

HIS LOVE STORY

By **MARIE VAN VORST**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Later, when the others had left them to themselves in the music room, Sabron sat in a big chair by the open window and Julia Redmond played to him. The day was warm. There was a smell of spring flowers in the air and the vases were filled with gloxias and sweet peas. But Sabron smelled only the violets in Julia's girde. Her hands gently wandered over the keys, finding the tune that Sabron longed to hear. She played the air through, and it seemed as though she were about to sing the first verse. She could not do so, nor could she speak.

Sabron rose and came over to where she sat.

There was a low chair near the piano and he took it, leaning forward, his hands clasped about his knees. It had been the life-long dream of this simple-hearted officer that one day he would speak out his soul to the woman he loved. The time had come. She sat before him in her unpretentious dress. He was not worldly enough to know it cost a great price, nor to appreciate that she wore no jewels—nothing except the flowers he had sent. Her dark hair was clustered about her ears and her beautiful eyes lost their fire in tenderness.

"When a man has been very close to death, Mademoiselle, he looks about for the reason of his resurrection. When he returns to the world, he looks to see what there is in this life to make it worth living. I am young—at the beginning of my career. I may have before me a long life in which, with health and friends, I may find much happiness. These things certainly have their worth to a normal man—but I cannot make them real before my eyes just yet. As I look upon the world to which I have returned, I see nothing but a woman and her love. If I cannot win her for my wife, if I cannot have her love—"

He made an expressive gesture which more impressively than words implied how completely he laid down everything else to her love and his.

He said, not without a certain dignity: "I am quite poor; I have only my soldier's pay. In Normandy I own a little property. It is upon a hill and looks over the sea, with apple orchards and wheat fields. There is a house. These are my landed estates. My manhood and my love are my fortune. If you cannot return my love I shall not thank Tremont for bringing me back from Africa."

The American girl listened to him with profound emotion. She discovered every second how well she understood him, and he had much to say, because it was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his love. She had put out both her hands and, looking at him fully, said simply:

"Why it seems to me you must know how I feel—how can you help knowing how I feel?"

After a little he told her of Normandy, and how he had spent his childhood and boyhood in the chateau overlooking the wide sea, told her how he had watched the ships and used to dream of the countries beyond the horizon, and how the apple blossoms filled the orchards in the spring. He told her how he longed to go back, and that his wandering life had made it impossible for years.

Julia whispered: "We shall go there in the spring, my friend."

He was charming as he sat there holding her hands closely, his fine eyes bent upon her. Sabron told her things that had been deep in his heart and mind, waiting for her here so many months. Finally, everything merged into his present life, and the beauty of what he said dazed her like an enchanted sea. He was a soldier, a man of action, yet a dreamer. The fact that his hopes were about to be realized made him tremble, and as he talked, everything took light from this victory. Even his house in Normandy began to seem a fitting setting for the beautiful American.

"It is only a Louis XIII chateau; it stands very high, surrounded by orchards, which in the spring are white as snow."

"We shall go there in the spring," she whispered.

Sabron stopped speaking, his revolve was done, and he was silent as the intensity of his love for her surged over him. He lifted her delicate hands to his lips. "It is April now," he said, and his voice shook, "it is spring now, my love."

At Julia's side was a slight touch. She cried: "Pitchoune!" He put his hands on her knees and looked up into her face.

"Brunet has brought him here," said Sabron, "and that means the good chap is attending to his own love-making."

Julia laid her hand on Pitchoune's head. "He will love the Normandy beach, Charles."

"He will love the forests," said Sabron; "there are rabbits there."

On the little dog's head the two

hands met and clasped. "Pitchoune is the only one in the world who is not de trop," said Julia gently.

Sabron, lifting her hand again to his lips, kissed it long, looking into her eyes. Between that great mystery of the awakening to be fulfilled, they drew near to each other—nearer. Pitchoune sat before them, waiting. He wagged his tail and waited. No one noticed him. He gave a short bark that apparently disturbed no one.

Pitchoune had become de trop. He was discreet. With sympathetic eyes he gazed on his beloved master and new mistress, then turned and quietly trotted across the room to the hearth-rug, sitting there meditatively for a few minutes blinking at the empty grate, where on the warm spring day there was no fire.

Pitchoune lay down before the fireless hearth, his head forward on his paws, his beautiful eyes still discreetly turned away from the lovers. He drew a long contented breath as dogs do before settling into repose. His



"My Manhood and My Love Are My Fortune."

thrilling adventures had come to an end. Before fires on the friendly hearth of the Louis XIII chateau, where hunting dogs were carved in the stone above the chimney, Pitchoune might continue to dream in the days to come. He would hunt rabbits in the still forests above the wheat fields, and live again in the freights his great adventures on the desert, the long runs across the sands on his journey back to France.

Now he closed his eyes. As a faithful friend he rested in the atmosphere of happiness about him. He had been the sole companion of a lonely man, now he had become part of a family.

THE END.

Explaining His One Little Lapse. "Brudren and sistahs, in triumphant tones announced Brother Bogus, during the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel, 'since I was converted and washed whiter dan snow, two mont' ago, I has been widout sin, bless de Lawd! I's sanctified, and couldn't commit sin if I wanted to! I—"

"Hold on a minute, mah brudder!" interrupted good old Parson Bagster. "Yo' mought uh-been washed tollible white, but I's 'bleeged to say dat dar 'pears to be a spot or two dat wasn't touched wid de soap o' salvation. How 'bout dat time Cuhnel White filled yo' p'ersonality full o' shot in his hen-house?"

"W'y—w'y, sah, lemme tell yo'! Dis is how twuz: Yo' knows how absent minded de Cuhnel allus was. Well, sah, dat was one o' dem times—he was studyin' 'bout suppin or nudder, and des' 'magine I was dar!"—Kansas City Star.

Woman Destroys Bomb.

What might have been a disastrous explosion was prevented when Mrs. Pauline Siegel picked a bomb, with a lighted fuse attached, from the doorstep of the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Salvatore Corso, 1621 South Franklin street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Siegel hurled it into the street. This broke the crudely constructed bomb, and only a section exploded.

Mrs. Siegel saw two men place a queer-looking package on the step, apply a match, and run away. She grasped the package and hurled it into the street.

It contained six sticks of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder. The copper wires, which had been wrapped around the package, broke. The contents of the powerful bomb were scattered in all directions.

Mrs. Corso said her family has no enemies.

POULTRY FACTS



LITTLE HINTS FOR POULTRY

Watch Chicks Closely and Save Those Making Most Satisfactory Growth—Keep Them Busy.

By MRS. G. W. RANDLETT, North Dakota Experiment Station.

Human sympathy to the bird's comfort amounts to dollars and cents. Clean the nests occasionally and put in a fresh supply of nest material. Uniform nest boxes add to the attractiveness of the house.

White diarrhea is contagious among young chicks.

The purchase of a few baby chicks from some fine pen of birds will make a splendid start if you care to start in June.

If your breeding pens were properly bred and mated you need not be surprised to find some of the chickens developing into finer specimens than their parents.

Watch the chicks closely and mark the ones making the most satisfactory growth. Select the ones that are plump, full-breasted and in good proportion. You will not care to keep those that grow leggy and have thin breasts.

Never, under any circumstances, keep more birds than you can take care of well.

Green food is necessary for all ages of poultry, but doubly so for the little chicks. Water and green food are cheap and very important.

Be sure the baby chicks have plenty of exercise. Keep them busy and hungry.

Keep the hopper full of dry mash all of the time. This gives the chickens an opportunity to balance the grain rations fed.

Remember, full-fed chicks are paying chicks. It pays big dividends to bury their growth.

Always practice absolute cleanliness in feeding.

Cull the flock closely. Keep the best and prepare the rest for market.

Enrich the garden plot with the poultry droppings.

Constant thought and judgment are necessary in poultry raising.

YELLOW COLORING IN SHANKS

Has Not Yet Been Proved That It Means Hen Is Equipped to Lay More Eggs Than Others.

Many believe that a cow that has yellow skin will give richer milk than will one that has a white skin. But how about a hen with the yellow shanks of that color laying the most eggs? At the Maine station it has been found that the coloring matter which gives the yellow color to a hen's



Red Sussex Hen.

shanks is the same as that which gives the color to the yolks of the eggs, and that the shanks of a good layer will be much lighter in color at the end of her laying period than when she began.

So it looks like the coloring matter in the shanks has been used to color the yolks of the eggs. It hasn't been proved yet that a lot of yellow coloring in the shanks means that the hen is equipped to lay a lot of eggs, and how about those that have white, black or blue shanks? But maybe something will be worked out from this coloring matter business that will help us to know good layers.

DIARRHEA FATAL TO CHICKS

One of Most Common Causes of Mortality—Disease Can Be Prevented by Proper Feeding.

One of the most common causes of chick mortality is white diarrhea. While it has been established that this disease is usually communicated to the chick before it is hatched, it has also been established that the disease can be held in check and even prevented by proper feeding.

The organisms that cause white diarrhea are killed by weak acids. For this reason sour milk can well be made a part of the chicks' rations for the first few days. Either moisten the food with it, or set in shallow drinking pans. In addition, however, do not neglect to supply plenty of clean, pure drinking water.

That Knife-Like Pain

Have you a lame back, aching day and night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains,—feel tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that follows:

A Nebraska Case

G. K. Booth, painter, Randolph Hotel, Randolph, N. B., says: "There were sharp, darting pains through my back, followed by swelling of my limbs. I was all run-down and had to give up work. I suffered from chills and the kidney secretions were scant and painful in passage. After different medicines had failed I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I have since been free from kidney trouble."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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DESERT AUTO IS NO CAMEL

These Men Forget to Provide Water for Their Desert Ride and One Dies.

Failure to think about evaporation in an automobile radiator brought death to one man and frightful tortures to two others, who arrived in Los Angeles from the desert and told of their sufferings. The trio—James S. Roche and John H. Welsh, attorneys, and James G. Clarke, a real estate dealer—left here Sunday in an automobile for El Centro, in the Imperial valley.

Monday morning the car stopped in the sand. The radiator was empty and they had no water. Roche and Welsh started after a mirage which they believed was the Salton sea. Clarke waited a day, and then, believing them dead, made his way to Mineral Springs, where he was resuscitated after falling himself in a faint and organized a rescue party. They found Roche unconscious and Welsh dead. Roche said they drank lubricating oil. —Philadelphia Record.

Small Comfort. Asker—He calls me a donkey! Should I challenge him? Tellit—You might—to prove it!

Ordinarily a young man refers to his father as "the old man." But if he desires to be particularly polite, he refers to him as "the old gent."

WILL AEROPLANES STOP WAR

Orville Wright is Moved to Say He Likes to Think So, Anyhow.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a very definite reason why the present war in Europe has dragged along for a year with neither side gaining much advantage over the other? The reason, as I figure it out, is aeroplanes, Orville Wright writes in Collier's. In consequence of the scouting work done by the flying machines, each side knows exactly what the opposition forces are doing.

There is little chance for one army to take another by surprise. Napoleon won wars by massing his troops at unexpected places. The aeroplane has made that impossible. It has equalized information. Each side has such complete knowledge of the other's movements that both sides are obliged to crawl into trenches and fight by means of slow, tedious routine rather than by quick, spectacular dashes.

My impression is that before the present war started the army experts expected it to be a matter of a few weeks or, at most, a few months. Today it looks as if it might run into years before one side can dictate terms. Now, a nation that may be willing to undertake a war lasting a few months may well hesitate about engaging in one that will occupy years.

The daily cost of a great war is of course stupendous. When this cost runs on for years the total is likely to be so great that the side which wins nevertheless loses. War will become prohibitively expensive. And the scouting work in flying machines will be the predominating factor, as it seems to me, in bringing this about. I like to think so, anyhow.

The Invitation.

"Hello, Mabel!"
"Oh, hello, George!"
"How are you, Mabel?"
"Just fine! How're you, George?"
"Same. Say, Mabel, let's go through the park this afternoon. What say?"
"Well—ah-ah-ahem—I—I—ah—I'm kind of—well, I'm kind of tired, George."

"Then you won't go?"
"I'm so sorry, but, George, you understand just how it is, don't you, George, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so. I suppose I'll have to ride with someone else, then."

"Ride?"

"Yes; my new eight-cylinder roadster came this morning."

"Oh, George! Did it really? Isn't that just splendid? Say—ah—George, I guess I'm not as tired as I thought I was."

"Well, I wouldn't take any chances if I were you, Mabel. It doesn't pay. I'll take someone else."

"But really, dear, I'm not tired a bit. Honestly."

"It's sweet of you to say that, but I don't want to take advantage of your kindness. Good-by, Mabel."

Mabel slammed the receiver viciously on the hook. "Darn it!" she muttered. "Why didn't he say so in the first place?"—Michigan Gargoyle.

Good!
In that new banana which Burbank has evolved the skiddy skin is omitted. This may be a gain for the banana and the public, but it's a painful loss for the professional funmaker. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

By the time a woman is old enough not to care how she looks, she has wasted enough smokeless powder to blow up a ship.

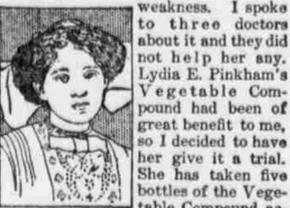
Probable.
"Pa, who started the saying that a man's wife is his better half?"
"Some man's wife, I reckon."

Go slow—but you'll arrive late.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.



Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Books and songs.

John Kendrick Banks, author of "A Houseboat on the Styx," and "Coffee and Repartee," who is spending the summer at his camp in Maine, said in an interview last week: "People should own and read books just as they should seek friendships, and try to understand their friends. A book that one has come to know, and to love, is one of the truest of friends. In my library in Maine are not many books, but none the less Lincoln walks there with me; Emerson is my friend; Balzac and Dumas are permanent dwellers at my side; I frolic with Mark Twain there; I travel with O. Henry, and I play boyish tricks with Aldrich and Penrod; I fence with Montaigne, and the great spirits of "The Spectator."

A Matter of Surprise.

"Don't you think women ought to vote?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.
"Well, Henrietta, there's no doubt in my mind that you ought to vote. But if your opinion of some of the other women is correct, I don't see why you should want to intrust them with such a responsibility."

If there is anything more misleading than the average guaranty, we would gladly give up a nickel to see a moving picture of it.

When you meet a self-made man he always wants to tell you all about the job.

Even after a man swears off he is apt to keep right on swearing.

Food for the Business Trenches

It takes the highest type of nerve and endurance to stand the strain at the battle front of modern business.

Many fail. And often the cause is primarily a physical one—improper food—malnutrition. It is a fact that much of the ordinary food is lacking in certain elements—the mineral salts—which are essential to right building of muscle, brain and nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts

made of whole wheat and barley, contains these priceless nerve and brain-building elements in highest degree.

Grape-Nuts food is easy to digest—nourishing—economical—delicious, and as a part of the menu of modern business men and women helps wonderfully in building up the system for strenuous demands—and keeping it there.

"There's a Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS

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