

HIS LOVE STORY

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXVI.

—18—
Congratulations.

The Duc de Tremont saw what splendid stuff the captain in the Cavalry was made of by the young man's quick convalescence. Sabron could not understand why Robert lingered after the departure of the Marquise d'Esclignac, the Comtesse de la Maine and Miss Redmond. The presence of the young man would have been agreeable if it had not been for his jealousy and his unhappiness.

They played piquet together. Sabron, in his right mind, thinner and paler, nevertheless very much of a man, now smoked his cigarettes and ate his three meals a day. He took a walk every day and was quite fit to leave the Orient. Tremont said:

"I think, Sabron, that we can sail his week."

Sabron looked at him questioningly. "You are going, then, too?" "Of course," said the young nobleman heartily. "We are going together. You know I am going to take you back in my yacht."

Sabron hesitated and then said: "No, mon vieux, if you will excuse me I think I shall remain faithful to the old line of travel. I have an idea that I am not in yachting trim."

Tremont was not too dull to have noticed his friend's change of attitude toward him. He smoked for a few moments and then said:

"When we get back to Paris I want to have the pleasure of introducing you to my fiancée."

Sabron dropped his cards. "Introducing me!" he repeated. Then putting out his hand, said cordially: "I knew you were to be felicitated, old fellow."

Tremont shook his hand warmly.

"Yes, and the lady is very anxious to know you. It is Madame de la Maine."

A very warm color flushed the cheeks of the invalid. He remembered all he had heard and all he had known. He congratulated his friend with sincere warmth, and after a few moments said:

"If you really want me to go back with you on the yacht, old chap—"

"I really do," said Tremont serenely. "You see, when we came on the boat we scarcely hoped to be so fortunate as to bring back the distinguished captain."

Sabron smiled.

"But you have not told me yet," he said, "why you came down."

"No," said Tremont, "that is true. Well, it will make a story for the sea."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Valor in Retrospect.

In the month of May, when the chestnuts bloom in the green dells, where the delicate young foliage holds the light as in golden cups, a young man walked through one of the small allees of the Bois at the fashionable noon hour, a little reddish dog trotting at his heels. The young man walked with an imperceptible limp. He was thin, as men are who have lived hard and who have overcome tremendous obstacles. He was tanned as men are browned who have come from eastern and extreme southern countries.

The little dog had also an imperceptible limp occasioned by a bicycle running over him when he was a puppy.

The two companions seemed immensely to enjoy the spring day. Sabron every now and then stood for a few moments looking at the gay passers-by, pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying to the full the repose of civilization, the beauty of his own land.

Pitchoune looked with indifference upon the many dogs. He did not stir from his master's side. When Sabron was quiet, the little animal stood at attention; he was a soldier's dog. He could have told dog stories to those insignificant worldly dogs—could have told of really thrilling adventures. His brown eyes were pathetic through their appeal of affection as they looked up at his beloved master. He had a fund of experience such as the poodles and the terriers led by their owners could not understand. Therefore Pitchoune was indifferent to them. Not one of those petted, ridiculous house dogs could have run for miles in the dark across an African desert, could have found Beni Medinet and fetched relief to his master. Pitchoune was proud of it. He was very well satisfied with his career. He was still young; other deeds of valor perhaps lay before him—who can tell? At any rate he had been shown about at the ministry of war, been very much admired, and he was a proud animal.

When Sabron spoke to him he leaped upon him and wagged his tail. After a few moments, as the two stood near the exit of an alley leading to one of the grand avenues, Pitchoune slowly went in front of his master and toward two ladies sitting on a bench in the gentle warmth of the May sun.

light. Pitchoune, moved from his usual indifference, gave a short bark, walked up to the ladies, and began to sniff about their feet. The younger lady exclaimed, and then Sabron, lifting his hat, came forward, the crimson color beating in his dark tanned cheeks.

The Marquise d'Esclignac held out both hands to the officer:

"It's nearly noon," she said, "and you don't forget that you have promised to lunch with us, do you, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

Sabron, bending over her hand, assured her that he had not forgotten. Then his eyes traveled to her companion. Miss Redmond wore a very simple dress, as was her fashion, but the young officer from Africa, who had not seen her near by until now and who had only caught a glimpse of her across the opera house, thought that he had never seen such a beautiful dress in all his life. It was made of soft gray cloth and fitted her closely, and in the lapel of her mannish little buttonhole she wore a few Parma violets. He recognized them. They had come from a bunch that he had sent her the night before. He kissed her hand, and they stood talking together, the three of them, for a few moments, Pitchoune stationing himself as a sentinel by Miss Redmond's side.

The Marquise d'Esclignac rose. The young girl rose as well, and they walked on together.

"Mes enfants," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "don't go with your usual rush, Julia. Remember that Monsieur de Sabron is not as strong as Hercules yet. I will follow you with Pitchoune."

But she spoke without knowledge of the dog. Now feeling that some unthought happiness had suddenly burst upon the horizon that he knew, Pitchoune seemed suddenly seized with a rollicking spirit such as had been his characteristic some years ago. He tore like mad down the path in front of Sabron and Miss Redmond. He whirled around like a dervish, he dashed across the road in front of automobiles, dashed back again, springing upon his master and whining at the girl's feet.

"See," said Sabron, "how happy he is."

"I should think he would be happy. He must have a knowledge of what an important animal he is. Just think! If he were a man they would give him a decoration."

And the two walked tranquilly side by side.

Pitchoune ran to the side of the road, disappeared into a little forest all shot through with light. He came back, bringing the remains of an old rubber ball lost there by some other dog, and laid it triumphantly in front of Miss Redmond.

"See," said Sabron, "he brings you his trophies."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness.

Le Comte de Sabron finished his dressing.

Brunet surveyed his master from the tip of his shining boots to his sleek, fair head. His expressive eyes said: "Monsieur le Capitaine is looking well tonight."

Brunet had never before given his master a direct compliment. His eyes only had the habit of expressing admiration, and the manner in which he performed his duties, his devotion, were his forms of compliment. But Sabron's long illness and absence, the fact that he had been snatched from death and given back to the army again, leveled between servant and master the impassable wall of etiquette.

"There will be a grand dinner tonight, will there not, Monsieur le Capitaine? Doubtless Monsieur le Colonel and all the gentlemen will be there." Brunet made a comprehensive gesture as though he comprised the entire etat major.

Sabron, indeed, looked well. He was thin, deeply bronzed by the exposure on the yacht, for he and Tremont before returning to France had made a long cruise. Sabron wore the look of a man who has come back from a far country and is content.

"And never shall I forget to the end of my days how Monsieur le Capitaine looked when I met the yacht at Marseilles!" Brunet spoke reverently, as though he were chronicling sacred souvenirs.

"I said to myself, you are about to welcome back a hero, Brunet! Monsieur le Capitaine will be as weak as a child. But I was determined that Monsieur le Capitaine should not read my feelings, however great my emotion."

Sabron smiled. At no time in his simple life did Brunet ever conceal the most trifling emotion—his simple face revealed all his simple thoughts. Sabron said heartily: "Your control was very fine, indeed."

"Instead of seeing a sick man, Monsieur le Capitaine, a splendid-looking figure, with red cheeks and bright

eyes, came off the boat to the shore. I said to myself: 'Brunet, he has the air of one who comes back from a victory.' No one would have ever believed that Monsieur le Capitaine had been rescued from captivity."

Brunet's curiosity was very strong and as far as his master was concerned he had been obliged to crush it down. To himself he was saying: "Monsieur le Capitaine is on the eve of some great event. When will he announce it to me? I am sure my master is going to be married."

Pitchoune, from a chair near by, assisted at his master's toilet, one moment holding the razor-grop between his teeth, then taking the clothes brush in his little grip. He was saying to himself: "I hope in the name of rats and cats my master is not going out without me!"

Brunet was engaged to be married to the kitchen maid of the Marquise d'Esclignac. Ordonnances and scullions are not able to arrange their matrimonial affairs so easily as are the upper classes.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the servant, his simple face raised to his master's, "I am going to be married."

Sabron wheeled around: "Mon brave Brunet, when?"

Brunet grinned sheepishly.

"In five years, Monsieur le Capitaine," at which the superior officer laughed heartily.

"Is she an infant, are you educating her?"

"When one is the eldest of a widow," said Brunet with a sigh, "and the eldest of ten children—"

The clock struck the quarter. Sabron knew the story of the widow and ten children by heart.

"Is the taxi at the door?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Pitchoune gave a sharp bark.

"You are not invited," said his master cruelly, and went gayly out, his sword hitting against the stairs.

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a brilliant little dinner to the colonel of Sabron's squadron. There were present a general or two, several men of distinction, and among the guests were the Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine. Sabron, when he found himself at table, looked at everything as though in a dream. Julia Redmond sat opposite him. He had sent her flowers and she wore them in her bodice. Madame de la Maine bent upon the young officer benignant eyes, the Duc de Tremont glanced at him affectionately, but Sabron was only conscious that Julia's eyes did not meet his at all.

They talked of Sabron's captivity, of the engagement in Africa, of what the army was doing, would not do, or might do, and the fact that the Duc de Tremont was to receive the decoration of the Legion or Honor in July. Tremont toasted Sabron and the young officer rose to respond with flushing face. He looked affectionately at his friend who had brought him from death into life. The moment was intense, and the Marquise d'Esclignac lifted her glass:

"Now, gentlemen, you must drink to the health of Pitchoune."

There was a murmur of laughter, Madame de la Maine turned to Sabron:

"I have had a collar made for Pitchoune; it is of African leather set with real turquoise."

Sabron bowed: "Pitchoune will be perfectly enchanted, Madame; he will wear it at your wedding."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT NEED TO STOP WASTE

Lesson That Should Be Impressed on America by the Frightful War in Europe.

Waste is the crime of today, and it is especially the great crime of this awful war; waste in human life, in hope, in love and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded, and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race, and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American; the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.—Atlantic.

PHASES OF ROAD PROBLEM

Those Interested in Work Will Find Joint Congressional Committee Report Quite Handy.

Persons interested in the good roads problem, either from the engineering or the legislative standpoint, will find the report of the joint congressional committee on federal aid to good roads a convenient source of information. It not only contains the most extensive data ever published on this subject, but contains a bibliography which gives a list of books, pamphlets and speeches on all phases of the good roads problem. The report is printed as house document 1510, Sixty-third congress, third session, and copies may be secured by application to members of congress.

Do Road Work Early.

For good roads the work should be done in the spring and early summer, if possible. Roads worked in the late fall don't get time to settle before winter, consequently are rough and uneven all winter. Do the road work early.

For Best Results.

The fruit and vegetable garden require richest soils and best culture. Of all farm work it pays best for work done, and suffers most from neglect.

Responsibility and Prayer.

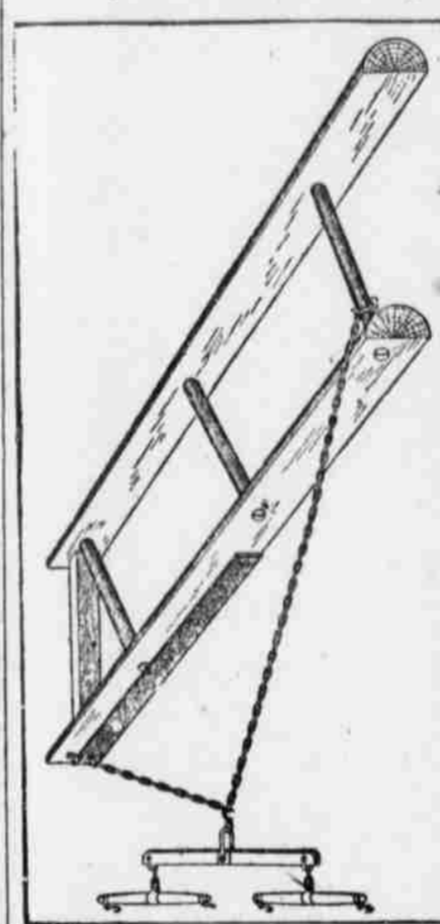
"We learn on unimpeachable authority that Lord Fisher, first sea lord at the admiralty, makes a habit of going to a certain church practically every day for prayer and meditation before beginning his responsible duties," says the Church Family Newspaper; "we understand also that Lord Kitchener follows out a similar rule whenever he is in London."—London Globe.



GOOD USE FOR A ROAD DRAG

Implement is Light, Easily Handled and Should Be Worked Soon as Possible After Each Rain.

There exists a prevailing opinion in the minds of those who have used the King road drag that the persistent use of this simple drag will do the ordinary earth roads more good for the amount of time and labor required than any other method of working ever proposed. Some of the best earth roads have been made good by the use of this simple implement. In fact, some advocates of the drag claim that the trustees of many townships could well afford to sell the heavy road machines to a junk man and invest the proceeds in a number of split-



Perspective View of Splitlog Drag.

log drags. Spasmodic use of the splitlog or similar drag or the like use of any road-working implement will not make bad roads good. The drag is light and easily handled and should be used as soon after each rain as the condition of the surface will permit. The job was quickly finished and the results are surprising where the dragging is carried on throughout the year. Possibly the most marked improvement from the use of the road drag will result from the early spring dragging.

BUILDING MORE GOOD ROADS

America Now Has 6,000 Miles More of Improved Highways Than France—Total Now 31,000 Miles.

According to the Good Roads Year Book of the American Highways association, recently issued, America now has 6,000 miles more of good roads than France, the total for this country now amounting to 31,000 miles.

Of this 6,000 miles were built in 1913 and about 6,000 in 1914, making a total of over one-third of the entire mileage of the good roads of the country.

New Jersey was the pioneer state to provide state aid for public highways in 1891, and Massachusetts and Connecticut soon followed, but it is only during the last ten years that the state aid policy has been in effect to any considerable extent.

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WASHINGTON GOSSIP

National Museum Gets Copy of Old Mosaic Map

WASHINGTON.—One of the oldest maps in the form of mosaic has recently been installed on the second floor of the new building of the National museum. It is a reduced reproduction in colors of a mosaic map of Palestine and part of Egypt, which has been presented to the museum by S. W. Woodward of Washington.



The original mosaic formed the floor of an old church in Medeba, a town in the former territory of Moab, situated almost directly east of Bethlehem. The mosaic itself, dating from the sixth century A. D., was discovered in 1882, when the site of the old church was being cleared for the erection of a new church building.

Unfortunately the mosaic floor was much damaged by ignorant workmen before it was saved by the scientists. The part of the map saved from destruction extends from Nablus, the Biblical Shechem, in the north, to the Nile delta of Egypt in the south.

Unlike modern maps, the Medeba map is orientated not toward the north, but toward the east.

Cities and towns are represented by buildings, sometimes surrounded by palm trees. The Jordan is shown as a comparatively broad stream, which falls into the Dead sea, and the latter is agitated by currents represented by thick black streaks. The banks of the Jordan are connected by two bridges, while on the surface of the Dead sea two vessels are depicted.

The mountains are designated in various tints to indicate their several strata. In the desert east of the Jordan a gazelle is represented as being pursued by some animal, possibly a lion or a panther.

This interesting reproduction was acquired by Mr. Woodward in Jerusalem while he was on a tour around the world in the interest of the Christian missions in 1899.

Uncle Sam Is Trying to Make News Print Paper

UNCLE SAM is trying to make newspapers. That statement is literally true, for he really is trying—not to print them, mind you—but to make them. To be more explicit, he is trying to devise a way to make the paper for them. A new bulletin is to be issued within a few months stating the results of extensive tests, extending over three years, and including forty different kinds of wood, looking to the manufacture from a new source of paper that will do on which to print newspapers.



Uncle Sam's chief ambition is to issue—not a "red paper," a "blue paper," or any other colored "scrap of paper"—but bona fide white paper. The rub with all the paper made so far is that it is not white but gray. Now, this gray paper, made from the western hemlocks, lodgepole pine, red fir, and other substitutes for the spruce ground wood as now used, is durable and excellent paper in every way. The trouble is with its color. And there Uncle Sam confronted the first problem of the newspaper publisher—circulation. He ran amuck of the much-discussed "psychology of the newspaper reader."

For newspaper editors told him that gray paper never would do for printing newspapers because newspaper readers will not buy papers printed on anything else but pristine and simon-pure white paper. The more snowlike the paper the greater the rejoicing of the circulation manager.

The government experts did not go about their work in an academic sort of way. When they evolved paper which they believed would stand the test of the great presses of the modern newspapers "they tried it on the dog;" meaning they had New York and St. Louis publishers print regular editions of their papers on the government production. In every respect the substitutes met the test, until they reached the eye of the circulation manager. These came the objection to the color.

The experiments, if successful, will be of greatest benefit, it is stated, in the middle West, in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee. Those cities, it is expected, soon will feel the pinch of greatly increased cost of print paper. Timber men state that already the end of the spruce forests in those great states is in sight. Therefore, the need of a substitute for the spruce ground wood.

Many Secret Service Men Needed in Washington

CONGRESS is likely to be called on to increase the force of secret agents at the disposal of the government. This means not alone to increase the secret service of the treasury department, but also the department of Justice force. Since the European war began this government has found itself much hampered because of the need of more competent secret agents. Cranks, spies and others whose activities are questionable, have caused no end of trouble, and the small secret agent force has been unable to cover all the ground.

Since Frank Holt's attempt to blow up the capitol, the guards have been increased at all office buildings.

At the state, war and navy department building the force of uniformed watchmen has been increased. No one without a pass is allowed to enter the building after office hours. The object of this is to guard against the theft of valuable papers.

Naval secrets have disappeared from time to time and it is hinted that the papers were abstracted through the efforts of agents of foreign powers. The additional safeguarding of the public buildings does not, of course, meet the needs as to more secret agents. But it shows the situation is worrying high officials.

In some quarters it is suspected that Germany has a number of underground workers in this country. It is likely some of the other European countries also have spies here.

The passport frauds and the supposed efforts to transmit military information by wireless have required the services of a large number of government agents. However, it is also true that the efforts of the British to enlist recruits here, and some of the other activities of the allies have also required close watching.

National Capital Proves an Ideal Summer Resort

NEW YORK having uttered loud boasts that she is the ideal summer resort among cities of the East, it becomes necessary for Washington to produce the official records proving the national capital enjoys that distinction, and has New York and other big towns backed up into a corner and yelling for ice water.

Washington has more hours of sunshine, more cooling breezes, and less cloudiness than any city hereabouts. The records demonstrate that its weather is more nearly ideal than that of any large city in the New England, southern or Atlantic coast states.

The temperature here is moderate, New York press agents to the contrary notwithstanding. Day in and day out a fellow can keep as cool in this city as in any big town this side of the Mississippi. The capital's sun shine record is near par, and gloom and cloudiness are infrequent visitors. So say the records.

Nothing is lacking within the boundaries of the District, except salt water, to make this an ideal summer resort. And at its very door Washington has Chesapeake Beach, Colonial Beach, and other resorts admirably equipped to provide this want.

All this is not a mere press agent's dream. The assertions are based on actual facts and figures furnished by the United States weather bureau.

