

Now where is that rope?" But even

as Alix observed that she had seen it

guess as to the cellar, his eyes fell

his legs, and looked about with agon-

ized eyes while she dragged him

through a clumsy dance. "He's the darlingest pup we ever had!" Alix

stated to Cherry, who was departing

for the upper regions and a complete

"Bring your cigarette out here, Peter," the old doctor said, crossing the

again, "You brought Cherry home last night?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't," Peter answered, in his quick, precise tones. "I came with Lloyd and Cherry as far as the bridge, then I cut up the

"Nothing's up," Doctor Strickland said slowly. "But I think Lloyd admires—or is beginning to admire—

tone.
"You don't think so?" the doctor,

looking at him wistfully, asked eag-

erly.
"Why, certainly not!" Peter said,
"She's much

"It doesn't always go by that," the doctor suggested.

swered in his quick, annoyed fashion.
"I should be sorry," Cherry's father

"No, I know it doesn't," Peter an-

"Sorry i" Peter echoed impatiently.

"But it's quite out of the question, of

course! It's quite out of the ques-tion. She—she wouldn't consider him for an instant," he suddenly decided

in great satisfaction. "You mustn't forget that she has something to do

with it! Very fastidious, Cherry. She's not like other girls!"

Strickland agreed, in great relief. They turned back toward the garden,

in time to meet Alix and several dogs

streaming across the clearing. Over the girl's shoulder was coiled the

great rope; she leaped various logs and small bushes as she came, and

the dogs barked madly and leaped

with her. Breathless, she stumbled and fell into her father's arms, and

both men had the same thoughts, one

that made them smile upon her tom-boyishness indulgently: "If this is

twenty-one-eighteen is three long

"Thats true-that's true!" Doctor

his face very red. "She's
younger than Anne and Alix-

"What's up?"

her." he said.

admitted.

Why?" he added sharply.

-Cherry!" Peter exclaimed, with distaste and incredulity in his

"My house," said Mr. Joyce, fastid-lously, "is a well-managed place, Say," he added, pursing his lips to whistle, as he looked at the rose tree, "did Tuesday's wind do that?"

"Tuesday's wind and Dad," Allx answered. "Will it go back, Peter?"
"I—I don't know!" he mused, walking slowly about the wreck. "If we had a lever down here, and some fellow on the roof with a rope, may-

"Mr. Lloyd is coming over!" Allx announced. Peter nodded absently, but the mention of Martin Lloyd re-minded him that they had all dined at his house on the very evening when the mysterious gale had commenced, and with interest he asked:

"Cherry catch cold coming home Tuesday night?" No; she squeezed in between Dad

and me, and was as warm as toast!"
Alix answered casually. "How'd you like Mr. Lloyd?" she added.
"Nice fellow!" Peter answered.
"He's awfully nice," Alix agreed.
"Who is he?" Peter asked curiously.

"Where are his people and all that?"

"His people live in Portland," the
girl answered. "He's a mining engineer, and he's waiting now to be
called to El Nido; he's to be at a mine

there. He's lots of fun—when you know him, really!"

"Talking of the new Prince Charming, of course," Anne said, joining them, and linking an arm in her uncle's and in Alix's arm. "Don't bring that puppy in, Alix, please! Break-fast, Uncle Lee. Come and have an-

other cup of coffee, Peter!"

"Prince Charming, eh?" Peter echoed thoughtfully, as they all turned toward a delicious drift of the odor of bacon and coffee, and crossed the porch to the dining room. "I was going down for the mail, but now I'll ' have to stay and see this rose matter through! Thanks, Anne, but I'll watch you. Where's Cherry?" he added, glancing about.

Cherry answered the question herself by trailing in in a Japanese wrap-per, and beginning to drink her coffee with bare, slender arms resting on the table. Nobody protested, the adored youngest was usually given her way. "I heard you all laughing, under the window and it—woke—me—up!" Cherry said dreamily.

"It seems to me," Anne, who had been eyeing her uneasily, said lightly, "that some one I know is getting pret-

ty old to come downstairs in that rig when strangers are here!" "It seems to me this is just as decent as lots of things—bathing suits, for instance!" Cherry returned in-

stantly, gathering the robe about her, and giving Anne a resentful glance over her blue cup.

for, in the first place—"
"You had it to guy the apple tree,"
Alix him, "The tree that
died after all—"

"Ah, yes!" said her father, his attentive face brightening. "Alt

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin umidors and in the

"I have a rope—what did I have it

CHAPTER II.

Immediately they gathered by the fallen rose vine, all talking and disputing at once. A light rope was tied; an experimental tug broke it like a string, tumbling Alix violently in a sitting position, and precipitating her father into a loamy bed. Anne, who was bargaining with a Chinese fruit vendor frankly interested in their unlertaking, had called that she elp them in a second, when behind Alix, who was still sitting on the ground, another voice offered help.

A young man had come into the

doctor's garden; work was stopped for a few minutes while they welcomed Martin Lloyd.

He was tall and fair, broad, but with not an ounce of extra weight, with brown eyes always laughing, and a ready friendliness always in evi-dence. Anne's heart gave a throb of approval as she studied him; Alix flushed furiously, scowled a certain hovish approval; Cherry had not come

echoed his question doubtfully don't know that it can be done!" he admitted.

upon Cherry, and went from Cherry's nbsorbed face—for she was dreaming over her breakfast—to Peter, and he wondered if Peter had kissed her. "Come on, let's get at it!" Alix ex-"What's that you're eating-an apri-Martin said to Anne, in his ing way. "I was going to say claimed with relish. "Come on, Sweetums," she added, to the dog. She caught his forepaws, and he whipped his beautiful tail between that if it was a peach, you are a can-

"Oh, help!" Alix ejaculated, with a

look of elaborate scorn.
"No, but where were you last night?" Martin added in a lower tone when he and Anne could speak unnoticed. The happy color flooded her

"I have to take care of my family sometimes!" she reminded him de-murely, "Wasn't Cherry a good substigarden to look in the ahandoned greenhouse for his rope, "It's not here," he stated. Then he began

"Cherry's adorable!" he agreed. "Isn't she sweet?" Anne asked en-thusiastically, "She's only a little girl, really, but she's a little girl who is going to have a lot of attention some day!" she added, in her most matronly manner.

Martin dld not answer, but turning briskly toward the doctor, he devoted

himself to the business in hand.

They were all deep in the first united tug, each person placed carefully by the doctor, and guys for the rope driven at intervals decided by



She Crept Into View.

Martin, when there was an interruption for Cherry's arrival on the scene. With characteristic coquetry she did not approach, as the others had, by means of the front porch and the gar den path, but crept from the study v into a veritable tunnel of green bloom, and came crawling down A Hero of Faith

and as fresh, as the roses themselves. Her bright head was hidden by a blue

sunbonnet, assumed, she explained

later, because the thorns tangled her

hair; but as, itughing and smothered

with roses, she crept into view, the sunborn at slipped back, and the lovely, flushed little face, with tendrils of gold straying across the white fore-

head, and mischief gleaming in the

spring free of the branches, and she stood laughing at their surprise and

still clinging to his hand. "The day we raised the rose tree" had a place of its own in Alix's memory, as a time of carefree fun and content, a time of perfume and sunshine—perhaps the last time of its kind that any one of

them was to know.

Cherry looked at Martin daringly as

she joined the laborers; her whole being was thrilling to the excitement of

his glance; she was hardly conscious

of what she was doing or saying. Mar-tin came close to her, in the general

morning?"

"How's my little sweetheart this

Cherry looked up, her throat con-tracted, she looked down again, un-able to speak. She had been waiting

sweeter than her wildest dream. "How can I see you a minute?" Mar-

a part of their intimate little world.

in his secret heart,

vague, dissatisfied feeling that Lloyd

was a man who held women, as a class, rather in disrespect, and had

probably had his experiences with

them, but there was no way of ex-pressing, much less governing his

pressing, much less governing instead conduct toward Martin by so purely speculative a prejudice. Somewhat appalled, in the sunny garden, struggling with the banksia, Peter decided that this was not much to know of a

person who might have the audacity

to fall in love with an exquisite and innocent Cherry. After all, she would

not be a little girl forever; some man would want to take that little corn-colored head and that delicious little

pink-clad person away with him some day, to be his wife-

stab of pure pain, and he stood puz-zled and sick, in the garden bed, won-

dering what was happening to him.
"Listen—want a drink?" Alix asked,
coming out with a tin dipper that

spilled a glittering sheet of water down the thirsty nasturtiums. "Rest

a few minutes, Peter. Dad wanted a pole, and Mr. Lloyd has gone up into the woods to cut one."

"And where's Cherry?" Peter asked,

"She went along—just up in the woods here!" Alix answered. "They'll

be back before you could get there.

Five minutes were enough to take

Cherry and her lover out of sight of the house, enough to have him put his

arm about her, and to have her raise her lips confidently, and yet shyly, again to his. They kissed each other

Their talk was incoherent. Cherry

was still playing, coquetting and smil-ing, her words few, and Martin, hav-

ing her so near, could only repeat the

endearing phrases that attempted to express to her his love and fervor.

"You darling! Do you know how I love you? You darling—you little ex-

quisite beauty! Do you love me-do you love me?" Martin murmured, and

"You know I do-but you know I

Presently he selected the sapling

redwood, and brought it down with two blows of his ax. The girl seated

herself beside him, helped him strip the trunk, their hands constantly touching, the man once or twice delay-

ing her for one more snatched and laughing kiss. And Martin said that

eon. Peter was wandering off in the woods nearby, but came at Alix's shrill yell of summons, and looked relieved when he saw Cherry and Martin not even talking to each other.

again, with aching muscles how, and in the first real summer heat. It was three o'clock before, with a great crackling, and the scream of a twisted branch, and a general panting and heaving on the part of the workers, at last the feathery mass had risen a constitute foot-into the air, and

foot—two feet—into the air, had stood tottering like a wall of bloom, and finally, with a downward rush, had settled to its old place on the roof. Hong was pressed into service

ear and far powers

Minvisibly combined

in one lens make

wife a man ever had.

Cherry answered breathlessly:

They've been gone five minutes!"

deeply, again and again,

drinking deep.

And suddenly Peter was torn by

By REV. J. R. SCHAFFER

blue, blue eyes was framed only in loosened pale gold hair. Years afterward Alix remembered her so, as Martin Lloyd helped her to

God has his heroes. His Rook recounts their wondrous exploits. They are heroes of faith.

is Abel, the sec ond-born of earth. We ask, "What great deed hath he wrought?" The July 6 Book says, "By faith Abel offered excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous,

God testifying of his gifts; and by it he being dead yet speaketh."

Here there is nothing, apparently, of

brave daring, of courageous abandon, of sublime heroism. Why then should such a simple deed be carved in mperishable granite of God's Word?

for his first word; now that it had come it seemed so far richer and The most perfect picture ever con-ceived of life and all its hallowed re-ationships is found in the opening chapters of Genesis. But the charm of tin murmured, snapping his big knife shut.
"I have to walk down for the mail that life was dispelled by the blighting invasion of sin. Sinful nature, sin--" stammered Cherry, conscious only of Martin and herself. ful environment and sinful atmosphere was the bequest of Adam and Eve to Both Peter and her father were their countless posterity, yet God did not abandon His disobedient children. He loved them. His love furnished an antidote for their sin. Before they left Paradise the gospel of salvation watching her with an uneasiness and suspicion that had sprung into being full-blown. Both men were asking themselves what they knew of this strange young man who was suddenly was proclaimed, redemption offered

and righteousness provided.

There is every reason to believe that the guilty parents of the race accepted put on the robes of substitution God brought to them. Wonderful indeed must this all have been to them.

Oh, how could they sin in the midst of love and light and liberty! They dld, and deserved sin's inevitable consequence, death; but God, whose grace was greater than all their sin, brought salvation ere they suffered the conse-

quences of disobedience.

Their life outside began very naturally, I should say—just life as it has continued to the present. They set up their home, as near the gate of the Garden as possible, doubtless hope fill-ing their hearts of getting back again.

Children were born into that home, two boys. Cain seemed so much the child of promise that his mother named was welcomed she had learned that he was not the promised Seed of the wom-an, who was to bring deliverance from sin's curse. When her second son was born she called his name "Abei," meaning "vanity," which seemed to be a confirmation of her disappointment in

The boys grew up. Father and mother told them of Paradise with its dark tragedy and also of its glorious hope in the God-given promise and the way of eternal life. The time of personal responsibility came when they must, like father and mother, believe God or reject His way. A choice was demanded because sin had become personal. What would they do? God had said an offering alone could meet the

Both brought an offering. Cain's was one of human reasoning. He considered it better than the one God had taught his father and mother to bring. It was more beautiful, the work of his brain and hands. No life had been forfeited to provide it. But alas, it was the rejection of God's way, the preferment of his own. Therefore it had in it the essence of sin, for sin, is self-will, self-pleasing, self-exattation. God rejected Cain's offering and

Abel brought the very best lamb of the flock, just as he had been taught. He believed God. He responded by doing what God asked him to do. By faith he offered his sacrifice. This, in the face of the attitude of his older brother, was heroism indeed. When any man in loyalty to God dares to laughing kiss. And Martin said that he was going to make her the happiest defy the consensus of human reason, bragging the stripped tree, they ran down the sharp hill to the house just as Anne came out to announce lunch-

God accepted Abel's offering. Even so God accepted Christ's death. He was delivered for our offences and

lieved when he saw Cherry and Martin not even talking to each other. They had been gone only ten minutes. It was a happy meal for everyone, and after it they had attacked the rose bush again, with aching muscles now, and in the first real summer heat. It was three o'clock before, with a great crackling, and the scream of a twist-only one title to heaven not more. mood of characterists. There is only one title to heaven—not morality or good works, or personal virtue, or self-sacrifice, or death for another, but that title which is the inheritance of the saints in light through faith in the Son of God.

Great is the mystery of Godliness:
God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached aunto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.—I Timothy 3:16.

God's Glory Above the Heavens. O Lord our Lord, how excellen is the authorism in all the earth! who hast set the glory above the heavens

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of the late Albert Whitfield, late of Orange couny, North Carolina, notic is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to settle same at once and al' persons having claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned propely authenticated on er before July 9, 1922 or this notice will be plead in bar their recovery. This July 9, 1921. ", " T. J. WHITFIELD, Adm'r.

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