

# HIS LOVE STORY

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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. He is ordered to Algiers 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 gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress suspicious. 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 Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

After a moment, in which the Marquise d'Esclignac gazed at the bougainvillea and wondered how anyone could admire its crude and vulgar color, Miss Redmond asked:

"Did you ever think that the Duc de Tremont was in love?"

Turning shortly about to her niece, her aunt stared at her.

"In love, my dear!"

"With Madame de la Maine."

The arrival of Madame de la Maine had been a bitter blow to the Marquise d'Esclignac. The young woman was, however, much loved in Paris and quite in the eye of the world. There was no possible reason why the Marquise d'Esclignac should avoid her.

"You have been hearing gossip, Julia."

"I have been watching a lovely woman," said the girl simply, "and a man. That's all. You wouldn't want me to marry a man who loves another woman, ma tante, when the woman loves him and when I love another man?"

She laughed and kissed her aunt's cheek.

"Let us think of the soldier," she murmured, "let us think just of him, ma tante, will you not?"

The Marquise d'Esclignac struck her colors.

In the hallway of the villa, in a snowy gibbet (and his clean-washed appearance was much in his favor), Hammet Abou waited to talk with the "grandmother" and the excellency.

He pressed both his hands to his forehead and his breast as the ladies entered the vestibule. There was a stagnant odor of myrrh and sandalwood in the air. The marble vestibule was cool and dark, the walls hung with high-colored stuffs, the windows drawn to keep out the heat.

The Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine came out of the salon together. Tremont nodded to the Arab.

"I hope you are a little less—" and he touched his forehead smiling, "today, my friend."

"I am as God made me, Monsieur."

"What have you got today?" asked Julia Redmond anxiously, fixing her eager eyes upon Hammet.

It seemed terrible to her that this man should stand there with a vital secret and that they should not all be at his feet. He glanced boldly around at them.

"There are no soldiers here?"

"No, no, you may speak freely."

The man went forward to Tremont and put a paper in his hands, unfolding it like a chart.

"This is what monsieur asked me for—a plan of the battlefield. This is the battlefield, and this is the desert."

Tremont took the chart. On the page was simply a round circle, drawn in red ink, with a few Arabian characters and nothing else. Hammet Abou traced the circle with his fingers tipped with henna.

"That was the battle, Monsieur."

"But this is no chart, Hammet Abou."

The other continued, unmoved:

"And all the rest is a desert, like this."

Tremont, over the man's snowy turban, glanced at the others and shrugged. Every one but Julia Redmond thought he was insane. She came up to him where he stood close to Tremont. She said very slowly in French, compelling the man's dark eyes to meet hers:

"You don't wish to tell us, Hammet Abou, anything more. Am I not right? You don't wish us to know the truth."

Now it was the American pitted against the Oriental. The Arab, with deference, touched his forehead before her.

"If I made a true plan," he said coolly, "your excellency could give it tomorrow to the government."

"Just what should be done, Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, in English. "This man should be arrested at once."

"Ma tante," pleaded Julia Redmond. She felt as though a slender thread was between her fingers, a thread which led her to the door of a labyrinth and which a rude touch might cause her to lose forever.

"If you had money would you start

out to find Monsieur de Sabron at once?"

"It would cost a great deal, Excellency."

"You shall have all the money you need. Do you think you would be able to find your way?"

"Yes, Excellency."

The Duc de Tremont watched the American girl. She was bartering with an Arabian for the salvation of a poor officer. What an enthusiast! He had no idea she had ever seen Sabron more than once or twice in her life. He came forward.

"Let me talk to this man," he said with authority, and Julia Redmond did not dispute him.

In a tone different from the light and mocking one that he had hitherto used to the Arab, Tremont began to ask a dozen questions severely, and in his answers to the young Frenchman, Hammet Abou began to make a favorable impression on every one save the Marquise d'Esclignac, who did not understand him. There was a huge bamboo chair on a dais under a Chinese pagoda, and the Marquise d'Esclignac took the chair and sat upright as on a throne. Mimi, who had just been fed, came in tinkling her little bells and fawned at the sandals on Hammet Abou's bare feet. After talking with the native, Tremont said to his friends:

"This man says that if he joins a Jewish caravan, which leaves here tomorrow at sundown, he will be taken with these men and leave the city without suspicion, but he must share the expenses of the whole caravan. The expedition will not be without danger; it must be entered into with great subtlety. He is either," said Tremont, "an impostor or a remarkable man."

"He is an impostor, of course," murmured the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Come here, Mimi."

Tremont went on:

"Further he will not disclose to us. He has evidently some carefully laid plan for rescuing Sabron."

There was a pause. Hammet Abou, his hands folded peacefully across his breast, waited. Julia Redmond waited. The Comtesse de la Maine, in her pretty voice, asked quickly:

"But, mes amis, there is a man's life at stake! Why do we stand here talking in the antechamber? Evident-

ly the war office has done all it can for: the Capitaine de Sabron. But they have not found him. Whether this fellow is crazy or not, he has a wonderful hypothesis."

A brilliant look of gratitude crossed Julia Redmond's face. She glanced at the Comtesse de la Maine.

"Ah, she's got the heart!" she said to herself. "I knew it." She crossed the hall to the Comtesse de la Maine and slipped her arm in hers.

"Has Monsieur de Sabron no near family?"

"No," said the Marquise d'Esclignac from her throne. "He is one of those unfamilied beings who, when they are once taken into other hearts are all the dearer because of their orphaned state."

Her tone was not unkind. It was affectionate.

"Now, my good man," she said to Hammet Abou, in a language totally incomprehensible to him, "money is no object in this question, but what will you do with Monsieur de Sabron if you find him? He may be an invalid, and the ransom will be fabulous."

The Comtesse de la Maine felt the girl's arm in hers tremble. Hammet Abou answered none of these questions, for he did not understand them. He said quietly to Tremont:

"The caravan starts tomorrow at sundown and there is much to do."

Tremont stood pulling his mustache. He looked boyish and charm-

ing, withal serious beyond his usual habit. His eyes wandered over to the corner where the two women stood together.

"I intend to go with you, Hammet Abou," said he slowly, "if it can be arranged. Otherwise this expedition does not interest me."

Two women said:

"Oh, heavens!" at once.

Robert de Tremont heard the note of anxiety in the younger voice alone. He glanced at the Comtesse de la Maine.

"You are quite right, Madame," he said, "a man's life is at stake and we stand chaffing here. I know some thing of what the desert is and what the natives are. Sabron would be the first to go if it were a question of a brother officer."

The Marquise d'Esclignac got down from her throne, trembling. Her eyes were fixed upon her niece.

"Julia," she began, and stopped.

Madame de la Maine said nothing.

"Robert, you are my godson, and I forbid it. Your mother—"

"—is one of the bravest women I ever knew," said her godson. "My father was a soldier."

Julia withdrew her arm from the Comtesse de la Maine as though to leave her free.

"Then you two girls," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, thoroughly American for a moment, "must forbid him to go." She fixed her eyes sternly upon her niece, with a glance of entreaty and reproach. Miss Redmond said in a firm voice:

"In Monsieur de Tremont's case I should do exactly what he proposes."

"But he is risking his life," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is not even an intimate friend of Monsieur de Sabron!"

Tremont said, smiling:

"You tell us that he has no brother, marraine. Eh bien, I will pass as his brother."

A thrill touched Julia Redmond's heart. She almost loved him. If, as her aunt had said, Sabron had been out of the question—

"Madame de la Maine," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, her hands shaking. "I appeal to you to divert this headstrong young man from his purpose."

The Comtesse de la Maine was the palest of the three women. She had been quietly looking at Tremont and now a smile crossed her lips that had tears back of it—one of those beautiful smiles that mean so much to a woman's face. She was the only one of the three who had not yet spoken. Tremont was waiting for her. Hammet Abou, with whom he had been in earnest conversation, was answering his further questions. The Marquise d'Esclignac shrugged, threw up her hands as though she gave up all questions of romance, rescue and disappointed love and foolish girls and walked out thoroughly wretched Mimi tinkling at her heels. The Comtesse de la Maine said to Julia:

"Ma chere, what were the words of the English song you sang last night—the song you told me was a sort of prayer. Tell me the words slowly will you?"

They walked out of the vestibule together, leaving Hammet Abou and Tremont alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

Master and Friend.

Pitchoune, who might have been considered as one of the infinitesimal atoms in the economy of the universe, ran over the sands away from his master. He was an infinitesimal dot on the desert's face. He was only a small Irish terrier in the heart of the Sahara. His little wiry body and his color seemed to blend with the dust. His eyes were dimmed by hunger and thirst and exhaustion, but there was the blood of a fighter in him and he was a thoroughbred. Nevertheless, he was running away. It looked very much like it. There was no one to comment on his treachery; had there been, Pitchoune would not have run far.

It was not an ordinary sight to see on the Sahara—a small Irish terrier going as fast as he could.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Tremont Began to Ask a Dozen Questions.

## HUBBY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Was Right There With Wedding Anniversary Present, and Yet Wife Was Not Pleased.

It was late afternoon and time to get her husband's supper, but the woman sitting moodily by the fire never moved.

Her heart was breaking. It was her birthday. She had been married only four years, but he—her husband—had forgotten her birthday already. That morning he had given her no present; not even an extra kiss before rushing off to town.

Presently there was the sound of a key turning in the lock. Into the room came her husband. Still she never moved.

He bent over her and whispered as he dropped a tiny parcel into her lap: "Many happy returns, darling!"

Her heart was mended. She sprang to her feet and seized him in a frantic grasp as she realized that, after all, he still loved her. Then she opened the parcel.

"Pipe cleaners!" she gasped, as she displayed a little bundle of feathers.

"Yes, sweetheart," said the man. "I knew that they'd please you, as you object to my using your hairpins!"

Let Us Hope She Got One.

The following, which was overheard quite by accident, clearly goes to show that some people must appreciate that their pet dogs are really human. The incident was in connection with the entering of the little pet dog in the dog show.

"Do you have a ribbon for each dog?" was asked by the lady as she fondled her pet.

"We have ribbons for all the winners," was the reply.

"Well, I don't know. You see, Tootsie here is so sensitive. If I entered her I know it would break her heart if she did not get a ribbon!"—Brooklyn Enterprise.

His Complaint.

"You say in your paper," said the man who had asked to see the editor, "that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck are enjoying a visit from Mrs. Peck's mother."

"Isn't that statement correct?" asked the editor.

"Oh, she's visiting us all right enough," admitted Mr. Peck, "and I daresay my wife is enjoying it, but you can leave me out of it. If you put any more sarcastic remarks like that in your paper, I'll stop my subscription."

From the Way It Acted.

Little Almee was learning to sew, and one day after vainly trying to thread a needle, she said: "Mamma, what do they call the hole in a needle?"

"It is called the eye, my dear," replied her mother.

"Well," continued Almee, "I'll bet this old needle is cross eyed."

Envious.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked her mother as the little girl came home crying as if her heart would break.

"Mabel Jones has got adenoids and I never have anything," sobbed Alice.

Sure Cure.

"What are you taking for your cold?"

"Advice."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The easy going taxi lands a lot more money than the average race-horse.

A German baker utilizes a windmill to grind his grain into flour and then to mix and knead his dough.

A new dishpan is rectangular to fit firmly in a kitchen sink and has rubber feet to hold it steady.

Taking Papa Along.

The baggage master halted the family party and politely explained that under the new law the value of the contents of each trunk must be given.

After a brief consultation with her daughter, mamma pointed to her own trunk and said: "Please put this one down as containing one thousand dollars' worth of personal belongings. This one," indicating her daughter's trunk, "you may put down for eight hundred."

"How about this little one?" asked the baggage master, resting his heel on its top.

"Oh, that!" replied the lady contemptuously. "Ten or twelve dollars will cover that one."

"I see," returned the official. "Father's going along too."

Such a Long Time Ago.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Ready to Risk It.

"Mr. Jones wants a windy-pane twelve inches by fourteen," remarked young Patrick Mulrooney, entering the glazier's shop.

In the shop was a smart young assistant who wanted to have a joke with Pat.

"Haven't any that size?" he replied gravely. "Will one fourteen inches by twelve do?"

Pat looked thoughtful for a minute. Then he replied:

"He's wantin' it at once, and this is the only shop in town. Give me wan o' them. P'rhaps if we put it in sideways no one will notice."

Expansive.

George Bowles, press agent for "The Birth of a Nation," was dealing with an editor who was hostile to the production, yet in a note to Bowles arranging for an engagement the editor wrote:

"I approach the matter with an elastic mind."

A short time later the editor invited Bowles to have dinner with him, to which Bowles replied:

"I approach the table with an elastic belt."

Those Changing Styles.

Mr. Styles—What did that woman want?

Mrs. Styles—She's the woman who calls for the installments on the bonnet I bought.

"But it is not due yet?"

"I know it, but she came to tell me the bonnet I bought is now out of style. She wants to sell me another one."

Otherwise Not.

"Why do you want to get divorced?"

"Because I'm married."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Laudable.

"What is your idea in reorganizing the choir?"

"I want to put it on a sound basis."

The farther the waters of the oceans get from the equator the less salt they contain.

A mother's fervent hope is that her daughters, when they marry, will do better than she did.

## COMPARISON HARD TO MAKE

Statistics of Wealth in Europe and in This Country Differ Widely, for Various Reasons.

In Europe the statistics of wealth are largely statistics of income, on account of the prevalence of the income tax there, while our statistics of wealth in this country are largely statistics of such property as is assessed for taxation; this makes an adequate comparison between the cities of Europe and the United States almost impossible.

More than that, a difficulty in the way of comparing the wealth of cities in relation to their population lies in the fact that two things are often confused in making such reckonings; the wealth in a city may be measured either in terms of the valuable property within its limits or in terms of the property owned by its citizens. Many suburban towns which cannot be counted as wealthy in the first sense are very rich on the second basis of accounting. We can find no ground for the report that places Frankfort-on-the-Main first and Hartford, Conn., second in per capita wealth, and economists are of the belief that no such basis exists.

In Bulletin 126 of the census bureau the per capita valuation of assessed property is shown. The multipliers given for adjusting the assessed to the true value of such property are not, economists say, accurate enough to make it possible to determine just where the adjustment of property subject to taxation is found. But Hartford is rather far down on the list. Boston, San Francisco, San Diego, Houston and other cities stand higher.

Woke Him Up.

The young man was rather slow. So the girl thought it time to give him a hint.

"Gracious," she exclaimed suddenly, "I've bruised my lip! Do you know, Mr. Jenkins, my mother always used to kiss a hurt place to make it well."

"And did it do any good?" asked the young man, failing to see the point.

"I don't remember," replied the girl, getting desperate; "but those old-fashioned remedies are sometimes very good."

Then he got busy.

Expression Misunderstood.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day.

The next time she met him she put out a congratulatory hand.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried, "I am so glad you are better! I heard last week that you had a swelled head."

Revenge!

Mollie—What are you letting your hair grow so long for? Going to be a musician?

Chollie—No; I've got a grudge against the barber.

And No Wonder.

"What made that stout woman so furious?"

"Just as she was getting on the subway train the gateman said 'Both gates, lady.'"

Regular.

"Is Bronson a regular church goer?"

"Well, he goes every Sunday when it's raining too hard for golf."

O, Swear Not by the Moon.

Romeo was swearing by the moon. "Nothing doing," protested Juliet, "the moon is a dead one."

The roll of honor is fresh from the oven.

A thornless rose would not impress one very deeply.

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