

HIS LOVE STORY

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 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 Algeria, but he 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 Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress captivated.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon: "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She smiled slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante; the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt without hesitation, "and the Duc de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous partisans in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

"She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said keenly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclignac, with her embroidery scissors, opened *Le Temps* for Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia! Miss Redmond stopped playing. 'Julia!' The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia! Madame d'Esclignac spread *Le Temps* out and put her hand on it. 'As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one.'

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

able. Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious one."

Miss Redmond threw away all disguise.

"Ma tante," she said in a hard voice. "I love him! You must have known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. She renounced them with a sigh, but she was a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's hands.

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored. "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news."

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon.

CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day" is a significant one. It surely was for Pitchoune. He had his day. It was a glorious one, a terrible one, a memorable one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master



Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hot-headed and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pitchoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder, he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at fierce dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whistled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death.

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pitchoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him, that not even his name was called, and as Sabron struggled on, Pitchoune followed. It was his day; he was fighting the natives; he was part of a battle; he was a soldier's dog! Little by little the creatures and things around him grew fewer, the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around him in which he stood and

barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune smelled him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatsoever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the silent plains.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finally the little dog, who knew by instinct that life remained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentions of his friend, the sphai opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare beating down upon him, with death in every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the river bed or die there, rot there.

What there was before him to do was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand, could not thoroughly raise himself; but by great and painful effort, bleeding at every move, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pitchoune walked by his side, whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the sphai, ashen pale, his bright gray uniform ripped and stained, all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hunched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—about all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. The work of a sphai with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his daily work.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to him: "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sing in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brown, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What was their melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words; they were a prayer for safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civilization's Peril.

America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farmhouse it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in the Survey.

Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, has returned to Saginaw, Mich., to continue her investigations in regard to the women of the lumber camps and health of the children. Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis shortly after the holidays to assist in making preparations for a child welfare exhibition to be given in that city. Miss Moore was there ten days before returning to her regular work.

PROPER TIME TO PLANT STRAWBERRIES



Crating Strawberries.

In the prairie region west of the Mississippi, spring planting gives best results.

In the middle Atlantic states the work is divided between spring and August planting with the balance in favor of the latter in some localities.

In New England the work is chiefly confined to the spring months, although there are enthusiastic advocates of fall planting, especially among those who combine strawberry growing with the trucking business on expensive lands near the large cities.

In the Atlantic Coast states south of New York, August and September planting is extensively practiced, particularly upon the more retentive soils.

In the trucking region on the islands about Charleston, S. C., the spring planting is extensively practiced, as it results in a paying crop the following year, while only a small crop can be harvested from fall set plants.

On the heavier soils of South Carolina, however, fall planting with the paying crop one year from the following spring, is the most profitable method.

The particular time during the summer or fall when the planting should

be done will be governed by the occurrence of the seasonal rains. If in July and August plant then; if in September and October, plant at that time. If the earlier date can be taken advantage of so much the better.

Progress and Improvement.

It is a mistake to get the idea into your head that you know all about dairying. Study the improvements and progress made by your neighbors methods. Bear in mind that this is an age of progress and discovery and no one man has all the good cows, nor a patent right on producing them. Forget not the old maxim, "What one man has done another man may."

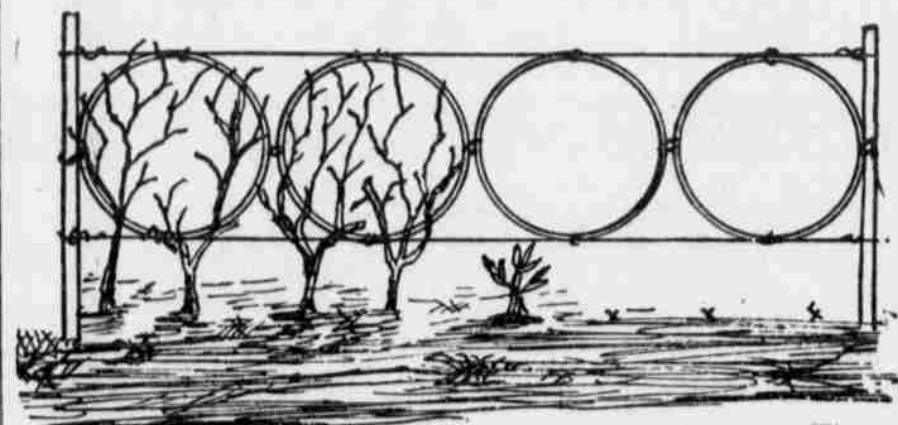
The Dust Mulch.

A dust mulch would prevent evaporation of the moisture in the orchard just the same as in the open field. Then why not use it? Some men do not put a knife or saw into their orchard for four or five years, then in a fit of enthusiasm they cut and slash doing more harm than good.

Profit in Farming.

Under ordinary circumstances, it is the home-grown feeds that put the profit in farming.

TO SECURE PROFITABLE TOMATO CROPS



Hoops in Single Row—Trellis for Tomatoes.

(By M. N. EDGERTON.)

The tomato is essentially a seedbed plant. To secure a long period of ripening, the seed must be sown in forcing beds several weeks in advance of the time when it may safely be set in the open field. Our rule is from eight to ten weeks.

To secure profitable crops in the northern latitudes, it is essential that large, stately plants be used, and that they be set in a well prepared, fertile soil, the transplanting being done in such a manner as to insure the minimum check in growth.

Two or three transplanting while in plantbeds are essential to secure short, strong, stately plants, with a compact, fibrous root system.

In transplanting we move a chunk of earth about four inches square with each plant. We make rows three and a half or four feet apart, and space the plants sixteen to eighteen inches in the row.

Each plant is confined to a single branch, and trained to a stake. Strong twine is used to secure the plant to the stake, one such support being used just below each cluster.

The string is first made secure to the stake, a single knot will usually answer, and then the stalk enclosed, a double knot being necessary in this case. Ample allowance should be made for subsequent growth of stalks.

A lateral will appear at each leaf joint, and these must be removed at once in order that the entire strength of the plant be directed into the growing of the single stalk, and the development of the fruit cluster thereon.

In our own experience we have found that this method of culture has

decided advantages over other methods. First a gain is made in securing early maturity of fruits, second, the fruit is larger and finer in quality.

While there are not so many individual fruits as where permitted to branch freely, there is a gain in size and a very decided gain in the number of perfect specimens.

The fruit being held suspended, the influence of the sun's rays reaches every portion of its surface, resulting in higher and more perfect coloring than is ever secured when the fruit comes in contact with the ground, or its mulched surface.

Furthermore, air and sunlight have free access to every portion of leaf surface, promoting activity in cellular tissues, and health in these tissues as well. We find that grown by this method there is scarcely any inclination toward rotting in the fruit.

To secure the greatest benefit from this method through earlier maturing fruit, it is essential that the plants be extra large and strong.

I have transplanted, with scarcely any check in growth, plants that were eighteen inches in height, and one cluster set with fruit. A ball of earth is removed with each plant, however, from four to six inches square.

It is essential, too, that the soil moisture be conserved by sufficient maintenance tillage, and that the ground be well fertilized in order that there be no hitch in the process that makes for the maximum growth both in foliage and fruit.

While this method is certainly the one for us under our conditions of soil and climate, it may not give same results under other conditions.

WESTERN CANADA SEEDING FINISHED

Wheat and Other Grains Have Had an Excellent Start.

The seeding of spring wheat was pretty general this spring about 7th of April or about as early as in Illinois and Iowa. Oats and barley followed. Information is to hand that on first of May all seeding was practically finished. Farmers will now be busy at their breaking, and the land for summer fallow will be entered upon. Some who did not get their land prepared last fall, will be later than the others, but as the spring in Western Canada has been very open they will be only a few days later. At the time of writing rain would be welcome, but at seeding time, the ground contained a splendid lot of moisture and the lack of rain at the present time will not be serious. The number of farmers who have gone into the raising of cattle has been considerably increased, and the preparation for extensive cultivated grass pastures is in evidence everywhere. The cultivation of fodder corn is being largely entered upon in Manitoba there being upwards of 25,000 acres in corn. In Saskatchewan there will be a large increase in the area planted, and in Alberta many of the more progressive farmers are taking hold of it. The yield varies according to the cultivation it receives, and runs from five to nine tons per acre. In some portions of Manitoba where it has been poor for some years, success has been achieved in ripening and it is expected that a variety will soon be developed that will provide seed for the entire West, that will at an early date give to Western Canada a fame for the growing of a marketable corn equal to that it has now for the growth of smaller cereals.

A trip through Western Canada reveals field after field of alfalfa, the growth of which in any portion of the country is now absolutely assured. When these facts are made known to the farmers of the corn and alfalfa growing states, where their value as wealth makers is so well known, there will be no hesitancy in taking advantage of the splendid gift of 160 acres of land made by the Government of the Dominion of Canada, where equal opportunities are offered. Besides these free grant lands, there are the lands of some of the railway companies and large land companies, that may be had at low prices and on reasonable terms. During the month of February a large number of inquiries were received, asking for farm lands.

An encouraging feature of the farm land situation in Canada is the large percentage of sales made to settlers in the country who desire to increase their holdings or to others who will take up farming in place of different occupations previously followed.—Advertisement.

The Gentle Hint.

"May I kiss your hand?" said he. "Wouldn't that be rather out of place?" quoth she. And he agreed with her to the full extent.

THE SECRET

of good coffee is to get pure, sound coffee. If you ask your dealer he will tell you that all coffees are pure, as the law prohibits the sale of substitutes as coffee.

Not all apples are pure although they are apples. Some of them are often rotten. Some coffees are windfalls, and whilst the law allows them to be called coffee they are impure and have a harsh taste.

Denison's Coffees are picked coffees, the berries picked by hand from the trees, consequently they are always pure and sound in every sense of the word, reliable and delicious.

Denison's Coffees are always packed in cartons, bags or cans with the name on every package. All others are imitations. If your grocer does not stock Denison's Coffees, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, Ill., who will tell you where they can be obtained in your vicinity.—Adv.

The Prescription.

"I have broken down from overwork, doctor. What cure would you recommend?"

"A sneecure; three dollars, please."

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoos of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The Direct Cause.

"Why do you want to get divorced?"

"Because I'm married."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No stinging—just eye comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Any woman can manage a man, if she can only prevent him from knowing it.

Happy is the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All grocers. Adv.

"I" is the only letter in the alphabet of egotism.