BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Loulie 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. Loulie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Loulie 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. Natalie 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. It develops that Natalie has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the summer. Loulie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Loulie hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night, Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Loulie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Loulie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Loulie. She reciprocates, but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say; Loulie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Loulie, charged with robling General Schuyler's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an idd bracelet exactly like the on talle. Natalle apologizes to cusing her of theft. Lon at midnight and finds Hap Next morning Hap explains that he

in pursuit of a mysterious woman he had seen in the corridor and who eluded him by passing through Loulie's room, CHAPTER XVIII .- Continued. "Of course, I might have been mistaken, but the Duc d'Aubigny is not

easily forgotten. He has a peculiar scar-"Yes, I know," I interrupted.

saber cut." "He's a handsome devil," she mused "Saturday he seemed a bit shabby, and his hair was cropped close, as if he hadn't been out of prison long, and still he was handsome. I had leisure to observe him, and I am absolutely

matinee crush, and the Duc d'Aubigny was standing at the curb not six feet away from me. He saw me. He looked at me just as one glances at any stranger, but he knew me! I started to speak to him, but I never act on wasn't the Duc d'Aubigny it was his ghost!"

"But how could the Duc d'Aubigny have taken the ruby-?"

"Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered. "I haven't dared think that far. He couldn't possibly have been connected in any way-" She did not finish. "You won't mention this to a soul, will you, Miss Codman? It's rather absurd." "But if Winthrop should need-?"

"You said his arrest was not serious," she interrupted.

"No, it isn't. Do you think Mr. Ab-

bott is a thief?" I asked her plainly. "I did think so. I'm sure now he isn't."

"Why?" I wanted to know. "Have you a reason?"

"Yes. I've come to my senses," she

Just how that red-headed reporter managed to come back up the driveway in a noisy car without either Hap or myself seeing him was an unexplained mystery. We both were within earshot on the tennis courts, and I was not playing. If only Hap had instructed Burrows not to take the card to Natalie! But he never thought of

Natalie, at first, sent back word that she was not there, but on the back of a card which bore the name "Mr. Samuel Dick, Evening Columbian," the reporter wrote something sufficiently magical to bring Natalie down-stairs, and the conversation that followed was sufficiently magical to send Natalie to her room to don a hat. She climbed in the car with the red-headed reporter, and was driven away. Two hours later she returned, went to her room, and sent Minette to say to Mrs. Hazard that she had a slight headache and didn't wish to be disturbed.

The Evening Columbian fell like a bomb into our midst at Lone Oak just before dinner. I remember one awful line in that glaring heading:

"Miss Agazziz Positively Identifies Emerald Bracelet."

Poor old Winthrop!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Arrival of Jo. There's something so self-reliant about Jo. She drove up under the porte cochere late Wednesday afternoon, jammed on the emergency, pushed up her goggles and alighted, totally oblivious of the surprised and admiring glances directed at her from those who happened to be having tea, and things, on the terrace. Jo drives

V.L.BARNES and I suppose a lone woman in a hulking brute of a car was just a little out of the ordinary. Benny Bliss arose, taking his high-ball with him, and perched frankly on the stone cop-

gave a sidelong glance in my direction. "Where's the garage?" Jo asked as

ing until Lydia pulled his coat and

came to meet her. "Vincent will take the car around

for you," I told her, I sounded the buzz for Vincent and took her upstairs. It was good to see her again. I felt that she was going to be a strong, firm prop in a sagging house-party still suffering from the shock of that awful damaging evidence against Winthrop. When we reached my sitting room she took me in her arms, kissed me and went straight to the point.

"Now, what's the matter?" she asked. "You look pale and droopy."

"Matter?" I echoed. "Everything's the matter. Haven't you seen the papers about Mr. Abbott?"

"Yes, but I mean, what's the matter with you? You don't suppose I think I was sent for about a man I've never seen?"

"Oh, it's all over about me now," I told her. "Natalie lost a very valuable ruby and accused me of taking it. The circumstances were against me, but after we had telephoned for you she told me she knew I hadn't. I am no longer suspected."

"And is that all?" asked Jo, with hat same unerring penetration. I shook my head and tried to swal-

low a silly lump in my throat. "He loves me," I said

"He is Mr. Hazard-of course? Oh, Loulie! Loulie!" She caught me in her arms and

drew me close, and I cried on her motherly bosom while she kissed my hair. "Jo, it had to happen," I sobbed.

'He's so perfectly dear."

"They always are," Jo replied with a sigh. "And you love him! And of course you've got to break your heart and give him up!"

"What else could I do, Jo?" I asked. 'Why, I haven't a penny; I'm practicsure of him. We were caught in a ally a servant. I couldn't do anything else, could I?

> "You could," replied Jo, "but you won't. My poor little girl."

After I had finished my cry and doctored my nose I told her all the queer things that had happened in connecimpulse, and there was a bare chance tion with those lost jewels. She had that I had made a mistake. But if he seen Winthrop's part of it in the newspapers. I even told her of that midnight chase where Hap suddenly had found himself in my bedroom, and what Natalle had told me of being sure she had seen the Duc d'Aubigny in town. It wasn't violating confidences, for Jo is Jo.

She thought it all over, and I was sure she was going to see a bully way of connecting the stray threads of the mystery. She has such a logical mind. But her question rather disappointed me.

"Is there any one here I know?" she asked.

"Not a soul," I answered. "There's no one we ever knew who ever poked his nose in the presence of any one who ever poked his nose in this class, Jo. They all are terribly exclusive and awfully rich. I don't believe there's any one here who can think of less than a million, unless it's Mrs. Cutler, and she isn't poor by any means. Of



'Jo, It Had to Happen, He's so Perfectly Dear."

course, I don't count the duke, for he's a dake; he has a title and prospects." Who is Mrs. Cutler?" asked Jo.

I brought out my list and showed her the entries; then I launched into social history. But it was all too much for her at once; she held up her hand for me to stop.

"You're scaring me to death," she said. "Why, I won't have courage to go down. I haven't but two dinner gowns to my name, and they-great goodness! I'll stay tonight and go home tomorrow, since you are no longer suspected."

put on. I rang for Celie to unpack.

Celie knows a beautiful woman when she sees one; and she never disguises the fact that she thinks so. She hooked Jo into a very simple black gown that I had never seen before-and paused to wonder where she got itthen sat back on her heels on the floor and squealed Frenchily over the effect, as if she were entirely responsible for it.

"Ah, mademoiselle is most charming, most beautiful-oul oul, oh, oul oui!" Jo knew enough French to understand that. "Mademoiselle has the grand air; mademoiselle is exquisite!"

Mademoiselle undoubtedly was. But stood by with the most beautiful gown Mrs. Hazard had provided for me hanging upon my shoulders unhooked and unnoticed.

"Well, Celle," I remarked, "you might quit scrambling around on your knees and give me a little attention. Mademoiselle isn't going to run away: she is here for a week.'

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon!" Celie cried. "My sweet, charming mademoiselle, I am all contrition, But mademoiselle la soeur is most beau-

tiful. I am entrance!" Jo paused in contemplation of her tall, slim figure in the mirror when Celie disappeared for a moment. "How do you like my gown?" she

asked. "It's lovely. Where did you get it? "Made it."

I looked at her tolerantly, the way she has of looking at me "I may be a ninny, but I'm not that

gullible," I retorted. "It looks like a model." "It is a model." Jo said calmly. "And marked 'Paris,' but it never saw

"What are you driving at?" I demanded.

"The establishment is Madame Gautier, Robes et Manteaux." I looked at her as if she had taken

leave of her senses, then gradually the truth dawned upon me. "Then you're not studying botany!" "No, dear, I'm learning a business.

have my own establishment next year. I just wanted to sit down and weep. felt that I could never forgive her, never, never! She caught me to her

I'm already designing. I expect to

and pressed her cheek against mine. "Don't be angry, dear. I couldn't let you do all the work. And Loulie, I simply couldn't bear the idea of teaching.

"Teaching! Fiddlesticks!" I snap-

"Dressmaking! More fiddlesticks! I wanted you to have your course in botany, and I'm so disappointed I'll never get over it." She calmly turned and picked up my

list of entries without trying to console me. She knew I'd get over it. She ran her forefinger down the page. "'Knew the duke abroad,'" she

"Which duke? The Duc d'Auread. bigny, or the Duc de Trouville?"

think it was the Duc d'Aubigny?" that sometimes," she replied. stood so still for so very long, while her evelashes swent her cheeks, that | clever?" began to fidget. "Did Miss Agazziz absolutely identify the emerald bracelet as her own?" she asked finally.

"Absolutely. It puts Winthrop in an awful hole, and Jo, Winthrop never he's a dear, and there's a horrible mistake somewhere."

When we came into the drawingroom Hap was lounging near the door waiting for me, quizzically regarding expression that His Grace was a bit the animated circle of which His scandalized at the proceeding. Grace was the center. John was all the way across the room, sitting near one of the open windows, but when he drawled, "but"-she paused for a mosaw us he stared, got up, nearly upsetting a table, and, upon my soul, I believe he would rudely have interrupted the duke's involved speech over Jo's hand if I hadn't interfered.

"My sister, Miss Codman, Mr. Crowninshield," I said in a hurry, for fear he would actually kiss her before I got them introduced-John, who never looked twice at a woman in his Jo gave him her hand and smiled.

"Mr. Crowninshield," she murmured in the most approved tone. Jo was

never cut out for a dressmaker. "Why didn't you tell me?" John complained, and somehow our duke drift-

ed into the background. Jo's answer I didn't catch. I wonabout, what he meant by his question. He tried to maneuver her to a seat,

but I came forward quickly. "I want you to meet Miss Abercrombie, dear," I said, and drew her toward Lydia; and all the while I was aching to get her to herself and ask her a few plain questions.

I was terribly upset. I didn't intend to have John falling in love with her. and he was doing it, for he was looking at her just as moony as Hap always looks at me. She couldn't marry him any more than I could marry Hap, especially now, with this dressmaking nonsense, and I wasn't going to have those gorgeous eyes spoiled; it was all right for me to cry, but not

It was a horrid dinner party. Laura didn't come down, which reminded ev- their pictures in town." erybody of Winthrop; Natalie was late, Mrs. Hazard was plainly worried, and Natalie's vacant chair added another pucker to her brow. Hap was silly, and kept trying to hold my hand under the table; and I was cross and

didn't dare show it. Natalie was shockingly late. She didn't come in until after the fish, but the was not in the least disturbed. She drifted to her place, all a-glitter with her lewels, which was most un-Everybody noticed them, but know why."

Poor old beautiful Jo! But she al- Natalle chose to be unconscious of ways looked lovely in anything she the stir her late, dazzling entrance had caused.

Hap spoke across the table to her

when she sat down. "Good morning," he said, laughing. Everything was rather hushed and still except for the clatter of dishes and silver as the course was changed, and everybody heard it. Everybody tittered-everybody but the duke, who didn't understand it, and Jo, who was never so undignified as to titter.

"I had rather wear them than lose them, dear," Natalie drawled in answer to a question Lydia smilingly flung at her when the laugh subsided. "Who knows when our North Shore thieves will descend upon Lone Oak?" "Don't worry, my dear," Mrs. Hazard assured her. "There will be a detective here tomorrow to look after

us all.' "Detective!" shricked Lydia. "How

interesting!"

"Dee-tec-teeve!" repeated His Grace, struggling with his pronunciation. 'For why have we ze dee-tec-teeve?" "For precaution, Your Grace," Mrs Higginson answered him. "We Americans believe in locking the stable be-

fore the horse is stolen." His Grace gazed at her amazed. French. I don't know how he interpreted it.

"Well, I'm not afraid of thieves!" Lydia declared. "I always put my things in a stocking and toss it carelessly near my slippers under the bed. It's the last place on earth a thief would look for anything. That's Abercromble system. Clever, isn't it?" "Oh, mother keeps hers in a shoe,

now," Dorothy burst in naively. "I've changed again," Mrs. Abercrombie laughed. "Under the pillow.

It's so old it may be new." "I've changed, too," Dorothy



Natalie Was Shockingly Late.

mitted. "I'd rather lose everything "Why, the Duc de Trouville," I an- than be scared to death with 'Your swered irritably, "Whatever made you money or your life!" So I put half of what I possess in plain sight on the "Oh, I think of sflly things like dressing-table, and hope Mr. Thief She will think that's all and go away satisfied without waking me. Isn't that

> "Next!" Hap called, and everybody applauded.

"I think I have the best scheme of all," Mrs. Higginson ventured. "I have presumably a hot-water bottle, but took that bracelet. He's not a thief; really it's a chamois bag. Now, no thief would ever think of looking for jewels in a hot-water bottle."

"You win!" Hap exclaimed, and he tossed her an olive. I think from his

"I'm trying to devise a method of protecting what I have left," Natalie ment, effectively-"I shall not tell it."

The rebuke was accepted good naturedly, but the conversation about thieves and jewels ended, at least so far as the women were concerned, when Mrs. Cutler remarked:

"I have a new hat, a perfect beauty! It came on the last express!" And everybody wanted to know the color, and what it looked like.

CHAPTER XX.

The Picture Gallery.

I thought I knew Jo. I don't. She had either changed since we separated, or there were latent qualities in her been curious, especially about things dered what on earth John was talking that were none of her business, but and sunshine. The yawaken for us she linked her arm through mine as we went toward the drawing-room after dinner.

> "Who is the duke in love with?" she wanted to know.

"Natalie," I replied.

"Not wants to marry," she qualified, but cares for-loves?" "If you mean anything horrid, clan-

destine-why, I don't know anything about it, and I don't think you have any business thinking such things." She merely smiled at my outburst. "Is there a picture gallery here?"

she asked presently. "Yes. Why?" "Oh, no reason particularly. There always is in these houses, isn't there?"

'No. There always isn't. Everybody I know, except the Hazards, have "Loulie, what was the name of the German count who took us to the

swered promptly. "Of course!" she exclaimed. "I've racked my brain for an hour trying to dainfully, she said:

"Count Felix von Brunner," I an-

Spring Exhibition?"

think of it. I turned about and faced her.

"Now look here, Jo, you are making me crazy with curiosity. You've asked | ble bow. me three questions for no reason on

"And you haven't asked me the one question I expected you to ask." Jo smiled quizzically.

Suddenly I thought of it. "Where did you know John?" I demanded.

"He has a client who wants to buy our stock in the mine," she answered; "a client who thinks he can pump it

"Can it be done, Jo?"

"I don't know." She laughed outright at my excitement. "He wants to buy up all the stock. He can get it cheap, except ours. He offers us five thousand dollars for it. It's worth nothing unless the mine is pumped. Odd, wasn't it, Mr. Crowninshield never guessed who I was? And of course I didn't tell him."

"Gracious me!" I exclaimed, rather breathless at the prospect. "What does Mr. Partridge say?"

"Sell." "Well, what are you-we-going to

do? Sell?" "I'd rather have the income," she

answered. "But there isn't any," I pointed out. "If a man knows-and he does know, Loulie-that he can pump that mine dry, can buy up all the stock practically for nothing, except ours, and he Poor little duke! I wished that I lets our little bundle keep him from could have been near to explain it in pumping, he's crazy. And if he pumps we will have an income. It's a gambler's chance, and I am going to take

> "Yes, sounds gambly." I commented. "What the poker players call a

bluff." "I'm not bluffing-I'm standing pat," Jo reminded me. "And I'm taking the chance because I want to end this work of yours, dear, and these silly-

accusations." We had walked to the end of the wide hallway, and I dropped down in a window seat, grossly neglecting my duties and forgetting that my flends were apt to get mixed. The prospect of going back to that tidy little life Jo and I once led suddenly appalled

me. "I don't want you to-to end it," stammered. And seeing Jo's amazed expression, I hurried on; "Being Secretary of Frivolous Affairs isn't important, I know, but it's my life now. can't go back to things as they were. would never be satisfied."

"You can't seriously mean that you want to keep on with this? Being a well-paid servant of the rich?" she asked.

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm sorry, dear," she said softly. "Why sorry?"

"It's dangerous!" "Why dangerous? I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. You said

'You're already in trouble."

"Yes, but my heart's broken now, and there isn't anything more to worry about. I'll never love any one else. I have a good job, and-well, I'm going to stick to it. And when the Hazards don't want me any longer the Dykemans do, and there's a long list of others I won't bother you to name. I've made good in my job, which reminds me that if I don't go look after it I may not have it very long." rose; it never occurred to me that I was pushing Jo out of my scheme of life. "Use the stock to finance the dressmaking, dear, and take a little tip from me-you take care of your-

self!" "Why, what do you mean?" Jo asked, but I'm sure she knew what I was

going to answer. "John Crowninshield never looked twice at a woman in his life; he has looked at you I don't know how many times, for I don't know how many interviews have been necessary about that stock, but"-I thrust out a rigid forefinger dramatically-"beware!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Musical Insects. A carefully trained mind and ear are indispensable to enable one to detect and to discriminate readily from the general insect medley any particu-

lar species of musician. As with birds and their songs, much of the charm and pleasure to be gotten from insect music depends on the emotional coloring associated with it. We are enraptured with the notes of the peepee in spring, or the earlier piping of the frogs, not because these sounds in themselves possess any intrinsic sweetness, but because they recall endearing memories of many happy, hopeful springtimes. They are always the harbingers of another verthat I never suspected. She had never dant season. Their plaintive notes add to our minds an emotional warmth

an inner, subjective springtime. In a similar way the crickets and katydids gladden and inspire us with their music in proportion as their notes have become associated in our minds with the emotional coloring of past memories.-Country Life in

The Stooping Bishop.

Nat C. Goodwin was defending elergyman who had gone wrong. "I don't condone his offense, mind

you," said Mr. Goodwin. "But I want you to be sorry for him. Don't cackle and rejoice over his downfall. We are all human." Then, in his musical and thrilling

voice, the famous comedian resumed: "I know a very beautiful actress who dined one Sunday evening at a bishop's. After dinner the bishop, as he helped her to put on her cloak, stooped-stooped in more ways than one-and imprinted a kiss on her white shoulder.

"She turned and, looking at him dis-

'Remember, sir, if I am an actress, am a lady, too. "The bishop made a low and hum-

"'And will you please remember,' he usual; jewels were naved for occa- earth that I can see, and I want to said, if I am a bishop, I am also a

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAYSCHOOL

Department, The Moody Bible Institute,

LESSON FOR JULY 13

MOSES PREPARES FOR HIS WORK.

LESSON TEXT-Ex. 2:11-25. GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

Meekness does not imply any lack of aggressiveness; it does not imply a mildness of temper. Moses, we judge from a study of this chapter, was not

as yet "meek above all men." In last week's lesson we considered the birth, salvation, nursing and training of Moses as child. After Jochebed had nursed Moses (v. 9) he was returned to Pharaoh's daughter and "became her son," thereby obtaining all the rights, privileges and training of

the Egyptian court. I. His Qualifications. (1) He had a godly parentage and an early godly training. Do we appreciate the tremendous advantage of the child who is well born and well trained? True, environment is not all-sufficient, but it is a great asset. The psalmist emphasizes this when he exclaims "thou hast given me the heritage of them that

fear thy name" Ps. 61:5. (2) Moses had a knowledge of the conditions. Born and nursed in a slave's home he knew of the oppression of Israel. Reared in Pharaoh's court, he knew how the Egyptians feared these same Israelites (Ch. 1:9, 10). Moses saw (v. 11) the burdens

borne by those of his own race. Heart of Sympathy. (3) Moses had a heart of sympathy (v. 11). Seeing an Egyptian taskmaster evilly entreating a kinsman Moses' heart rebelled and at once he flew to his support and defence. Our Lord was "moved with compassion." A like righteous indignation impelled the Master to drive the money changers from the temple and to denounce the hypocritical Pharisees. Moses had not, however, learned self-

his sympathy at the proper time and in the most effective manner. (4) Moses was brave and zealous, v. 12. But he acted before God told him to act. He "looked this way and

restraint, and that he should express

that," but he did not look upward. (5) Moses was educated. We have already seen how he was taught by his own mother and that he received the training of the Egyptians, Acts 7:22. Being brave and mighty in deeds was not enough; he was "mighty in words and deeds." Thus he was prepared to stand before Pharaoh (not the father of his deliverer, but another Pharaoh, v. 24), meet him on an equal footing, and intelligently combat his religion

with that of Jehovah. (6) Moses had assurance. True, he had not as yet received God's call (see Ch. 3) for particular work and his reliance upon force, his tit-for-tat policy was not God's method of working deliverance. But Moses was obedient, and as he obeyed, God honored each

step of his faith.

Moses' Mistake. (7) Moses was meek, e. g., teachable. To us this was his greatest asset. A man may be well born, well trained and know the needs and the resources at his command, but if he lack a teachable spirit he is doomed to failure. Moses made a mistake when he slew the Egyptian. At a later date when he had learned of God he undertook the same task and no difficulties daunted him. The change from a prince's position at the court to one of an humble shepherd, a despised calling, was as essential as had been those 40 years at the Egyptian

schools. II. His error. Moses endeavored to work relief by the strength of his own arm, a mistake many Christian workers are constantly making. Our warfare is not with carnal weapons. Moses had no warrant for killing the Egyptian. He was not obeying any command other than that of impulse. The life of Moses had been miraculously spared, nor had he been subject to slavery. Yet he did not know God's method nor was it God's opportune time to strike the blow for deliverance. It is true that the sufferings of the Israelites increased and that ng one seemed to heed their cry. But God remembered.

III. His pilgrimage. Some one has suggested that Moses entered another school of patience which would cause him to exercise all of his meekness when he married Zipporah, Ch. 4:20-26. It is true that his father-in-law was more generous and proved a better friend than his daughter, Ch. 18:13-27. Moses gave evidence that he recognized his pilgrim character in the names he gave to his sons, v. 22 and Ch. 18:3, 4. The Christian needs constantly to be reminded that he is but

a pilgrim and a stranger here below. IV. A summary. Again we have brought before us God's wonderful method of preparing his chosen instrument for the carrying out of his promises. Not all, of course, is recorded. A life is saved and preserved. It receives a brief period of instruction at its most critical stage from the hands of its own mother. He becomes proficient In all of the learning of a rich and opulent court. Then comes a time when a definite crisis of responsibility, a sense of persons relation to the poor and oppressed of his own blood, forces him to make a choice. He is convinced of his own incompetence,