

HIS LOVE STORY
OF 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...

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Pitchoune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history...

With his nose flat to the sands Pitchoune 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—followed it...

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 border of an oasis...

Pitchoune 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...

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...

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

Fatou Ann's 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...

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!

Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Ann, 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...

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...

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

Pitchoune 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 Ann, 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 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'Escig-nac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him...

Fatou Ann 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...

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.

Pitchoune 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 Tars-con, to the chateau of good King Rene...

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Ann, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-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 Ann's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Ann's grand-children were going out to pillage and destroy...

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitchoune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Ann called on Allah and asked her to watch over him. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two bedouins.

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.

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.

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...

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 included any member of the northern branch of Semites...

AS TO DIRT AND DISEASE. 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..."



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.

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; trees and vines were planted to cover brick walls and ugly buildings.

Philadelphia Cow That Knew What She Wanted. PHILADELPHIA.—Mounted Policeman William Major was at Harvey avenue and Bay Fifthth street when he saw a cow standing in the middle of the avenue.

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.

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...

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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.

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:

Mazy Ideas. "I have been promised a job in the forest service," said the politician. "What are your duties to be?" "I don't know much about the proposition. I have been told that I may be sent out to inspect government preserves."

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."

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.

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."

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

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.

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

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.

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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