Lying there, he made swift calculations. The quarry, no longer of use to the builder, was reasonably sure to be abandoned. In all probability some sort of a stone-cutter's shed would be found nearby. It would provide shelter from the fine rain that was falling and from the chill night air. He remembered that O'Dowd, in discussing the erection of Green Fancy the night before, had said that the stone came from a pit two miles away, where a ine quality of granite had been found. Two miles, according to Barnes' quick calculations, would bring the pit close to the northern boundary of the Curtis property and almost directly on a line with the point where he and Sprouse entered the meadow at the beginning of their advance upon Green Fancy. That being the case, they were now quite close to the stake and rider fence separating the Curtis land from that of the farmer on the north.

"Good," he said, more to himself than to her. "I begin to see light. Are you afraid to remain here while I go down there for a look around? I sha'n't be gone more than a couple of

this instant till the hour in which I die, let go of your coat-tails, Mr. Barnes." Suiting the action to the word, her fingers resolutely fastened, not upon the tail of his coat but upon his sturdy arm. "I wouldn't stay here alone for anything in the world."

"Heaven bless you." he exclaimed, suddenly exalted. "And, since you put at that way, I shall always contrive to be within arm's length."

And so, together, they ventured mlong the edge of the pit until they reached the wagon road at the bottom. As he had expected, there was a ramshackle shed hard by. It was not much of a place, but it was deserted and a safe shelter for the moment.

A workman's bench lay on its side in the middle of the earthen floor. He righted it and drew it over to the boarding. . . . She laid her head against his shoulder and sighed deeply. . . He kept his eyes glued on the door and listened for the first ominous sound outside. A long time afterward she stirred.

"Are you cold? You are wet-"

"It was the excitement, the nervousness, Mr. Barnes," she said, drawing slightly away from him. "Isn't it nearly daybreak?"

He looked at his watch. "Three o'clock," he said.

There ensued another period of si-

lence. She remained slightly aloof. "You'd better lean against me," he said at last. "I am softer than the beastly boards, you know, and quite as barmless."

"Thank you," she said, and promptly settled herself against his shoulder. "It is better," she sighed.

"Would you mind telling me something about yourself, Miss Cameron? I should like to know whether I am to address you as princess, duchess, orjust plain Miss."

"I am more accustomed to plain Miss, Mr. Barnes, than to either of the titles you would give me."

"Don't you feel that I am deserving of a little enlightenment?" he asked. "I am working literally as well as figuratively in the dark. Who are you? Why were you a prisoner at Green Fancy? Where and what is your native land?"

"Mr. Barnes, I cannot answer any one of your questions without jeopardizing a cause that is dearer to me than anything else in all the world. I am sorry. I pray God a day may soon come when I can reveal everything to you—and to the world. I am of a stricken country; I am trying to serve the unhappy house that has ruled it for centuries and is now in the direst peril. The man you know as Loeb is a prince of that house. I may say this to you, and it will serve to explain my position at Green Fancy: he is not the prince I was led to believe awaited me there. He is the cousin of the man I expected to meet, and he is the enemy of the branch of the house that I would serve. Do not ask me to say more."

"Your sympathies are with the entente allies, the prince's are opposed? Is that part of Sprouse's story true?"

"Yes." "And O'Dowd?"

"O'Dowd is anti-English, Mr. Barnes, if that conveys anything to you. He is not pro-German."

"Wasn't it pretty risky for you to carry the crown jewels around in a traveling bag, Miss Cameron?"

"I suppose so. It turned out, however, that it was the safest, surest way. I had them in my possession for three days before coming to Green Pancy. No one suspected. I was to

the blood." "But why here?" he insisted.

"He was to take them into Canada, and thence, in good time, to the palace of his ancestors."

"I am to understand, then, that not only you but the committee you speak of, fell into a carefully prepared trap. The treachery, therefore, had its inception in the loyal nest. You were betrayed by a friend."

"I am sure of it," she said bitterly. "If this man Sprouse does not succeed in restoring the-oh, I believe I shall kill myself, Mr. Barnes."

The wail of anguish in her voice went straight to his heart.

"He has succeeded, take my word for it. They will be in your hands before many hours have passed."

"Is he to come to the Tavern with them? Or am I to meet him-"

"Good Lord!" he gulped. Here was a contingency he had not considered. Where and when would Sprouse appear with his booty? "I-I fancy we'll find him waiting for us at the Tavern." "But had you no understanding?"

"Er-tentatively." The perspiration started on his brow. He was thinking of something else: his amazing stu-"The way I feel at present," she | pidity in not foreseeing the very situasaid, jerkily, "I shall never, never from | tion that now presented itself. Why | tration. Would ye mind handing over had he neglected to settle upon a meeting place with Sprouse in the event that circumstances forced them to part company in flight? Fearing that she would pursue the subject, he made haste to branch off onto another

> "What is the real object of the conspiracy up there, Miss Cameron?" "You must bear with me a little

> longer, Mr. Barnes," she said, appealingly. "I cannot say anything now."

> "You said that tomorrow night would be too late. What did you mean by that?"

> She waited a few seconds and then removed her head from his shoulder. He heard the sharp intake of her breath and felt the convulsive movement of the arm that rested against his. There was no mistaking her sudden agitation.

"I will tell you," she said, and he was surprised by the harshness that came into her voice. "Tomorrow morning was the time set for my marriage to that wretch up there. I could have avoided it only by destroying myself. If you had come tomorrow night instead of tonight you would have found me dead, that is all. Now you understand."

"Good God! You-were to be forced into a marriage with-why, it is the most damnable-"

"O'Dowd-God bless him!-was my only champion. He knew my father.

"Listen!" he hissed, starting to his

"Don't move!" came from the darkness outside. "I have me gun leveled. I heard me name taken in vain. Thanks for the blessing. I was wondering whether you would say some-



"Dun't Move!" Came From the Darkness Outside.

thing pleasant about me-and, thank the good Lord, I was patient. But I'd advise you both to sit still just the same."

A chuckle rounded out the gentle admonition of the invisible Irishman.

CHAPTER XV.

Large Bodies Move Slowly-But Mr. Sprouse Was Smaller Than the

There was not a sound for many

O'Dowd," she said distinctly. "There Anything but that."

O'Dowd spoke out of the darkness: "You forget that I have your own word for it that ye'll be a dead woman before the day is over. Wouldn't it be better for me to begin shooting at once and spare your soul the everlasting torture that would begin immediately after your self-produced decease?"

A little cry of relief greeted this quaint sally. "You have my word that I will return with you quietly if-" "Thunderation!" exclaimed Barnes

wrathfully. "What do you think I am? A worm that-" "Easy, easy, me dear man," cautioned O'Dowd. "Keep your seat. Don't be deceived by my infernal Irish

humor. It is my way to be always polite, agreeable and-prompt. I'll shoot in a second if ye move one step outside that cabin." "O'Dowd, you haven't the heart to

drag her back to that beast of a-" "Hold hard! We'll come to the point without further palavering. Where

are ye dragging her yourself, ye ras-"To a place where she will be safe from insult, injury, degradation-" "Well. I have no fault to find with ye for that," said O'Dowd. "Bedad, I

didn't believe you had the nerve to tackle the job. You may be interested to know that up to the moment I left the house your absence had not been noticed, my dear Miss Cameron. And as for you, my dear Barnes, your visit is not even suspected. How the divil did ye do it, Barnes?"

"Are you disposed to be friendly, O'Dowd?" demanded Barnes. "If you are not, we may just as well fight it out now as later on."

"You are not to fight!" she cried in great agitation. "What are you doing? Put it away! Don't shoot!"

"Is it a gun he is pulling?" inquired O'Dowd calmly. "And what the deuce are you going to aim at, me hearty? I have a bull's-eye lantern with me. From the luxurious seat behind this rock I could spot ye in a second. Having said as much I now propose arbithat tin box in exchange for my polite thanks and a courteous goodby to both of ye?"

"We have no box of any description, Mr. O'Dowd," cried she triumphantly. "Thank heaven, he got safely away!"

"Do you mean to tell me you came away without the-your belongings, Miss Cameron?" exclaimed O'Dowd. "They are not with me," she replied.

Her grasp on Barnes' arm tightened. "Oh, isn't it splendid? They did not catch him. He-"

"Will you both swear on your sacred honor that ye haven't the jewels in your possession?" "Unhesitatingly," said Barnes,

"I swear, Mr. O'Dowd." "Then," said he, "I have no time to

waste here. I am looking for a tin box. I beg your pardon for disturbing you." "Oh, Mr. O'Dowd, I shall never forget all that you have-"

"Whist, now! There is one thing I must insist on your forgetting completely: all that has happened in the last five minutes. What I am doing, Mr. Barnes, would be my death sentence if it ever became known."

"It shall never be known through me, O'Dowd. I'd like to shake your hand, old man."

"God bless you, Mr. O'Dowd," said the girl in a low, small voice, singularly suggestive of tears. "Some day I may be in a position to-"

"Don't say it! You'll spoil everything if you let me think you are in my debt. Bedad, don't be so sure I sha'n't see you again, and soon."

"Tell me how to find Hart's Tavern, old man. I'll-"

"No, I'm dashed if I do. You ought to be grateful to me for not stopping you entirely, without asking me to give you a helping hand. Good-by, and God bless you. I'm praying that ye get away safely, Miss Cameron. So long, Barnes. If you were a crow and wanted to roost on that big tree in front of Hart's Tavern, I dare say you'd take the shortest way there by flying as straight as a bullet from the mouth of this pit, following your extremely good-looking nose."

They did not wait for the break of day. Taking O'Dowd's hint, Barnes directed his steps straight out from the mouth of the quarry and pressed confidently onward. In answer to a question she informed him that there were no fewer than twenty-five men in Green Fancy, all of them shrewd, resolute and formidable.

"I cannot, for the life of me, see why they took chances on inviting me to the house, Miss Cameron,"

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke it was with great intensity. "Mr. Barnes, I had your life in my hands all the time you were at Green Fancy. I shudder now when ! think of what might have happened. Before you were asked to the house, I was coolly informed that you would not leave it alive if I so much as breathed a word to you concerning my unhappy plight. The first word of an appeal to you would have been the signal for-for your death. That is what they held over me. When I spoke to you on the couch that night, I-oh, don't you see? Don't you see that I wantonly, cruelly, selfishly risked your life-not my own-when

"There, there, now!" he cried, consolingly, as she put her hands to her face and gave way to sobs. "Forgive me," she murmured. "

didn't mean to be so silly." "It helps, to cry sometimes," he said lamely.

seliver them to one of their rightful seconds. She was the first to speak. The first faint signs of day were

"I am ready to return with you, Mr. struggling out of the night when they stole across the road above Hart's must be no struggle, no bloodshed. Tavern and made their way through the stable yard to the rear of the house. His one thought was to get her safely inside the Tavern.

The door was locked. He delivered a series of resounding kicks upon its stout face. Revolver in hand, he faced about and waited for the assault of the men who, he was sure, would come plunging around the corner of the building in response to the racket. But there was no attack.

At last there were sounds from within. A key grated in the lock and a bolt was shot. The door flew open. Mr. Clarence Dillingford appeared in the opening, partially dressed, his hair sadly tumbled, his eyes blinking in the light of the lantern he held aloft. "Well, what the-" Then his gaze

alighted on the lady. "For the love of-" began the embarrassed Dillingford. "What the dev- I say, can't you see that I'm not dressed? What the-" "Give me that lantern," said Barnes,

and snatched the article out of the unresisting hand. "Show me the way to Miss Thackeray's room, Dillingford, No time for explanations."

"Well, for the love of-" "I will take you to Miss Thackeray's

room," said Barnes, leading her swiftly through the narrow passage.



She Resting? Does She Seem-"

will make you comfortable for thethat is until I am able to secure a room for you. Come on, Dillingford." Miss Thackeray was awake Through the closed door she asked

what on earth was the matter. "I have a friend here-a lady. Will you dress as quickly as possible and take her in with you for a little white?"

There was no immediate response from the inside. Then Miss Thackeray observed, quite coldly: "I think I'd like to hear the lady's voice, if you don't mind. I recognize yours perfectly, Mr. Barnes, but I am not in the habit of opening my-"

"I guess I don't need to dress," said Miss Thackeray, and opened her door. "Come in, please. I don't know who you are or what you've been up to, but there are times when women ought to stand together. And what's more, I sha'n't ask any questions."

She closed the door behind the unexpected guest, and Barnes gave a great sigh of relief.

"Say, Mr. Barnes," said Miss Thackeray, several hours later, coming upon him in the hall, I guess I'll have to ask you to explain a little. She's a nice, pretty girl, and all that, but she won't open her lips about anything. She says you will do the talking. I'm a good sport, you know, and not especially finicky, but I'd hate to-"

"How is she? Is she resting? Does she seem-" "Well, she's stretched out on my bed

with my best nightie on, and she seems to be doing as well as could be expected," said Miss Thackeray dryly. "Has she had coffee and-"

"I am going after it now. It seems that she is in the habit of having it in bed. I wish I had her imagination. It would be great to imagine that all you have to do is to say, 'I think I'll have coffee and rolls and one egg' sent up, and then go on believing your wish would come true. Still, I don't mind. She seems so nice and pathetic, and in trouble, and I-"

"Thank you, Miss Thackeray. If you will see that she has her coffee I'll-I'll wait for you here in the hall and try to explain. I can't tell you everything at present-not without her consent-but what I do tell will be sufficient to make you think you are listening to a chapter of a dime novel."

He had already taken Putnam Jones into his confidence. He saw no other way out of the new and somewhat extraordinary situation. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Be Kind and Patient.

There is more special grace requisite and manifest in watchful perseverance in little kindnesses and habitual patience at home, in abstinence from conversational disparagement of others, and in resistance to habits of sloth and undue self-indulgence in private life than in the performance of great public duties und servation of multitudes.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D. Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 28

REVIEW: JESUS OUR SAVIOUR AND KING, OR PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM.

The method of review should be determined by the grade of the class. For the Primary the review should center in the tepic, "Jesus and the Children;" the Junior, "Choosing Jesus as Saviour;" Intermediate, "Accepting Christ's Program for Our Lives:" for the Senior and Adult grades the subject of the church, noting its membership, ordinances, worship, and service. A better way would be to study more fully the parables of the kingdom as set forth in Matthew 13:44-50.

I. The Parable of the Hid Treasure (v. 14).

The usual interpretation of this parable, making Christ the hid treasure for which a sinner must give up everything in order to buy his salvation, must be rejected for the following reasons: (1) Christ is not hidden in a field, but has been lifted up and made a spectacle to the world. (2) Nobody has ever been obliged to buy the world in order to get Christ. (3) Salvation cannot be purchased, for it is God's free and gracious gift. (4) No warrant is ever held out to a man to conceal his religion after it is obtained.

1. The field. This is the world (v. 38). Fortunately this landmark has been made by Christ himself.

2. The treasure. In Psalm 135:4 we are told that Israel, the chosen people, is his treasure. The same truth is set forth in different places and ways (Deut. 7:6-8; 14:2; 26:18; 32:8, 9). When Christ uttered this parable the ten tribes were already concealed from human observation, and as to the rest of Israel it was a prophecy of that which was to follow. The kingdom as to its relation and bearing is now hidden. Christ was primarily sent to the Jews; for their sake the field was tought.

3. The Purchaser: the Son of God (John 3:16).

None but the Son of God had such resources to buy the world.

4. The purchase price. This was the precious blood of the Son of God, which is worth infinitely more than silver and gold and the treasures of the earth (I Peter 1:13, 19; Isa. 53). II. The Parable of the Merchantman

Seeking Goodly Pearls (vv. 45, 46). 1. The merchantman. He is actively engaged in search for pearls. In this search he discovers one pearl of great price. This merchantman is none other than Christ himself. The whole activity of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, since the fall of man, has been seeking those who are lost.

2. The purchasing price. The merchantman sold all-impoverished himself in order to buy the pearl. The poor lost sinner could not buy Christ. His salvation is without money and without price. Christ did impoverish himself, turned his back upon the heavenly glory (Phil. 2:6-8) to purchase the one pearl of great price by his own precious blood (Eph. 5:25; I Pet. 1:18, 19).

3. The pearl of great price. This is the church. The merchantman will find other pearls of value, but the peerless gem set above all others will be the church which he has purchased with his own blood.

III. The Parable of the Drag Net (vv. 47, 50).

This gives us a picture of the consummation of the kingdom. No one can mistake the meaning here. Note: 1. The sea. This word when used in a figurative sense denotes peoples and multitudes (Dan. 7:3, Rev. 17:15).

the authorized version is properly translated "dragnet." 3. The net drawn to the shore when

2. The drag net. The word "net" in

full. 4. The assortment made by the

angels. 5. The destiny of the bad fish, or

wicked men.

He Draws Hearts of Men. On that day when our Lord Jesus

Christ was lifted up, all sorts of people were drawn to him. There were those who loved him dearly at the foot of the Cross. There were scribes, and learned men, and aristocrats, and priests and common people. There were simple peasants from the country, shepherds from the hills, and a motley crowd from the city streets. There were Roman soldiers and Galilean pilgrims. It was a crowd representative of all the world's people, and today when he is lifted up even as of old, he draws to himself the hearts of men.

The Work That God Appoints, I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do with cheerful heart the work that God appoints.-Jean Ingelow.

Pass That Day in Peace. You have only a day to pass on earth; so act as to pass that day in peace.-De Lamennais.

To Live in Peace. Peace is the fruit of love; for to live in peace, we must learn to suffer many things.—De Lamennais.

BOY SCOUTS AND MILITARISM

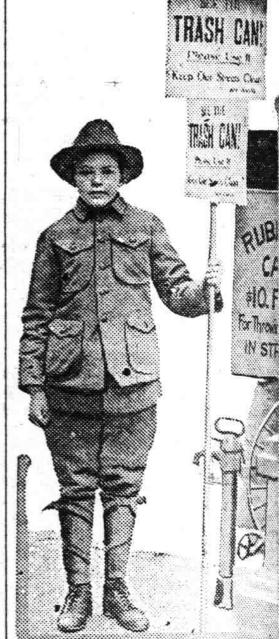
By many the boy scouts are looked upon as soldiers in the making, It by making soldiers is meant training boys for intelligent public service, cultivating, character, self-reliance, mutual helpfulness, and the capacity to achieve success in the field of chos. en endeavor, then the boy scont movement may properly be regarded as military. If by making soldiers is meant cultivating a spirit of pug. nacity and the glorification of war, then the boy scout movement is nonmilitary. These elements are not found in it.

Only gradually does it become clear. ly evident to the public at large that, both professionally and in practice the organization of the Boy Scouts of America is, always has been, and, in so far as one can predict, always will be first of all a peace organization. "Peace secuting for character and citizenship" has always been its platform.

But why is this position not yet wholly free from confusion in the public mind? Many still believe, in spite of what has been publicly said and written and in spite of the most substantial proof to the contrary in the conduct of the leaders and the boys, that the movement trains boys for war.

The term "scouting," while perhaps more frequently employed in connection with military maneuvers and war operations, has peaceful uses. Not improperly, we think of a scout as one disciplined to hard work-watchful, self-reliant, observant, straightforward, unselfish, and pleasant in his dealings with others-in short, a very companionable, alert, and helpful fel-

THE BOY SCOUT IS CLEAN.



This Picture Shows a Brave Little Chap on Guard Against Dirty Streets.

HOW SCOUTS AIDED POLICE.

That boys, when they are scouts, can be of great value to the police force is attested in this letter from Chief of Police O'Shaughnessy of Mobile, Ala., to the scout head there:

"My Dear Sir: I feel much honored for the gallant service you and your boy scouts have rendered me and this department. The highest commendation I should speak would be very humble, for I really cannot put into words what I feel about the organi-

zation. "Had it not been for their assistance I doubt if the crowds and traffic would have been handled so magnificently."

SCOUTS TEACH RESUSCITATION.

A picked troop of 35 boy scout the 38 troops comprising Fort Orange scout council at Albany, N. Y., visited the police precincts and the fire de partment stations to demonstrate the Schaefer method of resuscitation which has been successfully used by

the scouts for nine years. During that time scouts throughout the country have saved the lives of many persons, and members of each council in America have been asked by the American Red Cross to take the matter up locally with the city authorties.

WHAT THE SCOUTS DO.

Boy scouts in Louisville, Ky., are working for a cleaner city. boys were detailed to distribute 50,000 circulars explaining provisions of the ordinance providing for the separa-

Boy Scouts in Hamilton, Ohio, starttion of garbage. ed out on an inspection tour of the city, visiting yards of the homes in the interest of the clean-up and paint up campaign. Pictures of yards in bad condition or full of rubbish will be taken by the scouts.