HIS LOVE STORY

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SYNOPSIS.

—14—

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 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. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?"

"The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wail which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you are only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and rave against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oasis under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

"Fatou Anni is nearly one hundred years old. She has borne twenty children, she has had fifty grandchildren; she has seen many wives, many brides and many mothers. She does not believe the sick man has the Evil Eye. She is not afraid of your fifty armed men. Fatou Anni is not afraid. Allah is great. She will not give up the Frenchman because of fear, nor will she give him up to any man. She gives him to the women of his people."

With dignity and majesty and with great beauty of carriage, the old woman turned and walked toward her hut and the Bedouins followed her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Into the Desert.

A week after the caravan of the Duc de Tremont left Algiers, Julia Redmond came unexpectedly to the villa of Madame de la Maine at an early morning hour. Madame de la Maine saw her standing on the threshold of her bedroom door.

"Chere Madame," Julia said, "I am leaving today with a dragoman and twenty servants to go into the desert."

Madame de la Maine was still in bed. At nine o'clock she read her papers and her correspondence.

"Into the desert—alone!"

Julia, with her cravache in her gloved hands, smiled sweetly though she was very pale. "I had not thought of going alone, Madame," she replied with charming assurance, "I knew you would go with me."

On a chair by her bed was a wrapper of blue silk and lace. The comtesse sprang up and then thrust her feet into her slippers and stared at Julia.

"What are you going to do in the desert?"

"Watch!"

"Yes, yes!" nodded Madame de la Maine. "And your aunt?"

"Deep in a bazaar for the hospital," smiled Miss Redmond.

Madame de la Maine regarded her slender friend with admiration and envy. "Why hadn't I thought of it?" She rang for her maid.

"Because your great-grandfather was not a pioneer!" Miss Redmond answered.

The sun which, all day long, held the desert in its burning embrace, went westward in his own brilliant caravan.

"The desert blossoms like a rose, Therese."

"Like a rose?" questioned Madame de la Maine.

She was sitting in the door of her tent; her white dress and her white

Julia's Eyes Were Fixed Upon the Limitless Sands.

hat gleamed like a touch of snow upon the desert's face. Julia Redmond, on a rug at her feet, and in her khaki riding-habit the color of the sand, blended with the desert as though part of it. She sat up as she spoke.

"How divine! See!" She pointed to the stretches of the Sahara before her. On every side they spread away as far as the eye could reach, suave, mellow, black, undulating finally to small hillocks with corrugated sides, as a group of little sandhills rose softly out of the sealike plain. "Look, Therese!"

Slowly, from ocher and gold the color changed; a faint wavelike blush crept over the sands, which reddened, paled, faded, warmed again, took depth and grew intense like flame.

"The heart of a rose! N'est-ce pas, Therese?"

"I understand now what you mean," said madame. The comtesse was not a dreamer. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. Therese had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but ourselves. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquise d'Esclignac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoman and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume,
It comes, it escapes.
When it's present, it intoxicates;
When it's a memory, it brings tears.
Love is like a sweet breath,
It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her severe riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, look affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

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Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meaning of Yankee.

There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation by the Indians of the word English, or its French from Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil war the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry.

The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to $43,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over $20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Lepers Heavy Burden on District of Columbia

WASHINGTON.—More than a year after John Early, the leper, put in an appearance in Washington, and was taken in charge by the District health officials, he is still a "guest" of the municipality at the little leper cottage on the grounds of the Government Hospital for the Insane beyond the eastern branch. With Early at the detention cottage is Emil R. Grable, another leper, who was taken in custody on the streets of Washington December 10. Early arrived in Washington and notified the health officials of his presence early in June last year.

Since Early's arrival, and since the coming of Grable, the District authorities have made repeated efforts through letters to the secretary of the treasury to have the Federal public health service take charge of the two lepers, but these efforts have been without success.

The necessity for taking care of the two men has drained the funds set apart for the contagious disease work of the District. The cost is between $6 and $10 a day. The health department has found it necessary to call several times on the commissioners for emergency appropriations.

The lepers, it is stated, are under treatment by the District health authorities according to the latest inoculatory methods, but so far have shown no improvement. On the contrary, it is understood, the disease is showing progressive development in both cases.

Both of the unfortunates came to Washington with the hope of remaining here, it is said, and seem contented with their lot.

"Ugh!" Says Indian Chief, Signing Away Millions

AFTER A-She-Gah-Hre, principal chief of the Osages, attached his thumb to a document at the interior department assenting to the disposition of oil and gas leases in the Osage reservation covering 680,000 acres and valued at many millions of dollars, he remarked:

"Ugh, guess that will do."

Andrew Big Horse also signed, for he could write. When E-Gron-Kah-Shin-Kah was asked to assent as a member of the Osage tribal council he pressed his thumb mark upon the paper.

Peter Bigheart was able to write. Other signers for the tribal council of six and the officers all wrote their names, and Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane and Indian Commissioner Sells witnessed the signatures and the thumb marks. Then everybody went up to the White House to see the "Great White Father" and tell him what they had done. It was something of an event in annals of the Indian office. For once the government officers and the Indians had been able to agree on the disposition of Indian property.

The action provides for the leases on the 680,000 acres of oil and gas lands in the Osage reservation in Oklahoma which are known as the Foster leases and are held by the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil company and its subleases, and which will expire March 16 next. The controversy has extended over months. The oil company sought a renewal of the existing leases, but the action taken cuts them out and eliminates the middleman generally.

A feature of the agreement is the provision that the United States government shall be given an option on the wells at prevailing prices when new leases are made. None of the present sublessees will be permitted to retain more than 4,800 acres. Oil and gas rights will be leased separately. The royalty rate is increased from one-eighth to one-sixth on well producing less than 100 barrels and one-fifth on wells producing over that amount. The rate on gas wells is changed from $100 each per year to one-sixth royalty.

"Ty" Cobb Stirs Fans in Deparment of Commerce

"TY" COBB, the popular player of the Detroit baseball team, nearly wrecked the government machinery in the department of commerce when he called to pay a visit to his friend, Robert Clancy, private secretary to Assistant Secretary Sweet of the department, also from Detroit. Cobb and Clancy, in between times, run the Woodrow Wilson factions out in Detroit. Clancy is president of the Woodrow Wilson Club of Detroit and "Ty" Cobb is his first lieutenant, holding down the chair of vice-president.

When Cobb came in to see Clancy one of the messengers opened his eyes wide at being able to get so close to the baseball player, and, like a twentieth century Paul Revere, he went through the halls telling of Cobb's presence. From then on there was a constant stream of visitors into Clancy's office.

They kept coming and congregating in the room. Clancy tried to open a door and let them come in one way, shake hands with the visitor and pass out. But that did not work at all. Those baseball "fans" weren't going to be dictated to. They just hung around, and each had a baseball story to tell Cobb.

Cobb then went through the building, guided and protected by Robert Clancy, and impromptu receptions were held on every floor. Business did not settle down after those receptions, for the employees went to the window to watch "Ty" leave the building.

They were hanging out every window when the player stepped into a waiting taxicab with Clancy.

"Wave to them, Ty," said Clancy.

"Ty" waved.

Then a great cheer went up as the taxicab disappeared down the avenue.

How Uncle Sam Measures the Size of Raindrops

THE United States weather man recently has undertaken some very interesting experiments in relation to raindrops. He has made "movie" pictures of them falling, and through the adoption of an ingenious device has succeeded in measuring them—the result being the discovery that raindrops vary in diameter all the way from one-fiftieth of an inch to one-third of an inch.

Anybody can measure the size of raindrops for himself, when once the simple method is explained. All that is necessary is to take a small tin pan and spread smoothly in it some well-sifted flour to a depth of an inch. Expose it then to a shower for three or four seconds—long enough, that is to say, to allow a few drops to fall upon the flour. As a result, a number of little holes will be made in the flour, and at the bottom of each hole will be found a pellet of dough.

The dough pellets must not be disturbed until they have had time to become dry and hard. Then they may be taken out, and will represent with a fair degree of exactness the sizes of the drops by which they were made.

This may be proved by allowing artificial raindrops (suspended from the end of a broom-straw or glass pipette, and carefully measured) to fall into a pan of flour from a height of two or three feet. When the resulting pellets are examined they will be found to correspond closely in size to the drops.

Many thousands of such dough pellets representing raindrops have been photographed or labeled and put on file for reference at the weather bureau in Washington. They afford data from which various kinds of rainfalls may be studied. For, oddly enough, sizes of drops seem to have a recognizable relation to different kinds of storms, or to different parts of the same storm.

Uncle Sam has one bank to every 9,700 people.

The man who buys an automobile on the installment plan evidently believes in paying as he goes.

Cold Feet.

"Are you cool in time of danger?"

"Perfectly, but at the wrong end."—Houston Post.

Explained.

Patience—Why do they call a boat 'she," do you suppose?

Patrice—Because it has such good lines, probably.

Revised.

"Is that futurist music you're playing?" inquired hubby as his wife pumped the pianola.

"No, dear; it's 'Home, Sweet Home,' but I think Bobby has been using it as a target for his air rifle."

No Time.

"Isn't it strange that Mrs. Robinson never attends the Mothers' club meetings. We've invited her time and again."

"I'm afraid she's a hopeless old fogy. She insists on staying home to take care of her children."

A Greater Surprise.

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear; you weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought:

"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"