

THE REAL

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRVING MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Farmington, and finds him absent. The result is a search for him. He is found at the school, and is taken to the home. He is found at the school, and is taken to the home. He is found at the school, and is taken to the home.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued. Gregory beheld the awful secret quivering upon her lips. The danger drove him mad. "You devil! he shouted, rushing upon her. Fran stood immovable, her eyes fastened on his. "Don't strike me," she said, "unless you kill at the first blow. He staggered back as if her words possessed physical impact. He shrank in a heap in the library chair and dropped his head upon his arms. In the meantime, Mrs. Gregory had been ascending the stairs. They could hear her now, as she softly moved along the hall. No one in the library wished, at that moment, to confront the wife and absolute silence reigned in the apartment. They heard her pause, when opposite the door, doubtless to assure herself that the typewriter was at work. If she did not hear the clicking of the keys, she might conclude Grace was absent, and enter. Gregory raised his haggard head with an air suggesting meditated flight. Even Grace covered back instinctively. Swift as a shadow, Fran darted on tiptoe to the typewriter, and began pounding upon it vigorously. Mrs. Gregory passed on her way, and when she reached the further end of the hall, an old hymn which she



"You Devil!"

had been humming, broke into audible words. Fran stretched the sheet from the typewriter, and bent her head to listen. The words were soft, all of thrilling faith, a dauntless courage—"Still all my ways shall be nearer my God to Thee, nearer."

could see Mrs. Gregory kneeling behind it. "Almost," she said, in a solemn undertone, "thou persuaded me to be a Christian." Had anyone but Mrs. Gregory been singing, that hymn, had anyone but Mrs. Gregory been the intruder upon the library scene, Grace must have been overwhelmed. As it was, she stood quite untouched, resolving to stay in order to prove herself, and to show Gregory that she must sacrifice their love for conscience sake. Gregory, however, was deeply touched by Fran's yearning arms. He rose and stood before her. "Fran, child, my promise that what you saw shall never happen again. But you mustn't tell about it. I know you won't tell. I can't send Grace away, because I need her. She will go because I am going to hide our souls. And you can't tell what you've seen, on account of the hymn." He pointed in the direction of his wife.

Fran knew very well what he meant. If she told the secret, it would disgrace Mrs. Gregory. The revelation might drive Grace away, though Fran did not think so. But certainly whether Grace went, or stayed, it would break the heart of the one she loved best in that home. Gregory was right; Fran could never betray her. She turned blindly upon Grace: "Then have you no conscience? You are always talking about one. Does no sense of danger warn you away? Can't you see my danger?"

Grace did not smile contemptuously. She weighed these words at their real value, and soberly interrogated herself. "No," she answered, "I have no conscience. I mean to guard myself after this. And my conscience bids me stay, to show that I do not care. But she could not deny the feeling of shame, for the burning of her cheeks proved the recollection of hot lips. "But do not suppose I tell what I have seen." "Well," said Grace, flashing out defiantly, "and suppose you do?" Gregory muttered: "who would be likely to care?" Fran looked at him. "Then," she said, "the coward spoke." She added: "I guess the only way is for you to do just what I do. I'll have nothing in her for me to appeal to." "I will never tell her to go," he assured her defiantly. "While," on the contrary," he said, "I fancy you will be out to fight in three or four days."

Fran looked at her father inscrutably. "I believe, after this," she said, "it will be safe to leave you two together."

CHAPTER XVII. Shall the Secret Be Told? Fran had expected Robert Clinton's return in four or five days, as had Grace. But she had been surprised to find that he had not returned. She had been surprised to find that he had not returned. She had been surprised to find that he had not returned.

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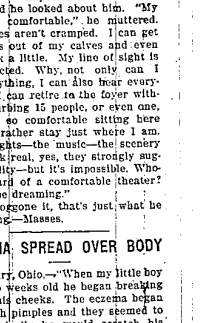


"I do not. But you mustn't tell."

"I do not. But you mustn't tell." "However, that's what I'm going to do, as soon as I reach that door—take your name, man, my blood's up by George! Can't you see my blood's up? It's abominable, that's what it's doing! So all you want is to ask me not to tell that secret?" "That's exactly all."

"Well, well—quick! What else?" "To see that you don't tell it." "How do you mean to see that?" "You'll listen to reason, Bob," said Abbott persuasively. "No, I won't!" cried Robert. "Not me! No, sir! I'm going to tell this minute." "Why shall not?" said Abbott, in a lower and more compelling tone. His manner was so absolute, that Robert Clinton, who had forced his way almost to the porch-steps, was slightly moved.

"See here, Abbott—say! Fran knows all about it, and you pretend to think a good deal of her. Well, it's her interests for a whole affair to be laid open to the world." "I think so much of Fran," was the low and earnest rejoinder, "that if I were better paid, I'd ask her to marry me without a moment's delay. And I think so much of her, not to ask her to marry me, until I have a good position. Now it was Fran who asked me to see that you didn't betray the secret. And I think so much of her, that I'm going to see that you don't!"



Impossible.

Started he looked about him. "My legs are comfortable," he muttered. "My knees aren't cramped. I can get the kinks out of my calves and get lean back a little. My line of sight is unobstructed. Why, not only can I see everything, I can also hear everything! I can retire to the foyer without disturbing the people, or even one—but I'm so comfortable sitting here that I'd rather stay just where I am. These lights—the music—the scenery—all look great, yes, they strongly suggest reality—but it's impossible! Whoever heard of a comfortable theater? I must be dreaming."

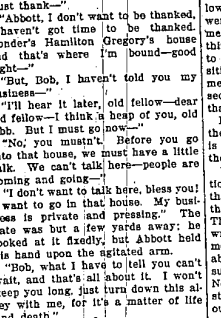
And do you see it, that's just what he was doing.—Masses.

ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY Roxbury, Ohio.—"When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began first with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Wherever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused disfigurement while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was so restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. It seemed to hurt badly."



"Business—Very Pressing—See You Later."

to meet every train; moreover, Miss Sapphira's heavy notes from her father kept Abbott advised. "It will be a week!" then—Then days more—and the business left like this. Then came the final bulletin: "I may come home. Look for me when you see me."



"Business—Very Pressing—See You Later."

What the secret was that Abbott must prevent Clinton from divulging he did not care to guess; doubtless the picture of Gregory's past, with its face to the wall, might be inscribed. "Some other woman." For surely Mrs. Noir was some other woman. "What these thoughts, Abbott met the evening train, to see Robert Clinton hastily emerge from the solitude he had endured in the midst of many a lonely hour in the magic mood, and when he found himself almost in the arms of Abbott, his greeting was being stopped. Abbott, knowing that Robert was not ordinarily offensive, thought, "He has the secret!"

Robert shook hands without delay, bearing Abbott along on waves of greeting. "But surely you are not going to ride!" Abbott expostulated. "Business—very pressing—see you later." "But I have business with you, Mr. Clinton, that can't wait. Come, walk with me to town and I'll explain; it'll delay you only a few minutes." Like a restive horse on finding himself restrained, Robert Clinton tilted a leg without advancing. "Oh, very well," he agreed. "In fact, I'm not here for more than a few minutes. I've got to get to my school in time for my lesson."

SUICIDES, MALE AND FEMALE and eighty years, 61, and over eighty years, 25. About 25 per cent of suicides are said to be caused by insanity. In 573 cases bodily suffering, in 609 cases alcoholic excess, in 942 cases sorrow and in 694 cases remorse were the causes assigned. In 1758 cases the cause was absolutely unknown. The smallest number of suicides happened on Fridays and Sundays, and the highest number on Mondays and Tuesdays.

GLASS IN JAPAN. It is only during a comparatively short time that the Japanese have been using glass. It was first introduced by the first railroads were put, passengers in the coaches often put their heads through the glass, supposing the frames of the car to be made of wood. The smallest number of suicides happened on Fridays and Sundays, and the highest number on Mondays and Tuesdays.

SUICIDES, MALE AND FEMALE

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