HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS By RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

—5—

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. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sacred Trust.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveliness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitchoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone."

Pitchoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days idly in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close to Sabron's man servant when they went on caravan explorations.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers. The peculiar incenselike odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day had been hot and there came up the cool breeze that would give them a delicious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his lonely tent like a bridal flower in a veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order his stallion saddled and to ride away for a little distance in order to be alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eye and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordonnance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarcely more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in French and pointed, for the man understood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by the nape of his neck up to his lap, and the two sat watching the caravan slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred yards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go," he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin, swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the —— Squadron of Cavalry——."

Sabron added mentally:

"—wherever it may happen to be!"

He ordered bakshish given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work down to Dirbal, however, and they had had some hardships. He felt a million miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfastened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the light was bad, brilliant though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. On his dressing table was a small illumination consisting of a fat candle set in a glass case. The mosquitoes and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsieur—

I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

I took the best of care of Pitchoune. I thought I did, but I could not make him happy. He mourned terribly. He refused to eat, and one day I was so careless as to open the door for him and we have never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my maid, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in the woods.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pitchoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

". . . a sacred trust."

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

. . . So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. . . . My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say . . .

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

. . . I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours,
JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

CHAPTER XII.

The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly.

Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion. Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times.

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us; certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere . . . followed me to my barracks, followed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me; I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still.

I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the music in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. So it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing—music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible—appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say.

Tomorrow, I understand from my men we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I believe we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who can tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful gardens, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep.

I am, Mademoiselle,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested

The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bees to Fight Troops.

In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees, partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires.—London Mail.

The Coming Spirit.

"This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar field hospital to the belligerents.

"This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie.

"Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said:

"'Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you.'

"'Then keep it up,' said little Willie, grinding his teeth. 'Keep it up, dad. I can stand it.'"

POULTRY

PEN THE HENS TO GET EGGS

Fowls Should Be Confined From Time They Reach Maturity Until Marketed as Poultry.

(By GEORGE H. PELLARD.)

As a cold-blooded business proposition, probably no plan is better than that of keeping the hens shut in all the time. They should be confined from the time they reach maturity until marketed as poultry, and fed as stout a ration as they will stand without going wrong.

Aside from sentiment and pleasure in their appearance, this is the money-making way for villagers and suburbanites, who have limited yard room and need to keep their premises free from litter and soiling that are otherwise nearly inseparable from poultry keeping.

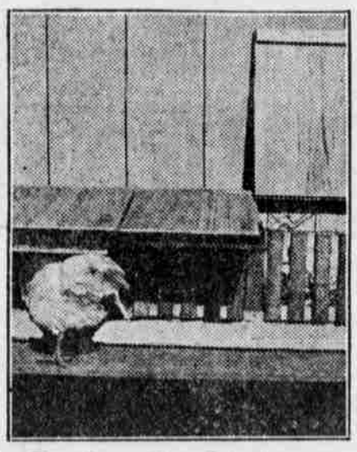
The fowls do not look so well as when on range—their plumage gets dull and they are less lively, but they will shell out the eggs and keep on shelling them out with less labor and less expense than under any other system, unless it is the colony system with free range.

Even then it is doubtful if the same number can be more easily cared for, or the ultimate profit will be greater.

In keeping the hens on this plan, they should be separated into flocks of 25 to 35 and allowed from four to six square feet per bird.

Dry feeding entails the least work and, therefore, brings the best profit, as the egg yield is generally better than where fed on the one-meal-at-a-time and the quick lunch systems.

If the feed is properly proportioned and the supply is always ample, there will be no trouble in getting eggs, and lots of them, if the hens are in good



Trap Nests Show Poor Layers.

health. We doubt if there is so much difference in the average egg production of hens as is sometimes fancied.

With good feeding—which means the right kind as well as quantities—most hens will make good. Some will do better than others, but so far it seems impracticable to select only the best in this case.

The time taken in selection, and the fact that the hen should go at it a year old, makes the labor of selection, together with the uncertainty of reproduction, more expensive than keeping the usual proportion of poor layers.

Trap-nesting is the only positive way of deciding the question, and that is a way which is impractical where large numbers are kept.

Kept housed all the time, the hens are subject to the most arbitrary feeding rules and experience is showing that they will produce as many, or more, eggs as when on range.

Occasionally a hen will get to feather pulling or egg eating. In such cases a run of a few days outside will usually cure the habit; if not, dark nests or the ax will.

GIVING OIL FOR INDIGESTION

Green or Immature Corn Is Always Sure to Cause Trouble—Mild Purgative Is Recommended.

Nearly two-thirds of the deaths of turkeys are caused by indigestion. Green or immature corn is always sure to cause indigestion and bowel trouble, and birds so afflicted droop around, are "off their feed," and if relief is not given them, die in a few days.

Having lost some turkeys from indigestion, we resolved to experiment a little. Instead of giving a violent purgative as recommended by some poultrymen, we gave a mild one, namely: Raw linseed oil in tablespoonful doses. We have never known this remedy to fail, says a writer in an exchange. As soon as a turkey looks dejected and "droopy" we give it a dose and next day it is chipper and spry as ever. Poults should be given teaspoonful doses of the oil.

Growth of Duckling.

The most notable growth of the duckling is between the third and fourth week of its age, when it often doubles its weight.

Orchard Information

WHITEWASH FOR THE TREES

Excellent Protection Afforded to Bark From Sunburn and Borers—Keeps Rabbits Away.

Whitewash is an excellent protection to the bark from both sunburn and borers. It is particularly valuable for young trees, as after trees reach a good size the branches generally become sufficiently large and the foliage sufficiently thick to shade the bark and prevent the injury that the hot sun would otherwise do.

The best time to apply the whitewash is in the early spring, or before the sun has become too hot and yet at a time when the danger of heavy rains washing off the lime is passed. It is not well to delay too long or the sunburn may occur in clear weather between rains.

There are dozens of whitewash recipes, all with merit, some more durable than others, and a durable whitewash is generally to be desired. For fruit trees a whitewash can be made by the addition of tallow, which is durable and also a protection against rabbits. Such a wash can be made with 30 pounds of lime, 4 pounds of tallow and 5 pounds of salt. The salt is dissolved in the water used in slaking the lime and the tallow added to the hot mixture, which is thinned to the desired consistency before using.

Spoiled fat or grease of any kind can be substituted for the tallow and the amount can be increased if desired. If there is danger of attracting animals by the salt, it can be left out.

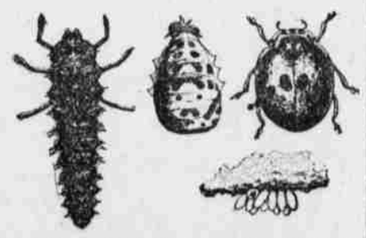
FRIENDS OF PLANT GROWERS

"Lady-Bugs" Feed Upon Plant-Lice, Scale Insects and Other Pests—Entitled to Protection.

(By W. E. BRITTON.)

The beetles commonly known as lady beetles, "lady birds," "lady-bugs" or plant-louse beetles, are among the very best friends of the farmer or plant grower, because they feed in both larval and adult stages upon plant-lice, scale-insects, and the small larvae and eggs of other and larger noxious insects. Dr. S. A. Forbes examined the stomach contents of 39 specimens, and found that one-fourth of their food was composed of plant-lice; though they ate some vegetable food, such as pollen and spores of fungi, a greater portion of their food consisted of insects.

Though many persons are more or less familiar with lady-bugs, some are not acquainted with their habits or life histories, and do not, therefore,



The "Lady-Bug" Serves as an Effective Check on the Apple Aphis and Many Other Injurious Insects.

recognize them as friends. Thus many of these helpful little insects are destroyed, when they should be carefully protected.

One of the most conspicuous examples in history of controlling a pest by means of lady-beetles occurred in California some twenty-five years ago. An Australian insect known as the fluted or cottony cushion scale appeared in California on orange trees and spread so rapidly over the state that the extensive orange growing industry was threatened. By request, Mr. Albert Koebele was appointed agent of the United States to attend the Melbourne exposition, and while in Australia paid special attention to searching for the insect enemies of the fluted scale. A lady beetle was found feeding upon the scale and specimens were collected, and five separate lots (altogether about 500 specimens) were brought from Australia to California and placed upon the scale-infested trees. The lady-beetles multiplied and their progeny were soon transported to each orange growing section. In a few years the cottony cushion scale had been brought under complete control by the Australian lady-beetle; it has never since done much damage on the Pacific coast, and the orange industry still flourishes.

In a less striking manner and on a smaller scale our native lady-beetles are continually demonstrating their ability to clean up shrubs, trees and even orchards which were severely attacked by plant lice. There are about 250 different kinds of lady-beetles in this country.

Oil From Grape Seed.

A soap manufacturer in Argentina has been securing for his use oil from grape seed; thus far only in an experimental way. But he hopes to open a plant in 1915 with a capacity of 600,000 pounds grape seed oil a year, enlarging this as occasion warrants. He estimates that the inferior grade adapted to the manufacture of soap would cost a shade less than four cents a pound, while a refined article suitable for table use can be put on the market at 5.8 cents

The "staff of life" by any other name would smell as wheat.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways in our favor.

Modern flirts rashly rush where angels fear to walk.

The Chinese like bagpipe music.