

# HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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### SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, 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 business, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Trying to save Pitchoune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitchoune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitchoune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitchoune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. He is invited to a musicale at the Chateau, where Miss Redmond, hearing that Sabron cannot take Pitchoune with him, offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"My dear Julia, my godson, the Duc de Tremont." And Sabron bowed to both the ladies, to the duke, and went away.

This was the picture he might add to his collection: the older woman in her vivid dress, Julia in her simpler gown, and the titled Frenchman bowing over her hand.

When he went out to the front terrace Brunet was there with his horse, and Pitchoune was there as well, stiffly waiting at attention.

"Brunet," said the officer to his man, "will you take Pitchoune around to the servants' quarters and give him to Miss Redmond's maid? I am going to leave him here."

"Good, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance, and whistled to the dog.

Pitchoune sprang toward his master with a short sharp bark. What he understood would be hard to say, but all that he wanted to do was to remain with Sabron. Sabron bent down and stroked him.

"Go, my friend, with Brunet. Go, mon vieux, go," he commanded sternly, and the little dog, trained to obedience as a soldier's dog should be, trotted reluctantly at the heels of the ordonnance, and the soldier threw his leg over the saddle and rode away. He rode regardless of anything but the fact that he was going.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### Homesick.

Pitchoune was a soldier's dog, born in a stable, of a mother who had been dear to the canteen. Michette had been une vraie vivandiere, a real daughter of the regiment.

Pitchoune was a worthy son. He adored the drums and trumpets. He adored the life. He adored the drills which he was accustomed to watch from a respectable distance. He liked Brunet, and the word had not yet been discovered which would express how he felt toward Monsieur le Capitaine, his master. His muscular little form expressed it in every fiber. His brown eyes looked it until their pathos might have melted a heart of iron.

There was nothing picturesque to Pitchoune in the Chateau d'Esclignac or in the charming room to which he was brought. The little dog took a flying tour around it, over sofas and chairs, landing on the window-seat, where he crouched. He was not wicked, but he was perfectly miserable, and the lovely wiles of Julia Redmond and her endearments left him unmoved. He refused meat and drink, was indifferent to the views from the window, to the beautiful view of King Rene's castle, to the tantalizing cat sunning herself against the wall.

He flew about like mad, leaving destruction in his wake, tugged at the leash when they took him out for exercise. In short, Pitchoune was a homesick, lovesick little dog, and thereby endeared himself more than ever to his new mistress. She tied a ribbon around his neck, which he promptly chewed off. She tried to feed him with her own fair hands; he held his head high, looked bored and grew thin in the flanks.

"I think Captain de Sabron's little dog is going to die, ma tante," she told her aunt.

"Fiddlesticks, my dear Julia! Keep him tied up until he is accustomed to the place. It won't hurt him to fast; he will eat when he is hungry. I have a note from Robert. He has gone to Monte Carlo."

"Ah!" breathed Miss Redmond indifferently.

She slowly went over to her piano and played a few measures of music that were a torture to Pitchoune, who found these ladylike performances in strong contrast to drums and trumpets. He felt himself as a soldier degraded and could not understand why he should be relegated to a salon and to the mild society of two ladies who did not even know how to pull his ears or roll him over on the rug with their riding boots and spurs. He sat against the window as was his habit, looking watching, yearning.

"Vous avez tort, ma chere," said her aunt, who was working something less than a thousand flowers on her tapestry. "The chance to be a princess and a Tremont does not come twice in a young girl's life, and you know you have only to be reasonable, Julia."

Miss Redmond's fingers wandered,

magnetically drawn by her thoughts, into a song which she played softly through. Pitchoune heard and turned his beautiful head and his soft eyes to her. He knew that tune. Neither drums nor trumpets had played it, but there was no doubt about its being fit for soldiers. He had heard his master sing it, hum it, many times. It had soothed his nerves when he was a sick puppy and it went with many things of the intimate life with his master. He remembered it when he had dozed by the fire and dreamed of chasing cats and barking at Brunet and being a faithful dog all around; he heard again a beloved voice hum it to him. Pitchoune whined and softly jumped down from his seat. He put his forepaws on Miss Redmond's lap. She stopped and caressed him, and he licked her hand.

"That is the first time I have seen that dog show a spark of human gratitude, Julia. He is probably begging you to open the door and let him take a run."

Indeed Pitchoune did go to the door and waited appealingly.

"I think you might trust him out. I think he is tamed," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is a real little savage."

Miss Redmond opened the door and Pitchoune shot out. She watched him tear like mad across the terrace, and scuttle into the woods, as she thought, after a rabbit. He was the color of the fallen leaves and she lost sight of him in the brown and golden brush.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### The Fortunes of War.

Sabron's departure had been delayed on account of a strike at the dockyards of Marseilles. He left Tarascon one lovely day toward the end of January and the old town with its sweetness and its sorrow, fell behind, as he rolled away to brighter suns. A friend from Paris took him to the port in his motor and there Sabron waited some forty-eight hours before he set sail. His boat lay out on the azure water, the brown rocks of the coast behind it. There was not a breeze to stir as he took the tug which was to convey him. He was inclined to dip his fingers in the indigo ocean, sure that he would find them blue. He climbed up the ladder alongside of the vessel, was welcomed by the captain, who knew him, and turned to go below, for he had been suffering from an attack of fever which now and then laid hold of him, ever since his campaign in Morocco.

Therefore, as he went into his cabin, which he did not leave until the steamer touched Algiers, he failed to see the baggage tender pull up and failed to see a sailor climb to the deck with a wet bedraggled thing in his hand that looked like an old fur cap except that it wriggled and was alive.

"This, mon commandant," said the sailor to the captain, "is the pluckiest little beast I ever saw."

He dropped a small terrier on the deck, who proceeded to shake himself vigorously and bark with apparent delight.

"No sooner had we pushed out from the quay than this little beggar sprang from the pier and began to swim after us. He was so funny that we let him swim for a bit and then we hauled him in. It is evidently a mascot, mon commandant, evidently a sailor dog who has run away to sea."

The captain looked with interest at Pitchoune, who engaged himself in making his toilet and biting after a flea or two which had not been drowned.

"We sailors," said the man saluting, "would like to keep him for luck, mon commandant."

"Take him down then," his superior officer ordered, "and don't let him up among the passengers."

It was a rough voyage. Sabron passed his time saying good-by to France and trying to keep his mind away from the Chateau d'Esclignac, which persisted in haunting his uneasy slumber. In a blaze of sunlight, Algiers, the white city, shone upon them on the morning of the third day and Sabron tried to take a more cheerful view of a soldier's life and fortunes.

He was a soldierly figure and a handsome one as he walked down the gangplank to the shore to be welcomed by fellow officers who were eager to see him, and presently was lost in the little crowd that streamed away from the docks into the white city.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Together Again.

That night after dinner and a cigarette, he strode into the streets to distract his mind with the sight of the oriental city and to fill his ears with the eager cries of the crowd. The lamps flickered. The sky overhead was as blue nearly as in daytime. He walked leisurely toward the native quarter, jostled, as he passed, by men in their brilliant costumes and by a veiled woman or two.

He stopped indifferently before a little cafe, his eyes on a Turkish bazaar

where velvets and scarfs were being sold at double their worth under the light of a flaming yellow lamp. As he stood so, his back to the cafe where a number of the ship's crew were drinking, he heard a short sharp sound that had a sweet familiarity about it and whose individuality made him start with surprise. He could not believe his ears. He heard the bark again and then he was sprung upon by a little body that ran out from between the legs of a sailor who sat drinking his coffee and liquor.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sabron, thinking that he must be the victim of a hashish dream. "Pitchoune!" The dog fawned on him and whined, crouched at his feet whining—like a child. Sabron bent and fondled him. The sailor from the table called the dog imperatively, but Pitchoune would have died at his master's feet rather than return. If his throat could have uttered words he would have spoken, but his eyes spoke. They looked as though they were tearful.

"Pitchoune, mon vieux! No, it can't be Pitchoune. But it is Pitchoune!" And Sabron took him up in his arms. The dog tried to lick his face.

"Voyons," said the officer to the marine, who came rolling over to them, "where did you get this dog?"

The young man's voice was imperative and he fixed stern eyes on the sailor, who pulled his forelock and explained.

"He was following me," said Sabron, not without a slight catch in his voice. The body of Pitchoune quivered under his arm. "He is my dog. I think his manner proves it. If you have grown fond of him I am sorry for you, but I think you will have to give him up."

Sabron put his hand in his pocket and turned a little away to be free of the native crowd that, chattering and grinning, amused and curious and



Looking, Watching, Yearning.

eager to participate in any distribution of coin, was gathering around him. He found two gold pieces which he put into the hand of the sailor.

"Thank you for taking care of him. I am at the Royal Hotel." He nodded, and with Pitchoune under his arm pushed his way through the crowd and out of the bazaar.

He could not interview the dog himself, although he listened, amused, to Pitchoune's own manner of speech. He spent the latter part of the evening composing a letter to the minister of war, and although it was short, it must have possessed certain evident and telling qualities, for before he left Algiers proper for the desert, Sabron received a telegram much to the point:

You may keep your dog. I congratulate you on such a faithful companion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Gauge for Measuring Sootfall.

The Pittsburgher who resents the timeworn variations of the soft coal smoke gibes now has his chance to prove that they are unjustified, or remain forever silent. By a new invention it is at present possible to measure the sootfall of any city as accurately as its rain or snowfall may be measured. Already this soot gauge, tried out in England, has proved what the tourist long suspected, that London, with all its yellow fog, has far purer air than the North of England factory cities of Birmingham, Manchester and the like. Not only have Pittsburgh and other slandered American cities the opportunity to whiten their sooted reputations, but the manufacturer, too, may now establish accurately the exact proportion of his contribution to the civic soot; for the new device judges the quality as well as the amount of sootfall, and is quite capable of distinguishing between the factory, furnace and kitchen range.—Literary Digest.

#### The Boy Who Dreams.

It is a good thing for the farmer boy to have an imagination, says the Prairie Farmer. It is a good thing for him to "dream dreams and see visions." It takes a dreamer to see the transformation that intelligent effort will bring to pass on the old place. It takes a dreamer to see how much more desirable that place will be in ten years than a job in a dry goods store.—Emporia Gazette.

#### To Remove Paint.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how hard or dry it is. Saturate spots two or three times, then wash in warm soapsuds.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

### LESSON FOR MAY 16

DAVID SPARES SAUL.

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 26:5-16. GOLDEN TEXT—Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.—Luke 9:27.

Professor Beecher gives 1065 B. C. as the date of this lesson and the death of Samuel. Saul had been on the throne 37 years and David was twenty-seven years of age. There are ten famous episodes between the lesson of last week and that of today. (1) David and the shew-bread; (2) Goliath's sword; (3) David feigns madness (ch. 21); (4) The cave of Adullam; (5) His care of his parents; (6) The killing of the priests (ch. 22); (7) Wandering in the wilderness (ch. 23); (8) The cutting of Saul's robe (ch. 24); (9) Nabal's churlishness, and (10) Abigail's kindness (ch. 25). It might be well to have one scholar give a summary of each of these events.

I. David and Abigail, vv. 5-7.—Once before, the Ziphites had informed Saul as to David's whereabouts (23:19). Learning that Saul evidently intended to follow him into the wilderness (v. 4), David sent spies to learn the exact location of Saul and the 3,000 men under command of Abner. Abner was a cousin of Saul, a brave man with a remarkable history. Unwittingly they had placed themselves in David's power, and that for a second time (24:3-8). Like the camp of the Midianites which Gideon visited, Saul and his men were scattered about sleeping "within the place of the wagons" (v. 5 R. V.), with Saul in the center, the spear marking his resting place and the bolster beneath his head. Doubtless Saul trusted Abner's protection, but no arm of flesh can save or protect a sinful man. From a neighboring rock David and his friends could distinguish the spear and the outlines of the camp. David's challenge was directed to both of his companions, Ahimelech, the Hittite, declined the summons, whereas Abishai, David's nephew who had already proved himself in the affair at the well (II Samuel 23:13-16) and later became a leading figure in David's kingdom, accepted the challenge.

II. David and Saul, vv. 8-12.—Abishai was quite right that God had delivered Saul into David's hand (v. 8), but he was wrong in his conclusion as to what that meant. God delivered Saul that he might, if possible, save him. It was a challenge that tested David's magnanimity, his sense of honor and also an event wherein he could appeal to Saul's honor. Abishai's anger is evident from his words, "I will not smite him the second time." There was ample provocation, but David recognized in this experience the hand of God, nor would he profit by another's hand upraised "against the Lord's anointed" (v. 9). A conscience less keen could have found an excuse for allowing another to strike a blow to his own profit. Saul was rejected of Jehovah, yet David preferred to let Jehovah execute his own decrees (ch. 24:15 cf. Ps. 105:15).

III. David and Abner, vv. 13-16.—Returning to his vantage point, doubtless the brow of a hill on the opposite side of the valley, a point of safety, David awakened the sleeping camp. Abner replied, "Who art thou?" This cry sounds strangely like the present-day replies to the challenge of our David when a sleeping camp of sin is aroused. This call came at night. When our King shall return his visit will be unexpected and at night (I Thess. 5:2-4; Rev. 16:15). It would seem like a humiliation for this proud, haughty general, Abner, to be taunted by David (v. 15). As chief officer he was responsible for the king's safety and his life. David therefore might well reproach and chide him, for his lack of fidelity was worthy of death. When Saul was thoroughly awake to the fact of David's visit to his camp and the fact that his life had been spared, he was moved to another one of his moments of repentance (vv. 17-21).

IV. The Result, vv. 17-25.—David's address to Saul, is a remarkable one. He first appeals to reason (v. 18) and desires to know what, if any, fault he has committed. He next challenges the motives which impelled Saul. Was it God who sent him on this journey or was it the evil counsel of men (v. 19)? If this latter then let God deal with them according to their just deserts. And, finally, David uses the two similes of a flea and a partridge as evidence of his humility, his inoffensiveness, his harmlessness (Luke 14:11).

Every sinner who fights against God and against his anointed ones "plays the fool" and will sooner or later, like Saul, awaken to the fact that he has "erred exceedingly."

David did not undertake his own deliverance and "the Lord delivered him out of all his troubles" (v. 24; Ps. 18).

David's last message to Saul as he bade them to send for his spear was a declaration of innocence and a prayer that God would give him safety even as Saul's life had been spared.

Saul's final word was a blessing and a prophecy of David's ultimate triumph.



## CALUMET BAKING POWDER

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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more delicious—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

The Watts Variation.

Alfred Watts, the young futurist poet, was lunching with his publisher at a Broadway restaurant recently, and while waiting for his bill he amused himself by matching quarters with his host. After several dollars had changed hands, the publisher looked through the window at one of those entertaining little Detroit cabs standing at the curb, and said, facetiously: "I'll match you for that car, Alfred." Mr. Watts tossed back his much-photographed golden mane, and remarked, with his characteristic drawl: "Aw, don't be a piker! I'll match you for two dollars."

Optimist and Pessimist. "Do you see that cheerful chap over there just lighting a cigar?" "Oh, yes." "Well, he's a six-months man, while the sour-looking individual talking to him is a two-year man." "What do you mean by those terms?" "One thinks the war will end in six months and the other thinks it will last at least two years longer."

Misleading Advertisement. Jonah raged. "Yes, the brute advertised as a summer resort with an ocean view," he cried.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery, Itchy and Granulated Eyelids. No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Every married man has a mind of his own, but the title is seldom perfect.

Wall paper originated in China in the fourth century.

Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK OR BURSITIS FOR ABSORBINE

Will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 & free.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it relieves the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, itching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. 25c. Try It TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Proprietorship. "Can a woman keep a secret?" "Yes; unless it's some other woman's."

After a man has been married two weeks he can readily understand why love is blind.

Relations between the old-fashioned milkman and the hydrant are frequently strained.

### Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable as industry as grain growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 220 17th St., Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

Canadian Government Agent