

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

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 Pichoune. 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 Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pichoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont, unknown to Sabron. Pichoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pichoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pichoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht, not knowing their errand.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

With his godmother he was entirely at ease. Ever since she had paid his trifling debts when he was a young man, he had adored her. Tremont, always discreet and almost in love with his godmother, kept her in a state of great good humor always, and when she had suggested to him this little party he had been delighted. In speaking over the telephone the Marquise d'Esclignac had said very firmly:

"My dear Robert, you understand that this excursion engages you to nothing."

"Oh, of course, marraine."

"We both need a change, and between ourselves, Julia has a little mission on foot."

Tremont would be delighted to help Miss Redmond carry it out. Whom else should he ask?

"By all means, any one you like," said his godmother diplomatically.

"We want to sail the day after tomorrow," she felt safe, knowing that no worldly people would accept an invitation on twenty-four hours' notice.

"So," the Duc de Tremont reflected, as he hung up the receiver, "Miss Redmond has a scheme, a mission! Young girls do not have schemes and missions in good French society."

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, as they walked up and down on the deck in the pale sunset, in front of the chair of the Marquise d'Esclignac, "I never saw an ornament more becoming to a woman than the one you wear."

"The ornament, Monsieur?"

"On your sleeve. It is so beautiful. A string of pearls would not be more beautiful, although your pearls are lovely, too. Are all American girls Red Cross members?"

"But of course not, Monsieur. Are all girls anywhere one thing?"

"Yes," said the Duc de Tremont, "they are all charming, but there are gradations."

"Do you think that we shall reach Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur?"

"I hope not, Mademoiselle."

Miss Redmond turned her fine eyes on him.

"You hope not?"

"I should like this voyage to last forever, Mademoiselle."

"How ridiculous!"

Her look was so frank that he laughed in spite of himself, and instead of following up the politeness, he asked:

"Why do you think of Algiers as a field for nursing the sick, Mademoiselle?"

"There has been quite a deputation of the Red Cross women lately going from Paris to the East."

"But," said the young man, "there are poor in Tarascon, and sick, too. There is a great deal of poverty in Nice, and Paris is the nearest of all."

"The American girls are very imaginative," said Julia Redmond. "We must have some romance in all we do."

"I find the American girls very charming," said Tremont.

"Do you know many, Monsieur?"

"Only one," he said serenely.

Miss Redmond changed the subject quickly and cleverly, and before he knew it, Tremont was telling her stories about his own military service, which had been made in Africa. He talked well and entertained them both, and Julia Redmond listened when he told her of the desert, of its charm and its desolation, and of its dangers. An hour passed. The Marquise d'Esclignac took an antepandral stroll, Mimi mincing at her heels.

"Ce pauvre Sabron!" said Tremont. "He has disappeared off the face of the earth. What a horrible thing it was, Mademoiselle! I knew him in Paris; I remember meeting him again the night before he left the Midi. He was a fine fellow with a career before him, his friends say."

"What do you think has become of Monsieur de Sabron?"

Miss Redmond, so far, had only been able to ask this question of her aunt and of the stars. None of them

had been able to tell her. Tremont shrugged his shoulders thoughtfully.

"He may have dragged himself away to die in some ambush that they have not discovered, or likely he has been taken captive, le pauvre diable!"

"France will do all it can, Monsieur."

"They will do all they can, which is to wait. An extraordinary measure, if taken just now, would probably result in Sabron being put to death by his captors. He may be found tomorrow—he may never be found."

A slight murmur from the young girl beside him made Tremont look at her. He saw that her hands were clasped and that her face was quite white, her eyes staring fixedly upon her, out toward Africa. Tremont said:

"You are compassion itself, Mademoiselle; you have a tender heart. No wonder you wear the Red Cross. I am a soldier, Mademoiselle. I thank you for all soldiers. I thank you for Sabron . . . but, we must not talk of such things."

He thought her very charming, both romantic and idealistic. She would make a delightful friend. Would she not be too intense for a wife? However, many women of fashion joined the Red Cross. Tremont was a commonplace man, conventional in his heart and in his tastes.

"My children," said the marquise, coming up to them with Mimi in her arms, "you are as serious as though we were on a boat bound for the North Pole and expected to live on tinned things and salt fish. Aren't you hungry, Julia? Robert, take Mimi to my maid, will you? Julia," said her aunt as Tremont went away with the little dog, "you look dramatic, my dear; you're pale as death in spite of this divine air and this enchanting sea." She linked her arm through her niece's. "Take a brisk walk with me for five minutes and whip up your blood. I believe you were on the point of making Tremont some unwise confession."

"I assure you no, ma tante."

"Isn't Bob a darling, Julia?"

"Awfully," returned her niece absent-mindedly.

"He's the most eligible young man in Paris, Julia, and the most difficult to please."

"Ma tante," said the girl in a low tone, "he tells me that France at present can do practically nothing

CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the Frenchman had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confederate. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how. His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he paid his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fantastic one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been understood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond à l'américaine.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will



Sang for the Sick.

appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?"

"But, marraine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity."

"There was la Belle Heloise, and no woman is immune."

"I think she is engaged to some American cowboy who will come and claim her, marraine."

His godmother was offended.

"Rubbish!" she said. "She is engaged to no one, Bob. She is an idealist, a Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excellent wife."

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so.

"You are very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast. "When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

"Poor things!" said Julia Redmond. "Do you think that they liked it?"

"Liked it!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically, "couldn't you see by their faces? One poor devil said to me: 'One can die better now, Monsieur.' There was no hope for him, it seems."

Tremont and Marquise d'Esclignac had docilely gone with Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses—for she was not needed—sang for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it helped them, as the soldier said, to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tabloid Aeroplanes.

The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. So the British airmen favor an unusually small machine, which they call the "tabloid." A very light frame is fitted with an 80-horsepower motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches his target at a height of 5,000 feet. When straight above it, he turns the nose of his machine straight down and drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace. —American Boy.

Hopeful Mission.

If even one of those 300 commercial travelers who have gone to South America succeeds in making a South American see a United States joke their toll will not have been in vain. —Cleveland Leader.

The General says: "Cut Price" Roofing means "Cut Price" Quality. Trying to save money by purchasing cheap roofing is penny-wise foolishness.

Certain-teed Roofing

This Roofing—Certain-teed—is guaranteed 5, 10 and 15 years for 1, 2 and 3 ply respectively, and this guarantee is backed by the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers. You can save only a few dollars on a cheap roof, but Certain-teed is always least expensive in the end. Buy it from your local dealers.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.
World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis
Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco
Cincinnati Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle
Atlanta Houston London Hamburg Sydney

The Look in French Faces.

Almost all the faces about these crowded tables (in the cafe at Chalons)—young or old, plain or handsome, distinguished or average—have the same look of quiet authority; it is as though all "nervosity," fussiness, little personal oddities, meanness and vulgarities, had been burned away in a great flame of self-dedication. It is a wonderful example of the rapidity with which purpose models the human countenance.—Edith Wharton in Scribner's Magazine.

Not to Blame.

A large map was spread upon the wall and the teacher was instructing the class in geography.

"Horace," she said to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?"

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."—Brooklyn Eagle.

He'll Get It.

"How about going to a show tonight, Jim?"

"Not for me. I'm going to Jiggins' party."

"Oh, come on with me. The Jigginses are dead slow. You never have any fun at their house."

"I know, but I need a new hat."

A Discovery.

"What I want to find for the summer is a nice, quiet place where I can do as I please."

"That's my idea exactly. I'm going to stay home."

The great trouble about taking a chance is that you can't always put it back where you found it.

The difference between professional and college sports is that in college sports they occasionally cheer the loser.

Eph Wiley says the most inharmonious combination is a street car conductor and his necktie.

At sixty a man knows that he didn't know what he thought he knew at twenty.

SAVE WILLIAM PENN'S CHAIRS

National Heirlooms, About to Fall Apart, Have Been Repaired by Blind Women.

Two quaint and graceful chairs that once belonged to William Penn have just been repaired by two women who have never seen the chairs, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The two women are inmates of the Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind Women. The chairs are preserved in the east room of Independence hall, on the second floor. Year by year the cane bottoms of the famous old relics have been gradually cracking and falling out. The committee in charge decided that unless the cane was replaced the woodwork might soon collapse. But they did not dare to let the chairs be taken out of Congress hall.

So they sent for Miss Ira Frost, mistress of handicraft at the Industrial Home for Blind Women, and she brought with her to the room two of the blind women who understood chair repairing. The work was peculiarly difficult, for it was impossible to erect in Congress hall the caning table needed to hold the chairs firmly in place, and, moreover, their woodwork was soft with age. But the deft "seeing fingers" of the blind women did the work in spite of all the difficulties, and now the precious William Penn chairs are safe.

Oh, That Lash!

Tommy had watched the high-batted and frock-coated ringmaster for some time. He was particularly interested in the way he handled the whip with the long lash.

"Well, Tommy," said his father, "what do you think of that fellow?"

"The whip cracked again as Tommy replied: 'I'm glad he isn't my father.'"

Thoughtful Old Soul.

"My dear, I've an idea," said old Mrs. Goodart to her caller. "You know we frequently read of the soldiers making sorties. Now why not make up a lot of those sorties and send them to the poor fellows at the front?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

Lost to Sight.

"How annoying! The English and German accounts of the latest battle don't agree."

"What can you expect? Truth and veracity 'dug themselves in' when the first shot of the war was fired."

Qualified.

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion?

Jury Talesman—No, sir; I was on the case at the previous trial.

Substitution.

"Got a nickel cigar?"

"No, but here's something just as good at a dime."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Rather Risky.

"What's the proper way to indorse a check?"

With the name of a man who has a good bank account.

Delays Are Dangerous.

"How is it that Jones always acts before he thinks?"

"If he thought first he'd never act."

It's usually too late for congratulations when the happy couple have been married more than a week.

No bother to get summer meals with these on hand

Libby's Vienna Style Sausage Water and Cereal

Libby's Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats

Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Libby's Potted Ham

Just Like a Man.

"Tom," said the bride of a week, "didn't you promise faithfully to give up smoking the day I married you?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Tom, "I believe I did."

"And now," she continued, "I find you puffing a cigar, just as though I weren't in existence. What explanation have you to offer?"

"Well, I kept my promise," replied the husband. "I didn't smoke a single cigar on our wedding day."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Reason for His Politeness.

"Shoestring's untied, ma'am," a small boy called out to the stout woman who moved majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

Even a less haughty woman would have found it difficult to treat with disdain so kind an offer, and she drew back her skirt in acceptance of his attention.

The little boy pulled the string tight and smiled up at her. "My mother's fat, too," he explained.—The Independent.

His Busy Day.

Mrs. Dixon—Why do you let your husband growl so much when you have company?

Mrs. Vixen—That's the only time he gets to grumble.

Proper Course.

"You, a Briton, and so unpatriotic as to order all those German dishes?"

"But I am about to do the proper thing for a Briton and intern them."

Nay, Nay!

"I hear you are in business for yourself."

"No; I have a wife."

Eph Wiley believes the dimple, considering it as one of the concomitants of beauty, has been greatly overestimated.

The man who chews fine cut tobacco considers himself higher up in the social scale than the man who chews plug.

It is necessary to watch some of your friends every minute or they will let you in on a get-rich-quick scheme.

Makes a Healthy Appetite

"One for Breakfast—

and One for Work"

LOOK for the man who eats Grape-Nuts, and relishes his meals, and is keen and fit for a hard day's work.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is made from whole wheat and malted barley with all the essential mineral phosphates retained.

A 10 days' trial of Grape-Nuts may show how to make yourself fit to do things that bring money and fame.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts