

# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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## CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Sabron could not reply. Her ribbons and flowers and jewels shook in his eyes like a kaleidoscope. His flush had made him more natural. In his invalid state, with his hair brushed back from his fine brow, there was something spiritual and beautiful about him. The Marquise d'Esclignac looked on a man who had been far and who had determined of his own accord to come back. She said more gently, putting her hand affectionately over his:

"Get strong, monsieur—get well. Eat all the good things we are making for you. I dare say that the army cannot spare you. It needs brave hearts."

Sabron was so agitated after her departure that the nurse said he must receive no more visits for several days, and he meditated and longed and thought and wondered, and nearly cursed the life that had brought him back to a world which must be lonely for him henceforth.

When he sat up in bed he was a shadow. He had a book to read and read a few lines of it, but he put it down as the letters blurred. He was sitting so, dreaming and wondering how true or how false it was that he had seen Julia Redmond come several times to his bedside during the early days of his illness here in the hospital. Then across his troubled mind suddenly came the words that he had heard her sing, and he tried to recall them. The Red Cross nurse who so charitably sang in the hospital came to the wards and began her mission. One after another she sang familiar songs.

"How the poor devils must love it!" Sabron thought, and he blessed her for charity.

How familiar was her voice! But that was only because he was so ill. But he began to wonder and to doubt, and across the distance came the notes of the tune, the melody of the song that had haunted him for many months:

God keep you safe, my love,  
All through the night;  
Best close in his encircling arms  
Until the light.  
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,  
Good night! God keep you in his care  
Always.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts  
About my head;  
I lose myself in tender dreams  
While overhead  
The moon comes stealing through the  
window-bars,  
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,  
Feel safe and strong,  
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet,  
The night is long,  
I say with sobbing breath the old fond  
prayer,  
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep  
you everywhere!"

When she had finished singing there were tears on the soldier's cheeks and he was not ashamed. Pitchenne, who remembered the tune as well, crept up to him and laid his head on his master's hand. Sabron had just time to wipe away the tears when the Duc de Tremont came in.

"Old fellow, do you feel up to seeing Miss Redmond for a few moments?"

When she came in he did not know whether he most clearly saw her simple summer dress with the single jewel at her throat, her large hat that framed her face, or the gentle lovely face all sweetness and sympathy. He believed her to be the future Duchesse de Tremont.

"Monsieur de Sabron, we are all so glad you are getting well."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

He seemed to look at her from a great distance, from the distance to the end of which he had so wearily been travelling. She was lovelier than he had dreamed, more rarely sweet and adorable.

"Did you recognize the little song, Monsieur?"

"It was good of you to sing it."

"This is not the first time I have seen you, Monsieur de Sabron. I came when you were too ill to know of it."

"Then I did not dream," said the officer simply.

He was as proud as he was poor. He could only suppose her engaged to the Duc de Tremont. It explained her presence here. In his wildest dreams he could not suppose that she had followed him to Africa. Julia, on her part, having done an extraordinary and wonderful thing, like every brave woman, was seized with terror and a sudden cowardice. Sabron, after all, was a stranger. How could she know his feelings for her? She spent a miserable day. He was out of all danger; in a fortnight he might leave the hospital. She did not feel that she could see him again as things were. The Comtesse de la Maine had returned to Paris as soon as Tremont came in from the desert.

"Ma tante," said Julia Redmond to the Marquise d'Esclignac, "can we go back to France immediately?"

"My dear Julia!" exclaimed her

aunt, in surprise and delight. "Robert will be enchanted, but he would not be able to leave his friend so soon."

"He need not," said the girl, "nor need you leave unless you wish."

The Marquise d'Esclignac entertained a thousand thoughts. She had not studied young girl's minds for a long time. She had heard that the modern American girl was very extreme and she held her in rather light esteem. Julia Redmond she had considered to be out of the general rule. "Was it possible," she wondered, "that Julia, in comparing Tremont with the invalid, found Robert more attractive?"

"Julia," she said severely, as though her niece were a child, pointing to a chair, "sit down."

Slightly smiling, the young girl obeyed her aunt.

"My dear, I have followed your caprices from France to Africa. Only by pleading heart-failure and mortal illness could I dissuade you from going into the desert with the caravan. Now, without any apparent reason, you wish to return to France."

"The reason for coming here has been accomplished, ma tante. Monsieur de Sabron has been found."

"And now that you have found him," said the marquise reproachfully, "and you discover that he is not all your romantic fancy imagined, you are going to run away from him. In short, you mean to throw him over."

"Throw him over, ma tante!" murmured the girl. "I have never had the chance. Between Monsieur de Sabron and myself there is only friendship."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "I have no understanding of the modern young

girl. She makes her own marriages and her subsequent divorces. I am our aunt, my dear, your mother's sister, and a woman of at least twenty-five years' more experience than you have."

Julia was not following her aunt's train of thought, but her own. She felt the hint of authority and bondage in her aunt's tone and repeated:

"I wish to leave Algiers tomorrow."

"You shall do so," said her aunt. "I am rejoiced to get out of the Orient. It is late to order my dresses for Trouville, but I can manage. Before we go, however, my dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise, ma tante?" The girl's tone implied that she did not think she would give it.

"You have played the part of fate in the life of this young man, who, I find, is a charming and brave man. Now you must stand by your guns, my dear Julia."

"Why, how do you mean, ma tante?"

"You will go to Paris and the Capitaine de Sabron will get well rapidly. He will follow you, and if it were not for Tremont, myself, your Red Cross Society and the presence here of Madame de la Maine, you would have been very much compromised. But never mind," said the Marquise d'Esclignac magnificently, "my name is sufficient protection for my niece. I am thinking solely of the poor young man."

"Of Monsieur de Sabron?"

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac tartly, "did you think I meant Robert? You have so well arranged his life for him, my dear."

"Ma tante," pleaded the girl. The marquise was merciless.

"I want you to promise me, Julia, before you sail for home, that if Sabron follows us and makes you understand that he loves you, as he will, that you will accept him."

Julia Redmond looked at the Marquise d'Esclignac in astonishment. She half laughed and she half cried.

"You want me to promise?"

"I do," said her aunt firmly, regarding her niece through her lorgnon. "In the first place the affair is en-

tirely unconventional and has been since we left France. It is I who should speak to the Capitaine de Sabron. You are so extremely rich that it will be a difficult matter for a poor and honorable young man. . . . Indeed, my dear, I may as well tell you that I shall do so when we reach home."

"Oh," said the girl, turning perfectly pale and stepping forward toward her aunt, "if you consider such a thing I shall leave for America at once."

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a petulant sigh.

"How impossible you are, Julia. Understand me, my dear, I do not want a woman of my family to be a coquette. I do not want it said that you are an American flirt—it is in bad taste and entirely misunderstood in the Faubourg St.-Germain."

The girl, bewildered by her aunt's attitude and extremely troubled by the threat of the marriage convention, said:

"Don't you understand? In this case it is peculiarly delicate. He might ask me from a sense of honor."

"Not in any sense," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "It has not occurred to the poor young officer to suppose for a moment that a young woman with millions, as you are so fortunate to be, would derange herself like this to follow him. If I thought so I would not have brought you, Julia. What I have done, I have done solely for your peace of mind, my child. This young man loves you. He believes that you love him, no doubt. You have given him sufficient reason, heaven knows! Now," said her aunt emphatically, "I do not intend that you should break his heart."

It was more than likely that the Marquise d'Esclignac was looking back twenty-five years to a time, when as a rich American, she had put aside her love for a penniless soldier with an insignificant title. She remembered how she had followed his campaign. She folded her lorgnon and looked at her niece, Julia Redmond saw a cloud pass over her aunt's tranquil face. She put her arms around her and kissed her tenderly.

"You really think then, ma tante, that he will come to Paris?"

"Without a doubt, my dear."

"You think he cares, ma tante?"

Her aunt kissed her and laughed.

"I think you will be happy to a bourgeois extent. He is a fine man."

"But do I need to promise you?" asked the girl. "Don't you know?"

"I shall be perfectly ashamed of you," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "If you are anything but a woman of heart and decision in this matter."

Evidently she waited, and Julia Redmond, slightly bowing her lovely head in deference to the older lady who had not married her first love, said obediently:

"I promise to do as you wish, ma tante."



When He Sat Up in Bed He Was a Shadow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WOMAN THE HOME BUILDER

Undoubtedly the Chief Trade in Which Females of the Country Are Engaged.

Yes, of course, it is homemaking. Everybody knows that, but the figures for it, compiled by the United States Board of Education statisticians, are worth noting. Of the 31,000,000 females over ten years of age in the United States 24,000,000 are engaged in homemaking. Girls may be entering more and more into other trades, but in the last analysis they generally fall back or advance to the rank of homemakers.

Hence, says the Federal Educational board, the importance of giving special attention to scientific cooking in the vocational schools. The girl's hope of being able to hire a cook is apt to be disappointed as frequently as the hope of keeping one when she is hired. It is one of the oddest things of life that cooking, the preparation of the food that sustains life, the art that can waste or economize in the chief item of family expenditures, is so largely left to be picked up as best it may be without serious consideration or training. If the woeful waste resulting from amateur cookery could be computed in dollars and cents it would rival the war bills of Europe. If the indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred physical disturbances caused by incapable cooks could be tabulated they would dwarf the list of killed, missing and wounded.

**Lost Hand Digging Grave.** Grave digging is not an extra hazardous occupation, even though in excavating graves it is necessary to use dynamite to break hardpan, the industrial insurance department has decided. The department rejected the claim of John Borgford, a Seattle sexton, whose left hand was partly blown off by a dynamite cap. Although use of explosives generally makes a class extra hazardous, the general occupation of grave digging is such a peaceful one that exception cannot be made when blasting is necessary, the commission holds.—Olympia (Wash.) Dispatch to the Portland Oregonian.

### Flag for New York City.

The board of aldermen adopted a flag for the city of New York—three perpendicular bars of blue, white and orange, which were the colors of the Dutch flag used when New York was New Netherlands. The board also adopted a new city seal, which will appear in blue on the white bar of the flag. The new emblem will be raised on the city hall on June 12, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the board of aldermen.

There is a time in the life of nearly every man when most of his money goes to the support of a race horse.

### SOFT WHITE HANDS

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From one family in France 72 men enlisted for the European war.

### A Benevolent Refusal.

"Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary." "Oh, my boy," responded the oily senator, "don't get mixed up with the government service. Nothing to it. Ruins a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."—Kansas City Journal.

### An Expert.

Johnny—What is an expert, pa? Pa—A fellow who tells others how to do the things he can't do himself.—Kansas City Star.

But it is letter to quarrel over trifles than over something of real importance.

Sweden is increasingly using kerosene and gasoline motors.

## Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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### Substitute for Horn.

A cheap and easily made substitute for horn can be made of wheat flour and sodium silicate. This substitute is very hard and strong and, by inserting organic dye into the composition while mixing, it can be colored to imitate almost any kind of horn substance. The compound is made by mixing 10 parts (by volume) of sodium silicate (40 degrees Baume) with distilled water, and then stirring the resultant liquid into a thick paste with fine white wheat flour. The mass is then allowed to stand for three weeks, during which time it undergoes a chemical reaction that produces a hard, hornlike substance. This composition can be molded without pressure when first made and turned and machined like brass after it has set.

### Points of Similarity.

"That match was the union of natural mates."  
"In what way?"  
"She was dove-eyed and he was pigeon-toed."

Women employed in the United States arsenal in Philadelphia have asked for a 25 per cent increase in pay.

A woman's pleasures often beget heartaches; a man's headaches.

Beauty is only skin deep and lots of so-called wisdom is likewise.

### MUSSEL MUD AS FERTILIZER

Organic Remains of Shellfish Secure Fertility to Poorest and Most Exhausted Soil.

Consul Frank Deedmeyer, writes from Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada:

In most of the bays indenting the shores of Prince Edward Island are found extensive deposits of mussel mud, so-called locally, being organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, clams, and other bivalves of the ocean, and of crustacean animals generally. The shells, usually more or less intact, are found imbedded in dense deposits of mudlike substance and this combination is a fertilizer of high value and potency. It supplies small quantities of phosphates and alkalies. An ordinary dressing of it secures fertility in a striking manner to the poorest or most exhausted soil. The shells decay slowly, year by year, throwing off a film of fertilizing stuffs. The deposits around Prince Edward Island vary from five to twenty-five feet in depth. They are taken up by dredging machines worked from rafts in summer or from the ice in winter.

The worst thing about friends is the ease with which they are converted into enemies.

Australia and New Zealand are the greatest wool-producing countries.

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### Only Two Legs Left.

Carmargo, in Dewey county, Okla., has dogs—big dogs, little dogs and in fact all kinds of dogs, but it has one that is somewhat of an oddity. This is a dog that travels on two legs. Several months ago a dog belonging to Mr. Storey, section foreman of Supply, Okla., was run over by a train and two of his legs cut off. For some time he was unable to move around, but now has recovered so that he can navigate quite handily. The two legs on which he is forced to walk are both on one side. He not only walks, but can also run, and seems to be about as well able to get around as a dog with four good legs.

### An Empire Ranch.

We hear often of "captains of industry," "Napoleons of finance," and "land barons," but what title is imposing enough to fit the Australian cattleman who owns or controls 28,800,000 acres of ranch land—a domain as large as Pennsylvania?—Youth's Companion.

### Window Boxes.

Before putting earth in window boxes whitewash the inside of the box. This not only keeps a wooden box from rotting but prevents insects.—McCall's Magazine.

### The attempt to form a separate international union for the bartenders was voted down at the recent convention at San Francisco.

**A Delightful Treat**

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Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit.

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