

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

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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 heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sacred Trust.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveliness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitchoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone."

Pitchoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days idly in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close to Sabron's man servant when they went on caravan explorations.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers.

The peculiar incense-like odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day had been hot and there came up the cool breeze that would give them a delicious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his lonely tent like a bridal flower in a veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order his stallion saddled and to ride away for a little distance in order to be alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eye and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordonnance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarcely more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in French and pointed, for the man understood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by the nape of his neck up to his lap, and the two sat watching the caravan slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred yards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go," he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin, swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the Squadron of Cavalry—"

Sabron added mentally: "—wherever it may happen to be!" He ordered bakshish given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work down to Dirbal, however, and they had had some hardships. He felt a million miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfastened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the light was bad, brilliant though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. On his dressing table was a small illumination consisting of a fat candle set in a glass case. The mosquitoes

and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsieur— I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

I took the best of care of Pitchoune. I thought I did, but I could not make him happy. He mourned terribly. He refused to eat, and one day I was so careless as to open the door for him and we have never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my maid, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in the woods.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pitchoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, and of course that could not have been Pitchoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the soldier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better escort.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

"... a sacred trust." Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary. Sincerely yours, JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

CHAPTER XII.

The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly. Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion.

Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times.

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us; certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere. I followed me to my barracks, followed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me; I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still.

I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the music in it would be the same withers the strength and form of the words. So it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions, are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing—music would be nothing without the words which we could make it audible—appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say.

Tomorrow, I understand from my men, we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I believe we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, one can tell! I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful gardens, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep.

I am, Mademoiselle, Faithfully yours, CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested



The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bees to Fight Troops.

In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees, partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires.—London Mail.

The Coming Spirit.

"This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar field hospital to the belligerents. "This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie." "Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said: "Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you." "Then keep it up," said little Willie, grinding his teeth. "Keep it up, dad. I can stand it."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR MAY 23

DAVID KING OVER JUDAH AND ISRAEL.

LESSON TEXT—II Samuel 2:1-7; 5:1-5. GOLDEN TEXT—Jehovah is my strength and my shield; my heart hath trusted him, and I am helped.—Ps. 28:7 R.V.

Saul ceased from pursuing David (I Samuel 27:4) when he fled into the land of the Philistines for he feared them greatly (I Sam. 28:5, 6). David fought with Saul's enemies but nevertheless was not wanted (29:6-11). His wives being taken captive, he, with 400 men destroyed Ziklag, sending the spoil to his friends in Judah (I Sam. 30). Following the death of Saul and Jonathan (II Sam. chapter 1) we read David's wonderful lament (ch. 2).

I. David, King of Judah. (1) David's Kingdom, ch. 2:13. It is now seven or eight years since Samuel anointed the young shepherd to be king in Saul's place. David was probably twenty-nine years of age. He had now a fourfold assurance of his throne (a) God's decree (I Sam. 16:1-13); (b) the death of Saul (ch. 1:4); (c) God's command (v. 1), and (d) The choice of the people (v. 4). His every step seems to have been led of God, therefore he had made no false moves (James 1:5-7; see also Ps. 19:13, 14). How God by means of the stones in the priest's breastplate made known his will we are not told and it is idle to speculate. We have a better way, the inspired word and the living spirit through which we may receive guidance. Such guidance is conditioned upon obedience (I Sam. 28:6; Acts 5:32). God directed David, after Saul's death to "go up" to Hebron, which means "fellowship." It was here that Abraham, the man of faith, had lived. David thus began his conquest of the land in fellowship with God. David implicitly obeyed God's decree (v. 2), took his family with him and also brought his men with their households. This is a suggestion relative to household fellowship with God. They left nothing behind to lure them back as Lot was lured when he left Sodom. These men had been David's partners in his adversity and are now to share in his glory (Luke 22:28, 29; II Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:17, 18).

(2) David's Diplomacy, 2:5-7. It was good politics for David to honor these men of Jabesh, yet he was honest and sincere for he honored Saul as his rightful and God-anointed sovereign (I Sam. 24:48; 26:7-11). These men had shown kindness to Saul and now Jehovah would show kindness to them (v. 6). As we sow we reap (Matt. 6:7; 6:14, 15; II Tim. 1:16-18). David took pains to inform them that he had been chosen king but assures them that he would strengthen them. As they had been faithful to Saul, let them support the one who had been anointed in his stead. To have adopted any other policy would have alienated their support.

(3) Ish-bosheth's Kingdom, 2:8-11. As contrasted with this God-directed kingdom of David's was the man-directed kingdom of Ish-bosheth. His name means, "name of shame." He was about forty years of age, Saul's oldest son, but not his intended successor. Ish-bosheth was: (a) selected by man (v. 8); (b) ruled by man (v. 9) and (c) made war upon God's elect (x. 17, ch. 3:1). He only reigned two years and his kingdom in the northern part of the land was separated from that of David by that portion in the center controlled by the Philistines. Abner's untimely death at the hand of Joab (ch. 3) deprived Ish-bosheth of a leader. He was slain by his own servants and his kingdom became a part of David's.

II. David, King of Israel, 5:1-5. David passed through seven and one-half years of delay in his progress towards the throne. It was not long after Ish-bosheth's death that a great assembly met at Hebron. It was a truly national gathering. Every tribe sent soldiers—280,000 in all—and the elders of the people were the spokesmen. They proclaimed David "bone of their bone" (v. 1) and that even while Saul was king, David had been their real shepherd (v. 12). But better still, they recognized David as God's chosen successor to Saul and proclaimed to all men that they had loyally accepted his choice.

The story of David's conquest of Jerusalem and the establishment of the seat of his government at that place is interesting and suggestive and should be studied before next Sunday's lesson is considered.

After being anointed in Hebron David began at once to subdue the land. Thus we see the loose tribal government molded into a powerful, dominant and respected kingdom. David was (1) Patient, awaiting God's time; (2) Energetic; (3) Courageous; (4) Tactful; (5) Trusting; (6) Loyal, to friends and to God; (7) Patriotic; (8) Obedient, and above all, (9) Religious, for we read, "The Lord is with him" (I Sam. 16:18), and, "David waxed greater and greater; for the Lord, the God of hosts, was with him" (II Sam. 5:10).

These principles, faithfully adhered to will bring success in A. D. 1915 as well as B. C. 1050.

Different. "Dudley makes me tired. He's always bragging about his ancestors." "Oh, well, there's one consolation. His descendants will never brag about him."

Don't Visit the California Expositions Without a Supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired aching feet, and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TODAY. Adv.

He Should Worry. "How do you account for Nero fiddling during the burning of Rome?" asked the professor. "I suppose he had the place heavily insured," suggested the senior who was specializing in finance.

Stitch! Stitch! "I have just read an interesting article about the sewers of Paris," said hubby, closing the book on his thumb. "Yes," replied wife, "they're busy night and day making shirts for soldiers."

A Quibble. John B. Stanchfield, the lawyer, was discussing in an interview in New York the case of his client, Harry Thaw. "But objections like that," said Mr. Stanchfield, "are mere quibbles. They have no real bearing on the case. Like the farmer's wife, they only confuse and embroil matters."

"A sickly farmer said to his husky wife one spring morning: "I see by the papers that a woman down Paint Rock way goes out every morning and hoes with her husband." "Well, what of it?" the wife answered. "She could do it easily enough if he's as thin as you are. I've often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."

The Heroines of Novels. If I were his satanic majesty, and a novelist came to me for judgment, I should beetle my brows in a horrible manner and quiz him thus:

"Did you ever make your heroine eighteen years old? Did you ever end a maiden with the repartee of Pinero, the intuition of Blavatsky, the carriage of Garden, the hauteur of the Medici, the beauty of Aphrodite and the wisdom of Athene—all at the age of eighteen years?" If the novelist answered me "Certainly not!" I should say: "To heaven with you!" But if he answered: "Sure I did!" I would blast him where he stood.

For, of all the iniquitous, fallacious, unfair and dangerous doctrines, this takes the icing of the cake—that the female species reaches her apogee at the immature age of eighteen.—From "Balm for Lovers," by George Westcott in the Saturday Evening Post.

A Difference. "Hello, old man. I haven't seen you since we went to school together. I hope Fortune has smiled on you." "You might call it that. She's given me the horse laugh many a time."

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



Irish Speed. In Judge McKinley's court they were examining talesmen for the trial of a boy, who had killed his father. The lawyers dwelt mostly on the facts of marriage, paternity and whether there had been insanity in the families of the men under examination. When they got around to Michael McCarthy the wait had been long and he proceeded to whip up. Asked the first question he galloped away with this: "My name is Michael McCarthy and I live at 1335 Fulton street and I am thirty-five years old and I am married and have one child and I have never had any insanity in the family and if I had I wouldn't be fool enough to tell you."

Brothers in Misfortune. The first baseman had just been carried off the diamond with a sprained wrist and a dislocated shoulder.

On the way to the hospital the ambulance stopped to pick up a janitor who had fallen downstairs. "We meet quite by accident," said the ball player. "I am a first baseman."

"And I," said the janitor, "am a first baseman man."

In the United States cities there was last year one bank for every 9,700 people.

The "staff of life" by any other name would smell as sweet.

Money! Money!!

But it isn't everything—

There's far more satisfaction in bounding health and the ability to be comfortable.

When health has slipped away through wrong habits of diet, the only way to get it back is to change food.

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is scientifically prepared food, and contains all the rich nutriment of wheat and barley—including their invaluable mineral content—necessary for sound nourishment of one's mental and physical forces.

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"There's a Reason"

—think it over!