

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitcheoune. 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. Trying to save Pitcheoune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitcheoune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitcheoune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitcheoune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algiers.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Pitcheoune, whose eyes had followed the cat out of sight, sprang upon his master and seemed quite ready for the new departure.

"I shall at least have you," Sabron said. "It will be your first campaign. We shall have some famous runs and I shall introduce you to a camel and make you acquainted with several donkeys, not to speak of the historic Arab steeds. You will see, my friend, that there are other animals besides yourself in creation."

"A telegram for mon capitaine." Brunet came in with the blue envelope which Sabron tore open.

You will take with you neither horses nor dogs.

It was an order from the minister of war, just such a one as was sent to some half-dozen other young officers, all of whom, no doubt, felt more or less discomfited.

Sabron twisted the telegram, put it in the fireplace and lighted his cigarette with it, watching Pitcheoune who, finding himself a comfortable corner in the armchair, had settled down for a nap.

"So," nodded the young man aloud, "I shall not even have Pitcheoune."

He smoked, musing. In the rigid discipline of his soldier's life he was used to obedience. His softened eyes, however, and his nervous fingers as they pulled at his mustache, showed that the command had touched him.

"What shall I do with you, old fellow?"

Although Sabron's voice was low, the dog, whose head was down upon his paws, turned his bright brown eyes on his master with so much confidence and affection that it completed the work. Sabron walked across the floor, smoking, the spurs on his heels clanking, the light shining on his brilliant boots and on his uniform. He was a splendid-looking man with race and breeding, and he combined with his masculine force the gentleness of a woman.

"They want me to be lonely," he thought. "All that the chiefs consider is the soldier—not the man—even the companionship of my dog is denied me. What do they think I am going to do out there in the long eastern evenings?" He reflected. "What does the world expect an unaccompanied wanderer to do?" There are many things and the less thought about them, the better.

"A letter for Monsieur le Capitaine." Brunet returned with a note which he presented stiffly, and Pitcheoune, who chose in his little brain to imagine Brunet an intruder, sprang from the chair like lightning, rushed at the servant, seized the leg of his pantaloons and began to worry them, growling, Brunet regarding him with adoration. Sabron had not thought aloud the last words of the telegram, which he had used to light his cigarette.

Nor will it be necessary to take a person's servant. The indigenes are capable of ordonnances.

As he took the letter from Brunet's salver he said curtly:

"I am ordered to Algiers and I shall not take horses nor Pitcheoune."

The dog, at mention of his name, set Brunet's leg free and stood quiet, his head lifted.

"Nor you either, mon brave Brunet." Sabron put his hand on his servant's shoulder, the first familiarity he had ever shown a man who served him with devotion, and who would have given his life to save his master's. "Those," said the officer curtly, "are the orders from headquarters, and the least said about them the better." The ruddy cheek of the servant turned pale. He mechanically touched his forehead.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," he murmured, with a little catch in his voice. He stood at attention, then wheeled and without being dismissed, stalked out of the room.

Pitcheoune did not follow. He remained immovable like a little dog cut from bronze; he understood—who shall say—how much of the conversation? Sabron threw away his cigarette, then read his letter by the mantlepiece, leaning his arm upon it. He read slowly. He had broken the seal slowly. It was the first letter he had ever seen in this handwriting. It was written in French and ran thus:

Monsieur—My aunt wishes me to ask you if you will come to us for a little musicale tomorrow afternoon. We hope you will be free, and I hope, she added, that you will bring Pitcheoune. Not that

I think he will care for the music, but afterward perhaps he will run with us as we walk to the gate. My aunt wishes me to say that she has learned from the colonel that you have been ordered to Algiers. In this way she says that we shall have an opportunity of wishing you bon voyage, and I say I hope Pitcheoune will be a comfort to you.

The letter ended in the usual formal French fashion. Sabron, turning the letter and rereading it, found that it completed the work that had been going on in his lonely heart. He stood long, musing.

Pitcheoune laid himself down on the rug, his bright little head between his paws, his affectionate eyes on his master. The firelight shone on them both, the musing young officer and the almost human-hearted little beast. So Brunet found them when he came in with the lamp shortly, and as he set it down on the table and its light shone on him, Sabron, glancing at the ordonnance, saw that his eyes were red, and liked him none the less for it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Soldier's Dog.

"It is just as I thought," he told Pitcheoune. "I took you into my life, you little rascal, against my will, and now, although it's not your fault, you are making me regret it. I shall end, Pitcheoune, by being a cynic and misogynist, and learn to make idols of my career and my troops alone. After all, they may be tiresome, but they don't hurt as you do, and some other things as well."

Pitcheoune, being invited to the musicale at the Chateau d'Esclignac, went along with his master, running behind the captain's horse. It was a heavenly January day, soft and mild, full of sunlight and delicious odors, and over the towers of King Rene's castle the sky banners were made of celestial blue.

The officer found the house full of people. He thought it hard that he might not have had one more intimate picture to add to his collection. When he entered the room a young man was playing a violoncello. There was a group at the piano, and among the people the only ones he clearly saw were the hostess, Madame d'Esclignac in a gorgeous velvet frock, then Miss Redmond, who stood by the window, listening to the music. She saw him come in and smiled to him, and from that moment his eyes hardly left her.

What the music was that afternoon the Count de Sabron could not have told very intelligently. Much of it was sweet, all of it was touching, but when Miss Redmond stood to sing and chose the little song of which he had made a lullaby, and sang it divinely, Sabron, his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little bent, still looking at her, thought that his heart would break. It was horrible to go away and not tell her. It was cowardly to feel so much and not be able to speak it. And he felt that he might be equal to some wild deed, such as crossing the room violently, putting his hand over her slender one and saying:

"I am a soldier; I have nothing but a soldier's life. I am going to Africa tomorrow. Come with me; I want you, come!"

All of which, slightly impossible and quite out of the question, nevertheless charmed and soothed him. The words of her English song, almost barbaric to him because incomprehensible, fell on his ears. Its melody was already part of him.

"Monsieur de Sabron," said Madame d'Esclignac, "you are going away tomorrow?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I expect you will be engaged in some awful native skirmishes. Perhaps you will even be able to send back a tiger skin."

"There are no tigers in that part of Africa, Madame."

The young soldier's dark eyes rest-



He Stood Long Musing.

ed almost hostilely on the gorgeous marquise in her red gown. He felt that she was glad to have him go. He wanted to say: "I shall come back, however; I shall come back and when I return" . . . but he knew that such a boast, or even such a hope was fruitless.

His colonel had told him only the day before that Miss Redmond was one of the richest American heiresses, and there was a question of a duke or a prince and heaven only knew what in the way of titles. As the marquise moved away her progress was something like the rolling of an elegant velvet chair, and while his feelings were still disturbed Miss Redmond crossed the room to him. Before Sabron quite knew how they had been able to escape the others or leave the room, he was standing with her in the winter garden where the sunlight came in through trellises and the perfume of the warmed plants was heavy and sweet. Before them flowed the Rhone, golden in the winter's light. The blue river swept its waves around old Tarascon and the battlements of King Rene's towers.

"You are going to Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond smiled, and how was Sabron to realize that she could not very well have wept there and then, had she wished to do so?

"Yes," he said. "I adore my regiment. I love my work. I have always wanted to see colonial service."

"Have you? It is delightful to find one's ambitions and desires satisfied," said Miss Redmond. "I have always longed to see the desert. It must be beautiful. Of course you are going to take Pitcheoune?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sabron, "that is just what I am not going to do."

"What!" she cried. "You are never going to leave that darling dog behind you?"

"I must, unfortunately. My superior officers do not allow me to take horses or dogs, or even my servant."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "What brutes they are! Why, Pitcheoune will die of a broken heart." Then she said: "You are leaving him with your man servant?"

Sabron shook his head. "Brunet would not be able to keep him."

"Ah!" she breathed. "He is looking for a home? Is he? If so, would you might I take care of Pitcheoune?"

The Frenchman impulsively put out his hand, and she laid her own in it.

"You are too good," he murmured. "Thank you. Pitcheoune will thank you."

He kissed her hand. That was all.

From within the salon came the noise of voices, and the bow of the violoncellist was beginning a new concerto. They stood looking at each other. No condition could have prevented it although the Marquise d'Esclignac was rolling toward them across the polished floor of the music-room. As though Sabron realized that he might never see this lovely young woman again, probably never would see her, and wanted before he left to have something made clear, he asked quickly:

"Could you, Mademoiselle, in a word or two tell me the meaning of the English song you sang?"

She flushed and laughed slightly.

"Well, it is not very easy to put it in prose," she hesitated. "Things sound so differently in music and poetry; but it means," she said in French, bravely, "why, it is a sort of prayer that someone you love very much should be kept safe night and day. That's about all. There is a little sadness in it, as though," and her cheeks glowed, "as if there was a sort of separation. It means . . ."

"Ah!" breathed the officer deeply. "I understand. Thank you."

And just then Madame d'Esclignac rolled up between them and with an unmistakable satisfaction presented to her niece the gentleman she had secured.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Your Own Home.

William L. Price in "The House of the Democrat," gave us a description of his ideal dwelling in words so genial and simple, and full of such picturesque feeling, that they seem a fitting preface to an article on the planning of a home. "The rooms," he said, "shall be ample and low; wide-windowed, deep-seated, spacious, cool by reason of shadows in summer, warmed by the ruddy glow of fire-sides in winter; open to wistful summer airs, tight closed against the wintry blasts; a house, a home, a shrine."

One cannot but wish that every homebuilder and architect would learn these words by heart, and hold them as a constant reminder—for in that one prophetic sentence seems to be condensed the very spirit of home.

The atmosphere of comfort and restfulness cannot be attained, however, without much wise and thoughtful planning. Its roots are in the practical, the seemingly commonplace—which, rightly treated, results in lasting homelike charm.—The Craftsman.

Chinese Currency.

Currency in China has had all sorts of surprises for the layman, but the present situation is simply extraordinary. There is now found to be an actual plethora of dollars and small coins, and since last August the Chinese have been melting them and converting them into sycee. The reason why dollars are being melted is that large issues of the provincial mints have found no use in the market, and as all Chinese accounts are in taels the present price of the dollar is not very conducive to its existence and circulation.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Vice-President Now Has a Nice Flag for Himself

WASHINGTON.—Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall has a flag of his own and it is an official banner. This means that every time he visits an American warship and is piped over the side he will enjoy the pleasurable emotion of knowing that the V. P. flag is fluttering from the masthead.

The V. P. flag is a snow-white square of bunting, on a field of which is a blue bird representing the eagle in the coat of arms of the United States. This makes the V. P. flag the reverse of the president's flag, which consists of the coat of arms of the nation on a blue field. This is the first time in the history of the American navy that there has been prescribed for vice-president a distinctive flag to be displayed on naval vessels while he is on board one of them.

It remained for Secretary Daniels to provide Mr. Marshall with a flag. It grew out of the fact that Vice-President Marshall was going to San Francisco to represent President Wilson at the Panama-Pacific exposition. When the president arranged for himself to be represented in this manner, and plans were made for the vice-president to be received on board the armored cruiser Colorado, the flagship of Admiral Howard, it occurred to Secretary Daniels that a more fitting reception in the attendant ceremonies should be accorded him than those previously prescribed. Hence the new flag.

This new flag has now been permanently prescribed for the vice-president in the future and will hereafter be displayed on ships of the navy whenever the vice-president is on board.

The ceremonies attending a visit of the president to a ship of the navy include the manning of the rail by the crew, hoisting his flag and firing a salute of 21 guns upon his arrival, and hauling down his flag and firing a second salute upon his departure from the ship. The honors given the vice-president were formerly the same as those given the president, except that the rail was not manned by the crew and the salute of 19 guns was given only upon his departure, and the national colors were displayed during the salute.

What National Bird Reserves Do for the Farmer

It is believed in Washington that the farmers in many parts of the United States have little idea of the extent to which the federal government goes to protect them and their interests from harm. Department of agriculture officials have often cried out against the wanton slaughter of birds, declaring that these birds were necessary to keep down the insect pests and thereby protect the farmers' crops, but they have not stopped at this. Without much ado, they have been selecting the quiet, isolated nooks of the country as bird reserves, as places where the birds could go and under the protection of the authorities rear their young in security and comfort.

At the present time there are 74 such bird reserves scattered throughout the entire country, and especially on the lonely islands that are found along the different coasts. These reserves have been created through reference from the interior department to the president, who signs executive orders declaring the place to be a reserve immediately these places come under the general law which makes it unlawful to kill birds, take their eggs or to willfully disturb the birds. A maximum fine of \$500 and a sentence in jail for six months are provided for violations of this law.

The bird reserves now existing are being administered under the direction of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture. During the last year nine new bird reserves were established, scattered between Alaska and Porto Rico; two new ones in Alaska, one of which, in the Aleutian islands, was established not only for the purpose of protecting native birds, but also for the encouragement of propagation of fur-bearing animals, reindeer and food fishes. Other bird reserves established during the year were in Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi and also the Canal zone.

"Mystery" of Chimney of the British Embassy

ANOTHER "mystery" of international politics was uncovered in Washington recently by an American newspaper man. Fired by memories of the romance and intrigue in Washington during the Russo-Japanese war and by a knowledge of the "secret service" now going on in connection with the devious route of Mexican politics, but steadied by the dignity of that solemn, imposing, red-brick pile, the British embassy, at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street northwest, the reporter linked arms with luck and inquired at the embassy:

"What happened when you had your chimney fixed?"

Said chimney is in the chancellery, between that building and the residence next door. The chimney wouldn't draw, and, therefore, there was not enough fire to warm the chilled secretaries and attaches.

Hundreds of Washingtonians who had whispered to one another the story of how a bricklayer was employed to block up an opening in the chimney, and how a set of dictaphone wires was found there, were doomed to read an unravelment of this "mystery" of international politics that is amusing rather than important. Here it is as it came from one of the embassy attaches:

"What happened when we had our chimney fixed? Why, the fire burned all right. What did we find? Why, we found an awful lot of dust and soot. Charley is going to get a scolding for letting that chimney get so dirty."

"A Dictaphone Easily Could Be a Diplomat's Delight."

What Becomes of the Holes in Postage Stamps

ONE who passes by the bureau of printing and engraving in Washington may often see on a concrete platform a number of barrels being roughly "headed up" and loaded into wagons. If he takes a peek into one of the barrels he will see that they are filled with most peculiar looking stuff which he will be at a loss to identify. It is composed of very small particles seemingly of all the colors in the rainbow.

If the passer-by asks one of the workmen what the queer stuff is, he will be told "just holes," and further inquiry reveals that it is composed of the tiny disks made by the machines through which the sheets of postage stamps are run for perforation. They fall into baskets and being of no use whatever, are barreled up and carted to the city dump.

The bureau of printing and engraving turns out a barrel and a half of these "holes" every week day, which means nine barrels a week and 468 barrels a year. It is needless to say no one ever counted the number of "holes" in a barrel, but as the bureau prints 12,000,000,000 stamps a year and there are 21 perforations for each stamp, or a total of 252,000,000,000 for the year's output, it is evident that each of the 468 barrels contains approximately \$38,461,538 holes.

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