

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitcheoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Trying to save Pitcheoune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitcheoune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitcheoune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitcheoune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algiers.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Pitcheoune, whose eyes had followed the cat out of sight, sprang upon his master and seemed quite ready for the new departure.

"I shall at least have you," Sabron said. "It will be your first campaign. We shall have some famous runs and I shall introduce you to a camel and make you acquainted with several donkeys, not to speak of the historic Arab steeds. You will see, my friend, that there are other animals besides yourself in creation."

"A telegram for mon capitaine." Brunet came in with the blue envelope which Sabron tore open.

You will take with you neither horses nor dogs.

It was an order from the minister of war, just such a one as was sent to some half-dozen other young officers, all of whom, no doubt, felt more or less discomfited.

Sabron twisted the telegram, put it in the fireplace and lighted his cigarette with it, watching Pitcheoune who, finding himself a comfortable corner in the armchair, had settled down for a nap.

"So," nodded the young man aloud, "I shall not even have Pitcheoune."

He smoked, musing. In the rigid discipline of his soldier's life he was used to obedience. His softened eyes, however, and his nervous fingers as they pulled at his mustache, showed that the command had touched him.

"What shall I do with you, old fellow?"

Although Sabron's voice was low, the dog, whose head was down upon his paws, turned his bright brown eyes on his master with so much confidence and affection that it completed the work. Sabron walked across the floor, smoking, the spurs on his heels clanking, the light shining on his brilliant boots and on his uniform. He was a splendid-looking man with race and breeding, and he combined with his masculine force the gentleness of a woman.

"They want me to be lonely," he thought. "All that the chiefs consider is the soldier—not the man—even the companionship of my dog is denied me. What do they think I am going to do out there in the long eastern evenings?" He reflected. "What does the world expect an unaccompanied wanderer to do?" There are many things and the less thought about them, the better.

"A letter for Monsieur le Capitaine." Brunet returned with a note which he presented stiffly, and Pitcheoune, who chose in his little brain to imagine Brunet an intruder, sprang from the chair like lightning, rushed at the servant, seized the leg of his pantaloons and began to worry them, growling, Brunet regarding him with adoration. Sabron had not thought aloud the last words of the telegram, which he had used to light his cigarette.

Nor will it be necessary to take a personal servant. The indigenes are capable ordonnances.

As he took the letter from Brunet's salver he said curtly: "I am ordered to Algiers and I shall not take horses nor Pitcheoune."

The dog, at mention of his name, set Brunet's leg free and stood quiet, his head lifted.

"Nor you either, mon brave Brunet." Sabron put his hand on his servant's shoulder, the first familiarity he had ever shown a man who served him with devotion, and who would have given his life to save his master's. "Those," said the officer curtly, "are the orders from headquarters, and the least said about them the better."

The ruddy cheek of the servant turned pale. He mechanically touched his forehead.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," he murmured, with a little catch in his voice. He stood at attention, then wheeled and without being dismissed, stalked out of the room.

Pitcheoune did not follow. He remained immovable like a little dog cut from bronze; he understood—who shall say—how much of the conversation? Sabron threw away his cigarette, then read his letter by the mantlepiece, leaning his arm upon it. He read slowly. He had broken the seal slowly. It was the first letter he had ever seen in this handwriting. It was written in French and ran thus:

Monseigneur—My aunt wishes me to ask you if you will come to us for a little musicale tomorrow afternoon. We hope you will be free, and I hope, she added, that you will bring Pitcheoune. Not that

I think he will care for the music, but afterward perhaps he will run with us as we walk to the gate. My aunt wishes me to say that she has learned from the colonel that you have been ordered to Algiers. In this way she says that we shall have an opportunity of wishing you bon voyage, and I say I hope Pitcheoune will be a comfort to you.

The letter ended in the usual formal French fashion. Sabron, turning the letter and rereading it, found that it completed the work that had been going on in his lonely heart. He stood long, musing.

Pitcheoune laid himself down on the rug, his bright little head between his paws, his affectionate eyes on his master. The freight shone on them both, the musing young officer and the almost human-hearted little beast. So Brunet found them when he came in with the lamp shortly, and as he set it down on the table and its light shone on him, Sabron, glancing at the ordonnance, saw that his eyes were red, and liked him none the less for it.

CHAPTER VII.

A Soldier's Dog.

"It is just as I thought," he told Pitcheoune. "I took you into my life, you little rascal, against my will, and now, although it's not your fault, you are making me regret it. I shall end, Pitcheoune, by being a cynic and misogynist, and learn to make idols of my career and my troops alone. After all, they may be tiresome, but they don't hurt as you do, and some other things as well."

Pitcheoune, being invited to the musicale at the Chateau d'Esclignac, went along with his master, running behind the captain's horse. It was a heavenly January day, soft and mild, full of sunlight and delicious odors, and over the towers of King Rene's castle the sky banners were made of celestial blue.

The officer found the house full of people. He thought it hard that he might not have had one more intimate picture to add to his collection. When he entered the room a young man was playing a violoncello. There was a group at the piano, and among the people the only ones he clearly saw were the hostess, Madame d'Esclignac in a gorgeous velvet frock, then Miss Redmond, who stood by the window, listening to the music. She saw him come in and smiled to him, and from that moment his eyes hardly left her.

What the music was that afternoon the Count de Sabron could not have



He Stood Long Musing.

told very intelligently. Much of it was sweet, all of it was touching, but when Miss Redmond stood to sing and chose the little song of which he had made a lullaby, and sang it divinely, Sabron, his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little bent, still looking at her, thought that his heart would break. It was horrible to go away and not tell her. It was cowardly to feel so much and not be able to speak it. And he felt that he might be equal to some wild deed, such as crossing the room violently, putting his hand over her slender one and saying:

"I am a soldier; I have nothing but a soldier's life. I am going to Africa tomorrow. Come with me; I want you, come!"

All of which, slightly impossible and quite out of the question, nevertheless charmed and soothed him. The words of her English song, almost barbaric to him because incomprehensible, fell on his ears. Its melody was already part of him.

"Monsieur de Sabron," said Madame d'Esclignac, "you are going away tomorrow?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I expect you will be engaged in some awful native skirmishes. Perhaps you will even be able to send back a tiger skin."

"There are no tigers in that part of Africa, Madame."

The young soldier's dark eyes rest-

ed almost hostilely on the gorgeous marquise in her red gown. He felt that she was glad to have him go. He wanted to say: "I shall come back, however; I shall come back and when I return" . . . but he knew that such a boast, or even such a hope was fruitless.

His colonel had told him only the day before that Miss Redmond was one of the richest American heiresses, and there was a question of a duke or a prince and heaven only knew what in the way of titles. As the marquise moved away her progress was something like the rolling of an elegant velvet chair, and while his feelings were still disturbed Miss Redmond crossed the room to him. Before Sabron quite knew how they had been able to escape the others or leave the room, he was standing with her in the winter garden where the sunlight came in through trellises and the perfume of the warmed plants was heavy and sweet. Before them flowed the Rhone, golden in the winter's light. The blue river swept its waves around old Tarascon and the battlements of King Rene's towers.

"You are going to Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond smiled, and how was Sabron to realize that she could not very well have wept there and then, had she wished to do so?

"Yes," he said. "I adore my regiment. I love my work. I have always wanted to see colonial service."

"Have you? It is delightful to find one's ambitions and desires satisfied," said Miss Redmond. "I have always longed to see the desert. It must be beautiful. Of course you are going to take Pitcheoune?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sabron, "that is just what I am not going to do."

"What!" she cried. "You are never going to leave that darling dog behind you?"

"I must, unfortunately. My superior officers do not allow me to take horses or dogs, or even my servant."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "What brutes they are! Why, Pitcheoune will die of a broken heart." Then she said: "You are leaving him with your man servant?"

Sabron shook his head. "Brunet would not be able to keep him."

"Ah!" she breathed. "He is looking for a home? Is he? If so, would you . . . might I take care of Pitcheoune?"

The Frenchman impulsively put out his hand, and she laid her own in it. "You are too good," he murmured. "Thank you, Pitcheoune will thank you."

He kissed her hand. That was all. From within the salon came the noise of voices, and the bow of the violoncellist was beginning a new concerto. They stood looking at each other. No condition could have prevented it although the Marquise d'Esclignac was rolling toward them across the polished floor of the music-room. As though Sabron realized that he might never see this lovely young woman again, probably never would see her, and wanted before he left to have something made clear, he asked quickly:

"Could you, Mademoiselle, in a word or two tell me the meaning of the English song you sang?"

She flushed and laughed slightly.

"Well, it is not very easy to put it in prose," she hesitated. "Things sound so differently in music and poetry; but it means," she said in French, bravely, "why, it is a sort of prayer that someone you love very much should be kept safe night and day. That's about all. There is a little sadness in it, as though," and her cheeks glowed, "as if there was a sort of separation. It means . . ."

"Ah!" breathed the officer deeply. "I understand. Thank you."

And just then Madame d'Esclignac rolled up between them and with an unmistakable satisfaction presented to her niece the gentleman she had secured.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Your Own Home.

William L. Price in "The House of the Democrat," gave us a description of his ideal dwelling in words so genial and simple, and full of such picturesque feeling, that they seem a fitting preface to an article on the planning of a home. "The rooms," he said, "shall be ample and low; wide-windowed, deep-seated, spacious, cool by reason of shadows in summer, warmed by the ruddy glow of fire-sides in winter; open to wistful summer airs, tight closed against the wintry blasts; a house, a home, a shrine."

One cannot but wish that every homebuilder and architect would learn these words by heart, and hold them as a constant reminder—for in that one prophetic sentence seems to be condensed the very spirit of home.

The atmosphere of comfort and restfulness cannot be attained, however, without much wise and thoughtful planning. Its roots are in the practical, the seemingly commonplace—which, rightly treated, results in lasting homelike charm.—The Craftsman.

Chinese Currency.

Currency in China has had all sorts of surprises for the layman, but the present situation is simply extraordinary. There is now found to be an actual plethora of dollars and small coins, and since last August the Chinese have been melting them and converting them into sycee. The reason why dollars are being melted is that large issues of the provincial mints have found no use in the market, and as all Chinese accounts are in taels the present price of the dollar is not very conducive to its existence and circulation.

Graduating Gown of Embroidered Voile



That very graceful garment, the long tunic, which appeared and took the world of fashion by storm late last summer, is with us again. Sometimes it is an overdress as long as the underskirt, but often it hardly differs at all from the tunic of last season. The skirt under it has grown wider, although it is often considerably narrower than the tunic. But it may be equally wide, and in either case is good style.

One need only to examine the gown of embroidered voile shown here to appreciate the charming outlines of the tunic skirt and to realize that a gown put together on such good lines is something more than merely fashionable. The style is so pleasing that it has lasting qualities. The bodice is cut on simple and graceful lines also. This is a model that might be safely chosen for a gown of handsome lace, with the expectation that little change need be made in it from season to season.

But the model as pictured is made of plain and machine-embroidered voile, not at all expensive. It is washable, durable, and a beautiful fabric. It can

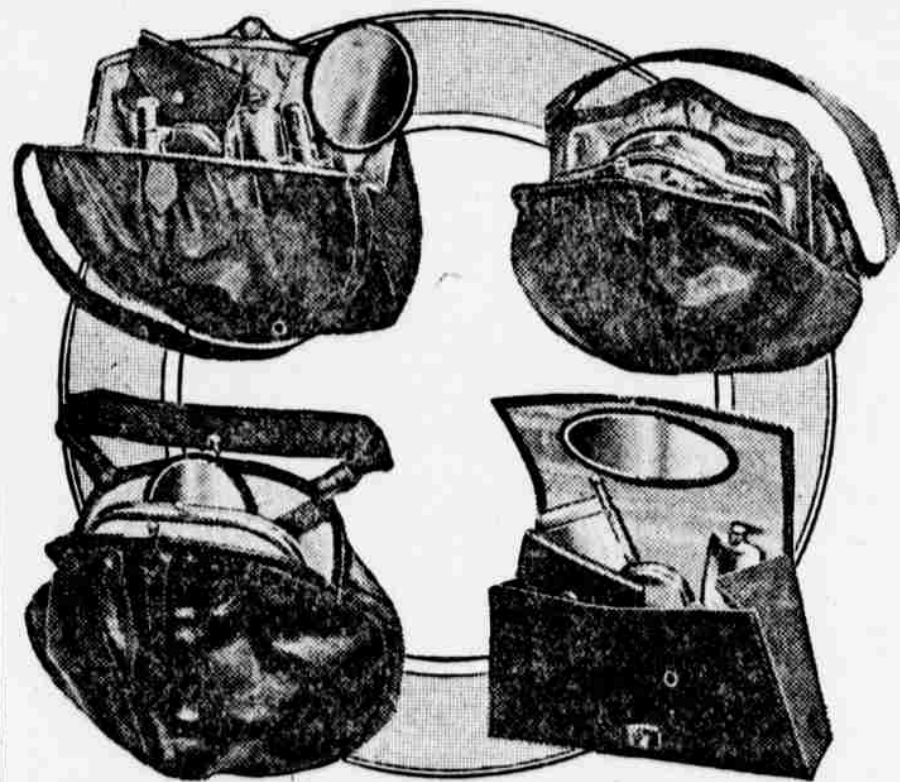
be bought in narrow or wide widths, and with embroidery in colors, as well as white, on a white ground. Voile is manufactured in an endless variety of embroidered patterns.

The underskirt, in the dress pictured, is fitted about the hips and cut with a moderate flare. It is finished with a three-inch hem. The tunic is fitted to the figure by means of tucks, graduated in length and extending below the hips. They are shorter at the front. The tunic dips a trifle at the front, and this slight dip is repeated in the bodice.

The bodice is cut like a plain blouse, with the fullness gathered in at the bottom and confined under a girde made of the embroidered scallops. It fits the figure vaguely like a short jacket. The neck is finished with a turnover collar of lace, and the same lace is used for the puffs and trills about the sleeves.

A silk scarf finishes the dressing of the neck. This design is one that seems as well suited to the matron as to the maid, and nothing prettier can be found for graduation gowns or for the useful white dress for midsummer.

The Up-to-Date Shopping Bag



The best values that have been shown in shopping bags within the memory of the oldest shopper are to be found in the leather goods departments just now. These bags are shown in many shapes, (most of them practical) and in medium sizes. Pin seal and morocco are the most popular leather, although there are other varieties to choose from. Black continues to be the favorite color, with tans and browns next in importance, and a few dark blues, greens, purples and reds for those who wish a bag to match a suit or some dress accessory in color.

Four bags of pin seal are shown here in black. Two of them are supplied with very complete fittings. They are soft, and the leather in three of them is gathered on to the frame, so that they are more roomy than their size would indicate.

The bag at the upper left-hand corner is to be recommended to the tourist. It contains a good sized flat hand mirror fastened to the frame by a bit of strong ribbon, and a small coin purse. In little pockets made in the lining there are a small face powder box (with tiny puff), a scent bottle, a case with nail file, and a tube which may carry a day's supply of cleansing cream. Even this ample fitting is exceeded in some bags that carry a card case and very small pair of scissors besides.

The bag shown at the lower right-

hand corner will commend itself to the shopper or the traveler: who wishes to take a few notes by the way. It has an oval mirror, set in the flap, a change purse, powder box, scent bottle and notebook, with pencil attached, each slipping into its own particular pocket and easy to get at.

Instead of these fittings the remaining two bags are provided with only a mirror and coin purse. But a separate compartment assures a place for such fittings as the wearer may choose to provide for herself.

Linings are made of strong moire silk usually, but gayly flowered silks and satins, in durable weaves, add a charm to these already charming shopping bags.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Simplicity in Skirts.

According to the Dry Goods Economist in the simple tailored suits the skirts are made very plain, with more or less flare around the hem. This is introduced both in the gored and in the semicircular models. A few skirts, however, are shirred on at the waist line. Some plaited skirts are also included in the orders.

In the dressy suits the skirts are usually made on similar lines, the plaited effects particularly being popular. In some instances these dressy skirts are finished off at the bottom with cordons, tucks, bias folds of the material, silk braid or velvet ribbon.

Varied Program.

The women of a town down the state recently organized a literary club, and for a while everything was lively.

"Louise," asked the husband of one of the members upon her return home from one of the meetings, "what was the topic under discussion by the club this afternoon?"

Louise couldn't just remember at first. Finally, however, she exclaimed: "Now I recollect! We discussed that brazen-looking hussy that's just moved in across the street and Nietzsche."

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Rotation.

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"No," replied Mr. Growcher. "It isn't my turn to make a garden. I'm going to keep chickens this year and let my neighbor make the garden."

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