

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 dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron's permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

She had done this for several days, but now she was restless. Sabron was not in Algiers. No news had been brought of him. His regiment had been ordered out farther into the desert that seemed to stretch away into infinity, and the vast cruel sands knew, and the stars knew where Sabron had fallen and what was his history, and they kept the secret.

The Marquise made herself as much at home as possible in Algiers, put up with the inefficiency of native servants, and her duty was done. Her first romantic elan was over. Sabron had recalled to her the idyl of a love affair of a quarter of a century before, but she had been for too long Marquise d'Esclagnac to go back to an ideal. She tried to have her niece a duchess, and never spoke the unfortunate Sabron's name.

They were surrounded by fashionable life. As soon as their arrival had been made known there had been a flutter of cards and a passing of carriages and automobiles, and this worldly life added to the unhappiness and restlessness of Julia. Among the guests had been one woman whom she found sympathetic; the woman's eyes had drawn Julia to her. It was Comtesse de la Maine, a widow, young as herself and, as Julia said, vastly better-looking. Turning to Tremont on the balcony, when he told her she was beautiful, she said:

"Madame de la Maine is my ideal of loveliness."

The young man wrinkled his fair brow.

"Do you think so, Mademoiselle? Why?"

"She has character as well as perfect lines. Her eyes look as though they could weep and laugh. Her mouth looks as though it could say adorable things."

Tremont laughed softly and said:

"Go on, you amuse me."

"And her hands look as though they could caress and comfort. I like her awfully. I wish she were my friend."

Tremont said nothing, and she glanced at him suddenly.

"She says such lovely things about you, Monsieur."

"Really? She is too indulgent."

"Don't be worldly," said Miss Redmond gravely, "be human. I like you best so. Don't you agree with me?"

"Madame de la Maine is a very charming woman," said the young man, and the girl saw a change come over his features.

At this moment, as they stood so together, Tremont pulling his mustache and looking out through the bougainvillea vines, a dark figure made its way through the garden to the villa, came and took its position under the balcony where the duke and Miss Redmond leaned. It was a native, a man in filthy rags. He turned his face to Tremont and bowed low to the lady.

"Excellency," he said in broken French, "my name is Hammet Abou. I was the ordonnance of Monsieur le Capitaine de Sabron."

"What!" exclaimed Tremont, "what did you say?"

"Ask him to come up here," said Julia Redmond, "or, no—let us go down to the garden."

"It is damp," said Tremont, "let me get you a shawl."

"No, no, I need nothing."

She had hurried before him down the little stairs leading into the garden from the balcony, and she had begun to speak to the native before Tremont appeared. In this recital he addressed his words to Julia alone.

"I am a very poor man, Excellency," he said in a mellifluous tone, "and very sick."

"Have you any money, Monsieur?"

"Pray do not suggest it," said the duke sharply. "Let him tell what he will; we will pay him later."

"I have been very sick," said the man. "I have left the army. I do not like the French army," said the native simply.

"You are very frank," said Tremont brutally. "Why do you come here at any rate?"

"Hush," said Julia Redmond imperiously. "Do not anger him, Monsieur, he may have news." She asked: "Have you news?" and there was a note in her voice that made Tremont glance at her.

"I have seen the excellency and her grandmother," said the native,

"many times going into the garrison."

"What news have you of Captain de Sabron?" asked the girl directly.

Without replying, the man said in a melancholy voice:

"I was his ordonnance. I saw him fall in the battle of Dirbal. I saw him shot in the side. I was shot, too. See?"

He started to pull away his rags. Tremont clutched him.

"You beast," he muttered, and pushed him back. "If you have anything to say, say it."

Looking at Julia Redmond's colorless face, the native asked meaningly:

"Does the excellency wish any news?"

"Yes," said Tremont, shaking him. "And if you do not give it, it will be the worse for you."

"Monsieur le Capitaine fell, and I fell, too; I saw no more."

Tremont said:

"You see the fellow is half lunatic and probably knows nothing about Sabron. I shall put him out of the garden."

But Miss Redmond paid no attention to her companion. She controlled her voice and asked the man:

"Was the Capitaine de Sabron alone?"

"Except," said the native steadily, with a glance of disgust at the duke, "except for his little dog."

"Ah!" exclaimed Julia Redmond, with a catch in her voice, "do you hear that? He must have been his servant. What was the dog's name?"

"My name," said the native, "is Hammet Abou."

To her at this moment Hammet Abou was the most important person in North Africa.

"What was the little dog's name, Hammet Abou?"

The man raised his eyes and looked at the white woman with admiration.

"Pitchoune," he said, and saw the effect.

Tremont saw the effect upon her, too.

"I have a wife and ten children," said the man, "and I live far away."

"Heavens! I haven't my purse," said Julia Redmond. "Will you not give him something, Monsieur?"

"Wait," said Tremont, "wait. What else do you know? If your informa-

tion is worth anything to us we will pay you, don't be afraid."

"Perhaps the excellency's grandmother would like to hear, too," said the man naively.

Julia Redmond smiled; the youthful Marquise d'Esclagnac!

Once more Tremont seized the man by the arm and shook him a little.

"If you don't tell what you have to say and be quick about it, my dear fellow, I shall hand you over to the police."

"What for?" said the man, "what have I done?"

"Well, what have you got to tell, and how much do you want for it?"

"I want one hundred francs for this," and he pulled out from his dirty rags a little packet and held it up cautiously.

It looked like a package of letters and a man's pocketbook.

"You take it," said the Duc de Tremont to Julia Redmond, "you take it, Mademoiselle." She did so without hesitation; it was evidently Sabron's pocketbook, a leather one with his initials upon it, together with a little package of letters. On the top she saw her letter to him. Her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the package. It seemed to be all that was left to her. She heard Tremont ask:

"Where did you get this, you miserable dog?"

"After the battle," said the man coolly, with evident truthfulness, "I was very sick. We were in camp several days at —. Then I got better

and went along the dried river bank to look for Monsieur le Capitaine, and I found this in the sands."

"Do you believe him?" asked Julia Redmond.

"Hum," said Tremont. He did not wish to tell her he thought the man capable of robbing the dead body of his master. He asked the native:

"Have you no other news?"

The man was silent. He clutched the rags at his breast and looked at Julia Redmond.

"Please give him some money, Monsieur."

"The dog!" Tremont shook him again. "Not yet." And he said to the man: "If this is all you have to tell we will give you one hundred francs for this parcel. You can go and don't return here again."

"But it is not all," said the native quietly, looking at Julia.

Her heart began to beat like mad and she looked at the man. His keen dark eyes seemed to pierce her.

"Monsieur," said the American girl boldly, "would you leave me a moment with him? I think he wants to speak with me alone."

But the Duc de Tremont exclaimed in surprise:

"To speak with you alone, Mademoiselle! Why should he? Such a thing is not possible!"

"Don't go far," she begged, "but leave us a moment, I pray."

When Tremont, with great hesitation, took a few steps away from them and she stood face to face with the creature who had been with Sabron and seen him fall, she said earnestly:

"Now speak without reserve. Tell me everything."

The face of the man was transformed. He became human, devoted, ardent.

"Excellency," he said swiftly in his halting French, "I love Monsieur le Capitaine. He was so kind and such a brave soldier. I want to go to find Monsieur le Capitaine, but I am ill and too weak to walk. I believe I know where he is hid—I want to go."

The girl breathed:

"Oh, can it be possible that what you say is true, Hammet Abou? Would you really go if you could?"

The man made, with a graceful gesture of his hand, a map in the air.

"It was like this?" he said; "I think he drew himself up the bank. I followed the track of his blood. I was too weak to go any farther, Excellency."

"And how could you go now?" she asked.

"By caravan, like a merchant, secretly. I would find him."

Julia Redmond put out a slim hand, white as a gardenia. The native lifted it and touched his forehead with it.

"Hammet Abou," she said, "go away for tonight and come tomorrow—we will see you." And without waiting to speak again to Monsieur de Tremont, the native slid away out of the garden like a shadow, as though his limbs were not weak with disease and his breast shattered by shot.

When Monsieur de Tremont had walked once around the garden, keeping his eyes nevertheless on the group, he came back toward Julia Redmond, but not quickly enough, for she ran up the stairs and into the house with Sabron's packet in her hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Two Lovely Women.

There was music at the Villa des Bougainvillies. Miss Redmond sang; not "Good-night, God Keep You Safe," but other things. Ever since her talk with Hammet Abou she had been, if not gay, in good spirits, more like her old self, and the Marquise d'Esclagnac began to think that the image of Charles de Sabron had not been cut too deeply upon her mind. The Marquise, from the lounge in the shadow of the room, enjoyed the picture (Sabron would not have added it to his collection) of her niece at the piano and the Duc de Tremont by her side. The Comtesse de la Maine sat in a little shadow of her own, musing and enjoying the picture of the Duc de Tremont and Miss Redmond very indifferently. She did not sing; she had no parlor accomplishments. She was poor, a widow, and had a child. She was not a brilliant match.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hunting on Lower Colorado.

To the hunter of game, both large and small, the Colorado will appear most notable as being the gateway to what is undoubtedly the best easily reached shooting ground in North America, the delta country about the head of the Gulf of California in Mexico. Here, besides a wealth of bird life that is equalled by few regions in the world, are to be found wild pig or javelin, deer, mountain lion, jaguar, wildcat, coyote, antelope and mountain sheep. The delta country, with its hunting, is generally the objective of the Colorado voyageur in any case, and for one whose time is limited the most expeditious plan will be to outfit at Yuma and float down the river to the end of the gulf from that point. With plenty of time at one's disposal, it will be worth while to make the stretch between there and Yuma offers a rare combination of fine scenery with safe going that is equaled by few streams in America.—Outing.

Old Tree Dead.

One of the oldest trees in America, at Ravenna Park, Seattle, Wash., is dead. It is a fir tree 180 feet tall with a diameter of 20 feet and a circumference of 58 feet. It is supposed to be eighteen hundred or two thousand years old.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Woman Guides Must Answer Foolish Questions

WASHINGTON—“Why Guides Go Mad” might be an appropriate title for a comedy which could be collaborated on by the nine women employed in the bureau of engraving and printing to escort visitors through the building. It is hard to believe that the foolish questions put to those guides come from the lips of apparently sane adults. Can you picture a dignified, middle-aged gentleman, apparently in possession of all his faculties, turning to the young woman at his side and asking seriously:



“Why are those notes green on one side?” Or a sensible-looking matron putting this one: “What happens to all this money?” No querulous infant, with an abnormal thirst for knowledge, could do worse than that. Some of the most amusing incidents in connection with escorting visitors through the bureau are related by a woman who has been in the employ of the government over twenty years.

“So many of the visitors labor under the delusion that this is a big exhibition hall and that the money is being made in a sham sort of way with merely the idea in view of enlightening them as to the process,” she said “So they ask:

“Now show us, please, where they make the real money?”

“Surely this isn't the money that we use?”

“What do they do with all this paper after we are through looking at it?”

“You don't mean to tell us this is real money?”

“It is amazing how few persons know that the face of a bill is printed in black ink and the back in green, until they visit the bureau.”

“Some time ago, when the buffalo notes were being printed, I was escorting a banker through the place, when he suddenly paused before one of the machines and asked whether we were printing a new note. I replied in the negative, but he contradicted me.

“My dear madam,” he said, “I have been in the banking business in New York for over forty years, and I have never yet seen a bill which was green on one side.”

“I told him that, on the contrary, he had never seen any other kind. He promptly offered to give me every bill in his pocket which happened to be green on one side. When he brought to view a large roll of bills and discovered that I was right he would have turned the money over to me had I been willing to accept it. But it was too easy a way to make so much money.”

Development of Engine Shown in the Museum

PROBABLY no museum collection in the world better illustrates the development of the steam engine, particularly the locomotive, than the exhibit of the United States National museum, which includes two of the earliest original locomotives and numerous models and accessories.

The history of the steam engine is a materialistic romance without parallel in the record of human achievements. It covers the stupendous and persistent efforts of many early philosophers and mechanics, who found steam a mysterious, uncontrollable force, and left it a comprehensible, controllable factor of public service. The steam engine has been termed the most successful invention ever brought into use for converting the potential energy of coal into mechanical work.

As the result of a wager made by a resident of Merthyr-Tydvil, an important iron town of South Wales, that he could convey a load of iron nine miles by the power of steam alone, Richard Trevithick made the first engine to run on rails in 1803, and won the wager for his employer the next year.

A model of Trevithick's engine is to be seen in the National museum, as is also the model of the engine employed by John Stevens in 1825, and his original tubular boiler. Other models illustrate nearly all the types which began to put in their appearance soon after 1828, when the “Stourbridge Lion” was built in England and shipped to America, where it was the first engine to run on full-sized rails. The museum possesses not only the model of this historic engine, but the original engine itself. The other original full-sized locomotive to be seen in the museum is the “John Bull,” built by George Stephenson & Sons of England and shipped to America for use in 1831 on the Camden and Amboy railroad.

United States Comes to Rescue of the Buzzard

THE United States comes to the rescue of the buzzard, the big, high-soaring, quiet-sailing bird which some men call the “turkey buzzard” and other men, just as sure of the rectitude of their ornithological English, call the “turkey vulture.” The fact that the national government announces itself a friend of the buzzard may be taken by many Americans to indicate that cordial relations exist between the eagle and the buzzard, but if a man draws this inference he does it at his own risk.

The buzzard, though one of the loftiest and easiest flyers among the birds, is not esteemed as one of the most beautiful when viewed at close range. He is one of those numerous creatures to whom distance lends enchantment. Then, too, he has personal habits and tastes or appetites which do not commend him to delicate and sensitive men or to persons of esthetic tendencies. It has been acknowledged that in certain ways the buzzard is a useful bird, and it might be reasonable to class him as more useful than ornamental.

The usefulness of the buzzard has been set forth recently by the biological survey of the department of agriculture. By his work as a collector of garbage and other refuse which is not ordinarily classed as garbage he contributes to the health of the communities which he honors with his presence. He is a scavenger bird, and he piles his trade only in those communities which are sadly in need of scavengers. If everything were kept clean in a community there would be no buzzard or flies in that place, and as the buzzard helps to keep down and to put down the output of garbage and so forth, he thus diminishes the output of flies.

How Uncle Sam Measures the Flow of Rivers

If you see a man leaning over the railing of a bridge intently watching the river, with a telephone receiver at his ear, do not think that the man is trying to talk to the fishes or to a diver below the surface. He is probably one of the government's engineers measuring the amount of water passing under the bridge. This is done by lowering an instrument, known as a current meter, into the water at several points under the bridge to determine the speed of the water and by measuring the depths of the water at the same points.

From such information the flow of the river at that particular time and height can be computed, and when such measurements have been made at a number of different heights the flow of the stream at any height can be determined. Then if a record of the height of the river is obtained each day from a river gauge the flow for each day can be computed.

No one starts to build a house without knowing how much is wanted or how many people are expected to occupy the house. The same thing should be true of power plants, water-supply systems, sewage-disposal plants, levees, flood-control works, irrigation works and land-drainage systems.



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