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By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELLS BITCHIE

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"You expected to find a friend, then?"

"Not here," Woodhouse returned brusquely and passed out into the blinding square.

He strode swiftly around the statue of Mehmet Ali and plunged into the bedlam crowd filling a side street. With sure sense of direction he threaded the narrow alleyways and bystreets until he had come to the higher part of the mongrel city, near the Rosetta gate. There he turned into a little French hotel, situated far from the disorderly pulse of the city's heart. A sort of pension it was, known only to the occasional discriminating tourist. Maitre Mouquere was proud of the anonymity his house preserved and abhorred poor, driven Cook's slaves as he would a plague. In his Cap de Liberte one was lost to all the world of Alexandria.

Thither the captain's baggage had been sent direct from the steamer. After a glass with Maitre Mouquere and a half hour's discussion of the day's great news Woodhouse pleaded a touch of the sun and went to his room. There he remained until the gold of sunset had faded from the mosque of Omar's great dome and all the city from Pharos and its harbor hedge of masts to El Mek's twinkling lights. Then he took carriage to the railroad station and entrained for Ramleh. What South Kensington is to London and the Oranges are to New York, Ramleh is to Alexandria—the suburb of homes. There pretty villas lie in the lap of the delta's greenery, skirted by canals, cooled by the winds off Aboukir bay and shaded by great palms—the one beauty spot in all the hybrid product of east and west that is the present city of Alexandria.

Remembering directions he had received in Berlin, Woodhouse threaded shaded streets until he paused before a stone gateway set in a high wall. On one of the pillars a small brass plate was inset. By the light of a nearby arc Woodhouse read the inscription on it, "Emil Koch, M. D., 32 Queen's Terrace."

He threw back the door with a sudden gesture, which might have been taken for that of a man about to make a plunge, and rang the bell. The heavy wooden gate, filling all the space of the arch, was opened by a tall Numidian in house livery of white. He nodded an affirmative to Woodhouse's question and led the way through an avenue of flaming hibiscus to a house set far back under heavy shadow of acacias. On every hand were gardens, rank foliage shutting off this walled yard from the street and neighboring dwellings. The heavy gate closed behind the visitor with a sharp snap. One might have said that Dr. Koch lived in pretty secure isolation.



"My office hours are from 2 to 4."

Woodhouse was shown into a small room off the main hall, by its furnishings and position evidently a waiting room for the doctor's patients. The Numidian bowed and disappeared. Alone, Woodhouse rose and strolled aimlessly about the room, flipped the covers of magazines on the table, picked up and hefted the bronze Buddha on the onyx mantel, noted, with a careless glance, the position of the two windows in relation to the entrance door and the folding doors, now shut, which doubtless gave on the consultation room. As he was regarding these doors they rolled back, and a short, thicket man, with a heavy mane of iron gray hair and black brush of beard, stood between them. He looked at Woodhouse through thick lensed glasses, which gave to his stare a curiously intent bent.

"My office hours are from 2 to 4, afternoon," Dr. Koch said. He spoke in English, but his speech was hurried by a slight heaviness on the aspirates, reminiscent of his mother tongue. The doctor did not ask Woodhouse to enter the consultation room, but continued standing between the folding

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Woodhouse of the signal service—I will be embarrassed if I do not know the ropes."

"Seven years ago Woodhouse was there for a very short time," Dr. Koch explained. "New governor since then—changes all around in the personnel of the staff, I don't doubt. You'll have no trouble."

Silence between them for a minute, broken by the captain.

"Our friends at Gib—who are they, and how will I know them?"

The doctor bent a sudden glance of suspicion upon the lean face before him. His thick lips clapped together stubbornly.

"Aha, my dear friend, you are asking questions! In my time at Berlin the Wilhelmstrasse taught that all orders and information came from above—and from there only. Why?"

"I suppose in default of other information I may ask the governor to point out the Wilhelmstrasse men," Woodhouse answered, with a shrug. "I was told at Berlin I would learn all that was necessary to me as I went along; therefore I supposed—"

"Come, come!" Dr. Koch patted the other's shoulder with a heavy joviality. "So you will. When you arrive at Gib put up at the Hotel Splendide and you will not be long learning who your friends are. I, for instance, did not hesitate overmuch to recognize you, and I am under the eyes of the English here at every turn even though I am a naturalized English citizen—and of undoubted loyalty." He finished with a booming laugh.

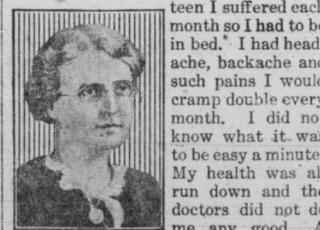
"But Woodhouse—you have arranged a way to have him drop out of sight before the Princess Mary sails? There will be no confusion, no slip-up?"

"Do not fear," the physician reassured. "Everything will be arranged. His baggage will leave the Hotel Khe-

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Second Quarter, For May 13, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xv, 1-16. Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, John xv, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It certainly does seem strange to have no lesson given from John xiv or xv, but we must not pass them by. It is true that part of chapter xiv was suggested in connection with the last review, but that gave no opportunity for the study of such a chapter.

In the end of yesterday's lesson chapter Peter insisted that he was ready to lay down his life for Christ's sake, but the Lord, who knew all that was in him, said that the cock would not crow before Peter would thrice deny Him (xiii, 36-38). If our Lord immediately added the words, "Let not your heart be troubled," and the words following He would seem to say, "Although I know you so well, Peter, and how weak you are, I would not have you troubled, for some day I will get you all home to the mansions prepared for you, and then there will be no more failure on your part, but you will each have a throne and reign with me over the tribes of Israel (Luke xxii, 28, 30). It is truly pathetic to hear Him say to Philip, 'Have I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me?' (xiv, 9). But that was His continual lament. Jesus doth not know. They know not the thoughts of the Lord. If thou hadst known; O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee (Isa. i, 3; Mic. iv, 12; Luke xix, 42; John xvii, 25). If we only knew Him, and through Him the Father, how very different the life of a believer would be! If the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, had full control of us, then the peace of God would rule in our hearts. We would neither be troubled nor afraid. We would ask and receive to the glory of God, and it would be manifest to others that the Father, Son and Holy Spirit were making their home in us (xiv, 13, 14, 16, 17, 23, 26, 27). The one thing that we are here for, as the Lord's redeemed ones, is to bear fruit, more fruit, much fruit, that He may be glorified (xv, 1-8). The fruit of the Spirit is fully described in Gal. v, 22-25, and all else is from the evil one, the prince of this world of John xiv, 30. According to Ezek. xv, the vine is good for nothing if it does not bear fruit, for nothing can be made of the wood of it.

In Ps. lxxx, 8-15, Israel is spoken of as a vine out of Egypt which filled the land and covered the hills, a vine which His right hand had planted, but which the enemy had wasted. In Isa. v, 1-7, He again speaks of Israel as His vineyard and the men of Judah His pleasant plant and asks, "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Then He expresses surprise that instead of the grapes He should have had she gave Him only wild grapes; instead of righteousness, oppression. All is only failure, and always failure on man's side, and never but in one instance could the Father say, "In Him I am well pleased," and only He could say, "I do always those things that please Him" (Matt. xvii, 5; John viii, 29). He is the True Vine, the True Bread, the True Light, the True Tabernacle, the Truth. He never failed in any detail of His life, and He cannot fail to accomplish all that He has purposed. He is also the Branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious, David's righteous Branch, the King who shall reign and prosper; the servant the Branch; the man whose name

dive for the dock tomorrow night, but it will not reach the dock. Yours—

"Will be awaiting the transfer of tags at the Cap de Liberte—Mouquere's little place," the captain finished. "But the man himself—you're not thinking of murder?"

"My dear 1932," Dr. Koch interrupted, lifting protesting hands, "we do not use any such crude methods. They are extremely dangerous. The real Captain Woodhouse will not leave Alexandria—by sea, let us say—for many months, although I have no doubt he will not be found in Alexandria the hour the Princess Mary sails. The papers he carries—the papers of identity and of transfer from Wady Halfa to Gibraltar—will be in your hands in plenty of time. You?"

The doctor stopped abruptly. A hidden electric buzzer somewhere in the shadowed room was clucking an alarm. Koch pressed a button at the side of the operating chair. There was a sound beyond closed doors of some one passing through a hallway; the front door opened and closed.

CHAPTER V.

An Unwelcome Caller.

"SOME one at the gate," Dr. Koch explained. "Caesar, my playful little Numidian—and an artist with the Bedouin dagger is Caesar—he goes to answer."

Their talk was desultory during the next minutes. The doctor seemed listless under the suspense of a pending announcement as to the late visitor. Finally came a soft tapping on the hidden door behind Woodhouse. The latter heard the doctor exchange whispers with the Numidian in the hallway. Finally, "Show him into the waiting room," Koch ordered. He came back to where the captain was sitting, a puzzled frown between his eyes.

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is the Branch, who shall build the temple of the Lord (Isa. iv, 2; Jer. xxiii, 5; Zech. iii, 8; vi, 12). He is the only source of all fruit, for apart from Him we are nothing and can do nothing (verse 5), and He is our only example. As the wise husbandman prunes his vines, even though they bleed, and ties them up and trains them as seems best to him, we must not think Him unwise or unkind if He deals so with us, but consider Him who endured for us; who, though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered (Heb. xii, 3; v, 8). As He lived in His Father's love, so He would have us live in His love and remember that love is always kind (verse 9 and I Cor. xiii, 4).

It should not be difficult to let such love have its own way with us; but, not having always the assurance that it is love, because it does not look to us like it, we waver and fail. Hudson Taylor thought that

abides, so if we are consciously weak we may always abide. Some perplexing sayings in this lesson will seem not difficult if we remember that He was talking to true disciples, eleven really saved men, and the truths concerning fruit bearing were for these and all saved people. From I Cor. iii, 14, 15, we learn that it is possible to be saved and yet bear no fruit. In view of the fact that He knew that Gethsemane was before Him that night and Gethsemane the next day, how could He speak of His joy and the desire that it might be in them? (Verse 11.) It must have been the joy of Heb. xii, 2, to which He has not yet fully come and which should ever be before us if we would meekly bear the hatred and opposition of the world, which will hate us if we are like Him (verses 18-25). Think of our being chosen in Him before the foundation of the world (Eph. i, 4) and ordained by Him to bear abiding fruit.

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