By CLIVE ARDEN

Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

 \sim matrix and the matrix of the matrix of

-Continued.

gone round and round ol for months! I don't I think."

think this," he said gently: ge laws and forms vary with reed, and in every country, to mperament or-environment. erywhere, certain conventions essary. For God's sake, don't! ie I'm an advocate of loose moral-But you and I are cast off from rules save those of our own making. ave you considered that? These natives-or Indians, Turks, Christiansall have some ideal which they embody in certain marriage rites and laws."

She hung upon his words, clasping tightly the hands holding her own. "Yes?" she breathed, when he paused.

"Well-we are adrift from every one which applies to us. We can't obey them in the letter! We only have them in our hearts."

"You mean," she whispered, "you think it would be right to form our own-marriage rites?"

ol do. Befere God Barbara, I do. To nie, our wedding would be as sacred and lawful here, with the sea for music, the birds for witness, as in a crowded church. I want you always to remember that."

The waves echoed faintly upon the shore; the wind stirred the palm leaves in their enclosure; otherwise the whole world seemed waiting, in a stillness like death, for her reply.

"I believe you. Alan," she murmured at last. "I had not thought of it at all in this light. It would be the same to me, in my heart. But-should we be right? Suppose-afterward-we were rescued?"

"Well? Then we should at once obey the letter. Here we can obey the spirit. But isn't that the greater? In the world it is the reverse, often. The spirit is violated."

"Suppose," she began again, with a shudder, "only one of us were res-

"Don't conjure up imaginary hor-

She drew away, looking around the bay with the same pathetic helplessness that had struck him so poignantly on Christmas eve. "Oh!" she muttered, "it is a terrible

problem! If only there were somebody outside it all, to help! I am so afraid our very love may guide us-wrongly.' "No," he said quickly. "It won't, be-

cause it is love-not that other word beginning with the same letter. Besides, it is the motive of the heart which counts, in all problems," She turned away, covering her face

with her hands.

"What can we do? What can we do?" The words came brokenly, pathetically, to the other outcast from all laws. He was conscious tonight, more than ever before, of their growing, dominant need of each other. Had he striven in his old arrogance she would not, he knew, have resisted his appeal. But the great keynote was tuning his nature as well as hers. All the chivalry latent in his being rose to his heart, casting out passion. With infinite delicacy he went to her and put his arms about her.

"We are down among the deep chords together, now," he whispered. together-always together."

With a choking cry she turned and flung herself upon his breast, clinging to him, the only bulwark of her life. "I can't decide yet. Oh! I can'tdecide; I can't decide-" And she

burst into a passion of tears.

Ш

The man, with the divine instinct of understanding now awakened, realized acutely all that the girl was suffering. He held her quivering form close, saying nothing. There was nothing he and strode off up the bay. could say. Her own soul must now fight out this battle between the old instincts of a lifetime and those of a world beyond reach of civilized rule.

Presently, when she grew calmer, he lifted her bodily and carried her into the faut. He placed her upon her bed; then knelt for a moment, and laid his cheek to hers.

"The decision lies in your hands," he whispered. "Come and tell me when you know."

Then he rose to his feet, lingering beside her for a time, a world of almost maternal tenderness in his steady gard. But she made no reply. With a little gesture of helplessness, he

turned, and walked back to the Jagoon. Croft, in old days, could not have been called a strongly sexed man. All the vitality of his nature went into other channels. Now, when, for the first time, passion had come to him, it found him bereft of all those other outlets to his abundant energy. It shook him with flerce intensity. In the past, his whole concentration, every ounce same splendid force, welling up and overflowing, was concentrated upon woman-a channel half closed against him. Being half closed caused more torture than if it had been entirely

shot and barred. Fate-God-whatever the Unseen Power was called---had hurled them, man and woman, together in this Isolathan Why, by all that was carred ones were in their life of freedom

His creation? Must His primal laws be set aside because those made by man, now mere chimeras, were absent? It was absurd, quixotic, unnec-

But beneath the velvet glove of nature lies the iron hand; behind her smiling face sits grim severity. These, more than any scruples, caused him to pause. He who had ever scorned obstacles, now faced them appalled. He who had never known fear, was now afraid. . . .

He who had ever seized what he desired, now stood aside and waited. Barbara must decide. To that, amid

the turmoil of his spirit, he clung. There must never be coercion; she was no weakling. Not until she saw the path clear before her would she move an inch: that he knew well.

No sign came from the hut. Within its darkness, inert head buried in her outstretched arms, lay the arbiter of his fate and her own. In a great and awful loneliness of soul, such as she had never imagined possible, she faced the greatest question woman can be called upon to answer. The mountains were quite close now; but she approached them without shrinking, only desirous of finding the right path across to her Beloved. She did not blind herself. She had contemplated marriage before, aware of all it meant to a woman in civilization. Now she contemplated it shorn of all but nature's own sublimely terrible forces; contemplated the years ahead, with the possibility of other lives besides their own. . . . Reverberations! Truly, when one irrevocable chord is struck, the reverberations roll on and on, echoing all around, so that God's whole Harmony may be marred or perfected. Can one always tell which it will be?

Both met next day, heavy-eyed from a sleepless night, but each tacitly forbore to allude to the fact. They spoke



Lifted Her Bodily and Carried Her.

little, making but a pretense at breakfast. Afterward, Alan fetched his native bow and arrows. "I may not be back until evening," he

said. "You will be all right?"

"Quite." There was a relief in her tone which he noticed and understood. He hesitated; but she did not look up. For the first time since Christmas they had omitted their morning kiss. And now something restrained him from taking the wistful little face in his hands, much as he longed to do so. He turned

The omission was significant. They had struck a chord too deep ever to return to the delightful camaraderie of the past. Demonstrativeness held a hidden menace behind all its charm. A new wall, vastly different from the old one, yet no less baffling, formed again between them. Once more, each intuitively hid behind reserve yet hung upon the other's slightest action. Once more, only surface topics were allowed admittance. Once · more, Alan spent

long hours away. . . . One day, before their second Christmas, Meamaa fell sick. Barbara, who of late had shunned too much contact with that happy family, fetched Laulo and his sister to play in the enclosure. Children's merry laughter echoed around their home; and Alan, instead of going off as usual, stayed to play

Barbara watched him, all her heart shining in her eyes. There was nobody to put the fear of tabu into Laalo's frizzy head. The "great white chief" told him marvelous stories of animals of brain and strength, had been given never seen upon their island. He beto his work and inventions. Now the came a wonderful horse galloping round the hut, with Laals upon his back; then a roaring lion, that roared most terribly. There were swings in the hammock, and games of which the

little natives never heard. And all the time, while joining in their play, Barbara watched her man. Often, too, she found him watching her. . . . How happy these little

should they resist the law underlying | knowing no other. . . . The conventions of previous years seemed very remote now, very unreal. . . . His point of view was, surely, mere common sense. . . . As the day wore on, she fell more and more silent; a terrible aching hunger in her heart. . . Must their two natures age here in barren purposelessness? Never be fulfilled? Why? Because far-off rules of society, which could not reach them, would be broken? How trivial such things seemed here, where the world was still in its beginning. . .

In the eyening, the tiny girl, tired after excitement of the day, grew sleepy and fretful. Alan stopped an uproarious game, sat down upon a rock, and lifted her in his arms. She lay there contentedly, her little black head nestled in his shoulder.

A pain that, in its poignancy, was almost physical, gripped Barbara's heart. Great tears welled up suddenly and ran down her cheeks. Moved by an irresistible impulse she darted forward and snatched the child from him. "No. no, no! I can't bear-that! Let them go home. . . . It is time they went home. . . ." For a moment he gazed at her, be-

reft of speech. Then he rose, and called Laalo. "I will take them home," he said

quietly.

When he returned, she had sunk upon the rock he had vacated. With eyes tragic in their intentness, she watched him approach. He came close to her. With one of his old swift movements he raised her chin with his hand, so that she met the penetration of his gaze. "Barbara!" he muttered, "this will

drive us mad. We are human, not She drew away, hiding her face in

her hands. The very touch of his fingers sent an electric current racing through her veins. To continue like this was becoming daily more impos-

Presently she rose, not daring to speak, and turned from him into the Blindly, bewildered, Barbara groped

her way, step by step, through a maze of uncertainty. The day with the native children had been a revelation. Never before had she realized the passion of longing which possessed her. . . . And by her own self-revelation

she judged the suffering of the man waiting for her decision. The claims of another's need grew insistent, dominating. . . . More and more did the life of previous years seem pale and unreal. . . The fears for the future, the burden of its responsibilities, grew fainter, assumed new as-

There came a night when Alan, after being away all day returned moody, irritable, impatient of all the trivial subjects with which she endeavored to make conversation.

"Have you been working in the plantation?" she asked, after several unsuccessful attempts during supper. "No."

He ate a banana, and threw away the skin. "What's the good of it all?" he asked impatiently. "It will lead nowhere."

"It's occupation," she faltered. "Occupation? Yes. Occupation for the sake of occupation! Is that all life is to be worth? My G-d! What an

outlook.!" This was another of Barbara's fears. How long would the limited interests of the island, shorn of a deeper outlet,

suffice for a man of his temperament? "You are doing a lot of good among the natives," she suggested, feeble though she knew the remark to be.

"Good?" He gave an impatient

laugh, "Lord! Don't credit me with the instincts of a missionary! That's only 'occupation.' One hour, if we left this place, and they would forget This bitterness, this dreary desola-

tion of voice and mien, so unlike the old Alan of indomitable resource and optimism, cut Barbara to the heart, For she understood. "Alan! Alan!" she cried, stretching

out a hand. But he shook his head, "No. can't -I-daren't. I'm only fit for the

devil tonight." She rose, her lips trembling, and

went toward him. "Don't! Alan, don't shut me out! I—understand—'

"Understand? You can't, or -- " Suddenly he seized her, almost vi iously, dragging her up against him. With shaking hands he pressed back her head, and laid his hot lips upon her "I-I'll-force you to give in one

day-" he muttered thickly.

She did not struggle; but she irembled violently in his grasp. For a long moment his eyes burned into hers. But, among the answering passion they saw there, lay the purity which was the very essence of her being.

As abruptly as he has seized her, he let her go again.

"I-I told you I was only fit for the devil tonight," he said huskily. "Let me be. . . . for God's sake, let me be. . , ." She turned, quivering in every limb.

and ran into the hut.

to all around, alone with her God. . . . fense of Women."

And gradually a great peace stole over her spirit. Imperceptibly, the last mountain rolled slowly away. As one tired out after long, victorious warfare, she lay, motionless, the moonlight falling through the little window upon her white-robed figure. . . .

After a time she rose and looked once more upon the waves she loved so well, a wondrous shining in her eyes. And all the perfumed beauty of the night blended in the tender, passionate craving to be with him who, also, had striven, and suffered, and conquered.

Slipping on her old Japanese wrapper, she passed noiselessly out of her room. He had, she knew, not gone in to bed.

Moved by some instinct, she turned, stumbling over the rough ground, and ascended the eastern slopes, where they had watched the dawn on that Christmas day nearly a year ago.

A group of rough bowlders, mosscovered, commanded a long view over the eastern shore of the island, while forming a shelter from the wind. The girl approached them; then, at a sudden soft sound, stood still, her heart beating rapidly. Noiselessly rounding them, she discovered the man she sought stretched upon the ground, his head thrown back upon clasped arms, his eyes dreaming far away over the softly outlined scene below.

For a moment she fingered the folds of her thin garment, watching him. Then the wind fluttered one of her loose sleeves; and his gaze flashed back from far distances. Turning his head, he saw the figure standing, motionless, by his side. She stood perfectly still, her hands

pressed upon the garment at her breast. the wind waving her cloudy hair, her lips a little parted, her blue eyes darkly shining in the faint light. Once-twice-she tried to speak, but

the words would not come: she could only envelop him, as it were, in the radiant glory of her face. . . .

Suddenly a great wave of understanding broke over him, rendering him for a moment breathless, blir 'ed, bewildered. . Then, instinctively, he raised his arms. With a little inarticulate cry the gre Mlowed him to take her, trembling in her capitulation, clinging to him, submitting, without resistance, to the storm of passion at last set free. His kisses burned into her soft flesh, his arms crushed her well-nigh breathless; she was carried away by the tide of his arder, responsive, glorying. . . . Barbara had crossed her Rubicon

for all time.

Presently he sat down upon the rocks, still holding her to him. "You-came to tell me?" he whispered. his face close to hers, his eyes

piercing to her very soul. "Yes," she whispered back. . . . After a time she raised herself, still in his arms.

"Alan, 1-couldn't tell you before, until I felt convinced that all-was right. You understand; don't you? It was because I loved you so, dear heart, not-fear, or coldness-"

"I understand," he murmured, laying his cheek against hers. "I always understood. It was the beastly brute in me that sometimes seemed not to. . . When, Barbara?"

Her head fell back upon his breast; with a little throbbing sigh, she re nounced her will to his.

"Whenever-you like, Alan." "At dawn?" he whispered. "It will

soon be here. When the sun rises over the water it shall witness our-marriage rites?" The passion had died out of his voice,

and a note almost of awe had crept in. They remained, sometimes silent, sometimes discussing, in low tones, their forthcoming bridal, while the moonlight waned, and the wonderful blue-black of the southern night softened and paled.

Presently Alan lowered the hand he held near his cheek and opened the "What can we do about a wedding

ring?" he asked.

"Oh! Does that matter?" "I should like to see you wearing one

-of mine. Wait!" he continued, searching in the pockets of his frayed breeches. He displayed a collection of keys, a pocket knife, and a pencil, suspended upon a small tin key ring. "Will this fit? It's better than noth-

"It looks about the right size, and will do beautifully. Oh, Alan! how shall love it!"

He smiled, a world of tenderness in his eyes. "Look," he said. "Dawn is

breaking." Early Lirds began to chirp and whistle, away in the forest; the dancing waves turned a steely gray. The wind had dropped, leaving a great silence. It seemed as if nature were holding her breath, waiting for the dawn not far off. . . . When at last the sun's first long shaft of gold quivered across the water, the man rose and set the girl gently upon her feet. The hand in his trembled a little; but she met his eyes bravely, smilingly. . 4

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Women and Courtship

Man views it as a great testimony to his prowess at amour to yield up his liberty, his property and his soul to the first woman who, in despair of finding better game, turns her appraising eye upon him. But if you want to hear a mirthless laugh, just present this musculine theory to a bridesmaid at a wedding, particularly after alcohol and crocodile tears have done their disarming work upon her. That is to say, just hint to her that the bride harbored no notion of marriage until stormed into acquiescence by the moonstruck and impetuous bride For hours she lay, deaf and blind groom.-H. L. Mencken, in "In De

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for February 8

CHRIST'S INTERCESSORY PRAYER

LESSON TEXT-John 17:1-26. GOLDEN TEXT-"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are."-John 17:11. PRIMARY TOPIC-Jesus Praying for

His Friends. JUNIOR TOPIC-What Jesus Prayed

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOP-IC-Christ's Prayer for His Disciples.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOP-C-Christ's Intercessory Prayer.

I. His Prayer for Himself (vv. 1-5). Fully conscious that the hour of His crucifixion was at hand He prayed to the Father saying, "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee." His coming into the world had as its supreme mission the glorification of the Father. In order that the Father might be glorified it was necessary that the Son should be glorified.

1. To Him Had Been Given the Power to Give Eternal Life to God's Chosen Ones (vv. 2, 31). Eternal life is knowledge of and a right relation to the true God and Jesus Christ. Thus we see that eternal life is a relationship and not an entity.

2. He Declared That He Had Finished the Work Committed Unto Him (v. 4). The definite work which He came to do was to give eternal life to the chosen of God.

II. His Prayer for His Immediate Disciples (vv. R-19).

1. Their Preservation (vv. 9-16). He did not pray that they would be taken out of the world but that they might be kept from the Evil One. It is not the divine will that we go to heaven at once when we believe because:

(1) Christ needs our ministry. Those who have been made partakers of the divine life are His representatives in the world. (2) We need His grace strength-

ened and developed in us. Heaven is a prepared place and only those who have been prepared for it can be admitted into it. (3) The world needs us. Christ declares that the disciples are the light

of the world, the salt of the earth (Matt. 5:16). Only as the light of the Lord shines forth through the disciples can the people in the world find their way.

2. Their Sanctification (vv. 17-19).

(1) Sanctify means: First, to set apart; that means then that the disciples were to be set apart to do the specific work of representing Christ; second, to cleanse; those who are set apart as His representatives need the special cleansing grace to make them vessels fit for the Master's use.

(2) The instrument used (v. 17). They were to be sanctified through God's truth. God's truth is His Word.

(3) The purpose (v. 18). They were sanctified in order that they might be qualified for His service in

(4) Jesus' own sanctification was for that purpose (v. 19). He is the grand

III. His Prayer for His Future Disciples (vv. 20-26). 1. Their Unification (vv. 20-23). His

great concern was that all believers should be united. (1) The grand pattern of this spiritual union is the union that exists between the Father and the Son (v.

(2) The incentive making possible this union (v. 22). The vision of the glory of God in Christ (II Cor. 3:18) is the grand incentive which unites

the believers. (3) The purpose (v. 23). The supreme objective in the unification of the believers is to convince the world that God sent Jesus Christ to save it.

2. Their Glorification (vv. 24-26). The disciple of Christ enjoys fellowship with the Father and the Son and fellowship with his fellow believer. but he also looks forward to the time when he shall be glorified.

(1) "I will that they be with Me where I am" (v. 24). There is a present glory enjoyed by believers.

(a) They are now children of God. although it does not yet appear what they shall be.

(b) They now possess eternal life and therefore shall never perish. While there is the present glory, Jesus wants His disciples to be with Him in Heaven. He said, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die. It abideth alone." We can reverently say that unless the believer is taken to Heaven Christ will be lonely.

(2) "Behold my glory" (v. 24). The believer shall share the ineffable glory of Christ (I John 3:1-3).

The Master-Word The master-word of Christianity is

Charity

A bone to the dog is not charity. Charity is the bone shared with the dog when you are just as hungry as

Never Be Afraid

Never be afraid of giving up your best-and God will give you His bet-

Men's Muscles

their souls are making merry music.

Men's muscles move better when

Sick for Ten Years Gained 60 Pound by Use of PE-RU-N Read This



Mr. John Wick

No matter how long you ha been sick or how much you hap suffered, you must not give hope. Mr. John Wick, of Mo monee Falls, Wisconsin, did and is a well man today. In Se tember, 1918, he wrote: "I ha been a user of Pe-ru-na for near ly twenty years. I had catarrh of the stomach for ten years. Noth. ing did me any good. I grew worse until a friend advised me to try Pe-ru-na. While using the first bottle, I felt I had found the right medicine. I am entirely cured. My weight was down to 135 pounds and now I weigh 15 pounds. I have used very little medicine for the last ten years."

The condition known as catarri, al is not confined to the nose and throat. It may be found wherever there are mucous membrances and is responsible for a multitude of troubles. Coughs and colds are catarrhal as well as stomach and bowel disorders. Do as John Wick did. Keep Pe.

ru-na in the house. It stimulates digestion, aids in throwing off the poisonous secretions, enriches the blood, increases the resistance to disease and promotes good health generally. Insist upon having genuine Pe-

ru--na in either tablet or liquid form. Your dealer has it.



Some Kisser

"Elsie says that I'm the first mat who has ever kissed her." "You big boob, why I've kissed her

hundred times." "Well, the statement still stands."-Dirge.



Not "Or," but "And"

A university president was complain ing about the worship of wealth that has seemed to characterize our time. "A young man," . he said, "asked mi which was the more estimable, riche or brains.

"'Brains,' said I, 'of course, but ! sometimes seems as if in these time the only way for a man to convinct people he has brains is to get riches."

T has been proven conclusively that " of the suffering, pain and dread expeenced during expectancy, as well as a child-birth is enthrely unnecessary.

An eminent physician, Dr. J. F. Holmer expert in this science, first produced the greenedy "Mother's Friend," and tissues to expand more

easily, during the constant readjustment, month after month, right up to the climax of child-birth. Mother's Friend" is applied externally. Three generations of expectant nothers have used it, "Pains disappeared in two d'ys after using 'Mother's Friend,'" writes a user. "I owe my life to 'Moth-er's Friend,'" declared

another. I'se "Mother's Friend" as our mother and grandmothers did, start today and el perience the wonderful comfort it will give job FREE BOOKLET Write Bradfield Regulator Co., Desk 1 Atlanta, Ga., for free booklet giving min facts every expectant mother should know "Mother's Friend" is sold at all good dru

A THE INZID Have you

RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout? Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.

SUISTING THE KO MELTER OF THE CALIFORNIA At All Druggists Jas. Bally & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.