

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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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 Pithoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac 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 servant or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pithoune, inasmuch as the master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia in the Due de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pithoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep the dog with him. Julia writes him that Pithoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pithoune. The Due de Tremont flees the American heiress capricious.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and so for you, my dear."

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She smiled slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante; the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt without hesitation, "and the Due de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous parts in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said kindly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that someone or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclagnac, with her embroidery scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia!" Madame d'Esclagnac spread Le Temps out and put her hand on it. "As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

She could not trust herself to walk across the floor, for Julia Redmond in that moment of suspense found the room swimming.

"There has been an engagement," said the marquise gently, for in spite of her ambitions she loved her niece.

"There has been an engagement, Julia, at Dirlhal." She lifted the newspaper and held it before her face and read:

"There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around Dirlhal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron were routed by the natives at noon on Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and several of the regiment were also killed. There has been no late or authentic news from Dirlhal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing."

The Marquise d'Esclagnac slowly put down the paper, and rose quickly. She went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands:

"Ma tante, ma tante!" she murmured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child."

The two women sat together on the long piano stool. The marquise said: "I followed the fortunes, my dear, of my husband's cousin through the engagement in Tonkin. I know a little what it was." The girl was immov-

FOEMEN MADE MANY VISITS

Aged French Couple Kept Track of Number of Times Germans Had Been in Village.

Travelers in France just now have to stay at all sorts of queer places for the night. A correspondent writes to say that he was forced to stop for the night at a little village near Reims.

"An old Frenchman and his wife, both over eighty years of age, gave me a room in the house," he writes.

able. Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious one."

Miss Redmond threw away all disguise. "Ma tante," she said in a hard voice. "I love him! You must have known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. She renounced them with a sigh, but she was that a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's hands.

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored. "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news."

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon.

CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day" is a significant one. It surely was for Pithoune. He had his day. It was a glorious one, a terrible one, a memorable one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pithoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master



Pithoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hotminded and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pithoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in his little wiry form and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder, he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at force dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whistled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death.

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pithoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him, that not even his name was called, and as Sabron struggled on, Pithoune followed it was his day; he was fighting the natives; he was part of a battle; he was a soldier's dog! Little by little the creatures and things around him grew feverish, the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around him in which he stood and

barked; that he was a dog again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pithoune smelt him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatsoever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the silent plains.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finally the little dog, who knew by instinct that life remained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakened perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentions of his friend, the spall opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare being sent down upon him, struck on his every ray. He growled and Pithoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the river bed or die there, rot there.

What there was before him to do was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand, could not thoroughly raise himself; but by great and painful effort, bleeding at every move, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pithoune backed by his side, whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spall, sober pale, his bright gray uniform ripped and stained, all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hunched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—about all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his daily work.

Pithoune barked and cried out to him: "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sting in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brown, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and cracking. What was their melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words; they were a prayer for safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civilization's Peril.

America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farm-house it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in The Survey.

Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, has returned to Saginaw, Mich., to continue her investigations in regard to the women of the lumber camps and health of the children. Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis shortly after the holidays to assist in making preparations for a child welfare exhibition to be given in that city. Miss Moore was there ten days before returning to her regular work.

white cap—actually kept a score of the number of times the Germans had been through the village in war times. "Do you think they have now gone for good?" asked the old man. "Shall I ever have to make another mark on the score?"

Very Much Different.

"He's different to most traveling men." "In what way?" "He never claims that he doesn't break even on his expense account."



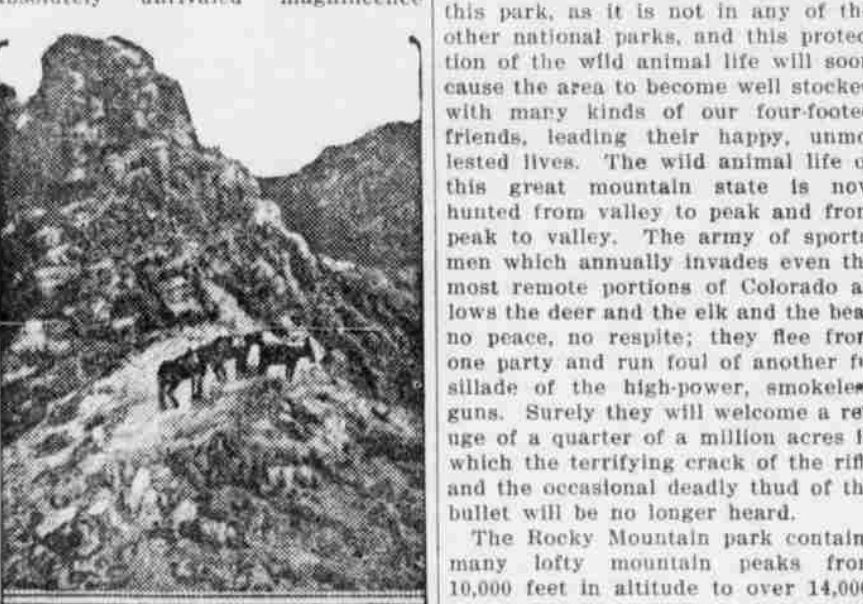
UNNAMED KING OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

THE latest addition to our family of national playgrounds is the Rocky Mountain National park of Colorado. It is the thirteenth in number and the fourth in size, embracing 230,000 acres. After a long controversy and hard-fought battle as to the proper boundaries, congress has passed a bill and President Wilson has signed it, creating the park. The state of Colorado rejoices and the people of the United States, who know anything about the glory of western mountain peak and valley, rejoice. For all time this beautiful, lofty region is dedicated to the people, says James Hamilton Byrd in Grit.

It is full time that Colorado, truly the mountain state of America, should be distinguished with a great national park. There are more than a hundred mountain peaks in this great backbone of the United States which are above 14,000 feet in height, while in all the other states combined there are less than a score of mountains of such commanding altitudes, so that it is altogether fitting that the portion of the great continental divide which traverses Colorado, and where the travelers from the descending storm find their way, part of them to the Atlantic and part of them to the Pacific, should be set aside as a national playground.

The campaign that has been waged during the past five or six years to obtain the creation of this park is in the hands of Representative E. W. Taylor of Denver.

Mr. Taylor's speech on the floor of the house in favor of the Rocky Mountain National park would lead one to believe that for beauty, grandeur and absolutely unrivaled magnificence



there is nothing else in the United States than Colorado, and especially the Rocky Mountain park region. However, except as comparisons where different portions of the United States are concerned are sometimes dangerous, it would be difficult to overestimate the glory and sublime grandeur of the Colorado Continental Divide, while of this region the new park area is more than representative.

Long's peak, a wonderful feature of the park, is a second Mont Blanc rearing its splintered horn 14,255 feet above sea level. From its height the traveler's eye with a single sweep may take in through the clear atmosphere a distance of 300 miles—that distance to the west, north and south being made up of scores of mountains, ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen thousand feet in height, dominated by Gray's peak and the great mass of Pike's peak, both over 14,000 feet in height. Long's peak is 145 feet higher than the famous Pike's peak, and has been termed "a jewel set in the crest of the Rockies."

The Rocky Mountain park region is no uninhabited wilderness. Even with the first year of its existence it will vie with the renowned Yellowstone park in popular favor, for already its beauties are enjoyed annually by thousands of visitors. Last summer 20,250 people visited the Yellowstone,

but at the same time they over 50,000 people camped and dwelt among the mountains and valleys of the Rocky Mountain park. Of the new park, region the moving spirit for the past half-dozen years has been a small slight, wiry, mountain-loving man with a shock of red hair and a mouth like a steel trap, Enos A. Mills, the naturalist and writer. In season and out he has fought for the park, stubbornly and even viciously and always confident of ultimate victory in the face of at times apparently insurmountable difficulties and controversy.

The Rocky Mountain park will be a money maker for the state of Colorado and for the United States. It rivals Switzerland and with the other national parks it will be the means of keeping in America a great deal of good American coin that heretofore has annually been dropped into the ample pockets of Alpine scenery capitalists. The European war will result in turning westward during the coming seasons many thousands of tourists, and once they have "seen America first" they will be inclined to see it first, last and all the time. The outbreak of hostilities in Europe last summer and the stranding of thousands of American travelers in European countries brought home to us the astounding fact that fully \$500,000, 000 has been spent abroad every year by sightseers and tourists.

The fact that the Rocky Mountain park is situated at the gates of Denver and only 30 hours from Chicago makes it the most accessible of all the national parks for those seeking rest and recreation and the splendid outdoor life which the mountains afford. Hunting will not be allowed in this park, as it is not in any of the other national parks, and this protection of the wild animal life will soon cause the area to become well stocked with many kinds of our four-footed friends, leading their happy, unmolesated lives. The wild animal life of this great mountain state is now hunted from valley to peak and from peak to valley. The army of sportsmen which annually invades even the most remote portions of Colorado allows the deer and the elk and the bear no peace, no respite; they flee from one party and run foul of another fusillade of the high-power, smokeless guns. Surely they will welcome a refuge of a quarter of a million acres in which the terrifying crack of the rifle and the occasional deadly thud of the bullet will be no longer heard.

The Rocky Mountain park contains many lofty mountain peaks from 10,000 feet in altitude to over 14,000, many profound canyons and grassy valleys, furnishing ideal camping places, gay with hundreds of species of mountain flowers, glaciers and glacial lakes, rushing and foaming streams alive with brisk trout, and waterfalls and rapids. Of the beauties of this region a glimpse is obtained from a paragraph of Chief Geographer Marshall's report:

"There is no predominant, commanding national feature in the park," he states, "such as is found in the Crater Lake, the Yellowstone or the Yosemite parks, or along the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The region as a whole, however, is as beautiful as any to be found in the United States, or indeed, in the world. There is spread before the eye a gorgeous assemblage of wonderful mountain sculpture, surrounded by fantastic and ever-changing clouds, suspended in an apparently atomless space. At first view, as one beholds the scenes in awe and amazement, the effect is as of an enormous painting, a vast panorama stretching away for limitless distances; gradually this idea of distance disappears, the magnificent work of nature seems to draw nearer and nearer, reduced apparently by an unseen microscope to the refinement of a delicate cameo. Each view becomes a refined miniature, framed by another more fascinating, the whole presenting an impressive picture, never to be forgotten."

Wonderful Rose. Many wonderful things are done by the Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese in raising flowers. One of their most remarkable productions is known as "the changeable rose." The bloom of this rose is white in the shade and red in the sunlight. After dark, or when it is in a dark room, this rose has a pure wax-white blossom. When it is taken into the sunlight, a wonderful transformation occurs. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, which rapidly change to a faint blush or pink. The pink color gradually deepens in hue until at last this rose, which was lilv white, becomes as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

Another War Horror. In "Campaign Sketches of the War With Mexico," Capt. W. S. Henry, United States army, tells the story of a volunteer private's encounter with native sand in the country near Brazos: "A volunteer who thought he had swallowed his full share of the horrible dust accented the doctor: "I say, doctor, have you anything that will remove a sand bar?" "No, sir."

"Well, then, I am a gone sucker. I've got a sand bar in my innards and everything grounds on it. I can't get anything up or down."

Honeymoon Cake. "How many strawberries should I use?" asked the young wife of her mother as she began making her first shortcake for the only man in the world.

"Put in as few as you like the first year," said the experienced woman. "He's too much in love now to notice the difference. After you've been married a year you'll have to use a lot of them."

Fruit From Tasmania. It has been estimated that 400,000 cases of fruit will be available for export from Tasmania this season. Early shipments have recently arrived in England.

New Post Offices in China. China last year opened 992 new post offices.

VALUE OF THE "SCRAP HEAP"

"Secondary Metals" Have Added Much to the Wealth of the United States.

In 1914 the value of the "secondary metals," exclusive of gold, silver, platinum, iron and steel, recovered in the United States was \$57,039,706, according to J. P. Dunlop of the United States geological survey. This is a decrease from 1913 of \$15,746,321, the secondary metals recovered in that year being valued at \$72,786,027.

The term "secondary" does not imply that these metals, which are recovered from scrap metal, sweepings, skimmings, drosses, etc., are of inferior quality, but it is used to distinguish them from "primary metals," which are derived from ore. While the survey figures relative to lead, zinc, copper, aluminum, tin and antimony given in this statement cover a large field and form an essential addition to the reports on primary metals, the scope of the inquiry probably reveals less than one-half the extent of the waste-metal trade. The value of the old iron and steel reused amounts to millions of dollars.

ECZEMAS AND RASHES

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A Sad Case. "The first month Chugson had his motor car he talked of nothing else."

"I see."

"He had it a year now."

"Does he still talk about it?"

"Only when drinking. He's one of those fellows who never unbosoms himself of his trouble unless he's drinking."

Expert in Silver Linings.

Hall—"Blythe is a pretty optimistic character," he said. "I should say so. If he failed in business, he'd thank heaven he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank heaven he had his business, and if he failed in both, he'd say there was no use having one without the other."

He Had to Have the Money. "I've simply got to have an increase in salary."

"What for? Are you going to get married?"

"Worse than that, boss. My need is greater. I've an automobile."

Children in Russia. Russian peasant women have, on an average, from six to twelve children, of whom about half survive.

In the bright lexicon of youth there may be no such word as "can't"—but in the later, revised editions, you'll find it constantly recurring.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who took snuff for weak eyes?

You can learn all there is to know about a rich man by watching his children.



No bother to get summer meals with these on hand

Libby's Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats. Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

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Test of Judge Welch's Neutrality. The man whose brogue was thick and the one whose brogue was thin were arguing the question of international courts on a Fifteenth street car.

"There ain't no international court," one stoutly affirmed.

"Sure, there is," the other declared. "I see by the paper that Austria may sue for peace. Just tell me how she is going to sue if there ain't no court to sue in?"

He of the minor brogue was stumped for only a minute.

"She might sue in Cas Welch's court."

"Sure, but that would be a dirty trick on Cas. Some of the Irish are for Germany and some are feminist her, and he'd have to offend a lot of the Irish any way he'd decide it."

Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Brooklyn navy yard was established February 23, 1861, when the first land, twenty-three acres, was bought from one John Jackson for \$40,000. The yard now comprises 144 acres, and has a water front of nearly three miles, protected by a sea wall of granite.

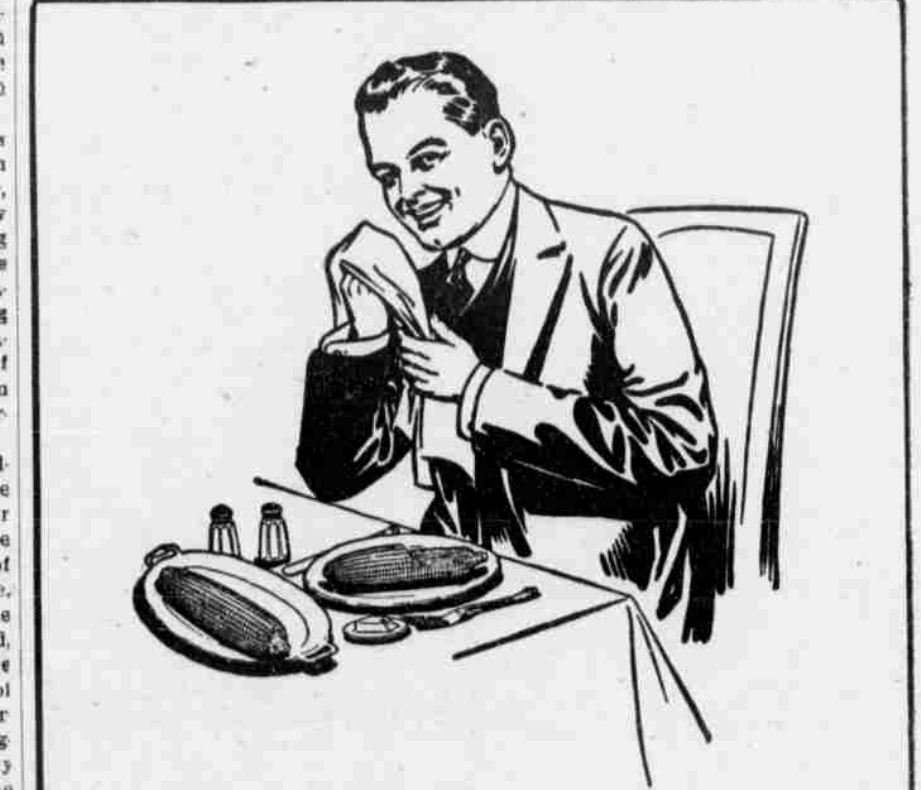
Woman's Advantage. "Women undergo greater trials than men." True, fair one, but no matter whom they have murdered there's always an acquittal or a hung jury.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Self-Righteous. "Some people," said Uncle Eben, "talks about heaven like it was their own property that dey was preparin' to tack a 'No admittance' sign on to."

Although Judd Pavey has been married only three weeks, his wife's relatives already have mobilized.

Marriage is a form of speculation in which the women participate on equal terms with the men.

You can learn all there is to know about a rich man by watching his children.



Corn on the Cob —the Roasting Ear

is not more delicious than

Post Toasties

—the toasted sweet of the corn fields!

In the growth of corn there is a period when the kernels are plumped out with a vegetable milk, most nutritious. As it slowly ripens this hardens and finally becomes almost flinty.

Only this part of the corn is used in making Post Toasties, the husk, germ and all waste being rejected.

This nutritious part is cooked, seasoned "just right," rolled and toasted to a crackly golden-brown crispness—Post Toasties—the

Superior Corn Flakes

And they cost no more than the ordinary "corn flakes." Insist upon having Post Toasties.

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