest—you can have me, afterwards. . . . Remember that evangelist? There he stood, waving his hands—as I'm doing now—moving his arms with his eyes fastened upon the congregation—this way—look, Abbott."

"Fran! As if I were not already looking."

"Look—just so; not saying a word—only waving this way and that . . . And it made me thing of our hypnotizer—the man that waves people into our biggest tent—he seems to pick 'em up bodily and carry them in his arms. Well! And if the people are to be waved into a church, it won't take much of a breeze to blow them out. I don't believe in soul-waving. But that doesn't mean that I don't believe in the church—does it?—do you think?"

"You believe in convictions, Fran. And since you've come into the church, you don't have to say that you believe in it."

"Yes—there's nothing on the outside, and oh, sometimes there's so little, so little under the roof—what do you think of me, Abbott?"

"Fran, I think you are the most—"

"But do you!" she interposed, still unsteadily. "In the superlative? I don't see how you can, after that exhibition behind the bars. Anyway, I want you to talk about yourself. What made you go away from town? But that's not the worst; what made you stay away? And what were you doing off there wherever it was, while poor little girls were wondering themselves sick about you? But wait!—the wheel's going down—down—down. . . . Good thing I have you to hold to—poor Miss Sapphira, she can't come now! Listen at all the street criers, getting closer, and the whistle sounds—I wish we had whistles; the squawky kind. See my element, Abbott, the air I've breathed all my life—the carnival. Here we are, just above the clouds of confetti. . . . Now we're riding through . . . pretty damp, these clouds are, don't you think! Those ribbons of electric lights have been the real world to me. Abbott—they were home. . . . No, Bill, we don't want to get out. We intend to ride until you take this wheel to pieces. And oh, by the way, Bill—just stop this wheel, every once in a while, will you?—when we're up at the very tiptop. All right—good-by."

And Abbott called gaily, "Good-by, Mr. Smookins!"

"I'm glad you did that, Abbott. You think you're somebody, when somebody else thinks so, too. Now we're rising in the world." Fran was so excited that she could not keep her body from quivering. In spite of this, she fastened her eyes upon Abbott to ask, suddenly: "'Most'—what?"

"Most adorable," Abbott answered, as if he had been waiting for the prompting. "Most precious. Most bewitchingly sweet. Most unanswerably and eternally—Fran!"

"And you—" she whispered.

"And I," he told her, "am nothing but most wanting-to-be-loved."

"It's so queer," Fran said, plaintively. "You know, Abbott, how long you've fought against me. You know it, and I don't blame you, not in the least. There's nothing about me to make people. . . . But even now, how can you think you understand me, when I don't understand myself?"

"I don't," he said, promptly. "I've



"Up, Samson, Up!"

given up trying to understand you. Since then, I've just loved. That's easy."

"What will people think of a superintendent of public schools caring for a show-girl, even if she is Fran Nonpareil. How would it affect your career?"

"But you have promised never again to engage in a show, so you are not a show-girl."

"What about my mother who lived and died as a lion-tamer? What will you do about my life-history? I'd never speak to a man who could feel ashamed of my mother. What about my father who has never publicly acknowledged me? I'd not want to have anything to do with a man who—who could be proud of him."

"As to the past, Fran, I have only this to say: Whatever hardships it contained, whatever wrongs or wretchedness—it evolved you, you, the Fran of today—the Fran of this living hour. And it's the Fran of this living hour that I want to marry?"

Fran covered her face with her hands. For a while there was silence, then she said:

"Father was there, tonight."

"At the lion-show? Impossible! Mr Gregory go to a—a—to—a—"

"Yes, it is possible for him even to go to a show. But to do him justice, he was forced under the tent, he had no intention of doing anything so wicked as that, he only meant to do some little thing like running away—But no, I can't speak of him with bitterness, now. Abbott, he seems all changed."

Abbott murmured, as if stupefied: "Mr. Gregory at a show!"

"Yes, and a lion-show. When it was over he came to me—he was so excited—"

"So was I," spoke up the other—"father!"

"You didn't show it. I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I had been eaten up. . . . No, no, listen. He wanted to claim me—he called me 'daughter' right there before the people, but they thought it was just a sort of—of church name. But he was wonderfully moved. I left the tent with him, and we had a long talk—I came from him to you. I never saw anybody so changed."

"But why?"

"You see, he thought I was going to be killed right there before his eyes, and seeing it with his very own eyes made him feel responsible. He told me, afterwards, that when he found out who it was in the cage, he thought of mother in a different way—he saw how his desertion had driven her to earning her living with showmen, so I could be supported. All in all, he is a changed man."

"Then will he acknowledge you?—but no, no . . ."

"You see? He can't, on account of Mrs. Gregory. There's no future for him, or for her, except to go on living as man and wife—without the secretary. He imagines it would be a sort of reparation to present me to the world as his daughter, he thinks it would give him happiness—but it can't be. Grace Noir has found it all out—"

"Then she will tell!" Abbott exclaimed, in dismay.

"She would have told but for one thing. She doesn't dare, and it's on her own account—of course. She has been terribly—well, indiscreet. You can't think of what lengths she was willing to go—not from coldly making up her mind, but because she lost grip on herself, from always thinking she couldn't. So she went away with Bob Clinton—she'll marry him, and they'll go to Chicago, out of Littleburg history—poor Bob! Remember the night he was trying to get religion? I'm afraid he'll conclude that religion isn't what he thought it was, living so close to it from now on."

"All this interests me greatly, dear, because it interests you. Still, it doesn't bear upon the main question."

"Abbott, you don't know why I went to that show to act. You thought I was caring for a sick friend. What do you think of such deceptions?"

"I think I understand. Simon Jefferson told me of a girl falling from a trapeze; it was possibly La Gonizetti's daughter. Mrs. Jefferson told me that Mrs. Gregory is nursing some one. The same one, I imagine. And La Gonizetti was a friend of yours, and you took her place, so the mother could stay with the injured daughter."

"You're a wonder, yourself!" Fran declared, dropping her hands to stare at him. "Yes, that's it. All these show-people are friends of mine. When the mayor was trying to decide what carnival company they'd have for the street fair, I told him about this show, and that's why it's here. Poor La Gonizetti needs the money dreadfully—for they spend it as fast as it's paid in. The little darling will have to go to a hospital, and there's nothing laid by. The boys all threw in, but they didn't have much, themselves. Nobody has. Everybody's poor in this old world—except you and me. I've taken La Gonizetti's place in the cage all day to keep her from losing

out; and if this wasn't the last day, I don't know whether I'd have promised you or not. . . . Samson was pretty good, but that mask annoyed him. So you see—but honestly, Abbott, doesn't all this make you feel just a wee bit different about me?"

"It makes me want to kiss you, Fran."

"It makes you"—she gasped—"want to do—that? Why, Abbott! Nothing can save you."

"I'm afraid not," he agreed.

The car was swinging at the highest reach of the wheel. The engine stopped.

She opened her eyes very wide. "I'd think you'd be afraid of such a world-famous lion-trainer," she declared, drawing back. "Some have been, I assure you."

"I'm not afraid," Abbott declared, drawing her toward him. He would have kissed her, but she covered her face with her hands and bent her head instinctively.

"Up!" cried Abbott. "Up, Samson, up!"

Fran laughed hilariously, and lifted her head. She looked at him through her fingers. Her face was a garden of blush-roses. She pretended to roar but the result was not terrifying; then she obediently held up her mouth.

"After all," said Fran, speaking somewhat indistinctly, "you haven't told why you ran away to leave poor Fran guessing where you'd gone. Do you know how I love you, Abbott?"

"I think I know."

It was a good while later that Abbott said: "As to why I left Littleburg: Bob knew of a private school that has just been incorporated as a college. A teacher's needed, one with ideas of the new education—the education that teaches us how to make books useful to life, and not life to books—the education that teaches happiness as well as words and figures; just the kind that you didn't find at my school, little rebel! Bob was an old chum of the man who owns the property so he recommended me, and I went. It's a great chance, a magnificent opening. The man was so pleased with the way I talked—he's new to the business, so that must be his excuse—that I am to be the president."

Fran's voice came rather faintly—"Hurrah! But you are to be far, far above my reach, just as I prophesied. Don't you remember what I said to you during our drive through Sure-Enough Country?"

"And that isn't all," said Abbott, looking straight before him, and pretending that he had not heard. "In that town—Tahlelah, Okla.,—I discovered, out in the suburbs, a cottage—the dearest little thing—as dear as . . . as Mr. Smookins; just big enough for a girl like Fran. I rented it at once—of course, it oughn't to be standing there idle—there's such a fragrant flower garden—I spent some time arranging the grounds as I think you'll like them. I didn't furnish the cottage, though. Women always like to select their own carpets and things, and—"

Fran's face was a dimpled sea of pink and crimson waves, with starry lights in her black eyes for signal lights. "Oh, you king of hearts!" she exclaimed. "And shall we have a church wedding, and just kill 'em?"

Abbott laughed boyishly. "No—you must remember that your connection with show-life is at an end."

"But—and then—and so," cried Fran rapturously, "I'm to have a home after all, with flower gardens and carpets and things—a sure-enough home—Abbott, a home with you! Don't you know, it's been the dream of my life to—to—"

Abbott was inexpressibly touched. "Yes, I was just thinking of what I heard you say, once—to belong to somebody."

Fran slipped her arms about his neck. "And what a somebody! To belong to you. And to know that my home is our home. . . ."

Abbott, with a sober sense of his unworthiness, embraced her silently.

From far below came a sudden sound, making its way through the continuity of the street-uproar. It was the chugging of the engine.

The wheel began to revolve.

Down they came—down—down—

Fran looked up at the moon. "Good-by," she called, gaily. "The world is good enough for me!"

(THE END.)

CHIMESETTE AND COAT COLLAR MAKE NOVEL COMBINATION

THIS neck piece is a novelty, serving the purpose of an ornamental coat collar and a chimesette to match, both in one piece. To make it successfully one must first select a strong but filmy pattern in the machine-made laces. They will stand washing and not draw out of shape. They do not need to be stayed with net, as the threads of which they are woven are very firm.

In order to make this neck-piece fit, a good sailor collar pattern of tissue paper is to be laid over the coat collar and brought under the lapel. The chimoisette ends are then cut from paper and curved out to fit the neck in front, with the paper extended at each side to meet the sailor collar. Pin the pieces together where they meet and remove the collar. After trimming away the superfluous paper, paste the two pieces together.

When the pattern has been cut in this way, it may be found to be a little irregular. Just one-half of it is needed in cutting the lace, so this irregularity does not make an difference.

The collar is cut from all-over lace



folded either crosawise or lengthwise. On this double fold of goods place half of the pattern and cut the collar by it.

It is not a bad plan if the lace is of a very open pattern to baste it to a paper foundation before binding the edges.

A narrow fold of fine net headed with a cord or soutache braid finishes the collar. Cut the fold on the straight of the net in a strip two and one-half times as wide as the finished fold is to be. Fold it and baste it to the collar. If soutache braid is used it may be machine stitched to place at the same time as the fold. Narrow lace edging or beading may be used instead or a very small and fine finishing braid.

Small fancy buttons finish the chimesette at the front, but it fastens with tiny hooks and eyes placed under them.

This neck piece is made up in many materials. It is pretty in French embroidered batiste, in plain wash net or of the finest crochet laces. When made entirely by hand something is added to its value. It is a novelty that will make an acceptable Christmas present. One who knows how to make fine tatting could make up the piece of little tatting wheels. Such a development will produce a gift worth several dollars.

For practical wear, however, the machine made wash laces and nets are best of all. It is the crisp freshness of such little accessories that makes them charming.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Malines Frills for Plain Frocks.

Providing they can be kept fresh-looking, there is no easier way of dressing up the plain little frock in serge or dark silk which nearly every girl has for early autumn wear than a wrist, neck and plastron set in white malines. The wristlets are merely very full three-inch-wide frills, shirred onto narrow ribbons by which they may be attached to cuffless sleeves, and the collar consists of two frills—one of three-inch width overlapping one of four-inch width—at the center of the back, where they are wired to stand up and whence they taper gradually to beneath the chin, where they lie flat and are secured under a narrow velvet pump bow. The plastron is a bib-shaped affair of finely tucked malines extending from the shoulders to below the bust and further lengthened and widened by a three-inch frilling.

Jet Popular.

The shopkeepers, and before them the manufacturers, have had their eyes well open to the coming of the fashion for jet. Ornaments of every sort of jet can be had—even jet butterflies are sold. Jet shoe buckles, to wear with black satin or velvet slippers, can be had in several styles for 75 cents a pair. They are durable because they are not subject to tarnish, rust, or the ravages of dust. They are a little bit brittle, and for this reason the plain square or oval buckle, rather than one made of cut jet mounted on metal, is preferable.

Powdered Coiffures.

White wigs met with enough success at Paris fetes of the late summer, and at fashionable watering places, to indicate that powdered hair will be in vogue for evening in the coming winter. The high helmet-shaped coiffure will also probably be adopted, as it is suited to the period of style when the hair was powdered.

Separate Coats.

The fashion of wearing a jacket of different material from the skirt it, curiously enough, adopted both for walking and riding. Many women may be seen with a khaki or white pique coat worn over a skirt of classic serge or homespun. The coats are made slightly shorter than last year, and are a little closer fitting.

In Fixing the Hem.

Often in refixing the hem of the ready-made habit I find that there is an amount of cloth left to be cut from the bottom of the skirt. I finish the hem, take the part to be cut off and trim it within an inch of the stitching. Then I edge this inch with narrow lace. If the hem flares up it looks like a petticoat.—Exchange.

Church Decoration for October Wedding



SHE who chooses to be wed in October, has the best chance of a bright and wonderful day and is sure of an Indian summer honeymoon of glorious weather. June brought its troop of lovely brides this year, but those of October will outnumber them according to the gossip of those who report the doings of the social world.

Before this the bride and her maids and all her feminine "kinery" are ready with their gala day attire. But it has become a pretty custom to leave the decoration of the church to the young friends—or old—of the bride, and October offers a splendid chance for the effective decoration of church or home with the familiar and dear things that grow about everywhere.

Whether gathered from the woods and fields, or loaned by the bride's friends—the necessary greenery is not hard to obtain.

Modern churches, with their ample rostrums, are easily decorated. The first requisite to a successful result, is to know when to stop—to be careful not to crowd in more than the spaces justify. Then we are to remember that green and the darker tones of autumn foliage should predominate with the more vivid colors sparingly used.

The windows and the altar are positions of greatest advantage for the placing of church decorations. Guarding against over-crowding does not mean being skimpy in placing foliage and flowers in their places, but in so placing the decorations that the attention will not be taken away from them by unnecessary decorations elsewhere. Except for greenery the isles down which the bridal party moves to the altar or departs therefrom should be left untrimmed.

Boughs and vines from the forest will take care of the windows and ferns are pretty placed among them. With foliage for a background the flowers for the altar should be chosen in only one color or a color with white. White alone in blossoms is very beautiful especially if autumn leaves are chosen to be used with them.

Asters and chrysanthemums suggest themselves for the October wedding. There is a wide choice of color in either of these. The chrysanthemum is a regal flower. Big, white ones used with a setting of autumn leaves, palms and ferns will make a decorative scheme to be proud of.

An altar is pictured here in which green, white and pink made up the color picture, set against the light gray of the church walls. It is a charming decoration. There was ample room here for placing the growing plants and the cut flowers. Added to these, cut glass candelabra, with wax candles, gave the sparkle and glow of candle light. This light was, of course, not needed but it was a beautiful touch among the greens and flowers.

About the altar small potted plants were placed, ferns and green foliage, set at rather wide intervals at each side. At each side a large jardiniere containing a foliage plant with green leaves striped with white (like "ribbon grass") displayed the stately disposition of its leaves. Small tables provided the necessary height on which to place the plants and flowers. A small stand at each side held the candleabra.

In this church the altar has two levels—and upon the second the choir is placed. The organ stands at the back. A choir of women, dressed uniformly, and in white, is an added attraction and the singing of the wedding march more effective than an organ rendering alone.

For a home wedding the windows, mantels and doorways provide the points of greatest advantage for placing flowers and foliage. Greater latitude in using color is possible because there are separate rooms each of which may be decorated in its own color scheme. But nothing should be introduced that will prove other than an attractive background for the wedding party. Therefore the apparel of the bride and her attendants must be considered and decorations made with reference to them. Autumn foliage provides many colors.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

LEGEND OF GARDEN OF EDEN

Oriental Christians Believe Banana Tree Was the Source of Good and Evil.

There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east that they believe the banana to be the tree of the source of good and evil, in a bunch of the fruit of which the serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, and they add that when Adam and Eve became ashamed of their nakedness, they covered themselves with the leaves of this plant.

The origin of the banana is given as India, at the foot of the Himalayas, where it has been cultivated since remotest antiquity, says the National Geographic Magazine. Its origin in the new world is as doubtful as the origin of the American Indian. Natural to Asia and Africa, where more than twenty distinct species of the genus are known, it is said to have been brought first to America from Spain, early in the sixteenth century, and planted in the Island of Santo Domingo, whence its spread was rapid through the surrounding islands and the main land. This has never been authentically established, however, and some authorities include the banana among the articles that formed the base of food supply of the Incas and the Aztecs before the arrival of the Spaniards.

Certain it is that throughout the whole meridional America there is a strong tradition that at least two species of the plantain were cultivated long before the coming of the Europeans. Furthermore, it is singular that in all the languages indigenous to the region where the banana appears, the plant has a special name, not proceeding from the conquerors, as was the case with the names of many other plants, animals and various articles introduced into America after its discovery.

Grown over the entire extent of the meridian of the earth, the fruit of the banana today forms in large part the principal food of a majority of the peoples living under the tropical zone.

The dead are soon forgotten—and so are a lot of us who are alive.

Little Lesson in Efficiency.

A woman who has been studying the science of household efficiency comments that the obvious things that every woman ought to know about conserving time and energy in the doing of the daily household tasks are the ones that seem to make no impression upon the average household. For instance, she says, always have the draining pan when washing dishes upon the left of the dishpan. You naturally wash the dishes with the right and hold them in the left. Then set them down on the left without using energy to reach across the right. Sounds sensible, doesn't it?

Out of the Dictograph.

To think before you speak will help some, but it's better yet to hustle around and verify your facts.

The man with a hand full of trumps never developed a suspicion that the deal isn't square.

Birdie Frizzles feels terribly disgraced because her mother, as a girl, had to learn to play "Monastery Bells" and "Silver Waves" instead of ragtime.

VALUE QUEER RELICS HIGHLY

Large Sums Have Frequently Been Paid for Articles That Many Would Call Grewsome.

It is not every man, not every hero worshiper, who would esteem the tooth of his hero of more value than diamonds. There is a ring belonging to an English nobleman, in which the place of honor, formerly occupied by a diamond, is given to a tooth that once did duty in a human jaw.

This tooth cost no less than three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; but it was the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton. A relic collector sold it at auction in 1846, and the nobleman who bought it gave it the place of a diamond in his favorite ring.

Another tooth, which so far excites the veneration of hero worshipers as to be able to hold a court of its own and to draw from long distances a small host of followers, is one that was originally hidden behind the lips of Victor Hugo. It is kept at his former residence in a glass case bearing the inscription, "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, in the gardens attached to the house of Madame Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

The wig of a literary man appears to have been even more sought after than his teeth. That which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold soon after the writer's death for ten thousand dollars; and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought five thousand dollars.

The most extravagant instance of literary hero worship is that of a well-known Englishman, who constantly wears a small locket attached to a chain round his neck a part of the charred skull of Shelley.—The Sunday Magazine.

The Gallant.

Judge—The lady from whom you stole a kiss declares herself ready to waive her demand for punishment if you will ask her pardon and express your regret for what has happened.

Gentlemen (to the offended lady)—Yes, I am willing to beg your pardon. But to regret that I gave you the kiss, dear madam, that I cannot!

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