# HIS LOVE STOR MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS COPYRICHT BY THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY

oasis

SYNOPSIS. -13-

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 Ju-lia 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 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 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 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. Hammet Abou tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found.

#### CHAPTER XXI-Continued.

Pitchoune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would he choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart-all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach-or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitchoune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy, in the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitchoune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the east, decided on it-for what reason will never be told-and followed it. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitchoune ran across the Sahara. Mercifully, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Mercifully, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hunin his small body. He lay down, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of Tatman dogs alone have souls.

Pitchoune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches. but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seem 1 the epitome of heartless egoism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The epicurean Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in

Pitchoune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mud but with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Patou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance-straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully.

"Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellaheen wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!"

Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement torn them in shreds. Some of them There was a charmed ring uninvited, it would fall dead.

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against

tures. Here and there the sun-touched

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitchoune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed he went down, down. circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her against her sons and grandsons. He corn, stood upright and looked at Pit-

Pitchoune fawned at her feet. She Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitchoune licked her hand.

genie, an afrit.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pit- and chattered like a bird. This proved choune sat patiently before the to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitchoune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, die. barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the and in his clouded mind Sabron superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling be- there-which, if one could sail across fore her face, came out of the sacred as in a ship, one would sail to France, ring, followed to the edge of the berry | through the walls of mellow old Tarasfield. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and one would sail as the moon sails, and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did through an open window one might not follow, and he returned to renew hear the sound of a woman's voice his entreatles. When she tried to singing. The song, ever illusive and touch him he escaped, keeping at a irritating in its persistency, tantalized safe distance. The village began to his sick ears.



After Hour Pitchoune Ran Across the Sahara.

stir. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

and, statelily and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitchoune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three litttle naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-great-grandchildren, the value of paper clothing for winter The babies were playing with a little wear. The paper, which is made from dog. Sabron knew the dog but could mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, would have roasted its enemies alive, not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his sheets of the paper they place a thin said that she was two hundred years life. Her veil fell over her face. She layer of silk wadding, and then quitt was braiding straw. He looked at her the whole. It is something of a drawdrawn around her house. People sup- intelligently. She brought him a back that clothing so made is not posed that if any creature crossed it drink of cool water in an earthen ves- was hable, but in a winter campaign a sel, with the drops oozing from its sol ier has other things to think of The sun had risen for an hour and porous sides. The hut recked with than the dirt on his uniform - Youth's the air was still cool. Overhead, the odors which met his nostrils at every Companion.

reath he drew. He asked in Arabic: "Where am I?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fateu

Pitchoune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured:

"Where are we, my friend?" The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lig in mortal sickness. The hours are in tensely colorless and they slip and slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and ther into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although it, black and portentous, flew the vul- he had no family to speak of, did pos sess, unknown to the Marquise d'Es pools gave life and reason to the clignac, an old aunt in the provinces. and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless barbaric chant was interrupted by a be clung to life and in the but of Fatou sharp bark and a low pleading whine. Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle was a man and a strong one, and she choune. To her the Irish terrier was despised women. He was her prey an apparition. The fact that he had and he was her reward and she cared not fallen dead proved that he was for him; as she did so, she became beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a maternal.

His eyes which, when he was cop scious, thanked her; his thin hands murmured a line of the Koran. It did that moved on the rough blue robe not seem to affect his demonstrative thrown over him, the devotion of the affection. The woman bent down to dog-found a responsive chord in the him after making a pass against the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-great-grandchildren. Beni Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and satisfy her curiosity without shocking now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not

Pitchoune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without con, to the chateau of good King Rene;

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclig-

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without, he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers-he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grandchildren were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously. as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence. Pitchoune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, She gathered her robe around her left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedouins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Some Are Color Blind. It is known that color blind people

cannot distinguish colors, but the reawith this genie. There is something son for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina. which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not cones fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

Soldiers' Winter Clothing.

The soldiers of Japan have learned and is soft and warm. Between two

SPRAY OUTFIT FOR ORCHARD

Choice of Machine Must Be Governed Largely by Number of Trees and Local Conditions.

Spray machines which get their pumping power from the wagon wheel are entirely inadequate to the present requirements for orchard spraying and are unsatisfactory where the size of the trees necessitates stopping in order to do thorough work. These machines are very useful, however, for spraying such crops as grapes, potatoes, tomatoes and the like.

The choice of a spraying machine must be governed largely by the size of the orchard and the conditions under which it is to be used. In an orchard of fifteen acres, if the trees are ten years old or more, a power machine will soon pay for itself in the saving of labor and the increased profits from more effective spraying. In large orchards there should be a sufficient number of machines to make an application in the course of six or



Peaches From Well-Sprayed Tree.

eight days if best results are to be

In the selection of power outfits aside from efficiency, the chief points to be considered are weight, construc tion, mounting with reference to convenience of handling in the field and the accessories, such as agitators rods, hose, nozzies, etc. Aside from the weight there is little difference in standard makes, excepting as certain features of a particular machine may appeal to different individuals

#### PRUNE GOOSEBERRY TO BUSH

Plant Should Be Reduced to the Num ber of Plants That Will Grow in Vigorous Condition.

(By C. I. LEWIS, Ohio Experiment Station.)

Prune the gooseberry to a bush. Ber ries are borne on the two, three and four-year-old wood, but occasionally the fruit grows too small on the four year-old wood and it should be pruned out. The current bears most of its fruit on the two and three-year-old wood. All canes of either of these fruits should be cut out when they begin to droop toward the ground, and all canes that are weak.

The plant should be reduced to the number of plants that will grow in a vigorous condition. When canes tend to grow gnarly, old and weak, they should be removed. The entire plant ing should be renewed in from six to ten years.

While the bushes will fruit for a longer time, the fruit tends to grow too small to be profitable.

#### WHY WE PRUNE FRUIT TREES

Chief Objects of Operation Briefly Summed Up-Among Other Things Facilitates Harvesting.

trees may be summed up briefly as follows: 1. To modify the vigor of the tree.

The principal objects of pruning

- To keep the tree shapely and within bounds. To make the tree more stocky.
- 4. To open the tree top to admit air and sunshine. 5. To reduce the struggle for exist-
- 6. To remove dead or interfering branches
- 7. To aid in stimulating the development of fruit buds.

ence in the tree top.

To thin the fruit. To make thorough spraying pos-

sible. 10. To facilitate the harvesting of the fruit.

Tree Pruning. Some people fall into the mistake of supposing that every tree needs pruning and spraying, but such is not the case. It is for you to decide whether your tree needs pruning and for others to decide whether their trees and shrubs need spraying.

## PROPAGATION OF STRAWBERRY PLANTS



Strawberry Crop Grown Under Hedgerow System-Plenty of Sunlight Permitted to Get to the Plants,

The strawberry is the most valuable of the small fruit crops grown in the United States. It is estimated in the United States Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin No. 664 that the production of strawberries in 1909 was valued at \$18,000,000, fully threefourths of the total valuation of all small fruits produced. This valuation was based on commercial areas, and did not include the small home garden patches, which were probably nearly double that value. The average yield of strawberries per acre for the whole country in 1909 was a little less than 1,800 quarts, and the farm value about \$125 per acre.

The bulletin mentioned above deals primarily with the growing of strawberries on a commercial scale in the South, but the main points, of course, are also applicable to the small garden patch. The states south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers and east of the Mississippi, together with Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, produced in 1909 about one-fourth of the total crop of the United States.

Strawberry beds are often neglected soon after the harvest, but in order to secure good returns the bed should be cared for the year around. This series of articles treats a number of phases of strawberry culture, starting with the propagation of the plants, selection of the soil, a discussion of the three systems of planting, the renewing of old beds and the keeping of the field in good mechanical condition, as well as supplying it with plant food.

The strawberry is propagated commercially by runners from old plants. The runner first forms leaves, then takes root. This young plant receives nourishment from the mother plant until it is capable of self-support, when the runner dies. The new plant as soon as it is well established, often sends out runners and forms other plants. These young plants that have not produced fruit are the ones used for setting new plantations.

Propagation by seed is never resorted to except for the production of twenty tons per acre, depending upon new varieties, since no one can fore the fertility of the soil, and harrowed in tell what kind of fruit will be prothe desirability of the efficiency of duced by a seedling plant. All new varieties, however, come from seed, either through normal variation in the by the use of commercial fertilizers seedlings or through variation induced by crossing two distinct varieties. When two varieties are crossed for the purpose of combining their desirable qualities, the resulting seedlings will show every combination of characters, with perhaps a few possessing the desired characters of both parents. In practice, however, most new varieties come from seeds the

parentage of which is not known. While strawberries will grow on nearly all types of soil, a sandy or gravelly loam gives the best results. Plant food can be supplied by the addition of fertilizers, but the physical condition of the soil can only be modified with difficulty by cultivation, drainage and the addition of humus. The time of ripening can be influenced to some extent by selecting soils and exposures which force or retard maturity. A light, well-drained soil with a southern or eastern exposure will hasten the maturity of the berries, while heavy moist soils with a northern exposure will tend to make the crop late. Heavy mulching will also active during sunshine, but semidordelay ripening.

The soil for strawberries should be well supplied with organic matter (humus) in a well-decomposed state. Many growers believe that new land is essential for good results, but if old soils are well supplied with organic matter they will yield as large crops as the new soils. The main difference between old and new soils is in the supply of humus and the mechanical condition due to the presence or absence of humus. The soil should be well drained, but should hold moisture during dry weather. Organic matter in a well-decomposed state in the soil makes it retentive of moisture. In sandy soils the organic matter fills up the spaces between the soil particles and checks evaporation, while in clay soils it prevents the soil from running together and baking and thereby prevents excessive loss of moisture by capillarity and evaporation.

A soil containing large quantities of nitrogen should be avoided, as such a soil will produce a heavy, dense growth of foliage at the expense of fruit. Weeds will be more troublesome and the fruit will not ripen as evenly on soil of this type.

Few soils that are adapted to strawberry growing are rich enough to produce large crops of fruit without the addition of manures or fertilizers of some kind.

Stable or barnyard manure is the best fertilizer for strawberries, because it furnishes both plant food and humus; but manure containing weed seed should be avoided. The best way to enrich strawberry land is to apply manure to the crop preceding the strawberries, in order that it may decompose and become well incorporated with the soil and so that most of the weed seeds will have germinated by the time the plants are set. If manure is to be applied the season the plants are set, only well-rotted manure should be used. After the land has been plowed the manure should be spread broadcast at the rate of ten to

Manure does not contain sufficient phosphoric acid and potash, and for that reason it should be supplemented rich in these elements.

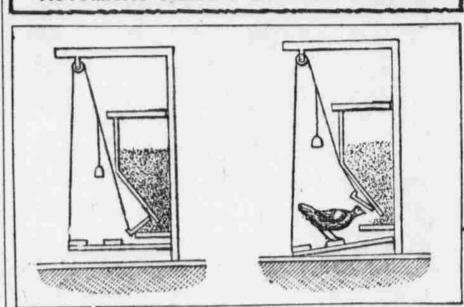
## REMOVING BUGS BY **USE OF A MIXTURE**

Work Must Be Done Early in Morning or After Sundown-Kerosene Finishes Them.

If you have only a few vines of cucumbers, melons and squash the yellow-striped beetle which attacks these vines may be effectively removed by the use of bordeaux mixture, three ounces to a gallon of water. This is also a preventive of blight. The bugs may be brushed

into a shallow pan and at once transferred to a pail of water containing a tablespoonful of kerosene, which finishes them. This, of course, can only be done very early in the morning or after sundown. They are very mant in the early hours of the day.

#### **AUTOMATIC FEEDING BOX FOR POULTRY**



Weight of Fowl Opens Box.

Where hoppers are put out on the range for poultry, and where mice and sparrows eat almost as much as the hens, the feeding box illustrated above will considerably reduce the amount of feed consumed, and in addition will keep the feed dry and clean. When a fowl steps on the hinged board placed under the box, its weight causes the trap door in the lower part of the box to open, and the food comes out as fast as it is consumed. When the fowl has eaten enough and goes away the counterweight closes the trap door immediately. The weight of a lighter animal is not enough to open the trap door.