# HIS LOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

lady of the country thereabouts.

fine clear handwriting. Its wording

was less formal than a French invita-

a sense of cordiality. He had seen,

during his rides, the beautiful lines

the terraces. It would be a pleasure

in it, for he was something of a her-

He was writing a line of acceptance

when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in

"Put Pitchoune over there in the

sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we

shall see if we can bring him up by

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

dinner at the Chateau d'Esclignac,

light and the shadows falling around

As he passed in, his sword clanking

-for he went in full dress uniform to

dine with the Marquise d'Esclignac-

he saw the picture the two ladies made

in their drawing-room: the marquise

in a very splendid dress (which he

never could remember) and her niece,

a young lady from a country whose

name it took him long to learn to pra-

nounce, in a dress so simple that of

course he never could forget it! He

remembered for a great many years

the fall of the ribbon at her pretty

waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her

girdle, and he always remembered the

face that made the charm of the pic-

Their welcome to him was gracious.

The American girl spoke French with

an accent that Sabron thought be-

talked at his ease. After dinner (this

he remembered with peculiar distinct-

ness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and

although he understood none of the

words of the English ballad, he learned

the melody by heart and it followed

with him when he left. It went with

him as he crossed the terrace into the

moonlight to mount his horse; it went

home with him; he hummed it, and

when he got up to his room he hummed

it again as he bent over the little roll

of flannel in the corner and fed the

This was a painstaking operation

and required patience and delicacy.

both of which the big man had at his

finger-tips. The tune of Miss Red-

mond's song did for a lullaby and the

puppy fell comfortably to sleep while

Sabron kept the picture of his eve-

ning's outing contentedly in his mind.

But later he discovered that he was

He shortly made a call at the Cha-

tean d'Esclignac with the result that

he had a new picture to add to his col-

lection. This time it was the picture

of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Es-

clignac doing tapestry. While Sabron

found that be had grown reticent

again, he listened for another step and

another voice and heard nothing; but

before he took leave there was a hint

The marquise was very handsome

that afternoon and wore ye' another

bewildering dress. Sabron's simple

taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she

made a graceful picture, one of beau-

ty and refinement, and the young sol-

dier took it away with him. As his

horse began to trot, at the end of the

glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly

a simpler dress than that wor.. by

CHAPTER III.

A S-cond Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it

Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat be-

fore a table on which, in a basket, lay

Michette's only surviving puppy. It

was a month old. Sabron already knew

how bright i'- eyes were and how al-

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the

officer. "You do not come from the

south or you would be more sanguine.

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome

feet had taken him as far as the high-

order that he should understand the

Pitchoune i.as got to live."

is any use," Brunet told his master.

Madame d'Esclignac).

of a second invitation to dinner.

not so contented, and punted the

puppy hot milk from a quill.

hours when he might return.

the castle of good King Rene.

He remembered all his life the first

dine at eight."

his hand.

hand."

COPYRICHT DY THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER I.

A Serious Event.

uniform of captain in the -- Cavalry, ried to a Frenchman, and the great sat smoking and thinking.

What is the use of being thirty years much distinction of family if you are niece with me. She would be glad to dress down by the poplar walk. a poor man-in short, what is the good | see a French soldier. She has exof anything if you are alone in the pressed such a wish. She comes from world and no one cares what becomes a country where soldiers are rare. We of you?

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply:

'Que diable is the noise in the stable, Brunet? Don't you know that tion is likely to be, and it gave him when I smoke at this hour all Tarascon must be kept utterly silent?"

Tarascon is never silent. No French of the Chateau d'Esclignac. Its turmeridional town is, especially in the rets surely looked upon the Rhone. "The noise, mon Capitaine," said

Brunet, "is rather melancholy." officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once."

The ordonnance held his kepi in his mit, rather a recluse, and very rehand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were used to twinkle at his master's humor and caprices.

"I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event is taking place." "It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine, that Michette has just died."

"Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Brunet?

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the where from the terrace he saw the little terrier that Monsieur le Capi- Rhone lying under the early moontaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased. "Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy

little dog! Well, Brunet!" "She has just breathed her last. mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family."

"I am not surprised," said the officer. "There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Captaine is

willing, I should like to keep one." "Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself dies or causes me regret and pain. And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence."

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it .

Sabron rose, threw his cicarette away and, following across the garden in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a



Sabron Looked at the Letter.

small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at alley, near the poplars at the lower his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unpre- end of the rose terrace he caught a possessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. Its extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said curtly to his man:

Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms."

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar luring its young ways. is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitchoune, which means "poor little thing.

"I shall call it Pitchoune," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't road, and on this day, as it were in

do better than its name suggests." He went alowly back to his rooms struggle for existence, a bicycle had

METALOR COSCAN HOS HAN ENGINEE VALUE IN SAFETY OF THE SAFE

Pitchoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremonlously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pitchoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchoune. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until and busied himself at his table with this night. It seemed too good to be his correspondence. Among the lettrue, he thought, that another picture ters was an invitation from the Marwas to add itself to his collection! He Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress | quise d'Esclignac, an American mar- had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but "Will you not," she wrote, "come to there had been a thrill in the second old with the brevet of captain and dine with us on Sunday? I have my caused by the fluttering of the white

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner. "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet. the poor little fellow can't swallow Sabron looked at the letter and its it."

The water trickled out from either side of Pitchoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a warm sunlight of a glorious May day. There would be a divine view from few drops of the soothing liquid, into which he put a dash of brandy, down to go there. He thought more of what Pitchoune's throat. Pitchoune swal "Melancholy!" exclaimed the young the place would be than of the people lowed, got the drink down, gave s feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. Wher he opened them the glazed look had

> The officer hurried into his eve ning clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a lit tle of the stimulant every hour until



some of his reserve and laughed and "He Won't Eat Anything From Me."

he should return. Pitchoune's eyes, now open, followed his handsome master to the door. As Sabron opened it he gave a pathetic yelp which made the capitaine turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "it is no use. If I am left with Pitchoune it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He lives for you alone."

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves. Pitchoune gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," the ordonnance threw up his hands,

"he will be stiff by the time . . But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third tenderly pathetic wall. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE** 

Commanding Generals Could Not Handle Present Enormous Armies Without the Motor.

With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before 'e opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of 300 miles, and one of 270 miles in the east-figures which not only convey some indication of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the commanders in chief.

Nevertheles , although they have to deal with nillions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under control; in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defense or supply, the keynote of the operation has been effectiveness

of the completest kind. The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been conveyed by motor wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves.-Charles L Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

Will Not Stick.

To prevent postage stamps from sticking together, rub them over the hair before putting them away.

## cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, PREACHER-JUDGE HAS MADE GOOD

"He Won't Know How to Handle Lawbreakers," Opinion Expressed When Appointed.

#### "SURE IS FAIR JUDGE"

Criminal Class Learned He Was Not Their Enemy-Sentenced One Man to Attend Church-Made Friend of Gambler.

Emporia, Kan.-When Rev. J. H. J. Rice, pastor of the First Congrega tional church (Emporia's wealthiest church) was appointed police judge by his friend, Mayor Bob Hamer, many of the townspeople were skeptical.

"A preacher won't know how to handle lawbreakers," they said.

That was almost a year ago. Emporia's 11,000 population is awaken ing to the fact that the parson-judge is "making good." He is known as "Judge" Rice by those living in the "South end," where his court is located, and as "Reverend" Rice in the "North end," where the First Congregational church stands.

The first prisoner who came before Judge Rice was George Maddux, a notorious crap shooter. The prisoner was not "soaked" with a heavy fine. Judge Rice asked George to tell about himself. Since then George and the judge have come to be good friends, with the judge lending a helping hand when necessary. And George has not been arrested in nine months.

"I am not sure whether George has reformed or not," the parson-judge told a friend. "But he has kept ou" of the police's hands."

"Sure Is a Fair Judge." The former crap shooter came to

the office of the Emporia Gazette recently to say: "The parson is sure a fair judge." "In dealing with George I followed

out my theory that the criminal class should be disabused of the idea that the court is their enemy," Judge Rice explained. "I sentenced one man to attend

church. He was a church member originally, so I thought the pastor of his church could help him." Judge Rice was obliged to impose

a light fine on a negro minister who was charged by a member of his church with carrying concealed weapons. Following the sentence came the announcement, "Court is ad-



Imposed a Light Fine on a Negro Minister.

journed." But the congregation of the warring church present was not dismissed until Parson Rice had delivered a forceful sermon dwelling on the sin of quarreling. On a Unique Plan.

Here are some of the things which have been noted especially in the conduct of the Emporia police court:

The police are instructed to make arrests only when absolutely necessary. Use preventive and educational methods instead of penal.

The man is worth more than his money. No special attempt is made to secure revenue by fines. More than half the money collected under Judge Rice has been in forfeited bonds. Only six times in nine months have

lawyers appeared before the court for the accused. The prosecutor is in reality attorney for both sides. It is strictly a court of fact, not of

suspicion. Paroles are given to a large per-

centage of prisoners. Not one case has been taken on ap-

peal to a higher court. Only three persons have been before the court more than once.

The judge has used the \$45 a month salary he receives from the city largely in helping the law violators and their families. The police courtroom in the city hall has been newly furnished at a cost of \$100 to Judge Rice. Recently Judge Rice in his capacity

of pastor announced from his pulpit that if those who had dead trees on their property would notify him he would send men to chop them down for fuel. He made arrangements with the city to haul the wood free of charge to the homes of the men who did the



#### "COUNT" TOO ABSENT MINDED

Principal Reason Why One International Marriage Was Permanently Called Off.

Henry P. Davison of the Morgan banking firm was talking about international marriages:

"Well," he said, "I know of one international marriage that failed, thank goodness, to come off. The girl was the daughter of a Paint Rock millionaire. The man was a count, a Spanish count.

"The count was absent minded. That was his undoing. The girl's father gave a dinner for him in the Paint Rock castle overlooking Paint Rock, and at the dinner's end the count got up to light a cigarette, and then, by jove, started to remove the plates.

"The guests watched him in an open-mouthed silence. His napkin slung over his arm, he had got nearly all the plates removed when his millionaire host said to him gently:

"'Wake up, George: You're not waiting in the beanery now, you You're pretending for gracious sake!""

Same Thing.

"Oh, dear! I must do something to reduce my weight. I weigh a hundred and sixty."

"Stripped?" "Well, in my dancing frock."

and for each other to envy."

Now You Know. "Tell me, do women dress for the men or for each other?" "For both; for the men to admire,

Only a nonsalaried office is compelled to seek the man.

A FOOD DRINK Which Brings Daily Enjoyment

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment obtained daily from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum 8 years ago; not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long, weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look, 'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep and am not nerv-

ous." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum - must be well bolled. 15c and 25c packages.

instant Postum-is a soluble pow der. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar makes a delicious beverage

Instantly. 30c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious and cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers.

Enjoyed a Joke. Jimson-I just tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do.

Friend-Guess that's so. I have heard you tell the same joke forty times, and laugh at it every time.-New York Weekly.

#### TOUCHES OF ECZEMA

At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quite Easily. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant supercreamy emollients for all troubles affecting the skin, scalp, hair and hands. They mean a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY,

Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

A Mean Question. "I have been to consult a beauty doctor about my complexion.' "Does he hold out any hope?"

cours in Paint Rock. Wake up, man, tion of being great usually looks bigger at a distance.

### Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kid-ney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

#### A Kansas Case

Mrs. A. D. Sauer, 209 W. Fourth St., P. S., Abilene, Kan., 200 Says: "My kidneys were in dreadful shape and my back bothered me awfully. I was worn out and nervous and could hardly do my and nervous and could hardly do my work. After doc-toring faithfully without success I used Doan's Kid-ney Pills and they restored me to health and strength." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50e a B

DOAN'S RIDNEY 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 com pel a lazy liver to Cures Constipation, Indigestion,

and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature





