

HIS LOVE STORY  
By MARIE VAN VORST  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters in Paris to hand a motherly 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 brings to his memory the Marquise's father, who died in the Algerian wars. 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 a 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 brilliant 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 Diral, 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 unlocked the sealed labels. He looked at the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the night 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

dier'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, I do not forbid them! My little dog, I 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 lion. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the time 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, I wake to find you. 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 not be the same without 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 without which we could make it audible—appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls! And you, I must close my letter sending you only the time; 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 Diral, 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, 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 it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhodan 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 "Hive 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 reported 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, gridding his teeth. 'Keep it up, dad. I can stand it.'"

To Make a Workbox.

Procure from a grocery store a 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 rounded. Now take cheese box and nail it to the strips about one foot from the floor to all three strips. Then take the cover of the box and nail to top of the strips, sandpaper inside and out and stain with dark oak stain, then varnish. The wood in the box is very pretty finished like this, and

you have a nice workbox with a very little cost.

Something to Do.

"What has become of the Cheerful Idiot?" asked the Old Fog. "I haven't heard of him for months." "Why, he is busy with a get-rich-quick scheme," replied the Grouch. "What is it?" asked the Old Fog. "Someone told him that a queen bee lays 3,000 eggs a day, and he is trying to perfect a cross between a queen bee and a hen."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Quite.

"Your wife is all right again, I understand?" "No, the doctor still calls." "But I heard she was out of danger?" "No one is out of danger while the doctor calls."

Gown of Taffeta and Chiffon



If you are looking for an afternoon gown that will do service for almost any of the semi-dress occasions which enliven summer afternoons and evenings, and is really a triumph as a visiting toilette, combinations of silk with transparent fabrics deserve your attention. In the costume pictured here such a combination is shown, employing taffeta and chiffon with the happiest results. Volles and laces, and (and organdies 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 bodice by means of cords run in narrow tucks. These are drawn up, pulling the material and forming a shirred yoke at the top of the skirt, terminating in a tulle above the waist line. This skirt is worn over a plain one of taffeta.

A dainty bodice of lace or net or any of the softly falling semitransparent fabrics, worn with this skirt, and a corsage ornament, makes a pretty dance or dinner frock of it.

The pretty, straight coat, with ample sleeves finished with chiffon frills, is open at the throat and finished there with an organdie collar decorated with a little fine embroidery. The sleeves are elaborated with a band of taffeta above the elbow, fastened down with silk-covered buttons. But the touch of distinction which first catches the eye is the belt and hanging 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 the idea is carried out in the long and 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 paper. Take three yards white dot ted muslin and fell and tack it around the top of the top box; cover top with towel or bureau scarf, and you have a very handy place to put things, as well as a very neat-looking piece of furniture.

Breakfast Caps, Simple and Otherwise



Here are three of the latest break-fast or boudoir caps, one of them a simple and simple type, and two others 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, 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.

This cap is merely a circular piece of dotted net having a diameter of eighteen inches. The edge is turned up in the thickest of hems—about one-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 make a frill falling about the face. An elastic band adjusts this cap also and mesalline ribbon, caught at intervals about the face, is finished with loops and hanging ends at the back.

Until you have experimented with different models in these pretty bits of feminine finery you will not know how becoming some of them are. Moreover, they are made of American laces, the finest and softest product of the looms that turn cotton fiber into fabrics to wonder at.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Imagination and the Eye.

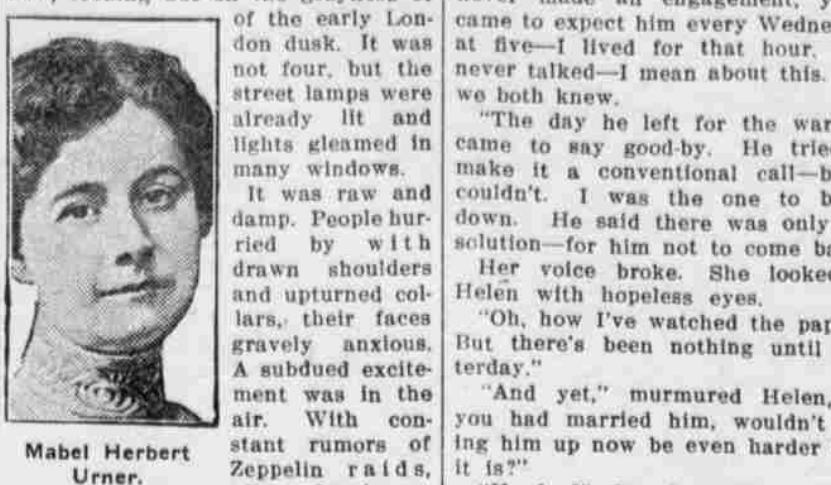
Science does not depreciate the power of the eye. People have been rendered sad or mad or mad, exquisitely happy or strongly fortified by a single glance, though no doubt an instinctive divination or knowledge of the man or girl behind the eyes aids the effect on the imagination.

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.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren  
By MABEL HERBERT URNER  
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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Mabel Herbert Urner.

Helen stood brooding at the window, looking out on the grayness of the early London dusk. It was not four, but the street lamps were already lit and lights gleamed in many windows.

It was raw and damp. People hurried by with drawn shoulders and upturned collars, their faces gravely anxious. A subdued excitement was in the air. With constant rumors of Zeppelin raids, the Londoners

were at last aroused. Yet, the very immensity and solidity of London gave Helen a sense of 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 flag-draped 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 cushioned seat, her shoulders quivering 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 o' the pillow nodded."

Helen took one of the hot, clenched hands in both of hers. She could think of nothing to say, nothing that would not seem meaningless.

A small desk clock ticked harshly. There was 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. That's all I know. I can't go to him. I can't even telephone—they'd know my voice." She looked unflinchingly at Helen. "He's—another woman's husband."

Helen did not start or draw back; her hold on the hot hand tightened. "This morning I drove by in a cab. The blinds were down, but there was no—crap. I'm going again tonight. Oh, it's torture—not knowing!"

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

"There was nothing the whole world couldn't have known," her burning eyes were on the picture. "And yet—now that he's dying I'm almost sorry there wasn't!" defiantly. "Can you understand that?"

Helen nodded. "Oh, we're more natural, more primitive in times like these! That's why I can tell you this. And yet," slowly, "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 stammered her voice. "Oh, it was such a trivial thing we quarreled over! And he—be 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

HAS TO DRAW ON ENGLAND

France Feeling the Scarcity of Coal Consequent on the German Control of the Mines.

France is now compelled to call on England for coal, which was formerly mined in the north of France. Practically all the mines in that district have either been destroyed by the German artillery or are being operated by Germans. At Lievin and Courrières the German army is carrying on exten-

sive mining operations and producing great quantities of coal, which are being shipped into Belgium for the use of the German military forces.

France is no longer able to draw coal from Mons and Charleroi, which formerly supplied large quantities for exportation. Consequently, the residents of northern France are largely dependent upon English mines for coal, which has become very scarce.

Frequently towns and villages near the fighting lines are entirely without coal for a week. This works

great hardship on hospitals, sadly in need of the fuel for hundreds of thousands of wounded and the sick soldiers of the allies who are being cared for in French towns.

Not Quite.

"Your wife is all right again, I understand?" "No, the doctor still calls." "But I heard she was out of danger?" "No one is out of danger while the doctor calls."