

HIS LOVE STORY

By **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 dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that fits in his memory. Trying to save Pitcheune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitcheune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitcheune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitcheune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. He is invited to a musicale at the Chateau, where Miss Redmond, hearing that Sabron cannot take Pitcheune with him, offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"My dear Julia, my godson, the Duc de Tremont." And Sabron bowed to both the ladies, to the duke, and went away.

This was the picture he might add to his collection: the older woman in her vivid dress, Julia in her simpler gown, and the titled Frenchman bowing over her hand.

When he went out to the front terrace Brunet was there with his horse, and Pitcheune was there as well, stiffly waiting at attention.

"Brunet," said the officer to his man, "will you take Pitcheune around to the servants' quarters and give him to Miss Redmond's maid? I am going to leave him here."

"Good, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance, and whistled to the dog.

Pitcheune sprang toward his master with a short sharp bark. What he understood would be hard to say, but all that he wanted to do was to remain with Sabron. Sabron bent down and stroked him.

"Go, my friend, with Brunet. Go, mon vieux, go," he commanded sternly, and the little dog, trained to obedience as a soldier's dog should be, trotted reluctantly at the heels of the ordonnance, and the soldier threw his leg over the saddle and rode away. He rode regardless of anything but the fact that he was going.

CHAPTER VIII.

Homesick.

Pitcheune was a soldier's dog, born in a stable, of a mother who had been dear to the canteen. Michette had been one vraie vivandiere, a real daughter of the regiment.

Pitcheune was a worthy son. He adored the drums and trumpets. He adored the life. He adored the drills which he was accustomed to watch from a respectable distance. He liked Brunet, and the word had not yet been discovered which would express how he felt toward Monsieur le Capitaine, his master. His muscular little form expressed it in every fiber. His brown eyes looked it until their paths might have melted a heart of iron.

There was nothing picturesque to Pitcheune in the Chateau d'Esclignac or in the charming room to which he was brought. The little dog took a flying tour around it, over sofas and chairs, landing on the window-seat, where he crouched. He was not wickered, but he was perfectly miserable, and the lovely wiles of Julia Redmond and her endearments left him unmoved. He refused meat and drink, was indifferent to the views from the window, to the beautiful view of King Rene's castle, to the tantalizing cat sunning herself against the wall. He flew about like mad, leaving destruction in his wake, tugged at the leash when they took him out for exercise. In short, Pitcheune was a homesick, lovesick little dog, and thereby endeared himself more than ever to his new mistress. She tied a ribbon around his neck, which he promptly chewed off. She tried to feed him with her own fair hands; he held his head high, looked bored and grew thin in the flanks.

"I think Captain de Sabron's little dog is going to die, ma tante," she told her aunt.

"Fiddlesticks, my dear Julia! Keep him tied up until he is accustomed to the place. It won't hurt him to fast; he will eat when he is hungry. I have a note from Robert. He has gone to Monte Carlo."

"Ah!" breathed Miss Redmond indifferently.

She slowly went over to her piano and played a few measures of music that were a torture to Pitcheune, who found these ladylike performances in strong contrast to drums and trumpets. He felt himself as a soldier degraded and could not understand why he should be relegated to a salon and to the mild society of two ladies who did not even know how to pull his ears or roll him over on the rug with their riding boots and spurs. He sat against the window as was his habit, looking watching, yearning.

"Vous avez tort, ma chere," said her aunt, who was working something less than a thousand flowers on her tapestry. "The chance to be a princess and a Tremont does not come twice in a young girl's life, and you know you have only to be reasonable, Julia."

Miss Redmond's fingers wandered,

magnetically drawn by her thoughts, into a song which she played softly through. Pitcheune heard and turned his beautiful head and his soft eyes to her. He knew that tune. Neither drums nor trumpets had played it, but there was no doubt about its being fit for soldiers. He had heard his master sing it, hum it, many times. It had soothed his nerves when he was a sick puppy and it went with many things of the intimate life with his master. He remembered it when he had dozed by the fire and dreamed of chasing cats and barking at Brunet and being a faithful dog all around; he heard again a beloved voice hum it to him. Pitcheune whined and softly jumped down from his seat. He put his forepaws on Miss Redmond's lap. She stopped and caressed him, and he licked her hand.

"That is the first time I have seen that dog show a spark of human gratitude, Julia. He is probably begging you to open the door and let him take a run."

Indeed Pitcheune did go to the door and waited appealingly.

"I think you might trust him out. I think he is tamed," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is a real little savage."

Miss Redmond opened the door and Pitcheune shot out. She watched him tear like mad across the terrace, and scuttle into the woods, as she thought, after a rabbit. He was the color of the fallen leaves and she lost sight of him in the brown and golden brush.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fortunes of War.

Sabron's departure had been delayed on account of a strike at the dockyards of Marseilles. He left Tarascon one lovely day toward the end of January and the old town with its sweetness and its sorrow, fell behind, as he rolled away to brighter suns. A friend from Paris took him to the port in his motor and there Sabron waited some forty-eight hours before he set sail. His boat lay out on the azure water, the brown rocks of the coast behind it. There was not a breeze to stir as he took the tug which was to convey him. He was inclined to dip his fingers in the indigo ocean, sure that he would find them blue. He climbed up the ladder alongside of the vessel, was welcomed by the captain, who knew him, and turned to go below, for he had been suffering from an attack of fever which now and then laid hold of him, ever since his campaign in Morocco.

Therefore, as he went into his cabin, which he did not leave until the steamer touched Algiers, he failed to see the baggage tender pull up and failed to see a sailor climb to the deck with a wet bedraggled thing in his hand that looked like an old fur cap except that it wriggled and was alive.

"This, mon commandant," said the sailor to the captain, "is the pluckiest little beast I ever saw."

He dropped a small terrier on the deck, who proceeded to shake himself vigorously and bark with apparent delight.

"No sooner had we pushed out from the quay than this little beggar sprang from the pier and began to swim after us. He was so funny that we let him swim for a bit and then we hauled him in. It is evidently a mascot, mon commandant, evidently a sailor dog who has run away to sea."

The captain looked with interest at Pitcheune, who engaged himself in making his toilet and biting after a flea or two which had not been drowned.

"We sailors," said the man saluting, "would like to keep him for luck, mon commandant."

"Take him down then," his superior officer ordered, "and don't let him up among the passengers."

It was a rough voyage. Sabron passed his time saying good-by to France and trying to keep his mind away from the Chateau d'Esclignac, which persisted in haunting his uneasy slumber. In a blaze of sunlight, Algiers, the white city, shone upon them on the morning of the third day and Sabron tried to take a more cheerful view of a soldier's life and fortunes.

He was a soldierly figure and a handsome one as he walked down the gang-plank to the shore to be welcomed by fellow officers who were eager to see him, and presently was lost in the little crowd that streamed away from the docks into the white city.

CHAPTER X.

Together Again.

That night after dinner and a cigarette, he strode into the streets to distract his mind with the sight of the oriental city and to fill his ears with the eager cries of the crowd. The lamps flickered. The sky overhead was as blue nearly as in daytime. He walked leisurely toward the native quarter, jostled, as he passed, by men in their brilliant costumes and by a veiled woman or two.

He stopped indifferently before a little cafe, his eyes on a Turkish bazaar

where velvets and scarfs were being sold at double their worth under the light of a flaming yellow lamp. As he stood so, his back to the cafe where a number of the ship's crew were drinking, he heard a short sharp sound that had a sweet familiarity about it and whose individuality made him start with surprise. He could not believe his ears. He heard the bark again and then he was sprung upon by a little body that ran out from between the legs of a sailor who sat drinking his coffee and liquor.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sabron, thinking that he must be the victim of a hushish dream. "Pitcheune!"

The dog fawned on him and whined, crouched at his feet whining—like a child. Sabron bent and fondled him. The sailor from the table called the dog imperatively, but Pitcheune would have died at his master's feet rather than return. If his throat could have uttered words he would have spoken, but his eyes spoke. They looked as though they were tearful.

"Pitcheune, mon vieux! No, it can't be Pitcheune. But it is Pitcheune!" And Sabron took him up in his arms. The dog tried to lick his face.

"Voyons," said the officer to the marine, who came rolling over to them, "where did you get this dog?"

The young man's voice was imperative and he fixed stern eyes on the sailor, who pulled his forelock and explained.

"He was following me," said Sabron, not without a slight catch in his voice. The body of Pitcheune quivered under his arm. "He is my dog. I think his manner proves it. If you have grown fond of him I am sorry for you, but I think you will have to give him up."

Sabron put his hand in his pocket and turned a little away to be free of the native crowd that, chattering and grinning, amused and curious and



Looking, Watching, Yearning.

eager to participate in any distribution of coin, was gathering around him. He found two gold pieces which he put into the hand of the sailor.

"Thank you for taking care of him. I am at the Royal Hotel." He nodded, and with Pitcheune under his arm pushed his way through the crowd and out of the bazaar.

He could not interview the dog himself, although he listened, amused, to Pitcheune's own manner of speech. He spent the latter part of the evening composing a letter to the minister of war, and although it was short, it must have possessed certain evident and telling qualities, for before he left Algiers proper for the desert, Sabron received a telegram much to the point:

You may keep your dog. I congratulate you on such a faithful companion.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gauge for Measuring Sootfall.

The Pittsburgher who represents the timeworn variations of the soft coal smoke gibes now has his chance to prove that they are unjustified, or remain forever silent. By a new invention it is at present possible to measure the sootfall of any city as accurately as its rain or snowfall may be measured. Already this soot gauge, tried out in England, has proved what the tourist long suspected, that London, with all its yellow fog, has far purer air than the North of England factory cities of Birmingham, Manchester and the like. Not only have Pittsburgh and other slandered American cities the opportunity to whiten their sooted reputations, but the manufacturer, too, may now establish accurately the exact proportion of his contribution to the civic soot; for the new device judges the quality as well as the amount of sootfall, and is quite capable of distinguishing between the factory, furnace and kitchen range.—Literary Digest.

The Boy Who Dreams.

It is a good thing for the farmer boy to have an imagination, says the Prairie Farmer. It is a good thing for him to "dream dreams and see visions." It takes a dreamer to see the transformation that intelligent effort will bring to pass on the old place. It takes a dreamer to see how much more desirable that place will be in ten years than a job in a dry goods store.—Emporia Gazette.

To Remove Paint.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how hard or dry it is. Saturate spots two or three times, then wash in warm soapsuds.

POULTRY FACTS

NEGLECT OF FARM POULTRY

Most Flocks Are Too Small and Are Not Given Attention and Care They Deserve.

We believe that we are justified in saying that the average farmer does not give enough attention to the poultry side of farming. Experiments that have been conducted show that the farmer's flock may be made a profitable part of his live-stock business. Most flocks are too small and do not receive the attention, study and care they should, says Utah Farmer. No live stock pays bigger dividends when put on a commercial footing and properly managed. It costs little more to care for a large flock than for a few hens.

Keep a flock for business reasons and not merely from force of habit. Mongrels or scrubs are not the kind to have. Get some pure-bred chickens of the kind you like. We would laugh at the live-stock man who depended upon scrubs to build up his live-stock business. Pure-bred stock will nearly always arouse the enthusiasm of its owner and his family.

Other essentials to profitable farm poultry are houses, equipment for hatching and rearing, care, feeding, marketing, etc. The humble hen produces millions each year—the question we ask is, are you getting your share?

There is money in poultry—if you do not have the time, turn this part of your farm work over to the boys or girls.

DON'T USE CAYENNE PEPPER

Liver Disease and Kindred Troubles Are General Result of Use of This Strong Spice.

The writer is strongly opposed to the use of cayenne pepper. He knows from past experience that liver disease and kindred troubles are the general result when this strong spice is used, but if that condiment is placed in a preparation of spices there is no doubt it is a medicinal virtue in it.

Condition powder if rightly made is composed of such ingredients as work on the blood which in turn purifies the system and nips in the bud any disease germs that may be starting, says a writer in Texas Stockman.

Furthermore a reliable powder will strengthen the organs which must make egg production more easy and natural. Of course there must be a judicious use of all stimulating preparations—just enough to gain the point desired.

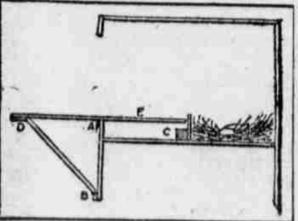
It is not in the use, but the abuse, that condition powder or any stimulant like corn, buckwheat or barley gets that makes it dangerous to fowl life.

SIMPLE TRAP-NEST SCHEME

Weight of Fowl Releases Support and Closes Opening—Hen Is Taken Out Through Top.

In response to a query for a sketch of a simple trap nest Montreal Herald gives the following:

The illustration shows a very simple trap nest. The hen walks on the running board to the nest. When she gets near the point E her weight de-



Simple Trap Nest.

presses that end of the board and disconnects the support D, which falls of its own weight. Then when she steps into the nest the board being heavier on the outside and hinged at A, tips until the opening to the nest is closed. The hen is removed from the top of the nest, which is then reset as shown above.

MEAT RATION FOR CHICKENS

West Virginia Experiment Station Makes Interesting Test—Eggs Are Much Larger.

The effect of meat rations was tested at the West Virginia Experiment Station, where one pen of fowls received a ration largely of corn and other starchy grains, while another pen was fed partly on meat and fresh bones.

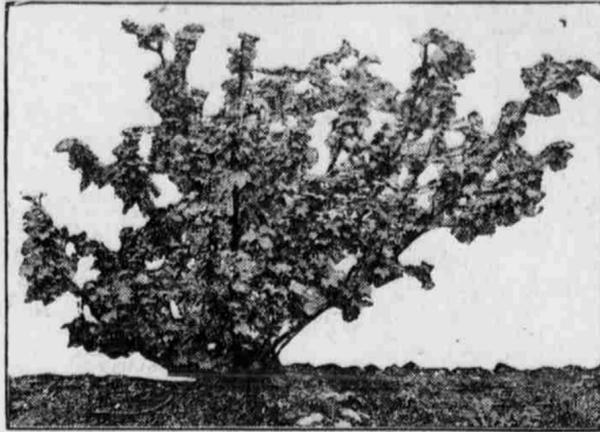
The meat-fed fowls laid 7,555 eggs, while the grain-fed birds laid 3,431, or less than one-half as many as those receiving the nitrogenous ration.

The eggs from the meat-fed fowls were larger, much firmer, rather better, and produced far more vigorous chickens than those of the others. Both lots of fowls remained in a healthy, vigorous condition.

Excellent Egg Producer.

Common field peas contain a large amount of nitrogenous substances, consequently making an excellent egg-producing food.

GROWING FRUIT NEEDS MORE ATTENTION



Currants in Bloom.

(By W. MILTON KELLY.)

There is nothing that needs more special study and attention than growing fruit for home use. The trouble now is that nine-tenths of us do not know how to utilize what nature offers.

I know a lot of farmers who have fine buildings, keep good stock, grow large crops, without having any conception of home and home life.

What we need on our farms is better homes. We cannot do anything that will improve our homes more than growing an abundance of choice fruit for home use. Every farmer's garden should have a strawberry bed, that the table may be supplied with this fruit fresh and have a surplus for the cans and jelly tumblers.

The best way to secure plants is to have trial beds set with the leading varieties. In this way it is easy to determine the relative merits of the different varieties, and grow vigorous plants for the next year's beds.

There is no danger of losing plants when they can be taken from the trial beds and removed to the garden rows, but when coming from a long distance they are apt to heat, and very few can be saved.

When received by mail or express, they should be opened at once, the roots shortened about one-third with a sharp knife, and the plants spread loosely in a cool, damp place, or in water in which soil has been mixed.

No imperfect plants should be set. Side runners frequently appear between the sets, and pursue the same course of establishing plants as the main runners. They are little better than weeds. By setting out only the best plants the beds will not run out.

In setting plants, give them plenty of room, so the air can circulate freely, and winged insects can go from flower to flower, that perfect fertilization may be obtained, and enable the hoe and cultivator to work among the plants, and work into the soil quickly available fertilizers.

After the fruiting season arrives, there will be a better chance to place the mulching between the rows and about the plants, for the double purpose of protecting the berries from dirt and retaining moisture for the plants, for in the fruiting season the plants must have plenty of water to give the best results.

The strawberry should be more widely cultivated among farmers, who, with plenty of land and dressing, seem to have no excuse for not having their tables well supplied with this appetizing berry.

The raspberry is a small fruit, standing in a class by itself for home use. It cannot be shipped long distances without being more or less injured. It is a prolific bearer, and will yield crops the second year after planting.

The first year it makes canes, and the second year fruit. Two or three long rows across the garden will furnish an abundance of this fruit for table uses and for canning.

The currant can be grown to great perfection and large yields can be obtained. The hilling of the bushes should be avoided and rather shallow culture practiced.

The old method still recommends itself to me as the best way to propagate the currant. We take the largest and strongest stalks of one year's growth from the bush and cut off the top of this stalk close to the bud to see if the wood is sound and healthy.

If the color is black, or it is hollow, we cut off the end until good live wood is obtained. Shape the lower end into a blunt wedge form close to the bud, which we are careful not to rub or injure. Rub off every other bud, except two or three at the top of the stalk, from which the branches will start.

These stalks can be thrust into the ground four to six inches. If this is done early in the spring the roots will soon appear at the lower end of the cutting and a strong, vigorous bush or tree form will be the result.

Bushes grown in this tree form can be pruned and cultivated easier than any other form of growth. When pruning let three or four branches grow each year, and after a branch has borne two crops remove it.

In this way a healthy and well balanced top can be sustained for a long time, and it will not become so thick that only inferior fruit can be produced.

Gooseberries require an open, airy situation and clean culture. The tops must be kept well thinned out, to insure good fruit. They should be

dressed with well-composted manure, and no weeds should be allowed to grow in the rows. These precautions are necessary to ward off mildew.

The tree form of growth is best suited for this berry, as well as the currant. Borers seldom trouble the gooseberry. In propagating we employ the layer system, which is done by securing the thrifty bushes to the ground, and placing soil over them, when they will start a root system.

Right after these small fruits we want a small orchard of plums, cherries and peaches. A few trees of the best varieties will supply the home needs.

Every fruit grower wants a small pear orchard, because there are a few varieties of the fruit about as near perfection as anything that has been evolved in the orchard line. Next to the small fruits these trees are the most valuable in the farm garden.

As an all-around fruit the grape ranks next to the apple. Fifty or one hundred vines of well-selected varieties will afford plenty of this healthy fruit from the middle of August until frost comes.

Then, by taking precautions, and carefully storing late varieties in a cool room, we can keep them in excellent condition for Christmas and New Year's.

No other fruit can take the place of grapes during their season. They afford an abundant supply of delicious and strengthening food for nearly five months during the year. We should grow the grapes and eat freely of them.

Blackberries come late in the summer and furnish excellent fruit for canning, preserving and making delicious pies. The following way of managing the blackberry patch will insure plenty of this fruit for the home use:

Late in the fall secure roots of the right variety; place them where they will be protected from the freezing weather, or they may be taken up in the spring, but not allowed to dry out.

Prepare the ground as for potatoes, and every third row rake for the berry rows, planting the other two rows with potatoes. Cut the roots into pieces three inches long, plant them one foot apart in the row. Cover level with the ground.

When the canes appear destroy all but one in the hill, which may be easily done cutting with a knife or sickle. In this way a stalky cane with plenty of laterals will be obtained. Cut back these laterals to secure the bush form.

If the locality is subject to extremely cold winters, bend down the canes and partly cover with soil. In the spring they can be released with a fork. The second and third years they should be given the same general culture as the first, except a heavy mulching should be applied just before the fruiting season begins.

This can be done with but little labor if the canes have been kept in rows where they belong. All manuring and fertilizing should be done early, and the rows should not be cultivated after fruiting, because it starts a late growth of wood that cannot mature by the time cold weather sets in, and we must have ripe wood for next year's crop, as well as the berries for the present season.

Apple and pear trees may be started in rows with the small fruit vines and bushes, and will begin to bear about the time the berries need renewing. We should have low-headed trees, that is, let them have their limbs near the ground.

They will yield fruit much earlier than trees that are headed higher. By planting trees in berry rows we can clean out the berries and rely upon the larger fruits alone and start new berry rows.

Currants will continue to grow among small fruit trees. In fact they require some space to grow to their greatest perfection.

It does not require long years of experience or much expense to grow all the choice fruit we can use at home, and it will pay large returns both in money and pleasure, to have all of the fruit our families can utilize.

Rickets in Young Pigs.

Pigs affected with rickets can seldom be profitably treated. Prevention is to be sought by maintaining sanitary conditions about the hogs, providing adequate supplies of various foods, rich in all the requisites of a perfectly nourished animal, and obviating degeneracy by careful selection of robust sows and timely infusion of fresh blood.