

HIS LOVE STORY

By **MARIE VAN VORST**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Later, when the others had left them to themselves in the music room, Sabron sat in a big chair by the open window and Julia Redmond played to him. The day was warm. There was a smell of spring flowers in the air and the vases were filled with gillyflowers and sweet peas. But Sabron smelled only the violets in Julia's girdle. Her hands gently wandered over the keys, finding the tune that Sabron longed to hear. She played the air through, and it seemed as though she were about to sing the first verse. She could not do so, nor could she speak.

Sabron rose and came over to where she sat. There was a low chair near the piano and he took it, leaning forward, his hands clasped about his knees. It had been the life-long dream of this simple-hearted officer that one day he would speak out his soul to the woman he loved. The time had come. She sat before him in her unpretentious dress. He was not worldly enough to know it cost a great price, nor to appreciate that she wore no jewels—nothing except the flowers he had sent. Her dark hair was clustered about her ears and her beautiful eyes lost their fire in tenderness.

"When a man has been very close to death, Mademoiselle, he looks about for the reason of his resurrection. When he returns to the world, he looks to see what there is in this life to make it worth living. I am young—at the beginning of my career. I may have before me a long life in which, with health and friends, I may find much happiness. These things certainly have their worth to a normal man—but I cannot make them real before my eyes just yet. As I look upon the world to which I have returned, I see nothing but a woman and her love. If I cannot win her for my wife, if I cannot have her love—"

He made an expressive gesture which more impressively than words implied how completely he laid down everything else to her love and his.

He said, not without a certain dignity: "I am quite poor; I have only my soldier's pay. In Normandy I own a little property. It is upon a hill and looks over the sea, with apple orchards and wheat fields. There is a house. These are my landed estates. My manhood and my love are my fortune. If you cannot return my love I shall not thank Tremont for bringing me back from Africa."

The American girl listened to him with profound emotion. She discovered every second how well she understood him, and he had much to say, because it was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his love. She had put out both her hands and, looking at him fully, said simply: "Why it seems to me you must know how I feel—how can you help knowing how I feel?"

After a little he told her of Normandy, and how he had spent his childhood and boyhood in the chateau overlooking the wide sea, told her how he had watched the ships and used to dream of the countries beyond the horizon, and how the apple blossoms filled the orchards in the spring. He told her how he longed to go back, and that his wandering life had made it impossible for years.

Julia whispered: "We shall go there in the spring, my friend."

He was charming as he sat there holding her hands closely, his fine eyes bent upon her. Sabron told her things that had been deep in his heart and mind, waiting for her here so many months. Finally, everything merged into his present life, and the beauty of what he said dazed her like an enchanted sea. He was a soldier, a man of action, yet a dreamer. The fact that his hopes were about to be realized made him tremble, and as he talked, everything took light from this victory. Even his house in Normandy began to seem a fitting setting for the beautiful American.

"It is only a Louis XIII chateau; it stands very high, surrounded by orchards, which in the spring are white as snow."

"We shall go there in the spring," she whispered.

Sabron stopped speaking, his reverie was done, and he was silent as the intensity of his love for her surged over him. He lifted her delicate hands to his lips. "It is April now," he said, and his voice shook. "It is spring now, my love."

At Julia's side was a slight touch. She cried: "Pitchoune!" He put his paws on her knees and looked up into her face.

hands met and clasped. "Pitchoune is the only one in the world who is not de trop," said Julia gently.

Sabron, lifting her hand again to his lips, kissed it long, looking into her eyes. Between that great mystery of the awakening to be fulfilled, they drew near to each other—nearer.

Pitchoune sat before them, waiting. He wagged his tail and waited. No one noticed him. He gave a short bark that apparently disturbed no one.

Pitchoune had become de trop. He was discreet. With sympathetic eyes he gazed on his beloved master and new mistress, then turned and quietly trotted across the room to the empty grate, where on the warm spring day there was no fire.

Pitchoune lay down before the fireless hearth, his head forward on his paws, his beautiful eyes still discreetly turned away from the lovers. He drew a long contented breath as dogs do before settling into repose. His



"My Manhood and My Love Are My Fortune."

thrilling adventures had come to an end. Before fires on the friendly hearth of the Louis XIII chateau, where hunting dogs were carved in the stone above the chimney, Pitchoune might continue to dream in the days to come. He would hunt rabbits in the still forests above the wheat fields, and live again in the firelight his great adventures on the desert, the long runs across the sands on his journey back to France.

Now he closed his eyes. As a faithful friend he rested in the atmosphere of happiness about him. He had been the sole companion of a lonely man, now he had become part of a family.

THE END.

Explaining His One Little Lapse.
"Brudren and sistahs," in triumphant tones announced Brother Bogus, during the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel, "since I was converted and washed whiter dan snow, two mont's ago, I has been widout sin, bless de Lawd! I's sanctified, and couldn't commit sin if I wanted to!"

"Hold on a minute, muh brudder!" interrupted good old Parson Bagster. "Yo' mought uh-been washed tolibable white, but I's bleeged to say dat dar 'pears to be a spot or two dat wasn't touched wid de soap o' salvation. How 'bout dat time Cuhnel White filled yo' pussanality full o' shot in his beehouse?"

"W'y—w'y, sah, lemme tell yo'! Dis is how 'twuz: Yo' knows how absent minded de Cuhnel alius was. Well, sah, dat was one o' dem times—he was studyin' 'bout suppin or nudder, and dess 'magined I was dar!"—Kansas City Star.

Woman Destroys Bomb.
What might have been a disastrous explosion was prevented when Mrs. Pauline Siegel picked a bomb, with a lighted fuse attached, from the doorstep of the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Salvatore Corso, 1621 South Franklin street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Siegel hurled it into the street. This broke the crudely constructed bomb, and only a section exploded.

Mrs. Siegel saw two men place a queer-looking package on the step, apply a match, and run away. She grasped the package and hurled it into the street.

It contained six sticks of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder. The copper wires, which had been wrapped around the package, broke. The contents of the powerful bomb were scattered in all directions.

Mrs. Corso said her family has no enemies.

FIGHT SHARKS TWO DAYS FOR WHALE

Fishermen, Lost in Small Boats Without Food, Free Captured Monster.

New Bedford, Mass.—Memories of more than half a century ago, when New Bedford whaling ships sailed the seven seas, were revived the other day with the arrival here of two open boats containing 12 men of the crew of the whaling vessel Joe B. Manta, who had become separated from their ship in a fog off Cape Henry. Their story was one of hardship, peril and excitement. Without food or water for four days, they spent two days in fighting large schools of



Schools of Sharks Were Attracted.

sharks, and were finally forced to violate the tradition of their calling never to lose a captured whale.

According to the story of the men, a whale was sighted off the Virginia coast early one morning. Two boats were lowered for the chase, one in charge of Mate Joseph Brown, and the other commanded by the second mate. Each crew put a harpoon into the quarry, but while they were making their capture they lost sight of their ship in the fog.

The whale was lashed between the two boats and the men laid a course toward the coast. Great schools of sharks were attracted by the carcass, and for two days the men fought these scavengers with lances and oars. Finally they became exhausted, and the whale was cut loose and given over to the sharks.

The men were without food and water until they were picked up by the Norwegian steamer Skard, bound from Newport News for Christiania. Later they were transferred to the steamer Piedmont, which ran into Vineyard sound, where the whalers again took to their own boats and sailed across Buzzards bay to this port.

STUNG BY HIS CONSCIENCE

Paroled Convict Asks to Be Sent Back to Prison at Michigan City, Ind.

Vincennes, Ind.—Charles Bays, fifty-one, walked into the police station here and asked whether he was wanted at Michigan City for violating his parole. Chief of Police Adams could find nothing in the records from Michigan City, but a telegram from Warden Fogarty stated that Bays was wanted and to hold him.

Bays was sentenced from one to eight years from Dubois county in 1910 for the theft of a half gallon of whisky. He has served three years, but his term was lengthened when he failed to report while on parole. He said he became intoxicated several months ago, failed to report, and his conscience has been hurting him ever since. He was returned to Michigan City, but local people have become interested and may appeal to the governor for a pardon.

WON RACE WITH A COUGAR

McGhie, Motorist, Tells a Thrilling Yarn of an Experience in Washington.

Everett, Wash.—The story of a race between an automobile and a big cougar is related by S. P. McGhie, who drove the car in the unusual sporting event a few days ago, while returning from Mount Rainier with a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Pritchard and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Graves. Soon after leaving the National Park Inn they saw the animal coming up the road. As they approached it stopped. The road at that point runs along a high ledge, precipitous on each side, and the animal had no other chance to escape than to run down the road.

Mr. McGhie took up the chase "stepping upon" his eight-cylinder car for probably half a mile. The animal saw that it was about to be overtaken, leaped to the roadside and crouching close to the rocks, snarled as the machine rushed on.

Forgot He Hid Money in Stove.
Landsdale, Pa.—Adolph Blattner, a gatekeeper on a railroad here, hid his savings in the stove in his shanty and forgot to remove them before he built a fire. The bills were partly burned, but can be redeemed.



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A Matter of Surprise.
"Don't you think women ought to vote?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Well, Henrietta, there's no doubt in my mind that you ought to vote. But if your opinion of some of the other women is correct, I don't see why you should want to intrust them with such a responsibility."

Good!
In that new banana which Burbank has evolved the skiddy skin is emitted. This may be a gain for the banana and the public, but it's a painful loss for the professional funmaker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Stationary Post.
Victims for cabinet changes in Europe are coming to favor the New York idea of a "stationary post."—Boston Advertiser.

Speech and Silence.
Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.—George Herbert.

The jailbird may be deserving of sympathy, but seldom merits glorification.
If a young man has money to burn it is easy to induce some girl to strike a match.

Awe is the feeling with which one woman regards another woman who wears imported gowns.

When a homely girl has her picture taken she acts as if she considered the artist responsible for her looks.

Dangerous Situation.
"Awful situation at the jail."
"Dear me! What is it?"
"They have the measles there, and all the prisoners have broken out."

Its Kind.
"I see where they have a little Thimble theater in New York. What kind of plays have they?"
"Oh, I dare say, they are sew, sew."

Something Just as Good.
"Let's get up a piscatorial excursion."
"Why not have just a good old fishing party?"

Some Jealous.
Patience—Is she jealous of her husband?
Patrice—Is she? Say, she's jealous if he finds a hair in the butter that isn't hers!

It was a Kansas woman, of course, who traded the family refrigerator for a pair of roller skates. A Kansas man would have dickered for a different kind of skate.

By the time a woman is old enough not to care how she looks, she has wasted enough smokeless powder to blow up a ship.

Getting into debt is like dropping from a balloon. Getting out is like climbing a greased pole.

When you meet a self-made man he always wants to tell you all about the job.

A man is a basso when he talks to women. But he often is a tenor when he converses with men.

It is often hard to determine whether a man is on his way to play chess or merely is returning from a funeral.

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