

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 Pitcheune. He dies with the Marquise d'Esclignac and leaves Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitcheune, who, longed for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitcheune follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont tells the American heiress capricious Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitcheune. After a horrible night and day Pitcheune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise about Julia's Ted Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammett About tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Pitcheune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would he choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart—all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach—or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitcheune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy, in the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitcheune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the east, decided on it—for what reason will never be told—and followed it. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitcheune ran across the Sahara. Mercifully, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Mercifully, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hundred miles. There was very little left in his small body. He lay down, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of Tattman dogs alone have souls.

Pitcheune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches, but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seen the epitome of heartless egotism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The epicurean Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in wine.

Pitcheune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mud hut with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance—straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully. "Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful!"

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellahs wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!" Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement would have roasted its enemies alive, torn them in shreds. Some of them said that she was two hundred years old. There was a charmed ring drawn around her house. People supposed that if any creature crossed it uninvited, it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her barbaric chant was interrupted by a sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitcheune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her corn, stood upright and looked at Pitcheune. To her the Irish terrier was an apparition. The fact that he had not fallen dead proved that he was beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a genie, an afrit.

Pitcheune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did not seem to affect his demonstrative affection. The woman bent down to him after making a pass against the Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitcheune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitcheune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitcheune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitcheune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitcheune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her, Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to

str. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets. "Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense." She gathered her robe around her and, stately and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitcheune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three little naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-grandchildren.

The babies were playing with a little dog. Sabron knew the dog but could not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his life. Her veil fell over her face. She was braiding straw. He looked at her intelligently. She brought him a drink of cool water in an earthen vessel, with the drops oozing from its porous sides. The hut reeked with odors which met his nostrils at every

hour after hour Pitcheune ran across the Sahara.

breath he drew. He asked in Arabic: "Where am I?" "In the hut of victory," said Fatou Anni.

Pitcheune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured: "Where are we, my friend?" The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquise d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle against her sons and grandsons. He was a man and a strong one, and she despised women. He was her prey and he was her reward and she cared for him; as she did so, she became maternal.

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands that moved on the rough blue robe thrown over him, the devotion of the dog—found a responsive chord in the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-grandchildren. Bent Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth and chattered like a bird. This proved to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm trees.

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not die.

Pitcheune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there—which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarragon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illusive and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclignac.

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers—he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grand children were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously, as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitcheune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah and stately and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two bedouins.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Why Some Are Color Blind. It is known that color blind people cannot distinguish colors, but the reason for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina, which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not come fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

Soldiers' Winter Clothing. The soldiers of Japan have learned the value of paper clothing for winter wear. The paper, which is made from mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, and is soft and warm. Between two sheets of the paper they place a thin layer of silk wadding, and then quilt the whole. It is something of a drawback that clothing so made is not washable, but in a winter campaign a soldier has other things to think of than the dirt on his uniform.—Youth's Companion.

True Friendship Endures. Friends may part, not merely in body, but in spirit, for awhile. In the bustle of business and the incidents of life they may lose sight of each other for years; they may begin to differ in their success in life, in their opinions, in their habits, and there may be for a time coldness and estrangement between them; but not forever, if each remains true and true.

Hebrew or Jew? The name "Jew" was used originally to denote one belonging to the tribe of Judah. After the return from the Babylonian captivity any member of the new state was called a Jew. The name "Hebrew" in its widest sense includes any member of the northern branch of Semites, including the Israelites, Ammonites, Moabites, etc. It is used, however, specifically to denote an Israelite.

Uncle Eben. "Do only time some men ever commands any respectful attention," said Uncle Eben, "is when dey whistle to de dog."

AS TO DIRT AND DISEASE. Normal boy, up to the age of fourteen, revels in dirt and looks forward to the Saturday night bath with virtuous content or dread. But boys do not suffer from infectious diseases as much as girls. This was brought out in an investigation made of 8,900 children of all ages and sexes. We requested the mothers themselves to report what diseases their children had had. Girls had had more infections than boys of the same age. This goes to support the modern view that dirt and disease have no necessary relation. It is not

the dirt boys revel in that does harm. It is the germs in other people's bodies that should be dreaded. The girls encounter infection more than the boys because they are more sociable, meet other children more, and associate with them more intimately than boys do.—Doctor Hill.

Words Have Been Considered Synonymous, but Science Has Proved the Contrary. "Fathers and mothers lucky enough to have both boys and girls know how clean the girls keep themselves and how the boys disregard dirt. From earliest childhood the little girl's hands and face are washed, and she evades dress stains, combs her hair and tries to look nice. But every



Great "City Beautiful" Movement in Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—This city is conducting a remarkable "city beautiful" movement, initiated and encouraged by the city government, but actually carried on by the people generally. Soon after the first appeal, the boys in all parts of the city were cleaning, planting and caring for the trees and flowers and hedges. From the individual efforts of the boys the work was taken up in an organized way by the Boy Scouts. One of these companies was instrumental in calling to Birmingham Warren H. Manning, the well-known landscape architect, and as a result of his visit he was retained to draw plans for the civic improvement development of Birmingham and the country surrounding it for many miles. Large corporations and manufacturing plants caught the spirit and expended large sums in improving their properties. Miles of fences necessary at furnaces and railroad yards were whitewashed and painted; weeds were cut and in their place grass was planted; ivy and vines were planted to cover brick walls and ugly buildings. The street railway system co-operated by making its right of way as clean and pretty as possible. Not only were the properties of home owners improved, but the movement spread to the improvement of vacant lots, which in Birmingham as in other cities, were an eyesore for years. Permission of the owners was secured to clean up the lots and many of them were transformed and not a few of them turned into playgrounds for the children.

George B. Ward, president of the board of city commissioners, says: "Today there are few houses in Birmingham among the white population in which there is not at least one person actively engaged in the city beautiful movement and doing something to further the work. Among the negro population the city has met with hearty and useful response. The basis of the movement is found in individual endeavor, but assistance is rendered by women's clubs, professional organizations, Boy Scouts, railroads, manufacturers and corporations." Important emphasis is given the movement as a part of a city governmental function.

Philadelphia Cow That Knew What She Wanted. PHILADELPHIA.—Mounted Policeman William Major was at Harvey avenue and Bay Fiftieth street when he saw a cow standing in the middle of the avenue. Behind her stood fifteen automobiles filled with Coney Island goers. There is no record that the cow was doing anything but just standing and looking. None of the conversation addressed to the cow by men autoists was preserved by the police, but it was said to be in a language no cow can be blamed for not understanding. After the cow had refused to be pulled or pushed by the motorists, Major showed her his badge and asked her to move on. She tried to lap him behind the ear, but that is all the moving she did. Then a woman who had been watching from a big, dust-covered touring car bearing a Connecticut license number, said suddenly: "Why, I know what the poor creature wants. Won't someone please get me a pail?" Well, to make a long story short, a pail was brought and the woman, who Major said later wore diamonds and most expensive summery garments, sat down on the curb beside the cow. She sat there twenty minutes, according to Major, and the longer she sat the fuller of milk waxed the pail and the more cheerful grew the cow. Both the cow and the woman were smiling, it was said, when those twenty minutes had elapsed, and the cow gratefully moved aside and let the waiting automobilists start again on their way—after they had cheered the woman from the Connecticut automobile.

Gotham's Costliest Apartments, \$25,000 a Year. NEW YORK.—The highwater mark in rentals in New York is reached by a suite of apartments in a Fifth avenue building that rents for \$25,000 a year. To explain how an apartment can be made worth such a sum, it may be said that the building is located on the most costly land available for such houses and that it contains every known device to render life safe and comfortable. There are two passenger elevators to serve the tenants and these are a solid case of metal lined with French walnut exquisite in grain and finish. Stepping from the elevator one finds himself in an outer corridor or hall, from which he enters a vestibule with floor of marble, but walls paneled to the ceiling with English oak. Beyond the vestibule is a conservatory 25 by 34 feet in size. At the front of the house are living room, dining room and billiard room, with fireplaces in the first and last named. The dining room is a perfect example of the seventeenth century Adam rooms. The walls are solid paneled with five-ply veneer wood to prevent warping or splitting. The walls are painted with nine coats of paint as carefully as the work of finishing an automobile body is done. From a private hall leading from the vestibule one enters the sleeping rooms. Most of these have private baths; all of them have closets, and in the wall of each closet is built a jewel safe. Every bit of hardware in the apartment is gold plated. All radiators are concealed inside the paneled sections below the windows, the heat escaping through grated openings.

Chickens Are Honor Guard for Pittsburgh Man. PITTSBURGH, PA.—A flock of fine Plymouth Rock chickens, headed by their big barred lord, march from their yard every evening to meet their owner, J. L. Armstrong, a railroad conductor, when his train on the Wabash comes into Rock station, a suburb of this city. They then escort Armstrong to his home, the big rooster leading the procession, which marches by the side of their owner in single file. Dozens of people, attracted by the remarkable intelligence of the Plymouth Rocks, watched one night to discover how the feathered tribe knew when it was time for their master to appear. At six o'clock an ear-splitting whistle sounded on the railroad. The big cock threw up his head, while the hens stood at attention. After listening a moment, the cock contentedly began scratching again. At 6:18 o'clock another long-drawn siren sent its noise down the valley. This time the cock quickly marshaled his hens about him, wended his way to the depot, met Armstrong with fluttering wings and cries of delight and proudly escorted him home. Armstrong says: "I believe in the Darwinian theory and I know chickens have brains."

Some Escort, What? Illustration of a man and a rooster.

How Much I Can Let You Have. Illustration of a man and a woman.

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"Feeling It" Is Favored. The United States public health service has issued a warning that failure to walk shortens life. The medical make this plea for more pedestrians: "The death rate after the age of forty is increasing, in spite of more sanitary modes of living. The expectation of life after forty is less than it was thirty years ago. This is due largely to increased prevalence of the diseases of degeneration. "Take daily exercise. Have a hobby that gets you out of doors. Walk for the sake of walking. Join a walking club and keep your weekly scores of miles. Gymnasium work is good for those who like it and can afford it, but avoid heavy athletics. You may not burn the family carriage, as Benjamin Franklin suggested, but at least, as he advised, walk, walk, walk!"

How to Win Her Heart. We know a boy who knows girls, all right. He's only six years old, but he observes things. We heard his mother calling him down for rudeness at play, the other day, and our eavesdropping was rewarded with this: "Billie," called the mother, "I want you to quit teasing that little girl! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "Well, I got to tease somebody, an'—"

"You've got to tease somebody? That's a fine idea, I must say! And so—"

"Yes, 'n she wants to be teased. If I quit, she'll go play with some other little boy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up-to-Date Idea. Miss Tango—Been away? Miss Bunny—Yes, over to Philadelphia to see my aunt. "Oh, indeed!" "Yes, she told me all about the old-time dances—the money musk and the Virginia reel. She's living in the past. "Gee! You don't call that living!"

He Couldn't See. Bill—I see among several wrinkle-removing devices recently patented one consisting of a head harness to pull back the ears and slightly draw up the skin of the face. Jill—But even then I can't see how that proceeding is going to influence the wrinkles in a man's trousers.

Important. "He seems to be a man of some importance in this village." "I should say he is. He's the only chap we've got here who owns a silk hat and a frock coat, and we have to use him for all state occasions."

If you must wall, spare your friends. Select the shoulder of some stranger on which to rest your head.

A Suggestion. Mrs. Scapp—I've talked to you till I'm worn to a frazzle. Scapp—Why not shut up for repairs?

The Jewish population of the United States is 3,083,674, according to the last estimate. An income tax means an outgo check.

BUILT FORTUNE ON THUMB

German Surgeon the Fortunate Possessor of Digit That Had Remarkable Peculiarities. Not long ago a famous physician in Saxony, Doctor Metzger, celebrated his seventieth birthday. He had been retired from active practice for some years, owing to the fact that he had become immensely wealthy through the use of the wonderful thumb of his right hand. This thumb stands out at a right angle from his hand and, it is said, cannot be bent back automatically. He soon found it of great service in massage, and when he became a specialist in intestinal disorders he was called as assistant to the greatest surgeons of Europe, bringing relief to many illustrious patients.

The queen of Roumania sent for this doctor with the curious thumb when she suffered from facial neuralgia, while the late king of Sweden once drove a beautiful span of horses over the border of his kingdom to consult the doctor and on returning left the horses as a token of gratitude to his preserver.

There was a time, early in his career, when the use of this curious thumb was looked upon as a form of charlatanism, but so well did Doctor Metzger establish his reputation that the medical profession accepted his thumb for what it was worth, without trying to explain the phenomenon.

Luck. "Of course," said Nosh, "this deluge is going to be attended with a vast amount of danger and discomfort. But there is one thing about the situation that may be regarded as very lucky." "What's that?" asked Japhet. "Submarines haven't been invented yet."

Not Her Lord and Master. Coroner—We found nothing in the man's pockets, ma'am, except three buttons, one handkerchief and a receipted bill. Sobbing Inquirer—A receipted bill! Then 'tain't my husband.—London Tit-Bits.

Gorgeous Globe of Blossoms. To obtain a gorgeous globe of blossoms, get two hoops. Place one within the other so as to form a spherical figure and nail firmly to an old tree stump or other preferred foundation. Plant running flowers around the base and train the blossoms upon the hoops.

A Comedown. First Criminal (in jail)—I was young and ambitious once. I hoped to leave footprints on the sands of time. Second Criminal—Same here and all we're leavin' is finger prints at police headquarters.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Sure Sign. Curate—I'm so glad to hear your husband is showing so much improvement. Mrs. Stiggins. Hopeful Wife—Oh, yes, sir, thank you. 'E's so much better! Why, 'e don't say 'is prayers no more of a night now!—Passing Show.

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