

HIS LOVE STORY

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 Pichoune. 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 Pichoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pichoune 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 Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune 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. Pichoune finds a village, twelve hours journey away, and somehow makes Fatou Abd understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two Love Stories.

If it had not been for her absorbing thought of Sabron, Julia would have revealed in the desert and the new experiences. As it was, its charm and magic and the fact that he traveled over it helped her to endure the interval.

In the deep impenetrable silence she seemed to hear her future speak to her. She believed that it would either be a wonderfully happy one, or a hopelessly wretched life.

"Julia, I cannot ride any farther!" exclaimed the comtesse.

She was an excellent horsewoman and had ridden all her life, but her riding of late had consisted of a canter in the Bois de Boulogne at noon, and it was sometimes hard to follow Julia's tireless gallops toward an ever-disappearing goal.

"Forgive me," said Miss Redmond, and brought her horse up to her friend's side.

It was the cool of the day, of the fourteenth day since Tremont had left Algiers and the seventh day of Julia's excursion. A fresh wind blew from the west, lifting their veils from their helmets and bringing the fragrance of the mimosa into whose canopy forest they had ridden. The sky paled toward sunset, and the evening star, second in glory only to the moon, hung over the west.

Although both women knew perfectly well the reason for this excursion and its importance, not one word had been spoken between them of Sabron and Tremont other than a natural interest and anxiety.

They might have been two hospital nurses awaiting their patients.

They halted their horses, looking over toward the western horizon and its mystery. "The star shines over their caravan," mused Madame de la Mainie (Julia had not thought Therese poetical), "as though to lead them home."

Madame de la Mainie turned her face and Julia saw tears in her eyes. The Frenchwoman's control was usually perfect, she treated most things with mocking gaiety. The bright softness of her eyes touched Julia.

"Therese!" exclaimed the American girl. "It is only fourteen days!" Madame de la Mainie laughed. There was a break in her voice. "Only fourteen days," she repeated, "and any one of those days may mean death!"

She threw back her head, touched her stallion, and flew away like light, and it was Julia who first drew rein.

"Therese! Therese! We cannot go any farther!"

"Lady!" said Azrael. He drew his big black horse up beside them. "We must go back to the tents."

Madame de la Mainie pointed with her whip toward the horizon. "It is cruel! It ever recedes!"

"Tell me, Julia, of Monsieur de Sabron," asked Madame de la Mainie abruptly.

"There is nothing to tell, Therese." "You don't trust me?" "Do you think that, really?"

In the tent where Azrael served them their meal, under the ceiling of Turkish red with its Arabic characters in clear white, Julia and Madame de la Mainie sat while their coffee was served them by a Syrian servant.

"A girl does not come into the Sahara and watch like a sentinel, does not suffer as you have suffered, ma chere, without there being something to tell."

"It is true," said Miss Redmond, "and would you be with me, Therese, if I did not trust you? And what do you want me to tell?" she added naively.

The comtesse laughed. "Vous etes charmante, Julia!" "I met Monsieur de Sabron," said Julia slowly, "not many months ago in Tarascon. I saw him several times, and then he went away."

"And then?" urged Madame de la Mainie eagerly. "He left his little dog, Pichoune, with me, and Pichoune ran after his master, to Marseilles, flinging himself into the water, and was rescued by

the sailors. I wrote about it to Monsieur de Sabron, and he answered me from the desert, the night before he went into battle."

"And that's all?" urged Madame de la Mainie.

"That's all," said Miss Redmond. She drank her coffee.

"You tell a love story very badly, ma chere."

"Is it a love story?"

"Have you come to Africa for charity? Voyons!"

Julia was silent. A great reserve seemed to seize her heart, to stifle her as the poverty of her love story struck her. She sat turning her coffee-spoon between her fingers, her eyes downcast. She had ver' little to tell. She might never have any more to tell. Yet this was her love story.

By the presence of Sabron was so real, and she saw his eyes clearly looking upon her as she had seen them often; heard the sound of his voice that meant but one thing—and the words of his letter came back to her. She remembered her letter to him, rescued from the field where he had fallen. She raised her eyes to the Comtesse de la Mainie, and there was an appeal in them.

The Frenchwoman leaned over and kissed Julia. She asked nothing more. She had not learned her lessons in discretion to no purpose.

At night they sat out in the moonlight, white as day, and the radiance over the sands was like the snowflakes. Wrapped in their warm coverings, Julia and Therese de la Mainie lay on the rugs before the door of their tent, and above their heads shone the stars so low that it seemed as though their hands could snatch them from the sky. At a little distance their servants sat around the dying fire, and there came to them the plaintive song of Azrael, as he led their singing.

"And who can give again the love of yesterday? Can a whirlwind replace the sand after it is scattered? What can heal the heart that Allah has smitten? Can the mirage form again when there are no eyes to see?"

"I was married," said Madame de la Mainie, "when I was sixteen."

Julia drew a little nearer and smiled to herself in the shadow.

This would be a real love story. "I had just come out of the convent. We lived in an old chateau, older than the history of your country, ma chere, and I had no dot. Robert de Tremont and I used to play together in the allees of the park, on the terrace. When his mother brought him over when she called on my grandmother, he teased me horribly because the weeds grew between the

stones of our terrace. He was very rude.

"Throughout our childhood, until I was sixteen, we teased each other and fought and quarreled."

"This is not a love-affair, Therese," said Miss Redmond.

"There are all kinds, ma chere, as there are all temperaments," said Madame de la Mainie. "At Assumption—that is our great feast, Julia—the Feast of Mary—it comes in August—at Assumption, Monsieur de la Mainie came to talk with my grandmother. He was forty years old, and bald—Bob and I made fun of his few hairs, like the children in the Holy Bible."

Julia put out her hand and took the hand of Madame de la Mainie gently. She was getting so far from a love affair.

"I married Monsieur de la Mainie in six weeks," said Therese.

"Oh," breathed Miss Redmond, "horrible!" Madame de la Mainie pressed Julia's hand.

"When it was decided between my grandmother and the comte, I escaped at night, after they thought I had gone

to bed, and I went down to the lower terrace where the weeds grow in plenty, and told Robert. Somehow, I did not expect him to make fun, although we always joked about everything until this night. It was after nine o'clock."

The comtesse swept one hand toward the desert. "A moon like this—only not like this—ma chere. There was never but that moon to me for many years."

"I thought at first that Bob would kill me—he grew so white and terrible. He seemed suddenly to have aged ten years. I will never forget his cry as it rang out in the night. 'You will marry that old man when we love each other?' I had never known it until then."

"We were only children, but he grew suddenly old. I knew it then," said Madame de la Mainie intensely. "I knew it then."

She waited for a long time. Over the face of the desert there seemed to be nothing but one veil of light. The silence grew so intense, so deep; the Arabs had stopped singing, but the heart fairly echoed, and Julia grew meditative—before her eyes the caravan she waited for seemed to come out of the moonlit mist, rocking, rocking—the camels and the huddled figures of the riders, their shadows cast upon the sand.

And now Tremont would be forever changed in her mind. A man who had suffered from his youth, a warm-hearted boy, defrauded of his early love. It seemed to her that he was a charming figure to lead Sabron.

"Therese," she murmured, "won't you tell me?"

"They thought I had gone to bed," said the Comtesse de la Mainie, "and I went back to my room by a little staircase, seldom used, and I found myself alone, and I knew what life was and what it meant to be poor."

"But," interrupted Julia, horrified, "girls are not sold in the twentieth century."

"They are sometimes in France, my dear. Robert was only seventeen. His father laughed at him, threatened to send him to South America. We were victims."

"It was the harvest moon," continued Madame de la Mainie gently, "and it shone on us every night until my wedding day. Then the duke kept his threat and sent Robert out of France. He continued his studies in England and went into the army of Africa."

There was a silence again. "I did not see him until last year," said Madame de la Mainie, "after my husband died."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Meeting.

Under the sun, under the starry nights Tremont, with his burden, journeyed toward the north. The halts were distasteful to him, and although he was forced to rest he would rather have been cursed with sleeplessness and have journeyed on and on. He rode his camel like a Bedouin; he grew brown like the Bedouins and under the hot breezes, swaying on his desert ship, he sank into dreamy, moody and melancholy reveries, like the wandering men of the Sahara, and felt himself part of the desolation, as they were.

"What will be, will be!" Hammet Abou said to him a hundred times, and Tremont wondered: "Will Charles live to see Algiers?"

Sabron journeyed in a litter carried between six mules, and they traveled slowly, slowly. Tremont rode by the sick man's side day after day. Not once did the soldier for any length of time regain his reason. He would pass from coma to delirium, and many times Tremont thought he had ceased to breathe. Slender, emaciated under his covers, Sabron lay like the image of a soldier in wax—a wounded man carried as a votive offering to the altars of desert warfare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Things That Have Been Condemned. If we banished from our tables all the commodities which—like potatoes—have been condemned in print our diet would be decidedly monotonous.

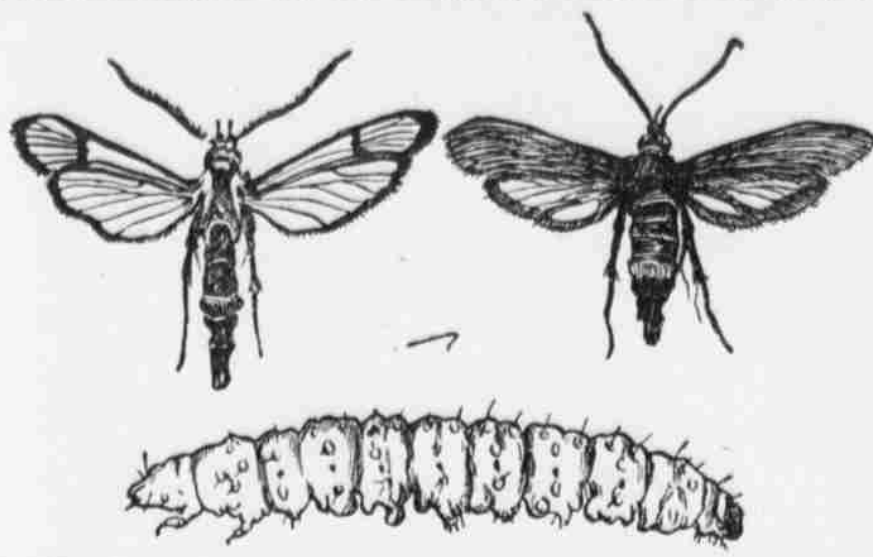
"Food faddists are most aggressive persons," Henry Labouchere once complained. "In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries and bath buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waist coats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woolen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours and lighting fires at the bottom."

Some Lost Motion. A Philadelphia mathematician has figured it out that the telephone companies lose 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by all operators and patrons.

Another has discovered that the froth on the beer pays the freight. But as yet no one has estimated the total horse power wasted in swallowing cigarette smoke and forcing it through the nose instead of blowing it from the mouth. —Newark News.

Scandinavian Housekeeping. In Scandinavia the peasant women who worked all day in the fields, have had their fireless methods of cooking for a long time. While breakfast was cooking, the pot containing the stew for dinner was brought to a boil then placed inside a second pot, and the whole snugly ensconced between the feather beds, still warm from the night's occupancy. Some of these women had a loosened hearthstone and a hole beneath.

BORER VERY INJURIOUS TO PEACH TREES



The Two Upper Illustrations Show the Parents of the Peach Borer; the Lower the Peach Borer Itself.

(By J. B. SMITH.)

In the form in which it is most familiar to the grower, the peach-tree borer is a white, grublike caterpillar with a yellowish or brownish shield-like head, which lives and feeds in the tree trunks at or just below the surface of the ground, and makes irregular galleries or chambers just beneath the bark, from which gum and sap ooze out to form conspicuous masses. These borers may be found at almost all periods during the summer, but are usually very small in late summer or fall and become an inch to an inch and a half in length in early summer.

The parents of this borer belong to the clear-wing moths and are rarely recognized or even seen by the peach grower. The male is a stunning slender steel-blue, wasplike creature with two pairs of transparent wings marked with black and yellow scales, and the abdomen is narrowly banded with yellow. It expands about an inch when the wings are fully spread. The female is decidedly larger and stouter, deep blue, except for a broad orange band around the middle of the abdomen, the hind wings only transparent. These moths are not conspicuous at any time, never fly much except under stress of necessity, and are usually seen on the trees early in the morning. They usually begin to appear in the orchards during the last days of June until the early days of September.

The individuals coming out in late June or early July do not live until September, but new specimens continue to appear during the interval mentioned. The life of the individual moth is short, only a few days at most; but during that period it is capable of maturing and placing from 500 to 600 eggs.

There is no insecticide application thus far known that can be relied upon to kill borers once in the tree. No poison will penetrate the gummy covering or natural protection of the insect so as to kill the larvae without

danger of injuring the tree. Hot water comes nearest to doing this, and where only a few trees are to be protected, occasional applications of water at a temperature of not over 175 degrees will serve to keep the trees free, if the protecting exudations of gum are first removed.

In an infested orchard the earth should be removed from around the base of the trees to a depth of six or eight inches and every sign of a wound should be carefully examined. This should be done late in the fall. Where chips are mingled with the exuding gum, a borer is almost always present. These should be killed, if possible, by probing the wound with a stiff wire, leave the base of the trunks exposed no longer than necessary at this period. In drawing up the soil against the trunk bring the clean soil into direct contact with the cut or wounded surfaces. Again in late spring the above process should be repeated.

Leave the base of the trees exposed thus for a few days, and then spray very thoroughly with a lime-sulphur-arsenate of lead mixture to which an excess of lime has been added. Use one pound of paste arsenate of lead to every five gallons of lime-sulphur, or one pound of dry arsenate to every ten gallons of lime-sulphur and apply with all the force possible to the exposed trunk of the tree for a distance of 18 to 24 inches above the surface. Then after the application is thoroughly dry, cover and hill up at least six inches above the surface.

In an orchard carefully looked over twice a year as above directed no large larvae are likely to be overlooked, and there will be no early moths except such as may come on from outside. The toughened bark covered with lime is not likely to be attractive to the moths.

Once an orchard has been put into thoroughly good condition by a year or two of this practice, the future years will be easy.

PLAN TO CONTROL THE HESSIAN FLY

For Best Results All Farmers Should Co-Operate and Make Concerted Fight.

(By G. A. DEAN, Kansas Station.) Disk the stubble immediately after harvest in order to control the Hessian fly. This not only conserves the moisture and makes plowing easier, but also starts the growth of the volunteer wheat and has a tendency to bring about the early emergence of the fly. In many cases the disking pulls out the stubble and exposes the flaxseeds to unusual climatic conditions, which are fatal to many of them. About three or four weeks after disking, the ground should be plowed to a depth of at least six inches and all stubble and volunteer wheat buried under at least three inches of soil. By means of this practically all the flies will be buried and it will be impossible for them to reach the surface. Immediately after plowing the ground should be reformed and worked into a good seed bed. It should also be kept mellow and free from all weeds and volunteer wheat. The agronomy department of the experiment station has shown that, where the ground is prepared in this manner, not only does it produce the maximum yields, but the crop may be planted with safety later in the season. Delay the planting of the crop until the fly-free date, which after eight years of experimental sowings has been determined to be from October 1 for the north line of the state to October 12 for the south line.

In average years, with proper preparation of the seed bed, the date of safe sowing is at least as early as the date on which wheat should be sown to make a maximum yield if no fly were present.

For the best results in the control of Hessian fly, all farmers should co-operate and follow the methods of planting as recommended, for the Hessian fly, like most farm crop insects, is most successfully controlled when a concerted fight is made against it.

Advantages of Silo. The silo is not the only way of preventing the usual loss from the cornfield, but it is the only way and the best way for preserving the feeding elements of the corn plant. The silo adds nothing to the feeding nutriment. On the other hand, there is a slight loss through fermentation, but it does increase the palatability greatly.

HOW TO KEEP THE TURKEYS HEALTHY

Best and Cheapest All-Around Remedy and Preventive Is the "Douglas Mixture."

The best and cheapest all-around remedy and preventive of disease in turkeys is the "Douglas mixture." It is also a good disinfectant, and is so cheap that it may be freely used in coops, buildings or on perches.

The formula is as follows: One pound copperas; one ounce sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol); two gallons of water. Give one teaspoonful to a quart of drinking water. It should not be given continually, but once or twice a week.

It is as good a remedy as is needed for roup, but if the turkeys' quarters are kept clean and dry the mixture need only be given as a preventive.

Another preventive of that dread disease, roup, is to smudge the turkeys occasionally with sulphur fumes, but they must not be subjected to the fumes for more than a few seconds at a time or the fumes will kill them. — R. T. L.

DISINFECT PENS TO ERADICATE VERMIN

Worse Than Useless to Dope Pigs With Lice Killer Without Cleaning Enclosure.

(By T. E. BAKER, Veterinarian, Idaho Experiment Station.) A pig weighing 150 pounds will have approximately twelve pints of blood, each pint containing 7,680 drops of lice. If a louse abstracts a drop a day and the pig is boarding several thousand lice, it is easy to see where the profits go when "hogs don't pay."

It is worse than useless to dope the pigs with lice killer without disinfecting pens, bedding and, in the spring, the wallow.

First burn all the loose, dry straw, clean out the manure, spray the pen floors, walls, beams, troughs and every crevice with a ten per cent solution of formalin or a half gallon of formalin to five gallons of water. Creosol may be added to the wallow in warm weather, say half a pint to a large wallow.

Then dust on each pig powdered staphisagria. This will cause the average louse to go away from there.

SHOULD NOT HAVE MOVED

Story of a Man Who Was Making Good, but Roving Fever Got the Best of Him.

On May 4th, 1915, the St. Paul Farmer's Dispatch contained a very interesting account of the experiences of a man from Staples, Minn. Realizing that he was not making much headway, he decided to look up a homestead in Canada. With \$250 he and his wife took up a homestead near Outlook, Saskatchewan. After recounting his experiences of a few years, in which they had undergone hardships which were likely to be unavoidable, with a small amount of capital, he continues the story by stating that in the fall after a fair summer's work on his 100 acres cropped, he cleaned up nearly all his debts, having now four good horses, a complete set of farm machinery including two wagons and a "Swell" top buggy and eleven head of cattle. He continues, "However, I was not satisfied. I had been reading of the splendid homesteads that were to be had in Montana. Wheat was cheap and I thought it would get cheaper, so I began to think that homesteading as a moneymaking proposition was better than farming."

I did not stop to consider that wheat was not the only thing; as a matter of fact I had sold pork for 14 cents a pound. Eggs and butter had kept up in groceries and more, we had had now four milk cows, two heifers coming in and more growing up. We had a cream separator, and some hogs. We had a quarter section of land that could raise an abundance of small grain, roots and grass for feed, but I could not see all that; I had the "moving" fever, and decided to sell.

I set the price on the land at \$3,000 cash. I could not find anyone with that much money, however, so I came down until I finally sold for \$1,400.

We had an auction and sold the personal property. On the sale we got just about enough cash to pay the auctioneer; the rest was all notes.

The horses brought about two-thirds what they were worth. The implements sold for hardly one-third of what they had cost. The cattle brought a good price.

Must Make Another Start. We now have a homestead in Montana, but we find that after moving here and getting settled, what money we had did not go far. We have three horses, about all the implements we need, and a little better buildings than we had on our former place. We have no cattle, though we had to build much fence to keep ranch stock out of our fields. We have about \$500 worth of honest debts.

True, we have a half section in place of a quarter, but that is no good to us, as long as we have not the capital with which to work it.

In summarizing it all up I see where I made my mistake. It will take fully five years to get into as good circumstances as we were before we made the change. It is five years lost.

My advice to anyone contemplating a change of location is to think twice before you act, and if your present circumstances are not too bad, "stay by your bush till you pick it clean."—Advertisement.

Beating the Bakers. "Oh, I am almost tired to death!" said the woman who spends half her time addressing club meetings. "Our political economy club has been in session all day passing resolutions and drawing up petitions demanding a law regulating the price of bread. Only think! Three dollars' worth of flour costs, when baked into bread, \$12. It's outrageous. We'll soon all be bankrupt. The bakers must be made to feel the power of the law. You should have been at the meeting."

"I couldn't come, I was too busy," said the calm-faced woman.

"Busy on a club day? What on earth at?"

"Baking bread," said the calm-faced woman.—New York Times.

TENDER SENSITIVE SKINS

Quickly Soothed by Cuticura. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap. Many comforting things these fragrant super-creamy emollients may do for the skin, scalp, hair and hands and do it quickly, effectively and economically. Also for the toilet, bath and nursery. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Not Likely. "A curious thing happened to me this morning," began the man who always told long-winded stories.

"Did somebody stop to listen to one of your yarns?" inquired the other, reaching for his hat.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

My notion of a perfunctory performance is that given by two women engaged in kissing each other.

Drink Denison's Coffee, For your health's sake.

The emptiness of things here below is apt to be keenly felt before dinner.