

# 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 Pitchoune. He lives 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 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. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune.

**CHAPTER XIII—Continued.**

"But," Sabron said aloud, "it is a prayer to be said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell."  
He began to climb; he pulled himself along, leaving his track in blood. He fainted twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his consciousness the sun was mercifully going down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still panting, weaker and ever weaker, his courage the only living thing in him, Sabron, with Pitchoune by his side, dragged himself into healing hands.  
All that night Sabron was delirious; his mind traveled far into vague fantastic countries, led back again, ever gently, by a tune, to safety.

Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to cease being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion. Moments of consciousness succeeded those of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitchoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to the deserted officer. Pitchoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, without food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman, though a philosopher, realized how hard it was to die unsatisfied in love, unsatisfied in life, having accomplished nothing, having wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.  
He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitchoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast, inarticulate, mingled—both left to die in the open.

Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. Keenly desirous to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lonely pathetic end? Moreover, he did not wish to suffer like this, to lose his grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die! He knew enough of infiries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have stanching his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already died! Fatigue and thirst, fever would finish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rosy sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the smell of the mimosa flower and the perfumes of the weeds came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was ablaze with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

The sea of waste rolled unbroken as far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise again, and closed his eyes and waited. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one another like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in his native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music rolled and rolled and passed over the

desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he breathed his prayers—they took form, and in his sleep he repeated the Ave Maria and the Paternoster, and the words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication seemed to his feverish mind to mingle with the stars.

A sort of midnight dew fell upon him: so at least he thought, and it seemed to him a heavenly dew and to cover him like a benignant rain. He grew cooler. He prayed again, and with his words there came to the young man an ineffable sense of peace. He pillowed his fading thoughts upon it; he pillowed his aching mind upon it and his body, too, and the pain of his wound and he thought aloud, with only the night air to hear him, in broken sentences: "If this is death it is not so bad. One should rather be afraid of life. This is not difficult, if I should ever get out of here I shall not regret this night."

Toward morning he grew calmer, he turned to speak to his little companion. In his troubled thoughts he had forgotten Pitchoune.

Sabron faintly called him. There was no response. Then the soldier listened in silence. It was absolutely unbroken. Not even the call of a night-bird—not even the cry of a hyena—nothing came to him but the inarticulate voice of the desert. Great and solemn awe crept up to him, crept up to him like a spirit and sat down by his side. He felt his hands grow cold, and his feet grow cold. Now, unable to speak aloud, there passed through his mind that this, indeed, was death, desertion absolute in the heart of the plains.

**CHAPTER XIV.**

**An American Girl.**

The Marquise d'Esclignac saw that she had to reckon with an American girl. Those who know these girls know what their temper and mettle are, and that they are capable of the finest reverberation.

Julia Redmond was very young. Otherwise she would never have let Sabron go without one sign that she was not indifferent to him, and that she was rather bored with the idea of titles and fortunes. But she adored her aunt and saw, moreover, something else than ribbons and velvets in the make-up of the aunt. She saw deeper than the polish that a long Parisian lifetime had overlaid, and she loved what she saw. She respected her aunt, and knowing the older lady's point of view, had been timid and hesitating until now.

Now the American girl woke up, or rather asserted herself.  
"My dear Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "are you sure that all the tinned things, the cocoa, and so forth, are on board? I did not see that box."

"Ma tante," returned her niece from her steamer chair, "it's the only piece of luggage I am sure about."

At this response her aunt suffered a slight qualm for the fate of the rest of her luggage, and from her own chair in the shady part of the deck glanced toward her niece, whose eyes were on her book.

"What a practical girl she is," thought the Marquise d'Esclignac. "She seems ten years older than I. She is cut out to be the wife of a poor man. It is a pity she should have a fortune. Julia would have been charming as love in a cottage, whereas I—"

She remembered her hotel on the Parc Monceau, her chateau by the Rhone, her villa at Biarritz—and finished him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

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was brought in to the Chateau d'Esclignac, "I shall leave for Africa tomorrow."

"My dear Julia!"  
"He is alive! God will not let him die. Besides, I have prayed. I believe in God, don't you?"  
"Of course, my dear Julia."  
"Well," said the girl, whose pale cheeks and trembling hands that held the telegram made a sincere impression on her aunt, "well, then, if you believe, why do you doubt that he is alive? Someone must find him. Will you tell Eugene to have the motor here in an hour? The boat sails tomorrow, ma tante."

The marquise rolled her embroidery and put it aside for twelve months. Her fine hands looked capable as she did so.

"My dear Julia, a young and handsome woman cannot follow like a daughter of the regiment, after the fortunes of a soldier."

"But a Red Cross nurse can, ma tante, and I have my diploma."

"The boat leaving tomorrow, my dear Julia, doesn't take passengers."

"Oh, ma tante! There will be no other boat for Algiers," she opened the newspaper, "until . . . oh, heavens!"

"But Robert de Tremont's yacht is in the harbor."

Miss Redmond looked at her aunt speechlessly.

"I shall telegraph Madame d'Haussonville and ask permission for you to go in that as an auxiliary of the Red Cross to Algiers, or rather, Robert is at Nice. I shall telegraph him."

"Oh, ma tante!"

"He asked me to make up my own party for a cruise on the Mediterranean," said the Marquise d'Esclignac thoughtfully.

Miss Redmond fetched the telegraph blank and the pad from the table. The color began to return to her cheeks. She put from her mind the idea that her aunt had plans for her. All ways were fair in the present situation.

The Marquise d'Esclignac wrote her dispatch, a very long one, slowly. She said to her servant:

"Call up the Villa des Perroquets at Nice. I wish to speak with the Duc de



She Was Bored With the Idea of Titles and Fortunes.

Tremont." She then drew her niece very gently to her side, looking up at her as a mother might have looked.

"Darling Julia, Monsieur de Sabron has never told you that he loved you?"

Julia shook her head.

"Not in words, ma tante."

There was a silence, and then Julia Redmond said:

"I only want to assure myself that he is safe, that he lives. I only wish to know his fate."

"But if you go to him like this, ma chere, he will think you love him. He must marry you! Are you making a serious declaration?"

"Ah," breathed the girl from between trembling lips, "don't go on. I shall be shown the way."

The Marquise d'Esclignac then said, musing:

"I shall telegraph to England for provisions. Food is vile in Algiers. Also, Melanie must get out our summer clothes."

"Ma tante!" said Julia Redmond, "our summer clothes?"

"Did you think you were going alone, my dear Julia!"

She had been so thoroughly the American girl that she had thought of nothing but going. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck with an abandon that made the latter young again. The Marquise d'Esclignac kissed her niece tenderly.

"Madame la Marquise, Monsieur le Duc de Tremont is at the telephone," the servant announced to her from the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Criticizes Hospitals.  
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given much time and money to the question of the selling of drugs and the treatment of those who become victims, which the city of New York takes care of. She now declared the manner in which the city of New York takes care of the drug "fiends" a hideous farce. After ten days the victims are sent out of the hospitals "cured," and she says they leave shattered in nerve and unable to fight against the drug.

# POULTRY

**WHITE HOLLAND IS FAVORED**

Breed of Turkeys That Do Not Wander Away From Home—Hens Nest in Any Convenient Place.

Until recently the Mammoth Bronze turkey was in a class by itself, and was known as the king of domestic birds, but by scientific breeding the White Holland variety has become a close rival of the old favorite and promises to gain in popularity over the Bronze within a very few years, says an Illinois writer in Farmer's Review.

There was a time when I read advertisements which described the White Holland turkey as "the kind that stays at home." I could scarcely believe that it was in accordance with a turkey's nature, whatever breed they chance to be to "stay at home." Personal experience has proved that the White Holland will not wander as do the Bronze and Bourbon Red, the only other varieties of the turkey family with which I am acquainted.

In the laying season White Holland hens are content to nest in any building about the place, in straw sheds or nearby shocks of corn and do not resent being disturbed.

When the pullets are very young it is not necessary to keep the turkey-hen penned up more than a week, for she will go only a few yards from the coop, as she seems to realize the helplessness of her flock. Later, as the turkeys grow larger and stronger, the mother hens pick their way slowly through an adjoining meadow or field for a few hours each day, always coming home early in the afternoon. At no time during the summer or fall do they go any distance from home,

and they make a practice of coming back within a short time.

White Holland bear confinement well, and are therefore the ideal turkey for the breeder with limited space. The purebred specimen is a remarkably beautiful bird, being as large as the Bronze, and of snow-white plumage. The feathers, excepting those of wing and tail, are as soft as cotton and very abundant. Breeders who cull their flocks, dry pick the birds which are sold dressed, and use the feathers instead of those of geese and ducks.

They are equal of any as table fowl being of size which suits the average housewife.



Pair of White Holland Turkeys.

RHODE ISLAND WHITE BREED

They are Equal of any as Table Fowl being of size which suits the average housewife.

(By M. E. BEMIS, Phoenix, Ariz.)

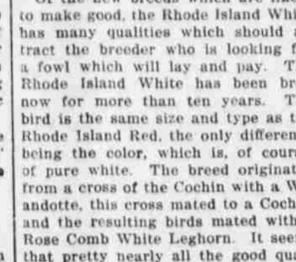
The advice to go slow on new breeds is unquestionably good. To try each new breed that is heralded is to invite disaster. There is an old adage which applies as well to poultry as to styles in hats, "Be not the first to try the new nor yet the last to lay the old aside." In the matter of choosing a new breed of poultry, one should have some good reason, and it perchance your inclination causes you to fancy one of the new or newer breeds, there should be no reason for discarding this variety just because it is new. All varieties were new once.

Of the new breeds which are likely to make good, the Rhode Island White has many qualities which should attract the breeder who is looking for a fowl which will lay and pay. The Rhode Island White has been bred now for more than ten years. The bird is the same size and type as the Rhode Island Red, the only difference being the color, which is, of course, of pure white. The breed originated from a cross of the Cochin with a Wyandotte, this cross mated to a Cochin, and the resulting birds mated with a Rose Comb White Leghorn. It seems that pretty nearly all the good qualities of each have been combined in this breed. As a table fowl they are the equal of any and, being of a size which seems to suit the average housewife, they fill the bill better than a larger or a smaller bird would.

Ration for Sitting Hens.

Whole corn is the best ration for sitting hens. Give them all they will eat of it once a day. Don't feed the sitters with the rest of the flock. They should have some grass, also clean, fresh water to drink, some grit and charcoal.

Excellent Roadway in Colorado.



man from the section where Secretary James Wilson was born, was a genius. He figured that by putting stone on the road, the wheels of the wagon especially if broad tread, would gradually wear down these stones and furnish a filler. He did a great service to his country. But the automobile has come in. It has no iron tires; hence it makes no filler. On the other hand, it sucks out the filler and throws it out in the air. It pries the stones apart, and then we have what is called a "raveled" road, that is, a road covered over with loose stones, the meanest kind of a road to travel over. That is the reason the macadam road falls under modern travel.—Wallace's Farmer.

Extremes to Avoid.

"One of the important factors in roadmaking is to control the moisture content of the soil in making up the roadbed. When the soil is dry it crumbles to dust and when it contains too much water it becomes mud. These are two extremes to avoid.

Too Much Moisture on Top.

Trees should not be allowed to shade the road as this keeps it too moist on the surface after rains, so that travel spoils the surface.

# Highway Improvement

**ROAD BREAKER IS CIVILIZER**

Man's Scale is Very Correctly Tested by His Attitude Toward Some Obstruction in Road.

The civilized man makes roads; the savage does not. That is the safest test of civilization.

Among us in all communities are individuals who are not really civilized. They do not take any interest in roads.

A man's scale in civilization is very correctly tested by his attitude toward the stone which has rolled into the road, or the tree which has blown down across it, writes Herbert Quick in Farm and Fireside. The man who drives around the obstacle day after day is one sort of man, the one who stops his team and rolls or drags it away is another. And a person passing along a road which he does not expect to retrace, who removes the obstruction for the sake of the stranger who comes after him, responds to a very high test of civilization. He feels socially.

When the snow piles up in the road the man who goes ahead and breaks the path for others bears the burden which he who has made progress always must bear. There is snow in every road—to co-operation, to better schools, to better business methods. There must be road breakers for every path.

The road breaker is the great civilizer.

**DIRT ROAD IS THE CHEAPEST**

Most Satisfactory Highway in Ninth-Tenths of Territory—Big Objection to Macadamized Roads.

The time may come when we can make cement roads. They will cost from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a mile and they may be so smooth, if we learn to make them properly, that the children living on these lines of road can go to school on roller skates, as they do in some places down in Maryland.

There may be some satisfactory combination of sand and clay; but, speaking for the prairie lands, the best and the cheapest road we can get over nine-tenths of the territory is the dirt road. The more clay there is in it, the better the dragged road will be. There is no better road than the gumbo road, if it is properly dealt with.

It is really a pity that the drag is so simple and cheap. If it had cost \$25 or \$50, and was painted red, then the farmers would think something of it. The main reason why it has not come into more common use is that it is so cheap and simple in construction and so easy to handle.

Someone may ask: Why is it that there was no objection to macadamized roads twenty or thirty years ago? Simply because we did not have the automobile. MacAdam, that Scotch-



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# MRS. LYON'S ACHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.



It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Light More Beneficial Than Heat.

When rays of light fall upon the skin of our bodies, which is translucent, the greater part of them are arrested, some by one layer of the skin, some by another and still others are not stopped until they have penetrated the subcutaneous tissues. This arrest of the light rays produces radiant heat, which has a higher penetrating power than convection heat as generated by a hot water bag or poultice, for instance.

E. C. Titus in an address before the Illuminating Engineering society said that such heat penetrated two inches or more, while convection heat was excited principally on the surface.

This is why electric light baths and sun baths are so stimulating to the organs of elimination, especially the skin and kidneys, and so beneficial in so many diseases.

DON'T VISIT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS Without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dissolved in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet, and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I enjoyed every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TODAY. Adv.

Opposite Cause and Effect.

"I have such a poor appetite, doctor."  
"That's too much rich food."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Irritated Eyelids. No Stinging, just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A woman is willing to pity her unfortunate sisters, but she draws the line at forgiving them.

A grocery clerk not only works long hours for a small salary, but his customers are nearly all women.

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

A good cook is one who uses plenty of butter.

# Safety First

It begins with a Cand smells like "Camphor." What is it? Campholatum, of course. Is there a far of Campholatum in your home? or is it possible you have never used this wonderful remedy, which is giving thousands relief and comfort every year from Hay Fever, Piles and Hemorrhoids, Sore Eyes, Sprains, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Insect Stings, Neuralgia, Cuts, Chapped Hands, Burns and Scalds, and a host of other conditions? You should acquaint yourself with its household usefulness by taking advantage of this golden opportunity. Cut coupon out before you forget, fill in your name and address and mail to us with 15 cents in stamps, receive a full size jar of this wonderful ointment. There is but one Campholatum and thousands of imitations. Insist upon this and no other.

Campholatum Co., 2704 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Name.....  
Address.....