

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST
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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 Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing another very beautiful dress, looked up at her niece, who was playing at the piano.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise.

Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him?"

The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for his niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank."

Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"

"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just, as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unflinching place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it, every hair and point asserted it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night

"There was never another invitation! 'Voyons, mon cher,' his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, 'what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?'"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly Irish, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclignac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewn it with red and golden specters. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk, Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor at that mo-



Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him.

ment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hailed up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.

"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the

breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Mrs. Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of 'life and death,' wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron. "Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life. A wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a part for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gaze joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and waddled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't rich.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?" The waiter couldn't say. "Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Washington Embassies Center of Big Spy System

WASHINGTON.—That embassy circles in Washington are clearing houses through which military information, gathered for belligerent nations from all the larger cities in the United States, is transmitted to the capitals of the warring countries in Europe, was indicated in revelations that reached this city from New York.

The report received here tends to confirm rumors that have been afloat since the beginning of the war, that each of the warring nations maintains in the United States a secret information system through which representatives of the allies, assisted by a well-known detective agency, gather military secrets for transmission to the headquarters of the detective agency in New York city, which in turn transmits them to the embassies in Washington.

The revelations include a complete key to the code which is being used. Several dispatches have been intercepted and translated en route from branch offices throughout the country to New York city, whence they were to have been relayed to Washington.

National Parks Prepared for Tourist Travel Flood

SECRETARY FRANKLIN K. LANE is a believer in preparedness. The secretary of the department of the interior naturally leaves to his associates in the cabinet, Secretaries Garrison and Daniels, the study of preparedness related to war equipment. What he is interested in is the preparedness on the part of the government to handle properly the tremendous tourist travel in America, which is expected to be one of the results of the great war.

In the opinion of the interior department officials and others who are familiar with conditions in the national parks of the West these great natural show places have never been visited by as many American people as should have toured them, because there have not been the same kind of facilities to care for travelers which are found in Europe, where the tourist trade has been catered to for hundreds of years, and where in many places it is the chief source of income of the people.

Secretary Lane believes that many thousands of Americans will travel in this country during the coming season and following years who have heretofore spent their money in Europe, and that the national parks of the West and points in Alaska, with their scenic wonders, will be the places sought out by large numbers of American tourists. The work of reorganizing the system of caring for and developing the national parks is now going on, and in the near future it is believed that most of the American parks will have facilities which will rival Europe for completeness in providing for tourists.

Mark Daniels, the California landscape engineer, whom Secretary Lane secured as the general superintendent of the national parks, is now working on plans for reorganizing the system of management and bettering conditions generally in all of the great government reservations which are under the department of the interior.

Mace of Lower House Goes to the Repair Shop

THE mace, the historic symbol of authority in the lower branch of congress, is to be repaired before the next house meets. It has been sent to New York in the custody of a deputy sergeant-at-arms, who will be held strictly accountable for its safe return. The ancient bugbear of refractory members, which came down from medieval parliamentary bodies, is a long piece of silver mounted on ebony, at the business end of which is a silver globe. Surmounting the globe, with his talons firmly clutching the North pole, is an American eagle.

Whenever a member becomes unruly the sergeant-at-arms is supposed to stalk solemnly down the aisle and confront him with the mace. The belligerent is duly expected to become tongue-tied with confusion and expiate his display of temper by humbly asking the pardon of the house. This courtly tradition received a violent setback, however, the last time the mace was used in response to a riot call. "Private John" Allen was on that occasion the center of the mix-up. "Don't hit me with that dam fool bird," he said, when the mace was waved over him.

Another time a sergeant-at-arms charged down upon a struggling crowd of congressmen who were trying to terminate a long-drawn-out wrangle by assault and battery. When the bearer of the mace reached the scene he stood there like a schoolboy who had broken down in the midst of a recitation, wondering what was to come next.

"What do I do now?" he asked, in a stage whisper. "Bang the buzzard on his head," advised a member, to whom the mace was no more than a slapstick. Ever since then the mace has been known as the "buzzard."

Uncle Sam Experimenting With Lights for War

TAKING a lesson from the European war, the secretary of war has directed the engineer corps to make an exhaustive study of and extensive field experiments with searchlights, flares, star bombs and other lights. For some time the army and navy have been using searchlights, and in the Russo-Japanese war they were employed by both armies, but not until the European conflict did they become such important auxiliaries of an army.

Searchlights and star bombs have become absolutely necessary to meet the constant night attacks by armies in the various theaters of war. Searchlights are not only used to detect the movements of the enemy, but to blind troops when they are charging across the zone of fire, and to discomfit the pilots of aeroplanes flying aloft. The engineer depot at Washington barracks, where the experiments are being conducted, has taken on the appearance of a fireworks factory. Not only is the engineer corps experimenting with every type of light producer that it has been able to obtain from foreign countries, but it is testing out quite a number of American inventions. That work will continue at Washington barracks until some time in October, when all of the searchlights and light-producing devices will be shipped to Texas, where a battalion of engineers will try them out in the field.

It is not proposed by the secretary of war to purchase a large quantity of searchlights and fireworks, but according to his instructions the officers will develop types of searchlights and light-producing devices that can be produced by small changes in standard articles of this character that can be purchased in the open market. In the event of war the country would depend largely upon private concerns to furnish that class of equipment for the army.

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Initial Cost.
Patience—What was the initial cost of your hat, dear?
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