

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes a young girl to raise her hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pichoune. 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 servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pichoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont, unknown to Sabron. Pichoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pichoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pichoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper reports that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht, not knowing their errand.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

With his godmother he was entirely at ease. Ever since she had paid his trifling debts when he was a young man, he had adored her. Tremont, always discreet and almost in love with his godmother, kept her in a state of great good humor always, and when she had suggested to him this little party he had been delighted. In speaking over the telephone the Marquise d'Esclagnac had said very firmly:

"My dear Robert, you understand that this excursion engages you to nothing."

"Oh, of course, marraine."

"We both need a change, and between ourselves, Julia has a little mission on foot."

Tremont would be delighted to help Miss Redmond carry it out. Whom else should he ask?

"By all means, any one you like," said his godmother diplomatically. "We want to sail the day after tomorrow." She felt safe, knowing that no worldly people would accept an invitation on twenty-four hours' notice.

"So," the Duc de Tremont reflected, as he hung up the receiver, "Miss Redmond has a scheme, a mission! Young girls do not have schemes and missions in good French society."

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, as they walked up and down on the deck in the pale sunset, in front of the chair of the Marquise d'Esclagnac, "I never saw an ornament more becoming to a woman than the one you wear."

"The ornament, Monsieur?"

"On your sleeve it is so beautiful. A string of pearls would not be more beautiful, although your pearls are lovely, too. Are all American girls Red Cross members?"

"But of course not, Monsieur. Are all girls anywhere one thing?"

"Yes," said the Duc de Tremont, "they are all charming, but there are gradations."

"Do you think that we shall reach Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur?"

"I hope not, Mademoiselle. Miss Redmond turned her fine eyes on him."

"I should like this voyage to last forever, Mademoiselle."

"How ridiculous!"

Her look was so frank that he laughed in spite of himself, and instead of following up the politeness, he asked:

"Why do you think of Algiers as a field for nursing the sick, Mademoiselle?"

"There has been quite a deputation of the Red Cross women lately going from Paris to the East."

"But," said the young man, "there are poor in Tarascon, and sick, too. There is a great deal of poverty in Nice, and Paris is the nearest of all."

"The American girls are very imaginative," said Julia Redmond. "We must have some romance in all we do."

"I find the American girls very charming," said Tremont.

"Do you know many, Monsieur?"

"Only one," he said serenely.

Miss Redmond changed the subject quickly and cleverly, and before he knew it, Tremont was telling her stories about his own military service, which had been made in Africa. He talked well and entertained them both, and Julia Redmond listened when he told her of the desert, of its charm and its desolation, and of its dangers. An hour passed. The Marquise d'Esclagnac took an antepandrial stroll, Mimi mincing at her heels.

"Ce pauvre Sabron!" said Tremont. "He has disappeared off the face of the earth. What a horrible thing it was, Mademoiselle! I knew him in Paris; I remember meeting him again the night before he left the Midi. He was a fine fellow with a career before him, his friends say."

"What do you think has become of Monsieur de Sabron?"

Miss Redmond, so far, had only been able to ask this question of her aunt and of the stars. None of them

had been able to tell her. Tremont shrugged his shoulders thoughtfully.

"He may have dragged himself away to die in some ambush that they have not discovered, or likely he has been taken captive, le pauvre diable!"

"France will do all it can, Monsieur."

"They will do all they can, which is to wait. An extraordinary measure, if taken just now, would probably result in Sabron being put to death by his captors. He may be found tomorrow—he may never be found."

A slight murmur from the young girl beside him made Tremont look at her. He saw that her hands were clasped and that her face was quite white, her eyes staring fixedly before her, out toward Africa. Tremont said:

"You are compassion itself, Mademoiselle; you have a tender heart. No wonder you wear the Red Cross. I am a soldier, Mademoiselle. I thank you for all soldiers. I thank you for Sabron . . . but, we must not talk of such things."

He thought her very charming, both romantic and idealistic. She would make a delightful friend. Would she not be too intense for a wife? However, many women of fashion joined the Red Cross. Tremont was a commonplace man, conventional in his heart and in his tastes.

"My children," said the marquise, coming up to them with Mimi in her arms, "you are as serious as though we were on a boat bound for the North Pole and expected to live on tinned things and salt fish. Aren't you hungry, Julia? Robert, take Mimi to my maid, will you? Julia," said her aunt as Tremont went away with the little dog, "you look dramatic, my dear; you're pale as death in spite of this divine air and this enchanting sea." She linked her arm through her niece's. "Take a brisk walk with me for five minutes and whip up your blood. I believe you were on the point of making Tremont some unwise confession."

"I assure you, no, ma tante."

"Isn't Bob a darling, Julia?"

"Awfully," returned her niece absent-mindedly.

"He's the most eligible young man in Paris, Julia, and the most difficult to please."

"Ma tante," said the girl in a low tone, "he tells me that France at present can do practically nothing

about finding Monsieur de Sabron. Fancy a great army and a great nation helpless for the rescue of a single soldier, and his life at stake!"

"Julia," said the marquise, taking the trembling hand in her own, "you will make yourself ill, my darling, and you will be no use to anyone, you know."

"You're right," returned the girl. "I will be silent and I will only pray."

She turned from her aunt to stand for a few moments quiet, looking out at the sea, at the blue water through which the boat cut and flew. Along the horizon was a mist, rosy and translucent, and out of it white Algiers would shine before many hours.

When Tremont, at luncheon a little later, looked at his guests, he saw a new Julia. She had left her coat with the Red Cross in her cabin with her hat. In her pretty blouse, her pearls around her neck, the soft flush on her cheeks, she was apparently only a light-hearted woman of the world. She teased her aunt gently, she laughed very deliciously and lightly flirted with the Duc de Tremont, who opened a bottle of champagne. The Marquise d'Esclagnac beamed upon her niece. Tremont found her more puzzling than ever. "She suggests the chameleon," he thought, "she has moods. Before, she was a tragic muse; at luncheon she is an adorable sybarite."

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CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, who's walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. Frog head to foot, the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the Frenchman had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confederate. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how. His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he paid his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fantastic one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been understood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond a l'americaine.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will

appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?"

"But, marraine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity."

"There was la Belle Heloise, and no woman is immune."

"I think she is engaged to some American cowboy who will come and claim her, marraine."

"Rubbish!" she said. "She is engaged to no one, Bob. She is an idealist, a Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excellent wife."

"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so.

"You are very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast. "When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

"Poor things!" said Julia Redmond. "Do you think that they liked it?"

"Liked it!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically, "couldn't you see by their faces? One poor devil said to me: 'Once it did better now, Monsieur.' There was no hope for him, it seems."

Tremont and Marquise d'Esclagnac had docilely gone with Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses—for she was not needed—sang for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it helped them, as the soldier said, to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tabloid Aeroplanes.

The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. So the British airmen favor an unusually small machine, which they call the "tabloid." A very light frame is fitted with an 80-horsepower motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches his target at a height of 5,000 feet. When straight above it, he turns the nose of his machine straight down and drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace.—American Boy.

Hopeful Mission.

If even one of those 300 commercial travelers who have gone to South America succeeds in making a South American see a United States joke their toll will not have been in vain.—Cleveland Leader.

of all that one was not positively sure about. Rash, hasty talk has been the cause of untold misery. It is wise to make no statement without having valid reason for believing it true. It would be no bad plan for everyone to be as careful of his speech as if a Trace-It-Back club were going to investigate his statements.

A Paradox.

The man who sells his honor deals in something that he has not got.—Youth's Companion.

REALLY NOT HIS LINE

"TERROR" SATISFIED HE WAS IN WRONG BUSINESS.

Of Course He Had Killed Eleven Men and Never Been Licked, but at That He Had Mistaken His Vocation.

When we opened the old "Four X" in Nevada, it was no time at all before a lively town was founded and hundreds of people came pouring in. In those days every community had its terror. He was supposed to be able to outrink, outyell, outshoot and outfight everything on legs in his jurisdiction. Sometimes he was a free-lance and again he was employed as a sort of policeman. We wanted a man to protect company property and one day a giant of a chap weighing 205 pounds and six feet tall applied for the place.

"Are you a fighter?" was the first question asked of him.

"I am," replied he. "I've had 29 fights in seven weeks."

"Afraid of anything mortal?"

"Nothing mortal or immortal."

"Shoot both handed?"

"I do."

"Use the bowie knife?"

"Perfectly at home with it, sir."

"How many men have you killed this last year?"

"Well, this has been an off year with me, as I was sick in bed for six weeks and so I haven't got but seven."

"Suppose, now, that a terror from some other camp should come over here to clean you out? Have you ever met any other terror and downed him—a genuine terror, from the headquarters of Fighting creek?"

"I can't say that I ever have, sir—not a regular terror, sir."

"Then you can't tell how you would act?"

"Why, I should probably fight him."

"But you can't say for sure. However, come back at four o'clock this afternoon."

We sent over to Cedar Flats, five miles away, for their terror. We knew him to be the genuine stuff, and when he arrived we posted him as to what was wanted. At four o'clock when our alleged terror returned to the shaft, the Cedar Flats terror suddenly walked out on him with a hair-raising whoop and called out:

"What's the bloody, blooming hyena who has been passing himself off around here as a fighter? Whoop! Maugh, Ugh! Somebody p'int him out to me and then tie my hands and legs while I bite his ears off!"

Our alleged terror turned pale and looked nervous and the Cedar Flats man pranced around cracking his heels together and shouting:

"Whoop! Put him out! Let him stand before me! Tie me all up in knots, head me up in that bar! and then I'll lick him or go over the cliff! Great snakes, but won't somebody show me the fellow who says—"

I pointed to our terror and the Cedar Flats man let out a scream and rushed for him. The chap who had only killed seven men just fell right down in a heap, and it was five minutes before we could bring him to. He was whiter than flour, and limpsy as a rag, and it was all of half an hour before he could walk away.

"How do you account for it?" I asked him as he was ready to go.

"I must have gone in the wrong bush. He gloomily replied.

"How do you mean?"

"I ought to have been a preacher." —Chicago Daily News.

Gunmakers to the Kaiser.

Ordinary Krupp manufacture railway equipment, motor cars and other steel products for purposes of peace, as well as guns. Now, however, the entire establishment is being devoted exclusively to the making of guns and war munitions. The immense furnaces are boiling tons of white-hot metal, and the stacks belching forth volumes of black smoke as the great army of gunmakers work in day and night shifts under tremendous war pressure. Busy Berthas are being prolifically produced. Guns for naval and coast defense, for siege and fortress purposes, field and mountain guns, antiaircraft guns, guns of all kinds and calibers, with accessories and appointments, such as armored turrets, shields, observation stations, conning towers, armored casements, disappearing carriages, hoisting and lifting apparatus for ammunition; great shells, torpedoes, shrapnel, case shot, all kinds of ammunition, armor plate and ordnance wagons, in fact, all the dread implements in the arsenal of war stream forth in steady shipments.—Review of Reviews.

Hard-Up King Created Baronetcy.

The title baronet was created, but not invested, by the "British Solomon." It was to King James I, frequently in the financial straits of Mr. Micawber, that the earl of Salisbury suggested a scheme whereby 20 gentlemen might be persuaded to pay £1,000 each for the honor of being styled baronets, or petty barons. To the king's objection that such a step might give offense to "the general body of the gentry," the cynical Salisbury replied: "Sire, you want the money, which will do you good, while the honor will do the gentry very little harm." This cogent argument overruled the king, and the old chivalrous order of knighthood was superseded by the new order of pseudo-barons.

When Crown Was in Pawn.

In former centuries the crown used to be the favorite way of raising money, and the royal jewels used to be in pawn most of the time. At the time of the coronation of George IV the crown was in pawn, and was hired out for the occasion at a cost of \$35,000. The king wanted to buy it, but Lord Liverpool thought it an unnecessary extravagance. Finally they brought the poor pawnbroker down to \$35,000, although the crown was then valued at \$750,000, and in celebration George IV had to march through the streets for miles wearing a 5½-pound weight on his head.

Sioux City Directory

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All His Fault. One witness in a recent police court case was an old Irish woman. Immediately the prisoner's lawyer asked her a question she began talking, and talked and talked and talked.

What She Would Say. Bashful Student—What would you say if I were to throw a kiss at you? Miss (blushingly)—I'd say you were the latest fellow I've ever met.—Columbia Jester.

See U. S. A. First. Blanch—She's going to travel. Beulah—So? Going to Europe? "Oh, no, she's going to travel in this country."

Some Plans. "Made any plans for the summer?" "Yes; I'm going somewhere with the wife."

No, Cordella, the knife one girl gives another will not cut friendship—and the odds are it won't even cut melted butter.

WANTED TO SEE THE RESULT

Little Willie Evidently Had at Some Time Beheld a Slot Machine in Operation.

There are some very funny things in a big store besides the things the girls say about the floor walker or the fancies the ribbon-counter boys have about the personalities of buyers and heads of departments.

"For instance: The other day a small lad, with an unmistakable stamp of the country, was trailing his mother along through a big store. He was hanging back, and she was pulling. The boy never had been in a big store, and the place was full of many wonders.

All of a sudden his pulling and lagging became a stubborn and pronounced utter stoppage.

"Come on, Willie," said the mother. "Aw, maw, wait," begged the boy. "No," protested his mother. "What's the matter with you?"

"Look!" cried the boy. He was pointing to a young man leaving an employee's time clock, which the young man had just punched.

"Wait, maw," continued Willie, "I want to see what he wins!"

Unexpected Chicken. A stranger, arriving in a small town, hailed a passing resident and inquired:

"Can you direct me to a place where they take boarders?"

"Hemmandhaws keeps 'em," the man replied.

"Is that a pretty good place?"

"Fair to middlin'."

"Have chicken very often for dinner?"

"Reglar and unexpected."

"What do you mean by regular and unexpected?"

"They have chicken reglar every Sunday."

"And they also have it when an automobile unexpectedly kills one in the road."—Judge.

Out of Long Experience. Barristers should always be respectful to the court and accept decisions with good humor, says Dr. Blake Odgers, who illustrates the proper attitude of the profession.

A young barrister who held different views from the court, remarked on one occasion that he was surprised to hear the judge make a certain statement, whereupon the leading counsel apologized for his junior on the grounds of his youth.

"When he is as old as I am, my lord," he said deferentially, "he will never be surprised at anything your lordship says or does."—Yorkshire Post.

Hint Did Its Work. When the young British officer, ordered to the front, called on his tailor to get a fresh outfit, the tailor could not forget that there was an unsettled account.

But he felt nervous about broaching the subject.

"I see the enemy," said the young officer, "has had a check."

"Lucky enemy!" said the tailor, wistfully.

The young officer looked puzzled for a moment and then took the gentle hint. Next day the bill was settled.

Of Far More Importance. Pat and a friend were reading an account of a shipwreck, in which they were greatly interested.

"Pat," said his friend, "in case of a shipwreck, presence of mind is worth everything else."