

HIS LOVE STORY

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SYNOPSIS.

The Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoine. 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 is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence but Pitchoine, homelick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoine 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 Pitchoine has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoine. 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 Pitchoine. After a horrible night and day Pitchoine leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algiers in his yacht, not knowing their errand.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

With his godmother he was entirely at ease. Ever since she had paid his trifling debts when he was a young man, he had adored her, Tremont, always discreet and almost in love with his godmother, kept her in a state of great good humor always, and when she had suggested to him this little party he had been delighted. In speaking over the telephone the Marquise d'Esclignac had said very firmly:

"My dear Robert, you understand that this excursion engages you to nothing."
"Oh, of course, marraine."
"We both need a change, and between ourselves, Julia has a little mission on foot."
Tremont would be delighted to help Miss Redmond carry it out. Whom else should he ask?

"By all means, any one you like," said his godmother diplomatically. "We want to sail the day after tomorrow." She felt safe, knowing that no worldly people would accept an invitation on twenty-four hours' notice.
"So," the Duc de Tremont reflected, as he hung up the receiver, "Miss Redmond has a scheme, a mission! Young girls do not have schemes and missions in good French society."

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, as they walked up and down on the deck in the pale sunset, in front of the chair of the Marquise d'Esclignac, "I never saw an ornament more becoming to a woman than the one you wear."
"The ornament, Monsieur?"
"On your sleeve it is so beautiful. A string of pearls would not be more beautiful, although your pearls are lovely, too. Are all American girls Red Cross members?"
"But of course not, Monsieur. Are all girls anywhere one thing?"
"Yes," said the Duc de Tremont, "they are all charming, but there are gradations."

"Do you think that we shall reach Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur?"
"I hope not, Mademoiselle."
Miss Redmond turned her fine eyes on him.
"You hope not?"
"I should like this voyage to last forever, Mademoiselle."
"How ridiculous!"
Her look was so frank that he laughed in spite of himself, and instead of following up the politeness, he asked:

"Why do you think of Algiers as a field for nursing the sick, Mademoiselle?"
"There has been quite a deputation of the Red Cross women lately going from Paris to the East."
"But," said the young man, "there are poor in Tarascon, and sick, too. There is a great deal of poverty in Nice, and Paris is the nearest of all."
"The American girls are very imaginative," said Julia Redmond. "We must have some romance in all we do."
"I find the American girls very charming," said Tremont.
"Do you know many, Monsieur?"
"Only one," he said serenely.
Miss Redmond changed the subject quickly and cleverly, and before he knew it, Tremont was telling her stories about his own military service, which had been made in Africa. He talked well and entertained them both, and Julia Redmond listened when he told her of the desert, of its charm and its desolation, and of its dangers. An hour passed. The Marquise d'Esclignac took an antiprindal stroll, Mimi nuzzling at her heels.

"Ce pauvre Sabron!" said Tremont. "He has disappeared off the face of the earth. What a horrible thing it was, Mademoiselle! I knew him in Paris; I remember meeting him again the night before he left the Midi. He was a fine fellow with a career before him, his friends say."
"What do you think has become of Monsieur de Sabron?"
Miss Redmond, so far, had only been able to ask this question of her aunt and of the stars. None of them

had been able to tell her. Tremont shrugged his shoulders thoughtfully. "He may have dragged himself away to die in some ambush that they have not discovered, or likely he has been taken captive, le pauvre diable!" "France will do all it can, Monsieur."

"They will do all they can, which is to wait. An extraordinary measure, if taken just now, would probably result in Sabron being put to death by his captors. He may be found tomorrow—he may never be found." A slight murmur from the young girl beside him made Tremont look at her. He saw that her hands were clasped and that her face was quite white, her eyes staring fixedly before her, out toward Africa. Tremont said:

"You are compassion itself, Mademoiselle; you have a tender heart. No wonder you wear the Red Cross. I am a soldier, Mademoiselle. I thank you for all soldiers. I thank you for Sabron . . . but, we must not talk of such things."
He thought her very charming, both romantic and idealistic. She would make a delightful friend. Would she not be too intense for a wife? However, many women of fashion joined the Red Cross. Tremont was a commonplace man, conventional in his heart and in his tastes.

"My children," said the marquise, coming up to them with Mimi in her arms, "you are as serious as though we were on a boat bound for the North Pole and expected to live on tinned things and salt fish. Aren't you hungry, Julia? Robert, take Mimi to my maid, will you? Julia," said her aunt as Tremont went away with the little dog, "you look dramatic, my dear; you're pale as death in spite of this divine air and this enchanting sea." She linked her arm through her niece's. "Take a brisk walk with me for five minutes and whip up your blood. I believe you were on the point of making Tremont some unwise confession."

"I assure you no, ma tante."
"Isn't Bob a darling, Julia?"
"Awfully," returned her niece absent-mindedly.
"He's the most eligible young man in Paris, Julia, and the most difficult to please."
"Ma tante," said the girl in a low tone, "he tells me that France at present can do practically nothing

about finding Monsieur de Sabron. Fancy a great army and a great nation helpless for the rescue of a single soldier, and his life at stake!"
"Julia," said the marquise, taking the trembling hand in her own, "you will make yourself ill, my darling, and you will be no use to anyone, you know."
"You're right," returned the girl. "I will be silent and I will only pray."
She turned from her aunt to stand for a few moments quiet, looking out at the sea, at the blue water through which the boat cut and flew. Along the horizon was a mist, rosy and translucent, and out of it white Algiers would shine before many hours.

When Tremont, at luncheon a little later, looked at his guests, he saw a new Julia. She had left her coat with the Red Cross in her cabin with her hat. In her pretty blouse, her pearls around her neck, the soft flush on her cheeks, she was apparently only a light-hearted woman of the world. She teased her aunt gently, she laughed very deliciously and lightly flirted with the Duc de Tremont, who opened a bottle of champagne. The Marquise d'Esclignac beamed upon her niece. Tremont found her more puzzling than ever. "She suggests the chameleon," he thought, "she has moods. Before, she was a tragic muse; at luncheon she is an adorable sybarite."

"The Ornament, Monsieur?"
"The ornament, Monsieur?"
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"The ornament, Monsieur?"

CHAPTER XVII.
Out of the Desert.
From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the Frenchman had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscious confederate. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how: His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he paid his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fanciful one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been understood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond a l'Americaine.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will appeal to her. You will have to make love to her, Robert. Can you do it?"
"But, marraine, I might as well make love to a sister of charity."
"There was la Belle Heloise, and no woman is immune."
"I think she is engaged to some American cowboy who will come and claim her, marraine."
His godmother was offended.

"Rubbish!" she said. "She is engaged to no one, Bob. She is an idealist, a Rosalind; but that will not prevent her from making an excellent wife."
"She is certainly very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont, and he told Julia so.
"You are very beautiful," said the Duc de Tremont to Miss Redmond, as she leaned on the balcony of the villa. The bougainvillea leaned against her breast. "When you stood in the hospital under the window and sang to the poor devils, you looked like an angel."

"Poor things!" said Julia Redmond. "Do you think that they liked it?"
"Liked it!" exclaimed the young man enthusiastically, "couldn't you see by their faces? One poor devil said to me: 'One can die better now, Monsieur.' There was no hope for him, it seems."
Tremont and Marquise d'Esclignac had docilely gone with Julia Redmond every day at a certain hour to the different hospitals, where Julia, after rendering some slight services to the nurses—for she was not needed—sang for the sick, standing in the outer hallway of the building open on every side. She knew that Sabron was not among these sick. Where he was or what sounds his ears might hear, she could not know; but she sang for him, and the fact put a sweetness in her voice that touched the ears of the suffering and uplifted those who were not too far down to be uplifted, and as for the dying, it helped them, as the soldier said, to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
Tabloid Aeroplanes.
The British reason, quite logically, that the smaller the aeroplane and the faster it can fly the less danger of its being hit by shots fired from earth. So the British airmen favor an unusually small machine, which they call the "tabloid." A very light frame is fitted with an 80-horsepower motor, which will drive the frail machine through the air at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The engine is covered with armor. The aviator seeking to drop a bomb on the enemy approaches his target at a height of 5,000 feet. When straight above it, he turns the nose of his machine straight down and drops at terrific speed. When within 500 feet of the target he drops his bombs as quickly as possible and then shoots skyward at a tremendous pace. —American Boy.

Hopeful Mission.
If even one of those 300 commercial travelers who have gone to South America succeeds in making a South American see a United States joke their toll will not have been in vain. —Cleveland Leader.

CHICKENS DUCKS and TURKEYS

CARING FOR FARM POULTRY
Abundant Supply of Pure Water, Grit and Charcoal Should Be Provided for Flock in Summer.
(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)
During summer we should provide an abundance of pure water, grit and charcoal for the farm flock. Keep the houses cool at night and well ventilated at all times when the fowls are kept inside. Wheat, oats and a mash feed once a day makes an excellent supply of feed during the warm weather.

Feed no musty and fermented feed. A sour mash is highly injurious. Sour milk may be used to moisten the mash but no more should be mixed at one time than the fowls will clean up at one feeding.
Allow no feeds to accumulate in the feed troughs. Feather eating among hens is usually prevalent during summer. In some cases the feathers are almost stripped from the neck of the birds and the flesh is lacerated with the beaks and burned by the sun.
This habit is invariably caused by lack of proper substance in the feed. Prevention is better than cure, and perfect health and vitality among the flock should do this.

Old hens intended for the market should always be sold early before they begin to moult or else you will be compelled to feed them three or four months before they have completed a new set of plumage and look fit to be sold as market poultry.
I have found nothing better than to feed them sparingly with nitrogenous feeds until about the first week in September and follow this with an



Sang for the Sick.



Barred Rock Cockerel.

abundance of wholesome stimulating feeds to encourage the growth of plumage.
A little flaxseed meal or linseed oil meal added to their feed helps the growth of feathers and gives bright, healthy and glossy appearance to their plumage. The care of the birds during summer has a wonderful influence upon the number of eggs the older hens will lay during the winter.

WATCH THE LITTLE TURKEYS

Brooder Poults Are Almost Sure to Wander Off by Themselves—Chicks Teach Them to Eat.
Watch the little turkeys at first, for often they will follow off any moving thing. If brooder turkeys, when first let out they are nearly sure to go wandering off after a pig, rooster or even a man, and will not come back unless brought back.

Often their own mother fails to teach them how to eat at first. For brooder poults put in some little chicks with them. These soon show them how to pick up food.
If you would have your poults tame, every time you go near them toss them little feeds of bread, grain, anything they like. It does not take them long to get to know you and come hunting you from far across the fields when you let them get sight of you or hear your voice.

CHICKS WILL EAT ANYTHING

Fowls of All Ages Will Eat Stuff That Not Only Causes Different Diseases, but Kills.
Chicks will eat anything they can get at, and if you do not look out, the small chicks, like the large ones, will eat of stuff that not only diseases, but kills.
Little chicks are even worse than the old, for often they will fill up their crops with sand and sawdust, which will kill, and paint picked off the brooders, which kills more surely.
Too much lime sprinkled about the premises has burned the crop out of many a young chick.
Sand and lime are all right, but don't bed in the first or sprinkle the last thick enough to draw a chick's special attention.
Green Food for Ducks.
After ducks are two weeks old, they should be supplied with green food of some kind daily.

Our Telephone Policy

To give the best telephone service that American brains can produce; to charge the lowest rates consistent with prompt and dependable service; to treat everyone courteously, and to merit a reputation for integrity, efficiency and decency.

To instill these principles in the minds of every one of our employees, and to have our employees proud of the Company, proud to serve it and its patrons and jealous of their own and the Company's good name.

NEBRASKA TELEPHONE COMPANY
BELL SYSTEM

SAVE WILLIAM PENN'S CHAIRS

National Heirlooms, About to Fall Apart, Have Been Repaired by Blind Women.

Two quaint and graceful chairs that once belonged to William Penn have just been repaired by two women who have never seen the chairs, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The two women are inmates of the Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind Women. The chairs are preserved in the east room of Independence hall, on the second floor. Year by year the cane bottoms of the famous old relics have been gradually cracking and falling out. The committee in charge decided that unless the cane was replaced the woodwork might soon collapse. But they did not dare to let the chairs be taken out of Congress hall.

So they sent for Miss Ira Frost, mistress of handicraft at the Industrial Home for Blind Women, and she brought with her to the room two of the blind women who understood chair repairing. The work was peculiarly difficult, for it was impossible to erect in Congress hall the caning table needed to hold the chairs firmly in place, and, moreover, their woodwork was soft with age. But the deft "seeing fingers" of the blind women did the work in spite of all the difficulties, and now the precious William Penn chairs are safe.

The difference between professional and college sports is that in college sports they occasionally cheer the loser.

Some of Those Who Need Reforming.
"How nice it would be," mordaciously remarked J. Fuller Gloom of Sniffles, Mo., "if the village drunkard, the oldest inhabitant, the town gossip, the wife of the party, the glee club, the woman who comes of a fine old family, the political wheelhorse, the natural-born humorist, the local poet, the dramatic reciter, the preacher who tries to get down to the masses, the lady who is greatly troubled over our lack of culture, and several others whom I could name, would experience a change of heart and reform!"—Kansas City Star.

The Look in French Faces.
Almost all the faces about these crowded tables (in the cafe at Chalons)—young or old, plain or handsome, distinguished or average—have the same look of quiet authority; it is as though all "nervosity," fussiness, little personal oddities, meanness and vulgarities, had been burned away in a great flame of self-dedication. It is a wonderful example of the rapidity with which purpose models the human countenance.—Edith Wharton in Scribner's Magazine.

A Discovery.
"What I want to find for the summer is a nice, quiet place where I can do as I please."
"That's my idea exactly. I'm going to stay home."
Nay, Nay!
"I hear you are in business for your self."
"No; I have a wife."

Corn on the Cob

—the Roasting Ear

is not more delicious than

Post Toasties

—the toasted sweet of the corn fields!

In the growth of corn there is a period when the kernels are plumped out with a vegetable milk, most nutritious. As it slowly ripens this hardens and finally becomes almost flinty.

Only this part of the corn is used in making Post Toasties, the husk, germ and all waste being rejected.

This nutritious part is cooked, seasoned "just right," rolled and toasted to a crackly golden-brown crispness—Post Toasties—the

Superior Corn Flakes

And they cost no more than the ordinary "corn flakes." Insist upon having Post Toasties.

—sold by Grocers everywhere.