INTERNATIONAL

(By E. O. SELLERS Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JULY 4

ABSALOM'S FAILURE

LESSON TEXT-II Samuel 18:1-15

GOLDEN TEXT-Children obey your

His connivance with Joab, in the

death of Uriah, was a costly bargain

for David, and the development of sin

in his family with its long train of

fearful consequences teaches us that

sin respects not person nor position.

The dark story of chapter 13 involves

Absalom's flight and Joab's strategy in

getting him back to Jerusalem (ch.

14). All is not as well, however, as it

outwardly appears, for Absalom the

beautiful (14:25) soon stole the heart

of the ten tribes, Israel (ch. 15), from

his indulgent and indifferent parent.

Then follows the story of that father's flight and of the son's entry into the

This entire story is one of the most

wonderful dramas recorded in secular

or sacred history It may be divided

roughly as follows: Act I. Absalom

slays his brother. Act II. David fails

to become fully reconciled. Act III Ab-

salom's rebellion Act IV. David's

grief. The lesson for today has to do

Act III. Scene 1. David's Flight

and Finesse, chapters 15, 16 and 17.

"A foolish son is a grief to his father,

and bitterness to her that bare him"

(Prov. 17:25). On the other hand an

indulgent and an indifferent father

Scene 2. The Battle of Mount

Ephraim (chapter 19). David at the

Gate, v. 1-5. The place where David

"numbered" (v. 1) his followers was

Mahanaim (17:27), where Jacob saw

the two "hosts" of angels (Gen. 32:1,

2). What David saw was quite dif-

ferent. As he waited he had time to

contemplate that other time that he

remained behind when he ought to

have gone forth to battle and which

resulted in the sin for which he was

even now suffering (ch. 11:1-7). Ab-

salom was shrewd as men count

shrewdness, but he made one fatal

omission in planning his campaign,

he left God out of his reckoning (ch.

17:14 R. V.). David's use of Hushai

was fully justified by the situation

into which this reckless son was pre-

cipitated, still it is probable that David

listened to the advice of his followers

(v. 3) more willingly because of his

reluctance to fight against his own

Scene 3. Absalom's Defeat, vv. 6

10. The battle was so planned that

the advantage of the forest was on Da-

vid's side and more of the enemies of

David were smitten by the hand of

God (v. 8) than were slain by the

servants of David. These men

brought judgment upon themselves

through their disloyalty to God's

chosen king (Judges 5:20, 21) and in

this we see a type of that final victory

which shall end our David's engage-

ment with his foes (Rev. 79:11-21;

II Thess. 2:8). Men who today are

disloyal or disobedient to God's

chosen King can only expect "a cer-

tain fearful looking for of judgment and

flery indignation which shall devour

the adversaries" (Heb. 10:27). At the

end of the battle proud Absalom is not

found in his chariot, but helplessly en-

Scene 4. Absalom's Death, vv. 11-15.

'Absalom chanced to meet" (v. 9 R.

V.); there is no chance in the provi-

dences of God. His desire to meet

David's servants is granted, yet that

meeting brought Absalom dismay, de-

Joab now takes matters into his

own hands. He held David in his

power and had a debt to pay Absalom

(ch. 14:29). Most dearly did Absalom

pay the penalty to this vengeful, time-

abiding soldier. Joab was not content

to slay this proud youth, but, to show

his contempt, he cast the dead body

into a pit and raised over it a "great

heap" of stones (v. 17). So Absalom's

proud monument (v. 18) failed of its

intended purpose. David's victory

was complete; even so will be the ul-

limate victory of our "greater David"

Act IV. David's Grief, v. 19-33.

Scene 1. The Messengers. Again our

attention is centered upon the grief-

stricken father. His anxiety is sin-

zere and heart-breaking, but it is

ardy. The first messenger, Ahimaaz,

s a good man, but brings not good

news. Is our message one of life or

of death? The second messenger

gives a diplomatic but a blunt answer

to David's anxious inquiry. What

cared David for his enemies, his army,

nay for himself, if only the "young

man" were safe.

Application. "Is the young man

safe?" Industrially, socially, physical-

ty, morally, spiritually, his safety de-

dends upon the guidance of the home,

the father and the church. Only as

parents hear and obey the Master's

words, "Bring thy son hither" (Luke

9:41) is the young man safe. David's

sin was not, however, sufficient cause

for Absalom's downfall; he courted

The great outstanding lesson of this

entire drama, extending from the

eleventh to the nineteenth chapters,

is: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that

his own ruin (John 5:40).

shall he also reap."

feat and ruin.

(Phil. 2:10, 11).

tangled in the crown of his pride.

with Acts III. and IV.

brings grief to his son.

capital city.

parents in the Lord; for this is right.— Ephesians 6:1.

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French eavairy, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, lenging for his moster, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in ation. "Is it possible?" -11-The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts.

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

From where he stood, Tremont could see the Comtesse de la Maine in her little shadow, the oriental decorations a background to her slight Parisian figure, and a little out of the shadow, the bright aigret in her bair danced, shaking its sparkles of fire. She looked infinitely sad and infinitely appealing. One bare arm was along the back of her lounge. She leaned her head upon her hand.

After a few moments the Duc de Tremont quietly left the piano and Miss Redmond, and went and sat down beside the Comtesse de la Maine, who, in order to make a place for him, moved out of the chadow.

Julia, one after another, played songs she loved, keeping her fingers resolutely from the notes that wanted to run into a single song, the music, the song that linked her to the man whose life had become a mystery. She glanced at the Duc de Tremont and the Comtesse de la Maine. She glanced at her aunt, patting Mimi, who, freshly washed, adorned by pale blue ribbon, looked disdainful and princely, and with passion and feeling she began to sing the song that seemed to reach beyond the tawdry room of the villa in Algiers, and to go into the desert, trying in sweet intensity to speak and to comfort, and as she sat so singing to one man, Sabron would have adored adding that picture to his collection.

The servant came up to the marquise and gave her a message. The lady rose, beckoned Tremont to follow her, and went out on the veranda, followed by Mimi. Julia stopped playing and went over to the Comtesse de

"Where have my aunt and Monsleur

"To see someone who has come to suggest a camel excursion, I believe."

"He chooses a curious hour." "Everything is curious in the East, Mademoiselle," returned the com-

tesse. "I feel as though my own life were turned upside down."

"We are not far enough in the East for that," smiled Julia Redmond. She regarded the comtesse with her frank girlish scrutiny. There was in it a fine truthfulness and utter disregard of all the barriers that long epochs of etiquette put between souls.

Julia Redmond knew nothing of French society and of the deference due to the arts of the old world. She knew, perhaps, very little of anything. She was young and unschooled. She knew, as some women know, how to feel, and how to be, and how to love. She was as honest as her ancestors, among whose traditions is the story that one of them could never tell a

Julia Redmond sat beside the Comtesse de la Maine, whose elegance she admired enormously, and taking one of the lady's hands, with a frank liking she asked in her rich young voice:

"Why do you tolerate me, Madame?" "Ma chere enfant," exclaimed the comtesse. "Why, you are adorable."

"It is terribly good of you to say so," murmured Julia Redmond. "It shows how generous you are."

"But you attribute qualities to me I do not deserve, Mademoiselle."

"You deserve them and much more, Madame. I loved you the first day I of merchants who once a year pass on seeing an octopus in every trust saw you; no one could help loving the spot where this native village is." you.

Julia Redmond was irresistible. The Comtesse de la Maine had remarked lec and put him out of the garden, quet. her caprices, her moods, her sadness, Robert. You must not let Julia hear She had seen that the good spirits of this." were false and, as keen women do. she had attributed it to a love affair frankness was contagious. The Comtesse de la Maine murmured:

"I think the same of you, ma chere, vous etes charmante."

Julia Redmond shook her head. She think so?" did not want compliments. The eyes of the two women met and read each

Madame? It is so easy to be frank " It was, indeed, impossible for Julia Redmond to be anything else. The comtesse, who was only a trifle older than the young girl, felt like her mother just then. She laughed.

"But be frank-about what?" "You see," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "I care absolutely nothing for the Duc de Tremont, nothing."

"You don't love him?" returned Ma- end his life."

dame de la Maine, with deep accentu-

The girl smiled. "Yes, quite possible. I think he is a perfect dear. He is a splendid friend and I am devoted to him, but

I don't love him at all, not at all." "Ah!" breathed Madame de la Maine, and she looked at the American girl guardedly.

For a moment it was like a passage of arms between a frank young in at any rate, he does not expect me to dian chief and a Jesuit. Julia, as it were, shook her feathers and her beads.

"And I don't care in the least about being a duchess! My father made his money in oil. I am not an aristocrat like my aunt." she said.

"Then," said the Comtesse de la Maine, forgetting that she was a Jesuit, "you will marry Robert de Tremont simply to please your aunt?"

"But nothing on earth would induce me to marry him!" cried Julia Redmond. "That's what I'm telling you, Madame. I don't love him!"

The Comtesse de la Maine looked at her companion and bit her lip. She blushed more warmly than is permitted in the Faubourg St. Germain, but she was young and the western influence is pernicious.

"I saw at once that you loved him," said Julia Redmond frankly. "That's why I speak as I do."

The Comtesse de la Maine drew back and exclaimed.

"Oh," said Julia Redmond, "don't deny it. I shan't like you half so well if you do. There is no shame in being in love, is there?-especially when the man you love, loves you."

The Comtesse de la Maine broke down, or, rather, she rose high. She rose above all the smallness of convention and the rules of her French formal education.

"You are wonderful," she said, laughing softly, her eyes full of tears. Will you tell me what makes you think that he is fond of me?"

"But you know it so well," said "Hasn't he cared for you for Abou. Julia. a long time?"

Madame de la Maine wondered just how much Julia Redmond had heard, and as there was no way of finding out, she said graciously:

"He has seemed to love me very bitious and he is the Duc de Tremont."

"Nonsense," said Julia. "He loves will will be awfully happy. You marry the Duc de Tremont, won't

you? There's a dear." "Happy," murmured the other woman, "happy, my dear friend, I never

dreamed of such a thing!" "Dream of it now," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "for it will come true."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Man in Rags.

The Marquise d'Esclignae, under the stars, interviewed the native soldier, the beggar, the man in rags, at the foot of the veranda. There was a moon as well as stars, and the man was distinctly visible in all his squalor.

"What on earth is he talking about, Robert?" "About Sabron, marraine," said her

godson laconically. The Marquise d'Esclignac raised her lorgnon and said:

"Speak, man! What do you know about Monsieur de Sabron? See, he is covered with dirt-has leprosy, probably." But she did not withdraw. She was a great lady and stood her ground She did not know what the word 'squeamish" meant.

Listening to the man's jargon and putting many things together, Tremont at last turned to the Marquise d'Esclignae who was sternly fixing the beg-

, ar with her haughty condescension: "Marraine, he says that Sabron is alive, in the hands of natives in a certain district where there is no travel, in the heart of the seditious tribes. He says that he has friends in a caravan

"The man's a lunatic," said the Marquise d'Esclignae calmly. "Get Abime-

"Marraine," said Tremont quietly, Mademoiselle Redmond has already with the Duc de Tremont. The girl's seen this man. He has come to see

her tonight." "How perfectly horrible!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac. Then she asked rather weakly of Tremont: "Don't you

"Well, I think," said Tremont, "that the only interesting thing is the truth there may be in what this man says. "Couldn't you be frank with me, If Sabron is a captive, and he knows anything about it, we must use his information for all it is worth."

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Es clignac, "of course. The war department must be informed at once. Why hasn't he gone there?"

"He has explained," said Tremont. that the only way Sabron can be duced the glass in the jail windows to saved is that he shall be found by outsiders. One hint to his captors would The son was committed to the house

"Oh!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac I don't know what to do. Bob! What part can we take in this?"

Tremont pulled his mustache. Mimi had circled round the beggar, snuffing at his slippers and robe. The man made no objection to the little creature, to the fluffy ball surrounded by a huge bow, and Mimi sat peacefully down in the moonlight, at the beggar's

"Mimi seems to like him," said the Marquise d'Esclignac helplessly, "she is very particular."

"She finds that he has a serious and onvincing manner," said Tremont.

Now the man, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said in fairly comprehensible English to the Marquise d'Esclignac:

"If the beautiful grandmother could have seen the Capitaine de Sabron on the night before the battle-'

"Grandmother, indeed!" exclaimed the marquise indignantly. "Come, Mimi! Robert, finish with this creature and get what satisfaction you can from him. I believe him to be an impostor; mount a camel or to lead a caravan to the rescue."

Tremont put Mimi in her arms; she folded her lorgnon and sailed majestic-



"Nonsense," Said Julia.

ally away, like a highly decorated pinnace with silk sails, and Tremont, in the moonlight, continued to talk with the sincere and convincing Hammet

CHAPTER XX.

Julia Decides.

Now the young girl had his letters and her own to read. They were dearly for many years; but I am sweet and sad companions and she poor; I have a child. He is am- laid them side by side. She did not weep, because she was not of the weeping type; she had hope.

Her spirits remained singularly you. That's all that counts. You even. Madame de la Maine had given her a great deal to live on

"Julia, what have you done to Rob-

ert?" "Nothing, ma tante."

"He has quite changed. This excursion to Africa has entirely altered him. He is naturally so gay," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Have you refused him, Julia?"

"Ma tante, he has not asked me to be the Duchess de Tremont." Her aunt's voice was earnest.

"Julia, do you wish to spoil your life and your chances of happiness? Do you wish to mourn for a dead soldier who has never been more than an acquaintance? I won't even say a friend.' What she said sounded logical.

"Ma tante, I do not think of Monsieur de Sabron as dead, you know." "Well, in the event that he may be, my dear Julia."

"Sometimes," said the girl, drawing near to her aunt and taking the older lady's hand quietly and looking in her eyes, "sometimes, ma tante, you are cruel."

The marquise kissed her and sighed: "Robert's mother will be so un

"But she has never seen me, ma tante.

"She trusts my taste, Julia." "There should be more than 'taste in a matter of husband and wife, mi tante.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suspicious.

George W. Perkins said at a dinner: "There are some people who insist These people cross-question you as suspiciously as the young wife cross questioned her husband after the ban

"A young husband attended his first banquet, and a few days afterward his wife said to him:

"'Howard, is it true that you were the only sober man at that banquet?" "No, of course not!' Howard indig nantly answered.

"'Who was, then?' said his wife,

Stoned Jail; Is Jailed.

In an effort to extricate her son Chester from jail by force, Mrs. Alice Rollins of Tappan, Rockland county, New York, was locked up herself and sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment in that village.

When the jailer refused to liberate her son, Mrs. Rollins gathered rocks and other ammunition and opened fire She gave a correct imitation of the bombardment of Dixmude and refragments before she was arrested. of refuge for burglary.

SHOULD COOL OFF GRADUALLY

Mistake to Turn the Hose on Perspiring Team, is the Assertion of Veterinarian.

"In the 'tot weather there are always a number of fools who think they are kind to their horses when they turn a hose on them and drench them with cold water to thoroughly cool them off," said a veterinarian as he stopped a driver from throwing water over his perspiring team. "If the horse is overheated," he continued, "the shock of such a bath on the region where the kidneys are situated is enough to kill it, and even if it does no apparent harm the horse will succumb much more readily to the heat afterward. After a horse has been working in the broiling sun it should be cooled off as gradual , as possible. The first thing to do is to take a sponge and wash out its mouth. This removes the saliva, which is polsonous, and refreshes the animal greatly, before it can be allowed to have a drink. After this the horse should have its four legs bathed-the hind ones as far as its haunches, the front ones up to the chest. Then it is safe to wet its head, neck and the part of its neck immediately behind the neck. Care should be taken, however, to keep the region of the kidneys perfectly dry. This habit of driving a team up before a fire engine house and playing a hose indiscriminately over their bodies is accountable for the death of many good horses every summer.

His Excuse.

In his Savannah camp Bill Donovan, baseball manager, had a dusky hued waiter at the hotel by the name of Sutton. Bill had to reproach Sutton more than once for a lack of agility in arriving with the food. Sutton promised to improve. One morning he brought in a consignment of griddlecakes that had gone cold.

"What do you mean," said Bill, "by bringing me in cold cakes?" "Well, I tell you, boss," said Sutton,

"I brung them cakes in so fast for you that I guess they hit a draft." **CLEAR YOUR SKIN**

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Blissful Ideal.

"I hope," said the applicant for summer board, "that you have no mosquitoes, and that there will be chicken and fresh vegetables always on the table, and that the nights are invariably cool?"

"Great Scott, Mister!" exclaimed Farmer Corntossel, " hat place are office building holds the world's recou lookin' fur? Heaven?

A Real Dilemma.

"I'm in a fix," declared the war correspondent. "I'm in love with a pretty nurse."

"Yes?"

"She wants me to shave, and my passport describes me with whiskers."

A kiss may be a reward or punish-

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sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without suc-cess, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

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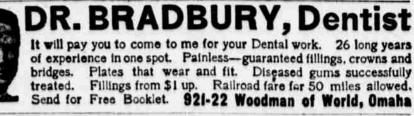
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