

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Loulle are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Loulle answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Loulle advertises for a position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Loulie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Loulie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Laura Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Loulie meets many people high in the social world. Natalle Agazziz, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. If develops that Natalle has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalle and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Jo Codman and her sister Loulle are for the summer.

CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

We walked the distance to Winthrop's along the country road, getting those occasional glimpses of the ocean that make this shore so wonderful. We could see his house quite a distance away before we came to it, where it stood at a bend in the road; an old colonial topping a riotous garden of old-fashioned flowers. A boarded pathway led uncompromisingly straight to the house, and as we climbed this pathway we could see stretching away orderly rows of glass houses that Laura told me were, unromantically, vegetable houses.

Winthrop was writing; we could hear the click of a typewriter, but he saw us through an open window and came to meet us with a pencil behind his ear and crumpling a piece of yellow paper.

'We won't interrupt," Laura insisted. "I know the way about."

"I'm glad you came," he said. have my heroine where I don't know just what to do with her. She'll keep for a while. You'll be sure to give me an idea. I've been aching, too, for an excuse to go look at my artichokes; nearly as big as cabbages, and they try to tell me you can't grow them so near the shore."

He led the way through a wide hallinto a dear old-time living-room magazines everywhere, and an inviting bay-window that looked out upon him. the ocean. Here stood a big desk, topped by a typewriter, and more litter, this time of yellow copy paper. An inadequate waste-basket was overflowing with crumpled sheets and a smoldering pipe rested on a windowsill. An old-fashioned safe was most the combinations of relationship. importantly imbedded in the wall. I took in the place ecstatically.

"Is this where the Muse works?" I asked.

Muse," he replied as he smiled at me were in alphabetical order after this and rubbed the back of his head; he had a trick of doing that, "I know it's where I think, by brute strength, usually with a telegram on my desk from an impatient magazine man who wants to know why the deuce I don't send him a story."

I had to be amused, although it was all so very different to what I expected -no dreamy far-away attitude and the burning fires of genius demanding to be released.

"Do you believe what you write?" I asked curiously

"I hope not," put in Laura from the typewriter where she was reading the yellow sheet it held. "This heroine of yours ought to have a good shake. Why, Winthrop, you can't possibly mean-

"Don't preach," he interrupted. "Perhaps she's the horrible example. You don't expect the heroine in a story to behave properly, do you? It would never sell. I shall justify her, of course, and whitewash her at the end. It's what the public demands."

"Do you always write what the public demands?" I questioned.

"When I need the money," he smiled. "Just now I need the money ever saw."

that lined the walls and the dear, oldder over the mantel.

abruptly.

"No," I replied. I shivered from the you can think of such awful things." let the matter alone. I worry about it, erything that I was like I wish she would leave her foolish

fewels in town."

"Great engine you have there," I the air from tangential impetus,

remarked, listening to the steady beat of it as we began to move. "What is your power?"

"Just twenty, but we cut the water like a knife." he replied. "Built for speed, and will run away from anything on this shore. Hope you don't mind the spray. Can't help but pick up water at this gait."

He put us off at our landing, waved us adieu, and was soon out of sight again around the bend in the shore. I stood listening to the hum of the receding engine until it was just a pulsebeat in the air.

"I like the sound of an engine," I sapologized to Laura. "I'll know the sound of that one next time. Do you think he would let me run the boat some day?"

"I am sure he would," Laura replied. 'Are you fond of a boat? You might mention it to Hap. That's John's boat out there. Pretty, isn't it? We don't call it a yacht. After all there's nothing so pretty as a sailboat."

CHAPTER X.

The First Big Robbery.

By the end of the week Lone Oak was like the old riddle: "House full, yard full." People were everywhere, and day by day new motors appeared with more. We presented the appearance of a modish, prosperous summer hotel, some of the guests all season, some only for a week.

His Grace arrived with a flourish, preceded by fifteen trunks, his secretary, his two valets, and the butlerthe chauffeur brought him-and followed by a dozen newspaper men and photographers. And we all learned to bow and kowtow with the proper shade of deference due to a duke who could trace his ancestors back to the eleventh century.

I never so much regretted my lack of knowledge on "How to Behave to a Duke." I, myself, resolved to lay in books on the subject as soon as I could get to town, but all the other women went scurrying to novels about dukes. Lydia Abercrombie even memorized some bits of conversation. There was only one irreverent member of our household-Hap. He called His Grace "Old Sport" to his face and 'His Nobs" behind his back and, with with a goodly litter of books and a young American's disdain of ceremony and gold lace, cordially despised

In the confusion attendant upon the arrival of so many and the continually shifting crowds, I simply couldn't remember everybody, and whether they were husbands and wives, or sisters and brothers; and so on through bought a little red note-book and jotted them all down-like the list you send to a grocer-and every night Laura would come in and go over it to see if "I don't know anything about the I had everything correct. The entries

> ABERCROMBIE-Mother, two daughters. Father week-ends and holidays. Millions and family. Mother thin; talk fat to her. Daughters both pretty; Lydia good tennis, us. bridge; Dorothy sings, looks good at piano. Father wants to be next gov-

AYER-Father, mother and Charlie. More millions and famfly. Father a corker, golf; mother stout, keep off; good bridge; Charlie a silly

BLISS-(See Eligibles).

CUTLER-Widow; beautiful; most accomplished woman I ever met; excellent French, golf, good bridge; knew the duke abroad.

That was one page, and my notes covered twenty. I had the eligibles in a department of their own which I didn't turn over for Laura's inspection, because of some remarks I had entered in the line of my duty concerning her future. And an attractive badly. That's going to be a best-sell- list of girls, one of whom I was trying er." He abruptly changed the subject. to settle upon for Hap in the line of "We shall have some tea, and I'll show my duty concerning his future. Two you the prettiest lot of artichokes you looked suitable for John Crowninshield, although I hadn't been engaged He went out to give the order for to settle his future. Jane Bliss, who the tea while I examined the books was pretty and sensible-sounds like a paradox-and Lydia Abercrombie, time pictures hung in such quaint or- who, next to Jo and Laura, was the dandiest girl I ever met; but he never "Hardly looks like the home of a looked twice at any woman in his life thief, do you think?" Laura asked and was just a dear to all of them. It

broke my heart to see him drifting. I classed my golf fiends, bridge very shock of her question. "Laura, fiends, and so on, for quick consultation and studied it as hard as Jo ever "Well, there's Natalie, and here's did her Practical Economy. I seeped Winthrop, and if she loses just one in so much about everything from evmore silly bracelet it won't be right to erybody and everybody from evsponge-squeeze me and I'd spout so shall tell him tomorrow what I think cial information. I began to be able of him." She could say nothing further, for to say casually, "Oh, sixty millions!" Winthrop returned. We had tea, and and ceased to think I was playing a saw the garden, but when we went part in a society play where there was but I think he's just taking a little they would shock His Grace. I would were enlivened by the apparition of back home Winthrop insisted that we a French duke in the cast. I whirled trip on the quiet." go by boat and not by the country in the scheme of things, marveling every instant that I didn't fly off into and we listened egain, but they frank one had seen, but town was miles ture of the tipple was determined by

or more, made up of a few human beings, a great many snobs, and brilliantly topped off with a duke, was a stupendous thing. We rivaled Mrs. Henry Dykeman in the brilliancy of our entertainments, and the Hemmingways in the novelty of theirs. Our musicales were characteristic, our teas innovations. We instituted a cotillion Saturday nights from which it was a social crime to be absent. We glittered so we were besieged by more newspaper men and women, much to Mrs. Hazard's secret disgust, but we had to pay the penalty of the glitter. The public may not have been interested, but the newspapers thought our French duke was too important to be hidden.

The only thing left to us of our old order was that early tennis of mine with Hap, and Mrs. Hazard behind the coffee-pot every morning at eight o'clock, in our own little breakfastroom where only the actual family and myself were present. It was the best of the day, the only time when we could feel that our souls were our own-I know that's the way I felt about it. Afterward Hap would go into town in the gray car to sell real estate and John Crowninshield to defend, if that's what a lawyer does.

Then Mrs. Hazard would call the cabinet to order-she was secretary of state-and we'd begin. She would grease the wheels of the establishment, sort out who was coming and who was going until the butterflies began to flutter out at noontime, and I began on the peg job, getting the golfers on the golf course, and the tennis players on the tennis courts-sounds easy, but left to themselves the tennis players were just as apt to be on the golf course, and grouchy in consequence-arranging motor parties, with just the right people in a car, and getting bridge games going where the breeze was lively enough to keep cool and not lively enough to blow the cards away; filling in when anybody needed an extra in anything. Then I had to manipulate the crowd for a swim or a sail before we started in on the evening round.

Those were the ordinary days when there was no grand affair on hand. I couldn't have stood it if I hadn't had nerves of steel and the constitution of an ox. But always shore." there was Mrs. Hazard holding in on that chuckle of hers, smiling approv-Sometimes she would take me in her fat arms and pat my hair and worry if I looked tired. She insisted used to doing things for myself, but I of those other losses. didn't always have time to turn around and pick up the gown I had taken off.

There was only one thing about my job I heartily disliked, and that was filling in at bridge with Natalie. We much together we were a scandal in Scotch and soda. Poor fellow, he them with mademoiselle. Will mathe house. I was afraid of Natalie, that was it; afraid of her calm, droopy stare and her awful civility. If she had been rude to me once I don't think I should have cared half so

much. I began to live for the cotillions Saturday night. They brought down tardy husbands, eligibles, and a sprinkling of '09's, and I could sit back and rest while everybody danced. Hap night with her." was a dear to me then, and was quite willing to sit out his dances while he did the talking, making me forget that I was on the job.

We were leaning on the stone coping one evening, just outside the drawing-room where we always danced, looking up at the stars, when the sound of a motor-boat cut the air, and a moment later the rays of a searchlight slewed around the bend below

"That's Mr. Abbott," I told Hap.



"Is This Where the Muse Works?" I Asked.

"Listen! I know the sound of his en-

"Oh, it can't be," exclaimed Laura coming out for a breath-the figure was over. "He wouldn't come here tonight because he had to work-a spurt for the finish, he said."

"But it is, dear," I insisted. "If you listen you can tell. Hear it?"

"Oh, I don't know the sound of one engine from another, Loulie," she laughed. "Winthrop's working, or I "Sounds like his boat, Laura," Hap

A continual house-party of thirty that it shocked His Grace to think dropped out of the sky. Some of my we could.

"Sure thing," insisted Hap. going some, too."

Laura went back into the house with her head in the air and flirted outrageously with Benny Bliss all evening. I would have given anything not to have mentioned the silly boat.

The next morning the first thing that fairly jumped at us from the morning papers was this:

NORTH SHORE HOUSES ROBBED Fashionable Folk in Panic-Money and Jewels Taken-Police Think

Thieves Worked From Motor-Boat.

It meant nothing to us, particularly, except that the places robbed were near us. Some of the victims we knew-the Dykemans and Mrs. Loring -some we didn't. The story caused a mild stir at Lone Oak for a moment; then was swallowed up by more important things. On the spur of the moment everybody, except Natalie, decided to send in their jewels the next day to a safety deposit in town, but by afternoon the scare was over and everybody had decided differently.

"What's the use of having them to be locked up?" Mrs. Higginson demanded cheerfully. "We are always at the mercy of our maids. I've had my jewels twenty years, and they haven't been stolen yet. I think I can still take care of them."

"After all, the cotillions would lose their zip if we couldn't shine a little," Lydia Abercrombie declared. "Only Laura and Loulie Codman look well without jewels. I don't believe it amounts to anything, anyhow. I've heard that Mrs. Henry Dykeman has a press agent. Have you?"

I tried to put it from my mind, but It would come back. I was so very sure of the sound of that motor-boat: I would have been sure even if Hap hadn't agreed with me. And something else: I had heard it again in the early morning, returning. I had jumped up and looked out. I could see the rays of the headlight turned in the other direction. I even looked at my clock to see the time-three o'clock. For no particular reason, too, I recalled something Winthrop had said: "I can outrun anything on this

I was angry at myself for connecting that in any way with the silly robbery, or even allowing my thoughts to slip back to that lost bracelet of Natalie's on the night of the reception on my having a maid, although I was in town, and what Laura had told me

Winthrop appeared Sunday afternoon, looking somewhat fagged, with pieces of crumpled copy paper sticking from the pockets of a khaki suit. Laura abruptly left Benny Bliss, who was really too giddy from her preferalways lost, although I didn't do so ence the night before, and frankly badly when I played with any one went to meet him. She turned him over looked as if he needed a bracer.

"How is your heroine?" she asked. choosing to forget that he had disapas naughty as ever?"

"Worse," he replied, smiling and rubbing the back of his head, "She

"Winthrop! Really! You'll ruin your health. No book is worth it." "Oh, yes it is. And this is a best-

seller. You see, all the ingredients bought it; when suddenly I thought of are there villains, trusting heroine, hero with the awful curse of drink in his system; but sometimes it won't go right."

I laughed and Laura gave him a smile.

"I'd rather you were not so flippant about it," she said. "I'd rather think that you were writing what you felt and believed." "Oh, in that case," he replied,

rumpling his hair again, "I wouldn't write at all. I'd grow vegetables." Later I was alone with Winthrop. "I heard your boat last night." I

said to him. "Why didn't you land here for a minute?" "I was in a rotten humor," he an-

swered. "Got my naughty heroine where I didn't know what she would do next, and I took a spin to brush away the cobwebs."

"It must have been a good long spin," I dared. "I heard you coming back at three o'clock." "Went to Boston," he admitted,

"and loafed back. The sea was like glass. Gorgeous old night, wasn't it?" I nodded, and as soon as I could get away I ran up to my sitting-room and stood looking out toward the ocean. but not seeing it. My heart was thumping, but it may have been from Chesapeake and the Shannon, in taking the stairs in such a hurry. Two thoughts persisted in my mind-those imortal words, "Don't give up the robberies, and the fact that I had been ship." right about the boat; he badn't denied it. I took a deep breath that was almost a sigh. It was a silly bit of circumstantial evidence, and I refused

CHAPTER XI.

to believe it.

The Missing Ruby. Monday, everything went wrong. It rained and the house was like a setgot Dorothy Abercrombie started at

flends settled at poker in the upstairs card-room, some went to play billiards, but it left others down-stairs horribly mixed and scrapping briskly.

Our poor little duke was a melancholy figure. The detached way in which he looked out upon the rain told me he was lonesome; just plain, ordinary lonesome, even if he did happen to be a duke with a secretary, two valets, a butler and a chauffeur. He didn't know poker, he didn't care for billiards, and he had asked to be excused from bridge. The girls who usually amused and petted him were either hilarious or grouchy; Mrs. Cutler, who was the only one besides myself who could speak good French to him, was up-stairs with a headache, and Natalie, whom he adored, had quarreled with him-or that's what everybody suspected.

I had not ceased to wonder about His Grace-where I had seen him, if had, and why I should remember him; but suddenly I was ashamed of day. Let us get the setting of the picmy suspicions, that vague something of which I was not sure. My heart melted; I went to him. He had never been sure about me and my position. but he accepted me along with a great many other American institutions he did not comprehend.

"Have you seen the gallery, Your Grace?" I asked. "If you wish, we can pretend the gallery is the Louvre. and the garden outside the Tuilleries. Will you come?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, you are one great genius," he replied. "You divine without err. I have a feeling here"



"Won So Much Together We Were a Scandal."

-he put his hand over his heart-"I have remember my beloved France. I have what you call him over here the big homesickness. I have seen else, John Crowninshield or Mrs. Cut- to me while she sent for Hap and the gallery, and the beautiful pictures ler, while His Grace and I won so John Crowninshield to join him in a of the gallery, but I have not seen

demoiselle do me the honor? He offered me his arm in his formal way, and we started for the gallery. 1 pointed her the night before. "Just had been there many times and so, I 19. discovered, had His Grace, but we made a detailed tour quite from a new point of view. I was surprised at his simply won't behave as she should. I knowledge of the pictures, their hishad a terrible time with her last night. tory, their value. We were looking at I haven't been to bed; sat up all an alien among all these old masters, called "The Lion Hunter," by an entirely unknown American artist who nearly starved in Paris until the late Mr. Hazard saw that picture and

> something. The Lion Hunter was a fair-haired man with a most remarkable face, weatherbeaten, bronzed, the tragedy of life and death and in the tense lines about his mouth, and a huge scar across his cheek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Roads Were Not Public.

A century ago all the larger towns in eastern Massachusetts were to be reached substantially only over toll roads, or turnpikes, along which one paid to pass. The roads were built and owned by corporations chartered by the commonwealth, and the fares, or at toll gates, which were usually es- to look at life, Rom. 8:28. tablished on the bridges, so that no one could get by without paying. Worcester, to Dedham and Provi-Lynn and Salem, and to Newburyport. At the first toll gate out of Salem toward Boston, \$5,300 was taken in the year 1805, but the day of greatest travel on the road was June 1, 1813, when 120 stages and hundreds of carriages went over the road that from hilltops of the fight between the which the dying Lawrence uttered his

The Dog in Politics. An Italian paper has been collecting

instances where dogs were used to influence politics or express the political feelings of their owners. We are told that in 1894, when bilingual teaching was imposed on Istria, dogs were painted black in sign of mourning; in 1897 a candidate for the town councillorship of Milan decorated ting hen that wouldn't get settled. I Newfoundland with a scroll inscribed, "Vote for the Socialist." The folthe plane to liven things up a bit, but lowing year this was "imitated" in she was in an impish mood and in- London, where numbers of dogs wore sisted on playing ragtime. The bridge mantles on which was written "Vote players objected to the ragtime and for Chamberlain," or "Vote for the the racket. Lydia and Jane Bliss were Socialist." It is also said that in trying to cake-walk and Mrs. Aber- 1902, on the reception of the news that said. "Hate to hand Winthrop one, cromble was frantic. She was afraid the Boer war was ended, the streets have given anything for a dozen dogs wearing the Union Jack and oth-His Grace and Matalle joined us, mushy novels and the magazines no ers drunk on whisky. How me na ly tould not tell. I always thought away and the bottom seemed to have the Italian observer is not stated.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Even-ing Department, The Moody Bible In-stitute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 8

JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BRETHREN

LESSON TEXT-Gen. 45:1-15. GOLDEN TEXT—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133:L

No story of the Old Testament is fraught with greater dramatic interest than that which is presented toture. An opulent oriental court; that man who next to Pharaoh exercised more power than any congress or assembly, and into whose hands had been placed the destinies of a kingdom by earthly power and the outworking of the plan of redemption by a divine power. Servants, power, resources, all at Joseph's command. Before him his brothers who long ago gave him up as being dead. Outside a great calamity resting upon the people, and none prepared to meet it except these of Egypt whose provision was the result of the work of this man of God. (I. Tim. 4:8). Before this man, as humble supplicants, we see those who "entreated him despitefully." Judah's speech was a revelation to Joseph, it satisfied him, and what need, therefore, for further delay in revealing himself in his true character?

Saving Love.

I. Revelation, vv. 1-3.—Excluding all from his presence, saving his brothers. Joseph gave full vent to his joy and rejoicing. "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" Their astonishment was so great as to leave them speechless, and again haunting memories condemn them to fear and foreboding for they were "troubled in his presence." We have here a beautiful

picture of forgiveness and saving love. The exaltation of Jesus was to give repentance to Israel through the forgiveness of sins. Acts 5:31. Even so did Joseph bring repentance to his brothers and forgiveness of their wrongs toward him 22 years before. Joseph's severe dealings with his brothers aroused them to a full recognition of their evil deeds and prepared them to receive his pardon and

forgiveness. But the cup is full, no longer can he restrain himself, and with a loud voice, so loud that it could be heard without, he cried "I am Joseph." Small wonder that at such a proclamation by him whom they had so grievously wounded, "they were trou-So shall it be when the brethbled. ren of Jesus shall "look upon him whom they have pierced," Zech. 12:

II. Reconciliation, vv. 4-8.-The greatness of Joseph is here revealed in a clear, true light. He interprets to his brothers their own actions with all that God has involved in it, which must have been a great surprise to his brothers. Joseph does not wait for them to fall at his feet and sue for mercy, but seeks to allay their fears, "Come near to me I pray you." These who by their wicked works were rightfully alienated from him are invited to draw nigh, Col. 1:21 and Matt. 11:28.

Joseph's Grace.

Joseph was as one who was dead and out of that came life for those of his own family as well as those outside. Even so God has brought life to many out of the death of Jesus, working salvation for all out of the most colossal and infamous crime ever perpetrated-the cricifixion. Joseph was "sent" (v. 7), to save those very ones (John 1:11). It was a "great deliverence," see Heb. 2:3. Here, again, we see Joseph's intimate relations with God, "it was not you that sent me hithtoils, were taken up every few miles er, but God." That is the right way

III. Proclamation, vv. 9-15 .- The news of this meeting came to Pha-There were turnplkes to Concord to rach, vv. 2, 16, with the result that he commanded Jacob and all of his dence, to Neponset and Quincy, to household to be brought into Egypt. Having received good things themselves, they are commanded to go with haste, and tell others, Matt. 28:7. The first call is always "come" (v. 4). and that is always followed by the command of to "go" (v. 9). Joseph was not ashamed of his old father and their occupants might get a glimpse his brothers in the days of his prosperity, and added that when they should dwell in Egypt they were to be "near unto me," see Phil. 1:23, John 14:3. When the brothers reached Jacob and told him that Joseph was alive and exalted in Egypt he could not believe them, and his heart fainted. Can we be surprised? Yet conviction was at hand in the shape of the wagons laden with the rich spoil of Egypt, vv 21, 27, 28. Again God appears to Jacob, 46:2, 3, and adds the assurance of his own word.

Lessons of the Lesson.-The greatness of Joseph's character is revealed in the hour of the fulfillment of his dreams-tears, not vindictiveness, manifest the condition of his heart. Jacob recognizes God's great plan, and that its outcome is an evident blessing for others as well as for himself. There is no evidence of pride as Joseph interprets God's dealings. God has made abundant provision for us in Christ. This lesson is the reverse of the usual order in that the lesson ilustrates the golden text rather than the text illuminating the les-