HIS LOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Ls 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 care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his mater, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Ducke de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from 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 loveli- tranquilly in the heat. ness 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 went on carayan explorations.

You are a great deal, but you really eyes returned to the page.

don't count, you know." Before his eyes the sands were as us. You left us a trust and we did not pink as countless rose leaves. To guard it. Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers. The peculiar incenselike odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All cool breeze that would give them a de- childlike French he said: licious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the lonely tent like a bridal flower in a tent?" veil of blue. On all sides, like white tents of his men and his officers, and letter: from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order

alone with the absolute stillness. This he often did and took his say." thoughts with him and came back to . . . So I write you this letter to tell his tent more conscious of his solitude you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown thoughts with him and came back to every night of his life.

There had been much looting of carhis 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 band, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His orden nance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarce ly more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted

French and pointed, for the man un heart. derstood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a the two sat watching the caravan cannot understand." 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

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

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. miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how that told of Pitchoune's following his fastened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag

tribute the post. Then, for the light was bad, bril-Hant though the night might be, he

and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's mill. and ride with my men, when the desert's

never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, corpes sometimes to see my maid and he thinks he has been hurt and died in

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

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

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

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 scent, Sabron said: "It is one of the reto Sabron's man servant when they grets of my life that you cannot tell

us about it. How did you get the "Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not scent? How did you follow me?" alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's

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 the west was as red as fire. The day woolly head bare. He stood as stiff had been hot and there came up the as a ramrod and as black. In his "Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if

Monsieur le Capitaine will come to great stars; each one hung above his play a game of carte in the mess

"No," said Sabron, without turning. petals on the desert face, were the "Not tonight." He went on with his

a sacred trust."

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau his stallion saddled and to ride away d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no for a little distance in order to be one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare

to love him though he did not like me. miss him terribly. . . . My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine avans in the region by brigands, and crossing and that you will send us a his business was that of sentinel for 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:

ful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solltary. JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter "Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch several times he kissed it fervently me out a lounge chair." He spoke in and put it in his pocket next his

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by same time it makes me more so. This the nape of his neck up to his lap, and is a paradox, mon vieux, which you

CHAPTER XII.

The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three eve nings 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 It had taken him a long time to work heart and his reserve made what he down to Dirbal, however, and they had did say stronger than if perhaps he had some hardships. He felt a million | could have expressed it quite frankly. Julia Redmond turned the sheets

far it had traveled to find the people master, and colored with joy and pleasto whom these letters were addressed ure as she read. She wiped away two made his hands reverent as he un tears at the end, where Sabron said: Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog

to Mustapha and sent him off to disesert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatwent into his tent with his own mail. ly touched and loved Pitchoune more more, than it does you.' On his dressing table was a small il- than ever. She would have changed lumination consisting of a fat candle places with him gladly. It was an grinding his teeth. 'Keep it up, dad. set in a glass case. The mosquitoes honor, a distinction to share a sol- I can stand it."

not forbid them! My little dos 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 liv-

dier's exile and to be his companion. Then Sabron wrote, in closing words

which she read and reread many,

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, t we do

many times.

ing 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 followed me to my barracks, folme across the sea, and here in my it keeps me company. I find that I wake at night the melody sings

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 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 slavedealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I be lieve we shall have a fively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north When I go out with my people tom may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who 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

will be best to close.

Adleu, Mademoliselle. 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 can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you I am, Mademoiselle,

Faithfully yours, CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a let-



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 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 tle 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 weapcashires .- 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-thousanddollar 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

"'Then keep it up,' said little Willie

HAS TO DRAW ON ENGLAND, sive mining operations and producing | great hardship on hospitals, sadly in great quantities of coal, which are need of the fuel for hundreds of thou-

> derstand?" "No, the doctor still calls."

"But I heard she was out of dau-

"No one is out of danger while the

Gown of Taffeta and Chiffon



any of the semidress occasions which ploying taffeta and chiffon with the happiest results. Volles and laces, nets (and organdles when very sheer) suggest any number of combinations and great diversity in style.

The skirt in the costume shown is made of dark blue chiffon decorated with bands of the same shade in taffeta. It is straight and round and cut to extend several inches above the waist line on to the bodice. It is shaped to the figure about the hips and waist and to the lower part of the the idea is carried out in the long and cushioned seat, her shoulders quiverbodice by means of cords run in narrow tucks. These are drawn up, fulling the material and forming a shirred yoke at the top of the skirt, terminating in a frill above the waist line. This skirt is worn over a plain one of

corsage ornament, makes a pretty dance or dinner frock of it.

ple sleeves finished with chiffon frills, furniture.

gown that will do service for almost there with an organdie collar decorated with a little fine embroidery. The enliven summer afternoons and eve- sleeves are elaborated with a band nings, and is really a triumph as a of taffeta above the elbow, fastened visiting toilette, combinations of silk down with silk-covered buttons. But with transparent fabrics deserve your the touch of distinction which first attention. In the costume pictured catches the eye is the belt and hanghere such a combination is shown, em- ing end of silk, decorated with an embroidered pattern of the smallest beads in many brilliant but harmonizing colors. They are put on with the intent of reminding one of the beadwork of the Indians, and are astonishingly effective. One may count upon a thrill of patriotism as a part of the satisfaction in wearing this gown, not simply because it is made of American fabrics, but because its decoration is an inspiration born in our own land. And notice how splendid single feather for which the little hat is merely a support.

How to Make a Bureau. Take three or four boxes; nail them

together and line inside with white A dainty bodice of lace or net or any paper. Take three yards white dot of the softly falling semitransparent | ted muslin and fell and tack it around fabrics, worn with this skirt, and a the top of the top box; cover top with towel or bureau scarf, and you have a very handy place to put things, as The pretty, straight coat, with am- well as a very neat-looking piece of

Breakfast Caps, Simple and Otherwise



fast or boudoir caps, one of them a ers less simple, but having the charm of novelty as well as beauty to recommend them. None of these are too difficult to make for women who understand even a little of needlework, as much to this onslaught of the "lit- and the pretty cap of point d'esprit net, pictured at the left of the group, might be successfully made by any novice in sewing.

preferred, a small cluster of chiffon roses or millinery flowers may be used.

At the top of the group a cap is shown made of shadow lace over chif- of the looms that turn cotton fiber into fon, edged with a scant ruffle of mes- fabrics to wonder at. saline ribbon about an inch wide. The

strip fourteen inches long. At the to form the turned-back points shown in the picture. These are about five inches deep. A short elastic cord is inserted in a casing across the back. and the fullness at the front of the cap is caught in the plain edges of the two-pointed pieces. Full rosettes of four-inch satin ribbon, with two ends, decorate this model at each side and finish a cap that is unusually be coming. The third cap shown is made of a

wide shadow lace, edged about the front with a narrow lace of the same kind. The scalloped edge of the wide lace forms a cape falling to the shoulders, and the narrower lace makes a frill falling about the face An elastic band adjusts this cap also and messaline ribbon, caught at inter vals about the face, is finished with loops and hanging ends at the back Until you have experimented with of feminine finery you will not know how becoming some of them are Moreover, they are made of American laces, the filmiest and softest product

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Something to Do. "What has become of the Cheerful Idiot?" asked the Old Fogy. "I haven't rounded. Now take cheese box and heard of him for months." "Why, he nail it to the strips about one foot is busy with a get-rich-quick scheme," from the floor to all three strips. Then replied the Grouch. "What is it?" take the cover of the box and nail to asked the Old Fogy. "Someone told top of the strips, sandpaper inside and him that a queen bee lays 3,000 eggs out and stain with dark oak stain, a day, and he is trying to perfect a then varnish. The wood in the box cross between a queen bee and a

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Comes in Touch With a Real Tragedy, but Warren Is Brutally Unsympathetic

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street lamps were | we both knew. already lit and many windows. It was raw and ried by with drawn shoulders lars, their faces A subdued excitement was in the air. With con-

Mabel Herbert Zeppelin raids, it is?" Urner. the Londoners

were at last aroused. Yet, the very immensity and solidity of London gave Helen a sense security that the most ominous rumors had not shaken. So far, she had not been afraid.

The mournful sound of a distant fife and drum, then a hearse with a flagdraped coffin and three closed carriages passed slowly by. These sad little processions were becoming daily more frequent.

Depressed, Helen turned from the window and glanced longingly at the clock. It would be at least an hour before Warren came. Again she took up her mending, but she was too restless to sew.

She went into the bedroom. As she gazed moodily across the narrow courtyard, a woman's form was suddenly outlined against the drawn blind of a lighted window. Her every movement was clearly silhouetted.

Helen watched her, fascinated. With clenched hands she was walking up and down the room. Then she dropped into a chair, her face buried in its ing with convulsive sobs. There were abandonment and abject grief in every line of her slender figure.

Something that looked like a newspaper lay on the floor beside her. Helen's thoughts leaped to that daily column of killed and wounded.

At any other time she would not have followed the impulse that now came to her. But the war had broken down many barriers. A common danger and sorrow had brought people together; ordinary conventions were brushed aside.

The next moment Helen was hurrying down the hall to the apartment opposite. It was some time before her timid ring was answered.

"Who is it?" asked a tremulous voice, the door opening a few inches. "Mrs. Curtis-from the apartment next door," faltered Helen

The door opened wider, the woman still shielding herself behind it. "I-I know you're in trouble," impulsively. "I saw you through the window-the curtain was down, but I could see your shadow. Don't think

me intrusive, but I knew you were alone-and I couldn't help coming." The woman's only answer was to turn back into the room and throw herself sobbing on the couch. Helen followed, constrained and awkward. After all, what could she do-what could any stranger do?

"It's someone-in the war?" gently, drawing a chair beside her.

The head or the pillow nodded. Helen took one of the hot, clenched think of nothing to say, nothing that would not seem meaningless.

A small desk clock ticked harshly. There was a cound of coals settling in the grate. A faint creak of the chair as Helen stirred.

Then the woman sat up and looked at her dully.

"Oh, it's not what you think," recklessly. "It's not my husband or my brother-or anyone whom I can grieve over openly. That's why I'm alone. I don't dare have anyone with me-anyone that might know." Helen felt a tightening in her

throat; she did not attempt to speak. "He was brought home yesterday wounded-fatally, the papers said. Chat's all I know. I can't go to him. can't even telephone-they'd know ny voice." She looked unflinchingly t Helen, "He's-another woman's hus-)and."

Helen did not start or draw back; er hold on the hot Land tightened. "This morning I drove by in a cab. The blinds were down, but there was o-crape. I'm going again tonight.)h. It's torture-not knowing!"

Abruptly she rose and took from a lesk drawer a leather-cased photograph. It was a strong, clean-cut face of a virile Englishman.

"There was nothing the whole world ouldn't have known," her burning yes were on the picture. "And yetnow that he's dying I'm almost sorry there wasn't!" deflantly. "Can you understand that?"

Helen nodded. "Oh, we're more natural, more primitive in times like these! That's why can tell you this. And yet," slow--ly, "if he should get well-it would be just the same. Oh, we've made such a waste of our lives-such a pitiful waste! It was all my fault, but I've paid for it." bitterly. "I've paid for one foolish, hysterical moment with six years of torture."

"Six years," breathed Helen. "We were engaged," she steaded her voice. "Oh, it was such a trivial thing we quarreled over! And hehe took it seriously. He threw up everything and went to India. Last year he married and came back to London. We knew the same people, we couldn't help meeting. His wife doesn't care-she's always with other

Helen stood brooding at the win- | Then he began coming here. He dow, looking out on the grayness of never made an engagement, yet I of the early Lon- came to expect him every Wednesday don dusk. It was at five-I lived for that hour. We not four, but the never talked-I mean about this. Yet

> "The day he left for the war-he lights gleamed in came to say good-by. He tried to make it a conventional call-but I couldn't. I was the one to break damp. People hur- down. He said there was only one solution-for him not to come back." Her voice broke. She looked at

> and upturned col- Helen with hopeless eyes, "Oh, how I've watched the papers! gravely anxious. But there's been nothing until yesterday."

> "And yet," murmured Helen, "if you had married him, wouldn't givstant rumors of ing him up now be even harder than "Harder?" flercely. "If we'd had six years of happiness, would our

lives have been wasted? Six years

with him! I'd barter my soul for one!" She was walking feverishly about the room, her long hair partly un-

bound "Oh, I can't stand this," hysterically. "I must know," turning desperately to the desk phone. "No-no, I mustn't phone. Don't let me!"

"I- Can't I phone for you?" tered Helen. "Oh," looking at her wildly, "why didn't I think of that? Eight-two-sixnine Mayfair," excitedly, "Ask for Lieutenant --- No-wait, I can't give

you his name!" "Need I know his name? Couldn't I say the lieutenant?" "Yes-yes," eagerly, thrusting the

eceiver into Helen's hand. In an unsteady voice Helen called for the number. She could hear the tense breathing of the woman beside her. It was a man that answered,

"Eight-two-a...-nine Mayfair? I would like to know how the lieutenant is.' "Lieutenant Carson died this morn-

ing at eleven thirty," came the an-Although he immediately rang off, Helen still held the receiver. How

could she tell her? What words would sound the least brutal? But the woman's intuition needed

no words. "When did he die?" her voice was curiously quiet

'At eleven thirty." "That was after I drove by this morning. He was there then-I might have seen him!" Then abruptly, "You'll understand if I ask you to go now, won't you? I think I'd rather

be alone." "Oh, I can't leave, you know," frightened at her strange quietness. "You mustn't be alone. Let me stay with

you or send for someone." She shook her head. "I couldn't have anyone here without telling them. But you needn't be anxious. I'm all right. In a way," dreamily, "I'm nearer to him now than I ever was. He's more mine now than he is-

hers. "But later, in the night, if you should need one-will you let me know? Promise me that! I can't bear to think of you here alone."

"Yes, I promise." And with that Helen had to be content. She went back down the hall haunted by the picture of that woman alone with her grief.

When she opened the door she started with dismay at the sound of Warren whistling. She had not thought hands in both of hers. She could he would be home, and just now she shrank from meeting him. She dread-

ed his brusque questioning. He was in the bedroom, his foot on a chair, brushing the bottoms of his trousers.

"Hello!" without looking up. "This blamed London mud sticks like -Then he saw her face. "What the deuce's the matter now?" "Oh, dear, I-I've been with the woman next door," trying to hide her

face against his unresponsive arm. "Who's the woman next door?" elbowing her away, the whiskbroom in his hand, "What are you sniveling about, anyway?" It was hard to tell such a story while Warren, grimly unsympathetic,

brushed his clothes, put on a fresh collar and cleaned his nails. Helen stumbled through it brokenly. "Told all that yarn to you, eh? Sounds like it was made out of whole

cloth. Guess there's a lot she didn't

"Warren, stop!" turning on him flercely. "Oh, I shouldn't have told you! I might have known you wouldn't understand. She's refined, delicate-

"Huh," attacking his hair savagely, a brush in each hand, "not much delicacy in spieling off that tale to a stranger. "Oh, how can you be so hard!"

passionately. "Sometimes I think you haven't any---Well, I'm not haunting my feelings in everybody's face. I've always said women had no sense of reticence. Think a man would bleat out a story

like that? Not if you grilled him on

hot irons!"

imagination and the Eye. Science does not depreciate the power of the eye. People have been rendered sad or bad or mad, exquisitely happy or strongly fortified by a single glance, though no doubt an instinctive divination or knowledge of the man or girl behind the eyes aids the effect on the imagination

Ejaculation of a Vacationist. Oh Lord! I have left behind all the things I ought to have taken and I have taken all of the things I really didn't want, and there is not much health in me.-Life.

France Feeling the Scarcity of Coal Consequent on the German Con-

trol of the Mines.

France is now compelled to call on England for coal, which was formerly mined in the north of France. Practieither been destroyed by the German artillery or are being operated by Germans At Lievin and Courrieres the the fighting lines are entirely with-

being shipped into Belgium for the sands of wounded and the sick sol-

use of the German military forces. France is no longer able to draw coal from Mons and Charlerol, which formerly supplied large quantities for exportation. Consequently, the residents of northern France are largely cally all the mines in that district have dependent upon English mines for coal, which has become very scarce. Frequently towns and villages near | ger?"

diers of the allies who are being cared for in French towns.

> Not Quite. "Your wife is all right again, I un-

German army is carrying on exten- out coal for a week. This works doctor calls."

Here are three of the latest break- | crown and short cape are made of a lifted the lids when touched by the familiar and simple type, and two oth- front two triangular pieces are set on

This cap is merely a circular piece of dotted net having a diameter of ons. Over one hundred stings are said eighteen inches. The edge is turned to have been extracted from one of up in the tiniest of hems-about onethe men of the Royal North Lan- sixteenth of an inch wide-and over this a narrow edging of val lace is stitched down. Two inches in from the edge of the lace, on the under side of the net, a narrow silk binding or bias tape is machine-stitched along both edges to the net. This forms a casing to hold an elastic band or cord that is run through it, gathering the net into a cap. A rosette of satin ribbon is mounted at each side. Or, if different models in these pretty bits

> To Make a Workbox. Procure from a grocery store a little cost. cheese box, now from some carpenter shop get three pieces of wood three feet long and one inch thick and one inch wide, and have the outside edges

you have a nice workbox with a very

is very pretty finished like this, and hen."-Cincinnati Enquirer.