

HIS LOVE STORY

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

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SYNOPSIS.
—10—

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, taken to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoone. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoone, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoone follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron is permitted to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoone. After a horrible night and day Pitchoone leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquis to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

She had done this for several days, but now she was restless. Sabron was not in Algeria. No news had been brought of him. His regiment had been ordered out farther into the desert that seemed to stretch away into infinity, and the vast cruel sands knew, and the stars knew where Sabron had fallen and what was his history, and they kept the secret.

The marquis made herself as much at home as possible in Algeria, put up with the inefficiency of native servants, and her duty was done. Her first romantic elan was over. Sabron had recalled to her the idyl of a love-affair of a quarter of a century before, but she had been for too long Marquise d'Esclignac to go back to an ideal. She pined to have her niece a duchess, and never spoke the unfortunate Sabron's name.

They were surrounded by fashionable life. As soon as their arrival had been made known there had been a flutter of cards and a passing of carriages and automobiles, and this worldly life added to the unhappiness and restlessness of Julia. Among the guests had been one woman whom she found sympathetic; the woman's eyes had drawn Julia to her. It was Comtesse de la Maine, a widow, young as herself and, as Julia said, vastly better-looking. Turning to Tremont on the balcony, when he told her she was beautiful, she said: "Madame de la Maine is my ideal of loveliness."

The young man wrinkled his fair brow.

"Do you think so, Mademoiselle? Why?"

"She has character as well as perfect lines. Her eyes look as though they could weep and laugh. Her mouth looks as though it could say adorable things."

Tremont laughed softly and said: "Go on, you amuse me."

"And her hands look as though they could caress and comfort. I like her awfully. I wish she were my friend."

Tremont said nothing, and she glanced at him suddenly.

"She says such lovely things about you, Monsieur."

"Really! She is too indulgent."

"Don't be worldly," said Miss Redmond gravely, "be human. I like you best so. Don't you agree with me?"

"Madame de la Maine is a very charming woman," said the young man, and the girl saw a change come over his features.

At this moment, as they stood so together, Tremont pulling his mustache and looking out through the bougainvillea vines, a dark figure made its way through the garden to the villa, came and took its position under the balcony where the duke and Miss Redmond leaned. It was a native, a man in filthy rags. He turned his face to Tremont and bowed low to the lady.

"Excellency," he said in broken French, "my name is Hammet Abou. I was the ordonnance of Monsieur le Capitaine de Sabron."

"What!" exclaimed Tremont, "what did you say?"

"Ask him to come up here," said Julia Redmond, "or, no—let us go down to the garden."

"It is damp," said Tremont, "let me get you a shawl."

"No, no, I need nothing."

She had hurried before him down the little stairs leading into the garden from the balcony, and she had begun to speak to the native before Tremont appeared. In this recital he addressed his words to Julia alone.

"I am a very poor man, Excellency," he said in a mellifluous tone, "and very sick."

"Have you any money, Monsieur?"

"Pray do not suggest it," said the duke sharply. "Let him tell what he will; we will pay him later."

"I have been very sick," said the man. "I have left the army. I do not like the French army," said the native simply.

"You are very frank," said Tremont brutally. "Why do you come here at any rate?"

"Hush," said Julia Redmond imploringly. "Do not anger him, Monsieur, he may have news." She asked: "Have you news?" and there was a note in her voice that made Tremont glance at her.

"I have seen the excellency and her grandmother," said the native,

"many times going into the garrison." "What news have you of Captain de Sabron?" asked the girl directly. Without replying, the man said in a melancholy voice:

"I was his ordonnance. I saw him fall in the battle of Dirbal. I saw him shot in the side. I was shot, too. See?"

He started to pull away his rags. Tremont clutched him.

"You beast," he muttered, and pushed him back. "If you have anything to say, say it."

Looking at Julia Redmond's colorless face, the native asked meaningly: "Does the excellency wish any news?"

"Yes," said Tremont, shaking him. "And if you do not give it, it will be the worse for you."

"Monsieur le Capitaine fell, and I fell, too; I saw no more."

Tremont said: "You see the fellow is half lunatic and probably knows nothing about Sabron. I shall put him out of the garden."

But Miss Redmond paid no attention to her companion. She controlled her voice and asked the man:

"Was the Capitaine de Sabron alone?"

"Except," said the native steadily, with a glance of disgust at the duke, "except for his little dog."

"Ah!" exclaimed Julia Redmond, with a catch in her voice, "do you hear that? He must have been his servant. What was the dog's name?"

"My name," said the native, "is Hammet Abou."

To her at this moment Hammet Abou was the most important person in North Africa.

"What was the little dog's name, Hammet Abou?"

The man raised his eyes and looked at the white woman with admiration.

"Pitchoone," he said, and saw the effect.

Tremont saw the effect upon her, too.

"I have a wife and ten children," said the man, "and I live far away."

"Heavens! I haven't my purse," said Julia Redmond. "Will you not give him something, Monsieur?"

"Wait," said Tremont, "wait. What else do you know? If your informa-

tion is worth anything to us we will pay you, don't be afraid."

"Perhaps the excellency's grandmother would like to hear, too," said the man naively.

Julia Redmond smiled; the youthful Marquise d'Esclignac!

Once more Tremont seized the man by the arm and shook him a little.

"If you don't tell what you have to say and be quick about it, my dear fellow, I shall hand you over to the police."

"What for?" said the man, "what have I done?"

"Well, what have you got to tell, and how much do you want for it?"

"I want one hundred francs for this," and he pulled out from his dirty rags a little packet and held it up cautiously.

It looked like a package of letters and a man's pocketbook.

"You take it," said the Duc de Tremont to Julia Redmond, "you take it, Mademoiselle." She did so without hesitation; it was evidently Sabron's pocketbook, a leather one with his initials upon it, together with a little package of letters. On the top she saw her letter to him. Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the package. It seemed to be all that was left to her. She heard Tremont ask:

"Where did you get this, you miserable dog?"

"After the battle," said the man coolly, with evident truthfulness, "I was very sick. We were in camp several days at —. Then I got better

and went along the dried river bank to look for Monsieur le Capitaine, and I found this in the sands."

"Do you believe him?" asked Julia Redmond.

"Hum," said Tremont. He did not wish to tell her he thought the man capable of robbing the dead body of his master. He asked the native: "Have you no other news?"

The man was silent. He clutched the rags at his breast and looked at Julia Redmond.

"Please give him some money, Monsieur."

"The dog!" Tremont shook him again. "Not yet." And he said to the man: "If this is all you have to tell we will give you one hundred francs for this parcel. You can go and don't return here again."

"But it is not all," said the native quietly, looking at Julia.

Her heart began to beat like mad and she looked at the man. His keen dark eyes seemed to pierce her.

"Monsieur," said the American girl boldly, "would you leave me a moment with him? I think he wants to speak with me alone."

But the Duc de Tremont exclaimed in surprise:

"To speak with you alone, Mademoiselle! Why should he? Such a thing is not possible!"

"Don't go far," she begged, "but leave us a moment, I pray."

When Tremont, with great hesitation, took a few steps away from them and she stood face to face with the creature who had been with Sabron and seen him fall, she said earnestly:

"Now speak without reserve. Tell me everything."

The face of the man was transformed. He became human, devoted, ardent.

"Excellency," he said swiftly in his halting French, "I love Monsieur le Capitaine. He was so kind and such a brave soldier. I want to go to find Monsieur le Capitaine, but I am ill and too weak to walk. I believe I know where he is hid—I want to go."

The girl breathed:

"Oh, can it be possible that what you say is true, Hammet Abou? Would you really go if you could?"

The man made, with a graceful gesture of his hand, a map in the air.

"It was like this," he said; "I think he drew himself up the bank. I followed the track of his blood. I was too weak to go any farther, Excellency."

"And how could you go now?" she asked.

"By caravan, like a merchant, secretly. I would find him."

Julia Redmond put out a slim hand, white as a gardenia. The native lifted it and touched his forehead with it.

"Hammet Abou," she said, "go away for tonight and come tomorrow—we will see you." And without waiting to speak again to Monsieur de Tremont, the native slid away out of the garden like a shadow, as though his limbs were not weak with disease and his breast shattered by shot.

When Monsieur de Tremont had walked once around the garden, keeping his eyes nevertheless on the group, he came back toward Julia Redmond, but not quickly enough, for she ran up the stairs and into the house with Sabron's packet in her hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two Lovely Women.

There was music at the Villa des Bougainvilles. Miss Redmond sang; not "Good-night, God Keep You Safe," but other things. Ever since her talk with Hammet Abou she had been, if not gay, in good spirits, more like her old self, and the Marquise d'Esclignac began to think that the image of Charles de Sabron had not been cut too deeply upon her mind. The marquis, from the lounge in the shadow of the room, enjoyed the picture (Sabron would not have added it to his collection) of her niece at the piano and the Duc de Tremont by her side. The Comtesse de la Maine sat in a little shadow of her own, using and enjoying the picture of the Duc de Tremont and Miss Redmond very indifferently. She did not sing; she had no parlor accomplishments. She was poor, a widow, and had a child. She was not a brilliant match.

Hunting on Lower Colorado.

To the hunter of game, both large and small, the Colorado will appear most notable as being the gateway to what is undoubtedly the best easily reached shooting ground in North America, the delta country about the head of the Gulf of California in Mexico. Here, besides a wealth of bird life that is equal by few regions in the world, are to be found wild pig or javelin, deer, mountain lion, jaguar, wildcat, coyote, antelope and mountain sheep. The delta country, with its hunting, is generally the objective of the Colorado voyager in any case, and for one whose time is limited the most expeditious plan will be to outfit at Yuma and float down the river to the end of the gulf from that point. With plenty of time at one's disposal, it will be worth while to make the stretch between there and Yuma offers a rare combination of fine scenery with safe going that is equalled by few streams in America.—Outing.

Old Tree Dead.

One of the oldest trees in America, at Ravenna Park, Seattle, Wash., is dead. It is a fir tree 180 feet tall with a diameter of 20 feet and a circumference of 58 feet. It is supposed to be eighteen hundred or two thousand years old.

HARVESTING AND PACKING STRAWBERRIES



American Quart Boxes of Well-Graded Strawberries—"Fancy" on the Right, "No. 1" on the Left.

The stage of maturity at which strawberries should be picked depends upon the distance they are to be shipped. When grown for the local market they should be picked when thoroughly ripe but not soft, says a new farmers' bulletin, No. 654, of the United States department of agriculture. If grown for a distant market the berries must be picked before they are thoroughly ripe, but they should be fully grown and about three-fourths ripe. If picked before they are colored the berries will shrink and wither, making them unfit for sale. Strawberries should be picked with a short piece of stem attached (about one-fourth to one-half inch). They should never be slipped from the stem, as that spoils appearance and injures their shipping and keeping qualities.

Grading and Packing. Uniformity in the pack is essential in order to obtain high prices for strawberries, and this can be secured only when the berries have been carefully graded and sorted. Some growers have the berries graded in the field.

A common practice in some sections is to pick the ripe berries of all grades into the same box and when the tray is full to take it to the packing shed, where the berries are sorted and packed. The graders dump the berries on a table and pick out all green, overripe or small berries. The others are placed in the boxes, one of the graders arranging the top layers in such a way that the berries show to best advantage. When berries are packed in this manner, care should be taken not to put the small, inferior berries in the center of the box and the large fine berries on top. The fruit should be uniform throughout the box, with the top layer merely placed to add to the attractiveness of the pack and to hold the fruit in place. Where the fancy pack is put up, the berries should be divided into two grades.

After the berries are picked they should be placed in the shade as soon as possible, for heat injures the fruit in a short time. The pickers should not be allowed to leave the filled

boxes along the rows, where the berries will be exposed to the sun. The shorter the time that elapses after the fruit is picked before it is put into refrigerator cars or refrigerator boxes the better it is for the berries, which will continue to ripen rapidly until they are chilled.

Large Crates Preferable. Many types of boxes and crates are used for strawberries, but the tendency is toward a standard full-size quart box. In fact, in several states it is illegal to offer for sale a short box; shipments to these markets must be handled to conform with the laws. The boxes now in use are the American or standard quart berry box, which holds a full quart; the octagon box, and the square scale-board type of quart and pint boxes. The American type is the one that is most generally used; it is full size, strongly made, and packs well in the crate. The octagon box is objectionable on account of its shape and the raised bottom. A long, narrow box is not satisfactory, because it is inconvenient to pick up without grasping the sides between the thumb and fingers, and when handled in this way the berries are likely to be mashed. Moreover, the sides of boxes with raised bottoms often split off below the bottom, causing the boxes to tip over.

The scale-board boxes are cheaper than splint boxes, but as the latter are more substantial they are preferred in nearly all markets. The type of crate depends on the boxes used. Any crate substantially built and well ventilated is satisfactory, but cost is an important consideration, as they are not returned to the shipper.

The largest crate that can be handled conveniently is the one to use, as the large ones are cheaper in proportion to the quantity of berries they carry. The 24 or 32-quart crates are generally used, though in some sections the 60-quart crate is employed. Crates with hinged lids have an advantage over others in that they provide for the inspection of the fruit to better advantage. The hinged-lid crate invites inspection and this is a point in its favor.



Crate of Aroma Strawberries in Octagon Quart Boxes, Twenty-Four Quarts to the Crate.

BUY THE BEST BINDER TWINE PLAN TO SPRAY VEGETABLES

Always Best to Purchase Standard Quality — Loss From Breakage Ought to Be Avoided.

Buy what binder twine will be needed for the wheat crop early, so as to get a good article. It is always best to buy of standard quality—that will not kink and knot up. A poor quality of twine will give no end of trouble in harvesting heavy grain. The loss of time caused by breakage during harvest will more than pay for all the best twine needed in harvesting the crop. Ropes for the hay fork and for hauling the hay cocks to barn or stack, should be of the best quality and the full length. A new rope, particularly if it be sisal, often causes trouble because of its stiffness. If used as a hay fork rope or to place where it runs through a set of pulleys, it is apt to tangle up until it has been used for some time. This trouble may be avoided by boiling the rope in water. Coil the rope in a large soap boiler and cover with water and bring it to a boil. The rope is then to be taken out and stretched out and allowed to dry, when it will be found to be soft and pliable.

Rid Barn of Fleas.

If troubled with fleas in the barn, clean out all the dirt and rubbish and spray with a standard dip solution. You can also apply a coat of white-wash, to which has been added a teaspoonful of carbolic acid or creolin, for every pint of water used. Sprinkle the floors with lime and in the worst places tobacco dust may be used in addition to the disinfectant.

Machinery as Necessary for Garden as for Orchard—Liquid Should Be Put on in Fine Mist.

A spraying machine is as necessary for the garden as the orchard. Some folks use a common water sprinkler for applying spraying mixtures; but this does little good, because it is not only a great waste of material, but the plants are not fully covered in this way.

The liquid should be put on in a fine mist, not as a heavy rain. To apply paris green in water various cheap hand sprayers are on the market now. They need not be of copper for this purpose, as paris green will not corrode iron any more than does water; but when bordeaux mixture is used as a carrier for the arsenical poison (and we would strongly urge that this be done in every case, as it must be done if we put our potato-growing operations on a safe basis) then the sprayer must be made of copper and brass—iron would be eaten away in a short time.

The modern knapsack sprayer, which possibly is the best implement for spraying smaller patches of potatoes—up to three or four acres—cucumbers or other vines, and for general use as a sprayer machine in the garden and small vineyard, will involve a first expense of from \$12 to \$15, but it will pay in any large-sized garden.

Pure Blood Speaks Loud.

With hens, as with cattle and hogs, pure blood speaks louder than "water-blood," and as the farmer cannot afford to harbor scrub hogs and cattle, so he cannot afford to feed and care for mongrel fowls.

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Somewhat Different.

"What is the price of that porch chair?" asked the lady shopper.

"Seventeen dollars, madam," replied the clerk.

"Seventeen dollars!" echoed the would-be customer. "Aren't you mistaken? It surely can't be worth that much."

"Pardon me, madam," rejoined the conscientious salesman. "It is probably worth \$1.50, but you asked the price."

Naturally.

"The line of battle in Europe just now reminds me of our telephone exchange."

"How so?"

"It's a line that's always busy."

Some men are such clever liars that they can even explain to the satisfaction of their wives where they have been.

The rule is that the man who is "handy" about the house isn't much good down town.

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It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered.

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"Every time I take a walk," says Mrs. Marth Woods, 703 Tenth St., Aurora, Neb., "I was so weak and rundown from kidney trouble I couldn't do my housework. My back pained terribly and I had awful headaches. My ankles and feet were swollen and painful. I was laid up for fourteen weeks. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me, and continued use permanently cured me."



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