SYNOPSIS.

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

### CHAPTER XIII.

The Department of Correspondence. I simply couldn't manage to dress in five minutes, although Celie, like the jewel she is, had put out the simplest gown Mrs. Hazard allowed me and began throwing my clothes at me the minute I appeared. I collapsed into a chair and she pulled the pins from my hair. My face was streaked with tear-stains where I had cried, my eyes were red, my nose worse. Celle looked at me in despair while the clock ticked off the seconds fiendishly-ticked off two minutes, to be falling about me. I sank down and exact-and chatter from the drawing- put my arms upon the casement. His room floated up to me through the open windows. That punctual dinner

utes. Celle cried alarmed. "You have been her silly ruby. I must prove I didn't. crying. If you please, will Mademoi- But how? Jo would know. Poor Jo! Mademoiselle is most-"

"Yes, Celie, I'm a wreck," I interrupted in English, "and, there's no woman in the world can dress in three minutes. Will you ask Mrs. Hazard to excuse me for this one evening-if she hasn't already gone down? Tell her I have a headache; my head does ache, Celle. Run! If she has gone down come back quickly and hook me every other book and trust to luck. I'll do my hair while you're gone.'

She was already across the corridor and I gave my hair a twist, a loop, stuck pins in, blessed the Lord for the curls he had given me, and tried to repair my damaged face with a smear of cold cream. I had always read of shining eyes and glowing cheeks after what I had just been through; when a man had given me his heart, and had kissed me into acknowledging that I loved him, besides making me promise all sorts of wonderful promises I knew I couldn't keep. I couldn't, I couldn't, I couldn't.

I began to cry again, but I didn't have time to cry. I winked back the tears and smeared on more cream; Mrs. Hazard appeared.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? Celle says you are ill?"

"Oh, it's nothing, but I've been crying-as you know," I added hastily, "and I'm a fright, and I can't get dressed before that gong sounds. I don't feel like talking. Would it be too much to ask if I might have a beadache and stay here for once?"

"Of course, you may," she replied sympathetically. "I should have been the one to suggest it. My dear, don't worry, don't-there's the gong! Send Celle for your, dinner, and if you need me, send for me. Remember there's nothing to cry about."

She bustled out in her dear, fat way. I heard her speak to Hap in the corridor, and my fingers, smearing the cold cream, trembled against my face at the sound of his voice. He loved me; he loved me; he loved me! Suddenly something inside me gave way, either in my brain or my heart, I don't know which, and I went forward across my dressing-table, my greasy face against the dainty pink to keep the hair out of my eyes; now and white covering, and had a real ery, a jolly, soul-refreshing weep.

"Ah. Mademolselle ees in ze grand not cry again! deestress!" Celie exclaimed: "Mademoiselle ees Ill. Mademoiselle 'as nevaire-

I knew Celie was in "ze grand dee-English I sat up again, wiping the tears from my eyes and the grease from my face.

"Get me my dinner, Celie," I said between sobs. "I'm so hungry. I'll there. feel better when I eat something."

"Mademoiselle will not faint?" she

inquired. "I'll not faint unless you fail to come with the dinner," I assured her. "Now

hurry!" When the door closed upon her I looked into the mirror and smiled, not at what I saw there, although it was funny enough, but I smiled becauseclosed my eyes ecstatically. He loved me; he had kissed me!

I sat there a long time, how long I don't know, dreaming. I had never allowed myself the luxury of such thoughts. I had pushed them back and trampled them down, and refused to listen. How dear was that expression about his mouth, and how beautiful his eyes! I loved the forelock! had touched it! I covered my face suddenly. My throat was tight; I was suffocating with happiness.

I had loved him from the first. knew that now. I wondered that I didn't realize my danger from the minute Mrs. Hazard made her proposal to me. I remembered perfectly how he had looked at me that first meeting; a silly, unromantic place it was-a crowded street, and I had wisps of hair dangling about my ears. Funny! Silly things like that to come sneaking into one's thoughts at such a time. I had learned the sound of the gray car; I admitted now that I had listened for it. I knew his step from the first. I knew, too, that he had always been near; and I had to talk baseball to him, it was part of my job. Baseball? Pshaw! An excuse. Natalie? Gracious, she never had a chance, after he saw me! I must not think that! How awful! But he had said so; his lips said so, his eyes said so. He loved me! And I cried about

it to my heart's content. I rose suddenly and went to the window, with my unfastened gown mother must not know I couldn't lose her love and trust. I'd have to tell gong would sound in just three min- Jo. Of course, I couldn't marry him; I knew that, knew it, knew it! Be-"Ah, Mademoiselle, you are ill!" sides, Natalie had said I had taken selle allow me the time for massage? She knew something was going to happen to me. She knew from the beginning I was going to fall in love with somebody!

The air was cool and salty and good against my hot face. Everything was still and the trees cast long, placid shadows on the grass from the dying sun. Vincent, tinkering with the engine of the limousine in the driveway below, was talking softly to Henri, the boy who looked after the tennis courts, but the conversation reached me plainly. Vincent was trying to speak French, and Henri trying to answer in English. Funny! The slang they used, although Henri expressed himself fully as well as His Grace. I could hear Winthrop yelling to a fisherman. A moment later a -and a searchlight faintly pierced the fast-falling twilight.

put on the white flannel dress in a blue ribbon around my hair. He loved the ribbon; he had said so once. I were it when I played tennis



And Had a Real Cry, a Jolly, Soul Refreshing Weep.

put it on, trying to be a girl again, just as I was when Jo and I-I would

One isn't quite broken-hearted when one can eat, I was finishing my coffee when Celle brought me a note. know I went red as she handed it to I would not read the next one. I put tried to speak casually.

you again tonight. You may go." I comfortable, I wondered what was in didn't dare open it while she was it? After all, it came before mine

"But Monsleur requests the answer, She looked at me astonished. She Mademoiselle. brow I was not quite hopeless as long "There's no answer, Celie," I said,

my first love letter:

My Own:- The sun has gone out, the earth is a barren waste. I refuse to believe there will ever be light again until I can see you. Why did you not come down to dinner? Celie says you are ill; mother says it's because you didn't have time to dress. I'm a beast for keeping you. I have spoiled the evening. Are you really ill, darling? If it's the dress, won't you come now? I shall wait for you ruby. I did not stop to reason or on the stairs. Impatiently. HAP.

I kissed the name-that dear, silly nickname—and put the letter in my bosom, over my heart. It was stiff and uncomfortable, and I wished he had made a happier choice of stationery, but it was very sweet there, over my heart. I watched the moon coming up, a rim of silver showing along the horizon, then a stream of light shimmering, dancing across the water. He was waiting on the stairs for

It was dreadfully stupid alone. Of course, no one would disturb me. 'Are you ill, darling?" . . . Dorothy

was playing the piano below. Gracious! Why didn't some one keep her from singing Sleepy Song so soon? She'd put everybody to yawning. I knew then why I was necessary. I hoped my fiends wouldn't get mixed. .

"If it's the dress, won't you come . . . I surveyed myself in now?" the mirror and shook my head. I couldn't go down; I didn't want to Natalie had said I was a thief! But he was waiting on the stairs for me, and that was-heavenly!

Now, I always thought Celie an exception. She isn't. She's just like every other French maid. She takes a fiendish delight in anything that appears the least romantic or clandestine. She came in with a second note, beaming. I looked at her frowning a bit, and took it.

'Celie, you are not to bring another," I said firmly. "Do you under-

"Oui, Mademoiselle, oui, oui! Mais Monsieur-!"

"You are to go below and stay there, Celie." "But Monsieur sent for me," Celie

explained. 'You are to stay below," I insisted.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, I dare not disbey Monsieur." "You are to obey me, Celie," I said

in my most indulgent tone, but quite firmly. "You may go."

"But, Mademoiselle, there is the answer?"

"There is no answer."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, there is the answer. Monsieur"-she finished in English-"he will, what you call him, murder me if zere ees not ze ansaire.'

I turned away to smile. I should have been vexed. It really was most ridiculous, embarrassing, too. Celie was sure to gossip. I sat down and hastily wrote the answer.

My Dear Friend: -As I do not wish you to resort to murder, and as I need my maid, here is the answer. Will you please not write again, as I have forbidden Celie to bring another letter.

> Sincerely. LOULIE CODMAN.

I read it over before I sealed it, and it sounded so frigid that I relented and wrote: P. S. I am not really ill, I am sup-

posed to have a headache. L When I was alone once more I kissed the envelope of my second letter before I opened it:

Darling, Darling:-Why do you deny me one little word? Don't be cruel. I waited on the stairs smoking countless cigarettes which I threw into motor-boat sounded-Winthrop's boat that Sevres affair in the nook just to see Burrows fish them out and keep my mind away from the century it I discarded the evening gown and took you to appear. You did not come; you did not answer. I refuse which I played tennis. I knotted a to believe it. I think that maid of blue scarf beneath the collar and tied | yours is a fraud. Laura has gone to the gate, expecting Winthrop, I suppose, and mother is trying to settle your fiends, or I would make one of them bring me to you. I could come into the corridor and speak to you through the door. May I? How many thousand years has it been since ! HAP.

kissed you? I was in a panic. He must not come into the corridor and speak to me, and he would; he was just crazy enough to do it. I wished frantically for Celle, but she would not come back. I had been quite positive with her. I sat down and hastily wrote another answer to beg him to be discreet, not knowing just how I could reach him without ringing.

I heard footsteps along the corridor; Celie was returning, the minx! I had been so positive with her, too! She came in with her hands behind her, looking guilty. I stood with my hands behind me, trying to look cross.

"Another, Celie?" "Ah, Monsieur is most persuasive," she replied. "Mademoiselle, do not be angry. It is the last billet-doux, I promise." She thrust the billet-doux forward.

"I hope so." I thrust my billet-doux forward. "There, take that to Monsieur. It is a silly notion-such correspondence. It means nothing. shall regard another as impertinent.

"Oh, oul, oh, oul, oul!" squealed Celie, smiling. "Monsieur is most original." I was never so exasperated in my

life. I did not read it. I had told him stress" herself when she lapsed into me. I wonder if I had expected it. I it away over my heart with the others, where it nestled-did it? It did "Thank you, Celle. I won't need not! It was still more stiff and unreached him; it was not the next one. I drew it forth, turned it over and over, wondered again-and opened it! Its contents were rather amazing:

pealingly, and went out. Then I read five minutes. I have something most over." important to communicate. HAP.

### CHAPTER XIV.

The Mysterious Motor Boat.

I gazed at the letter, trying to comprehend, and finally read it over again. It was short, there was not a line of sentiment: It was a demand. Why? It flashed into my mind that it had to do with Natalie's missing conjecture. I caught up a sweater, for the night was growing cool and already I was shivering. I went out along the corridor, up the few steps to the main hallway, then down the stairs on the other side of the few steps to the gallery, which was an outlet to the tennis courts. Hap was waiting

"What is it?" I gasped. "What has happened? Has anything happened?" "Yes," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Something has

happened. He caught my hand and drew me across the strip of lawn that separated the house and the courts.

"Where are we going?" I asked breathlessly. "To the beach. I want to talk to

von. We almost stumbled over some one asleep. It was Henri. Hap prodded him with his foot and Henri sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Get up, you idiot," Hap commanded. "This is no place to sleep." "He'll catch cold," I chattered as

the cold night air struck my arms and my bared neck.

Henri arose and disappeared into the shadows. Hap helped me put on the sweater, turned me around as if I were a little child, buttoned me and hurried me on to the beach. We clattered down the steps to the sand below and sat down just as we had only a couple of hours ago.

"Now, what is it?" I asked. "What has happened?"

"You are prepared for anything?" He gazed into my white face. I know it was white. "You will not be frightened?"

"I am prepared for anything!" I answered, trying to keep my voice steady. "I promise you I will not be frightened. I promise!"

He clasped my hands in both his

"Darling!"

"Yes, yes?"

"I love you."

I waited, fearing, dreading I knew not what.

"What has happened?" I asked. 'Don't keep me in suspense."

"That has happened." He smiled. "What?"

"I love you."

I looked at him in astonishment; he was smiling easily. A sudden wave of anger swept over me.

"You have tricked me! I thought was the ruby. I thought-I was Connected thought forsook sure-"

"Hang the ruby!" he exclaimed. "I did trick you, dear, because you are so blessed sensible. Your cool little note, which I have here over my heart, convinced me that you are not at all a comforting kind of a sweetheart, but I hope to teach you. Now, look into my eyes and tell me you love me! Nothing else matters; nothing else except my love for you. I'm sorry I frightened you again. didn't think of that. I only knew wanted you to come, knew that I couldn't wait another moment to see

you, to hear you say you love me." He was sweeping me off my feet again. I closed my eyes to steady myself. I wonder if he knew just how much my being sensible had cost me, just how much more it was going to

cost me to push back, trample down-"I'm trying to be sensible," I said, and the tone of my voice was cool, because I was trying to keep it steady. 'My sister has pounded it into me so. I know my head rules my heart, there's a line in my hand that says so, but it's because I must be sen-

I gave way in contradiction of my words and swayed forward. His arm went around me. I placed my hands, comrade-like, on his shoulders. I was trying to live up to that line in my

"This can't go on," I said.

"What?" "This seeing you, with a moon like that, and no one near and loving you." He kissed me before I could finish. "I must be sensible!'

"You love me-darling?"

"Why must you be sensible?" I thought for a while before I answered, meeting his eyes unwaveringly. It was hard to put the answer into words if he did not already understand the intangible everything that was the reason.

"Do you remember that I'm in a very serious position?" I asked him. T've been accused of-of being a thief, not suspected, but actually accused! Perhaps tomorrow I shall be arrested. That means-means handcuffs, doesn't it? And jail? It's sure to be in the newspapers. Arrests are a matter of public record, aren't they? Then I will have to vindicate myself? And how? And if I do, the smudge will always be there, my name in the records of the police. Do you suppose I am going to let you expose yourself as my champion? Everybody will believe it, except perhaps your mother. and Laura, and-and yourself. Miss Agazziz believes I'm a thief!"

"Loulie, will you marry me tonight -now? Give me the right to protect

"No," I answered promptly. "It's all darned foolishness, Natalie accusing you. She acted on an im- matrimony, then testimony, and she askerred of her-

Celle hesitated. looked at me ap- of the stairs to the tennis court in self when she's had time to think ft

"She didn't act on an impulse; she isn't that kind. She's sure she's right. Do you remember that I was on the balcony at the time she thinks her emerald bracelet was stolen?"

"Do you know that before you came she suspected Winthrop?" he asked.

"Yes, I know." "It's all a lot of tommy-rot, her suspicions. I believe she loses things. No one else has had anything stolen. If we have a thief here he wouldn't stop at one jewel, where there are so many. If she's in earnest about being robbed, why doesn't she go to the police and say so?"

"O-o-oh! The police!" I couldn't resist imitating her. "Well, perhaps she's going to the police now. Thatthat's what I must be prepared for. She hasn't had time to do anything yet but tell your mother. She won't gossip, Hap; she's true blue, but of course she will do something decisive after-after accusing me. Surely your mother will send me away. You see I can't go until she sends me it's a contract. Then-I dare not think beyond that! Whatever comes I must face it, with Jo to help me."

"And me don't leave me out, Loulie. You're going to marry me. It's the best answer I know to any suspicions."

"I'm not going to marry you, Hap. I've tried to make you see the reason the big reason-and there are a



Mademoiselle, Do Not Be Angry. It Is the Last Billet-Doux, I Promise."

thousand little ones. Don't you suppose everybody knows about me? That I am a salaried servant? No, there is no use trying to disguise it. Everybody knows my position; I'm not allowed to forget it. There's a great deal of assurance in the way Natalie indicates a vacant chair when she wants me to fill in at bridge. It and warns them that like as they had rather amuses me. Mrs. Sargent sent ally. Yes, I know, everybody is pret ty decent since Laura kicked up a row about that episode at Mrs. Dyke man's, but it only served to make it more conspicuous that Mrs. Dykeman didn't consider me a guest; I was only borrowed for the occasion Please don't abuse anybody. Nothing has been awkward as I expected it to be. Your mother has been heavenly to me, and society has taken to me rather kindly, but marry you-! Gracious!'

I heard the steady beat of a motor boat and I paused to listen. Har heard it, too. It wasn't anything un usual, except the insistent beat of the engine was familiar to me. It must have been making twenty miles an

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NAMES OF VARIOUS CLOTHS

Chiefly Derived From Their Place of Manufacture, Though Not in All Cases.

Muslin is named from Mosul, a city on the banks of the Tigris; Cambric from Cambria, a town of France Gauze is probably derived from Gaza in Syria, although some authorities hold to the Hindu "gazi," meaning thin

cloth. Balze, which is commonly thought of as being of green hue, was named from its original color, a reddist brown. The word is really the plural of "bay," and the color is that of the horse which is known as "bay." A form of the word is common in many

tongues. Damask, quite obviously, is derived

from Damascus. Silk and serge are both derived from the Latin Seres, meaning the Chinese. These fabrics were first imported from that portion of Asia which is now southern China.

Velvet is from the Italian velluto, meaning woolly, this from the Latin vellus, a fleece. Vellum is a derivativ€ of the same root-a pelt or hide. Bandanna is from the Indian word

meaning to "bind or tie," and has refernce to the manner of tying knots in the fabric to prevent the dye from reaching every part thereof. In this way spots are left white and a rude pattern remains in the cloth. Alpaca comes from the animal of

the same name in Peru. It is of the llama species and its wool is used to manufacture the fabric employed in the making of summer garments.

Calleo got its name from Callent, a town in India, once celebrated for its once too often. cotton cloth.

The List.

"They say she got all kinds of money out of her marriage." "She got several kinds. There was

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute,

## **LESSON FOR JUNE 22**

BLINDING EFFECT OF SIN.

LESSON TEXT-Amos 6:1-8. GOLDEN TEXT—"Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live." Amos 5:14.

Amos was the third of the minor prophets and prophesied concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah, king of Judah, about 790 B. C. His name means "burden" and his prophecy reveals a sore one. Though outwardly prosperous, and victorious upon the battlefield, indeed Israel's "golden age," yet this prophet reveals that it was an age of lead as well, for he shows that associated with political and material prosperity was a gross moral corruption; even as was the case in the declining days of the Roman Empire and as was the state of France just preceding the days of the French Revolution. This is certainly a lesson for our day. Blessed as we have been so abundantly, we need to pause and examine the framework o

### our political and moral life. God's Proclamation.

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion" (verse 1). What an indictment, and of how many can this be said in this present day. The state of Israel spoken of by Amos has come down through the ages. We must not, of course, suppose that all were in that state, but rather the majority. Any. one at all interested or familiar with present-day church life knows how few are concerned with the fundamental work of the church, viz., seeking to save the lost. Not only our indiffer ence to those of heathenism but of our neighbors and companions. How much are we concerned with the groans and the cry of intemperance except per haps to shed a few crocodile tears and straightway forget? But God by the mouth of the prophet proclaim "Woe." We are not called to "ease" but to work, not alone to enjoy but to suffer, Tim. 2:12. If we are to escape the woe we must bestir our selves and not be at ease. This of course refers to the war being waged against evil and not to any matter of our personal salvation, Phil. 46, 7 R. V. Pet. 5:7. This is the ease of indifference to God's honor and the peril

The prophet then points to the na

tions that bordered about (verse 2)

of men out of Christ.

come and gone, risen to eminence and me for golf balls the other day, actu- power and sunken to obscurity and decay, so also will Israel unless it bestir itself. America is strong and proud but is just as weak as those that have gone before. We could not stand half-slave and half-free," no more can we stand half-intoxicated and halfsober. We may seek to put off the evil day (verse 3) but whatsoever we sow that shall we also reap, Gal. 6:7 Israel relied upon the fortified mountains round about, only to find later such support to be a broken reed, for the day of reckoning came (9:10). Sinners scoff at warning, hell is a myth, judgment and death a long way off, 2 Pet. 3:4. Governments put off the proper course of action for political reasons and the people perish Witness intemperance in America opium (due to England's perfidity) in China, and slavery in Africa. Can God be a righteous God and overlook these things? "Where there is no vision. (knowledge of the need and the resources at our command) the people perish," e. g., throw off restraint R. V. Prov. 29:18. Lacking a vision, nations, families and individuals alike perish. Rather than to face the issue (verse 4) we give ourselves to ease and to the enjoyments of the sensual nature. "Because sentence against the evil work is not executed speedily. therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" Eccl. 8:11; and so to the chant of music (verse 5) they drink bowls of wine (verse 6) and anoint themselves with choice ointments but are not concerned about the affliction of Joseph,

### o. g., the chosen ones of God. Display of Wealth.

Here we have a terrific indictingnt. These people abounded in "superAulties" (marg.) suggesting something of the lavish display of wealth we are constantly beholding, each seeking to outvie the other, whereas God is calling the Christian to a life of simplicity as the price of power. The intemperate way some professed Christians load up with diamonds, the straining to attract attention by means of dress, as well as other forms of display, demands that we pause and ask what will be the outcome, let alone the effect upon the Kingdom. See I Pet 3:3, 4; I Tim. 2:9, 10; Luke 6:24, 25 Matt. 16:24.

"Therefore" (verse 7). "Back of every effect is an adequate cause." Back of the fall of Babylon was a corrupt court, back of the fall of Rome an enervated, morally emancipated people; back of the fall of Jerusalem a disobedient race who trespassed

In bringing this lesson before our younger scholars we can tell the story of Israel's outward prosperity and call attention to the fact that like the tal' oak, if its heart is rotten, it will fall and decay. Emphasize various other kinds of intemperance, in speech, wames, wealth, tobacco, etc.