

# HIS LOVE STORY

*by*  
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ILLUSTRATIONS *by* RAY WALTERS

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## CHAPTER I.

### A Serious Event.

Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the Cavalry, sat smoking and thinking. What is the use of being thirty years old with the brevet of captain and much distinction of family if you are a poor man—in short, what is the good of anything if you are alone in the world and no one cares what becomes of you?

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "Que diable is the noise in the stable, Brunet? Don't you know that when I smoke at this hour all Tarascon must be kept utterly silent?" Tarascon is never silent. No French meridian town is, especially in the warm sunlight of a glorious May day. "The noise, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "is rather melancholy."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once." The ordonnance held his kept in his hand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were used to twinkle at his master's humor and caprices.

"I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event in taking place." "It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

"I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine, that Michette has just died."

"Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Brunet?"

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the little terrier that Monsieur le Capitaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy little dog! Well, Brunet!"

"She has just breathed her last, mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family."

"I am not surprised," said the officer. "There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Capitaine is willing, I should like to keep one."

"Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself dies or causes me regret and pain. And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence."

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it."

Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a



Sabron Looked at the Letter.

small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unpossessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. Its extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said curtly to his man:

"Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it, I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms."

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitchenou, which means "poor little thing."

"I shall call it Pitchenou," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't do better than its name suggests."

He went slowly back to his rooms

and busted himself at his table with his correspondence. Among the letters was an invitation from the Marquise d'Esclagnac, an American married to a Frenchman, and the great lady of the country thereabouts.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to dine with us on Sunday? I have my niece with me. She would be glad to see a French soldier. She has expressed such a wish. She comes from a country where soldiers are rare. We dine at eight."

Sabron looked at the letter and its fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invitation is likely to be, and it gave him a sense of cordiality. He had seen, during his rides, the beautiful lines of the Chateau d'Esclagnac. Its turrets surely looked upon the Rhone. There would be a divine view from the terraces. It would be a pleasure to go there. He thought more of what the place would be than of the people in it, for he was something of a hermit, rather a recluse, and very reserved.

He was writing a line of acceptance when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in his hand.

"Put Pitchenou over there in the sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we shall see if we can bring him up by hand."

## CHAPTER II.

### Julia Redmond.

He remembered all his life the first dinner at the Chateau d'Esclagnac, where from the terrace he saw the Rhone lying under the early moonlight and the shadows falling around the castle of good King Rene.

As he passed in, his sword clanking—for he went in full dress uniform to dine with the Marquise d'Esclagnac—he saw the picture the two ladies made in their drawing-room: the marquise in a very splendid dress (which he never could remember) and her niece, a young lady from a country whose name it took him long to learn to pronounce, in a dress so simple that of course he never could forget it! He remembered for a great many years the fall of the ribbon at her pretty waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her girdle, and he always remembered the face that made the charm of the picture.

Their welcome to him was gracious. The American girl spoke French with an accent that Sabron thought bewilderingly charming, and he put aside some of his reserve and laughed and talked at his ease. After dinner (this he remembered with peculiar distinctness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and although he understood none of the words of the English ballad, he learned the melody by heart and it followed with him when he left. It went with him as he crossed the terrace into the moonlight to mount his horse; it went hither with him; he hummed it, and when he got up to his room he hummed it again as he bent over the little roll of flannel in the corner and fed the puppy hot milk from a quill.

This was a painstaking operation and required patience and delicacy, both of which the big man had at his finger-tips. The tune of Miss Redmond's song did for a lullaby and the puppy fell comfortably to sleep while Sabron kept the picture of his evening's outing contentedly in his mind. But later he discovered that he was not so contented, and junted the hours when he might return.

He shortly made a call at the Chateau d'Esclagnac with the result that he had a new picture to add to his collection. This time it was the picture of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Esclagnac doing tapestry. While Sabron found that he had grown reticent again, he listened for another step and another voice and heard nothing; but before he took leave there was a hint of a second invitation to dinner.

The marquise was very handsome that afternoon and wore yet another bewildering dress. Sabron's simple taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she made a graceful picture, one of beauty and refinement, and the young soldier took it away with him. As his horse began to trot, at the end of the alley, near the poplars at the lower end of the rose terrace he caught a glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly a simpler dress than that worn by Madame d'Esclagnac).

## CHAPTER III.

### A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master.

Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old. Sabron already knew how bright its eyes were and how alluring its young ways.

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pitchenou has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome feet had taken him as far as the highway, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the struggle for existence, a bicycle had

cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!"

Pitchenou was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pitchenou swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchenou. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second caused by the fluttering of the white dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner. "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow it."

The water trickled out from either side of Pitchenou's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid, into which he put a dash of brandy, down Pitchenou's throat. Pitchenou swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the glazed look had gone.

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until



"He Won't Eat Anything From Me."

he should return. Pitchenou's eyes, now open, followed his handsome master to the door. As Sabron opened it he gave a pathetic yelp which made the captain turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "it is no use. If I am left with Pitchenou it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He lives for you alone."

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves.

Pitchenou gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," the ordonnance threw up his hands, "he will be stiff by the time . . ."

But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third tenderly pathetic wail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE

Commanding Generals Could Not Handle Present Enormous Armies Without the Motor.

With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before the opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of 300 miles, and one of 370 miles in the east—figures which not only convey some indication of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the commanders in chief.

Nevertheless, although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under control: in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defense or supply, the keynotes of the operation have been effectiveness of the completest kind.

The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been conveyed by motor wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves—Charles L. Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

## Will Not Stick.

To prevent postage stamps from sticking together, rub them over the hair before putting them away.

## PROLONG USEFULNESS OF THE PEACH TREE

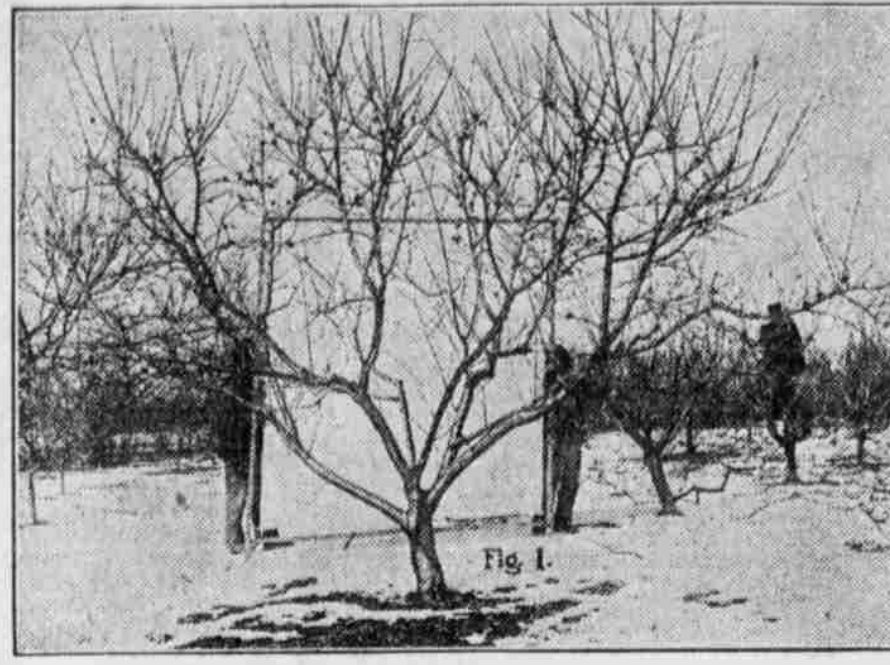


Fig. 1.

Fig. 1—Eight-Year-Old Peach Tree in Which New Growth Has Been Made at Points Remote From Main Trunk.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The accompanying illustrations show how the top of a peach tree may often be removed so as to prolong the usefulness of the tree for several years. If a peach tree is neglected as to pruning during its early years and the branches are allowed to become long and slender; if, as it attains considerable age, the bearing wood, in spite of the pruning which it has received, has grown out of convenient reach in harvesting; or if for other reasons it becomes desirable to renew the top of a tree, it is usually entirely practicable to do so, provided the trunk and main limbs are sound and healthy.

Fig. 1 shows an eight-year-old peach tree which has become rather "leggy." The annual growth for several seasons has nearly all been made near the extremities of the limbs. Very little new wood has grown in the interior of the tree.

The same tree was severely headed in, or "deheaded," with a view to developing a new top, and Fig. 2 is a second view of the tree shown in Fig. 1.



Fig. 2—Second View of Same Tree in Second Season's Growth, After Being Deheaded.

well advanced in its second season's growth after being deheaded. It should be stated that this particular tree was somewhat lacking in vigor and its growth following the treatment for the renewal of the top was not as satisfactory as it would otherwise have been. Fig. 3 shows a seven-year-old Elberta tree which was thrifty when it was headed back to about the extent indicated in Fig. 2. This illustration shows this tree near the end of its first season's growth after being deheaded. It should bear a crop of fruit the next season.

If a tree which lacks vigor is treated in this way, the results shown in Fig. 4 may occur. On a portion of the stubs there were no buds strong enough to develop; hence, the top was only partially renewed. If the tops are cut back to wood that is not more than three or four years old, a stronger, more symmetrical growth may be expected than where the stubs left in deheading are older than the age mentioned. Occasionally, where the trunk remains sound and retains its vigor, the tops are renewed two or three times. As a rule, however, it is impracticable to dehead for renewal more than once.

Sometimes, when for any reason



Fig. 3—Elberta Peach—One Year's Growth After Heading Back.

It is desirable to renew the top of a comparatively young tree, the heading in may be made much more severe than that suggested by Fig. 4. The annual pruning for the shaping this is shown in Fig. 5, where all the branches have been cut back to the trunk of the tree.

The season for deheading to renew,

the top is the same as that for doing the annual pruning for the shaping of the trees and the removal of superfluous wood.

When the vigor of peach trees has been well maintained by good cultural



Fig. 4—A Peach Tree That Was Deheaded, but Failed to Develop Symmetrical Top.

methods, suitable pruning, and wise management in every respect, their life of commercial usefulness is generally from about eight to nearly twenty years after the full-bearing age is reached. It varies, however, quite widely under different conditions. In some sections it is rarely profitable to continue them after they reach the age of twelve to fifteen years; in others they are expected to last until they are from fifteen to eighteen or twenty years old, while occasionally an orchard from twenty to twenty-five years old is found which is still of commercial value. Instances of individual trees remaining productive until a much greater age are not uncommon, but they seldom, if ever, represent orchard conditions.

The United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., will send interested fruit growers, free of charge, its Farmers' Bulletin (No. 632) on "Growing Peaches" which gives in detail much information on the pruning of trees, renewal of tops.



Fig. 5—A Tree That Shows Possibilities of Developing New Top When Limbs Are Cut Back to the Trunk.

thinning, interplanted crops, and special practices.

## GOOD PROTECTION FOR GARDEN PLANTS

Avoid Injury by Cutworms, Rabbits and Frost by Use of Ordinary Tin Can.

(By L. E. SMITH.) Cutworms work havoc on the newly set plants. Jack rabbits, cabbage hungry, clean up the patch by eating the plants. Jack Frost comes along and finishes what may be left.

To offset these disasters we keep on hand a lot of cans (ends removed by heating) which we place over the plants as we set them.

In case of danger from frost, a handful of straw placed on top of the can will ward off any ordinary frost.

The cans are not removed until fall. In case of drought, one can fill the can full of water and it will soak away gradually.

It will not increase the labor one-tenth to do this for your garden plants and will save 25 per cent of your plants from being destroyed.

## "LIFE, LIBERTY AND PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

A Western Canada Farmer Writes as to Conditions.

A. G. Hansen is a farmer living near Clavet, Sask., and as an old resident of Minnesota, takes strong exception to some of the articles appearing in American papers disparaging the true conditions in Western Canada. The "Cottonwood Current" of Cottonwood, Minn., an important weekly paper in the southwestern part of the state, recently published a letter from Mr. Hansen, which is interesting reading. In his letter Mr. Hansen makes a splendid case for Western Canada against those who seek to deter farmers in the States from settling in Canada. He says:

"The district in which we live is a fair comparison to any other district in the country, made up mostly of settlers from the States. The majority here consists of Americans from Minnesota, Iowa and the Dakotas, with a few Canadians and an odd Englishman. We have been here eleven years, ever since this part of the country was settled, and the majority have done well. If they have not, it is certainly not the fault of the country.

"There has not been a crop failure in this district since settled. This year was the poorest, caused by lack of rain, although a fair estimate of wheat is about twelve bushels per acre, average, and oats about ten. Some farmers got as much as twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre, and we all got good prices.

"The laws of Canada are nearly the same as those of Minnesota, and we enjoy the same privileges.

"So far as the European war is concerned, we suffer to a certain extent as all the world does. Canada is giving a helping hand to her Mother Country, and we American-Canadians firmly believe it is Canada's duty to do so. I have not heard one American-Canadian who has expressed a different opinion. Canada is not compelled to send her soldiers. The service rendered is all voluntary service.

"The accusation that old settlers are considered undesirable citizens and are forced out of business, even in danger of being 'mobbed at their own fireside,' is all false, a mere fabrication in the mind of badly informed correspondents. There are a few who have been discovered carrying letters, others papers and plans to prove them spies, and whose object is to conspire against the government. These have justly been arrested. Such a class of people cannot be considered good citizens, whether living in Canada or in the United States.

"Some people are failures wherever they are, and as an excuse for failure in their country it may seem easy to put the blame on the Canadian people and the Canadian government. Fact is, thousands of people from the United States are emigrating to Canada at the present time, which shows they are not afraid of the Canadian government.

"The government is giving away, free of charge, provision through the winter to farmers in certain districts affected by the drought, and is also sending seed grain to those in need of help. This is very different from driving settlers away from their own homes.

"I have always observed that the people who love their Mother Country most are those who make the best citizens of their adopted country. The glorious 'Stars and Stripes' will always stand for what is good and noble to us, though we live in a neighbor country where we also enjoy 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'—Advertisement.

Which, to Be Decided Later.  
She—But if I can't live on my income and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage of our marrying?  
He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together, one of us would be able to live, at any rate.

## A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box—Adv.

The truth is always getting in the way of some people. That's why it is crushed to earth so often.

ALFALFA SEED, 14c. Farms for sale on crop payments. J. Muhall, Box 319, La. Adv.

When she reads a historical novel she skips the historic part.

ALFALFA SEED, 14c. Farms for sale on crop payments. J. Muhall, Box 319, La. Adv.