

It would have been simple to have

explained to the colonel, but Sabron,

reticent and reserved, did not choose

to do so. He made a very insufficient

ties, he could not follow them. Mean-

his loneliness, jumped over a stick,

mother. He had a sense of humor

truly Irish, a power of devotion that

we designate as "canine,' no doubt be-

cause no member of the human race

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with au-

would like to go away. He rode his

the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and,

finding the gate open, rode through

the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing

no one, he sat in his saddle looking

There was a solitary beauty around

the lovely place that spoke to the

young officer with a sweet melancholy.

He fancied that Miss Redmond must

windows, and he wondered which one.

golden specters. Pitchoune raced after

them, for the wind started them flying,

and he rolled his tawny little body

over and over in the rustling leaves.

Then a rabbit, which before the ar-

rival of Sabron had been sitting com-

fortably on the terrace stones, scut-

tled away like mad, and Pitchoune,

somewhat hindered by his limp, tore

The deserted chateau, the fact that

over the golden country to the Rhone

has ever deserved it.

COPYRICHT BY THE BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY

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 Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

That evening the Margulse d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

tump, when the falling leaves made The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing the roads golden roundabout the Chaanother very beautiful dress, looked up teau d'Esclignac. He thought he at her niece, who was playing at the plano. horse one day up to the property of

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good and the castle of the good King Rene, education is not supposed to refuse a where the autumn mists were like bandinner invitation an hour before he is | ners floating from towers. expected. Nothing but a case of life ! and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise. Miss Redmond played a few bars of often have looked out from one of the the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed The terrace was deserted and leaves Pitchoune, and which, did she know, from the vines strewed it with red and Sabron was actually humming at that

moment. "I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him?"

The Marquise d'Esclignae had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. after it. She had other plans for her niece.

there was nothing in his military life "I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it beyond the routine to interest him is a question of life and death we shall now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank." waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new

Miss Redmond rose from the plano and came over to her aunt, for dinner | post. had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she the chateau he took a walk. Pitchoune he would ever know. slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, at his heels, and stood aside in the

breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some

RED CLOUD. NEBRASKA, CHIEF

very special care.' Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She

looked amused. She smiled. "It was a question of 'life and death.' wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron.

"Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home. Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

excuse, and the colonel, as well as the "At all events," she pursued, "now marquise, thought ill of him. He that your excuse is no longer a good learned later, with chagrin, that his one, you will come this week to dinfriends were gone from the Midi. ner, will you not?" Rooted to the spot himself by his du-

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the while Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war learned a trick or two from Brunet and to change his quarters than he had a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his

minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless. rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window. looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love, All through the night;

And there was more of it. He only



LESSON FOR MAY 2

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID. LESSON TEXT-I Samuel 19:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT-Whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.-Prov. 19:25.

Honored and Respected by Although anointed by Samuel, victorious in arms and promoted at court, David was many years in reaching his Salisbury, N. C .- A most extraordi throne. At first both court and army did him honor (ch. 18:2), yet he connary death bed marriage was solemnized-that is the word-at Woodleaf, ducted himself with great modesty (18:18, 23). He also obeyed the king N. C. Usually such marriages take

North Carolina.

ELOPED 20 YEARS AGO

Told Friends They Were Married Ac-

cording to South Carolina Law-

Their Friends.

place when one or other of a young

and loving pair, who have plighted

their troth, is about to pass into the

unknown. After such a marriage the

one left feels a firmer, if invisible,

Miss Lucy Litker was married to A.

C. Gibbons. Yet in the eyes of the

world they had been man and wife for

twenty years. Dwelling together hap-

pily, nine children had blessed them.

time to live, Mrs. Gibbons yearned to

free her soul of its stain, to clear her

conscience and, not least, to legiti-

matize her children. Gibbons, weep-

ing and remorseful, instanly complied

Beginning of Romance.

sweethearts twenty years ago; he was

twenty-five then, she a pretty girl of

nineteen. They "eloped" to South

Carolina where, in those days, it was

not necessary to take out a marriage

license. Returning, Gibbons and his

"wife," told their relatives and friends

they had been married in strict ac-

cordance with South Carolina law.

Everybody believed them, everybody

received them, for the girl was re-

garded as a model of propriety, the

young man was industrious and self-

contained. They lived well, and as

the years passed educated their chil-

dren and brought them up to be reli-

Nevertheless Mrs. Gibbons-to call

her by the name she longed to bear

rightfully-had been in failing health

for some months. It became plain that

she had tuberculosis of the lungs and

soon, that she was doomed. As the

-

Gibbons and Miss Litker were

with her request.

glous.

But knowing she had only a short

Just before she breathed her last

bond to the one who has departed.

explicitly though he knew fully that he was the God-appointed successor of Saul. Escapes as wonderful and as providential as David's occur in the lives of most of us if we could but know them.

I. David and Jonathan, vv. 1-3. The story of the love of David and Jonathan is a classic. With such close family relations and a son-in-law so successful at arms it is strange that Saul's anger should vent itself upon David. At first Saul was much attached to David but the admiration of the people for David aroused his jealousy, (ch. 18:6) and jealousy is peculiarly a soldier's disease. The slave of jealousy never has peace. As sin and disobedience developed in his life Saul became subject to fits of insane rage during one of which, as David played upon his harp and endeavored to quiet the monarch's spirit, he hurled a javelin, which served as his scepter, at the harpist (ch. 19:10). Saul felt that David was divinely protected and he knew that God had departed from his own life (15:23; 16:14). Saul did not keep his grief and rage to himself for Jonathan and the nation alike

II. Saul and Jonathan, vv. 4-7. It took courage and self-sacrifice on Jonathan's part to speak on behalf of David. Prudence and principle are combined in Jonathan's plea. Those who envy include in their hate and anger all who speak kindly in behalf of their enemy. But Jonathan's argument (vv. 4, 5) is unanswerable. David had not sinned against Saul; it was Jehovah who "wrought a great salvation for all Israel" on the day David took his life in his hand and overcame Goliath. Jonathan pleads for God as well as for his friend. He called to Saul's memory his former joy at seeing Jehovah's victory through David and for the time being Saul was persuaded (v. 6) and made another of those impetuous promises which proved so fleeting. Ushered by Jonathan (Matt. 5:9) David returned to Saul's presence, entered once more



Mrs. Anna A. Dahi of Lincoln Restored When Husband Gives Her Wonderful Remedy.

Death was close upon Mrs. Anna A. Dahl of 1430 P street, Lincoln, Neb. She was desperately ill with serious derangements of the digestive tract. In fact, at times she was so ill that she knew nothing of what was going on about the sick room.

She recovered most marvelously. The treatment that she declared saved her was given when she was so sick she did not know until after she recovered how she had been restored. The stomach remedy, given to her by her thoughtful husband, was Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Mrs. Dahl, in s good letter, tells of her experience:

I feel so grateful to you I can't express my feelings on paper. I will make a great effort to see you personally soon. My treatment came while I was too sick to realize anything but the terrible pain. My husband tells me I passed at least a thousand gall stones, of all shapes and sizes.

"This I know-I have only taken two bottles and I feel better than for years.

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee-if not satisfactory money will be returned .- Adv.

Place of Amusement.

Redd-You know London has an automobile museum.

Greene-We ought to have one in this country. It, no doubt, would be an amusing place.

"Why an amusing place?"

"Why, the automobiles do so many funny tricks."

Deduced.

"I suppose, after all, Irene has her

faults." "So you don't love her any more, eh?"-Philadelphia Ledger.

A flaming necktle is no sign that there is red blood behind it.

It is better to hold your job by work thar pull; but a pull will help some.



Now Does Her Own Work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

Ironton, Ohio. - " I am enjoying better health now than I have for twelve years. When I be-

gan to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could not sit up. I had female troubles

knew all about it.

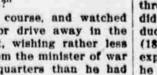
Rest close in his encircling arms Until the light.

knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely

before. CHAPTER VI. Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the

Winter is never very ugly around



'really, what do you think could be highroad to let a yellow motor pass the reason?

"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The teasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfilled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays. Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

every muscle and fiber showed it. every hair and point asserted it, and dow and Sabron came forward to he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave spring. his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night . .

There was never another invitation! "Voyons, mon cher," his colonel Sabron opened the motor door. had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who off his reticence. is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very said with a courteous bow. "This is sick friend' could be. As no one was my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was very sick according to my knowledge at the point of death the night of your I told her so. She seemed triumphant dinner and I was just leaving the and I saw at once that I had put you house when I realized that the helpin the wrong."

him, but the yellow motor at that mo-

The following day after his visit to



Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him

ment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor winspeak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side. "How do you do, Monsieur? Do you

remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hauled up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook

"Let me make a confession," he less little chap could not weather the plate of hash."

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond-he knew her first name now-before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life. wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him. she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a parti for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings. so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside .-- Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed car bohydrates, proteids, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wabbled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man, in despair. "Bring me a large

upon the discharge of his duties and desisted only when he saw that his presence only aggravated the king and that he was uselessly exposing his life in Saul's presence. David was faithful to God and to God's anointed king.

III. Michal and David, vv. 8-12, Saul's hatred was too deep to be permanently overcome. David went out and won a great victory over the Philistines and as he followed his courtly duty. Saul burst out with a fresh attack (vv. 8, 9). David had married Michal when about twenty-one years of age and Saul's attacks occurred during the next three years. The evil spirit mentioned was a demon (18:10: Acts 16:16-18; Mark 1:23-26), a messenger of Satan permitted by God for Saul's discipline (II Cor. 12:7). God permits evil to come upon men not to tempt them-solicit them to do wrong -but to bring them to repentance of to refine them as pure gold. Thus evil may be said to do God's work (ch. (:1) "to be sent from Jehovah."

IV. Summary. All who envy are murderers at heart (Matt, 27:18: I John 3:12, 15). The present day murderers hurl their javelins of slander, lying and vituperation against the reputation of the men whom they hate. Or else they hurl unfair and unjust business methods at others that they may perpetuate their power or else build themselves up upon the ruins of those whom they envy. Saul missed David but he was no less a murderer. Satan always overshoots the mark when he assails one of God's anointed, chosen ones. Saul could not harm David though he wished to ever so much (Ps. 37:32, 33; Isa. 54:17; Luke 4:30; 10:39). Saul's hatred stopped not even at the threshold of David's house but invaded the sacred precincts of his home. Envy is blind, it assails all that a man has, spares none with whom he is connected and colors every act and relation of life even to the relations of father and child. Saul was frustrated by his own children, Jonathan and Michal. David's danger was imminent, hence his speedy escape.

Men are strong in so far as they see God's purpose and discipline in their lives.

Saul's experience at Naloth (vv. 23, 24) was a response of his emotional nature to a religious appeal, another time when God was waiting to be gracious.

Divested of his armor and outer robes Saul lay in a trance, overcome by the power of him who turns the hearts of men as rivers of water. The wrath of man is made to praise him, the life of the prophet is preserved and likewise the life of his servant David.

The Deathbed Marriage.

disease progressed the thought of her false marriage preyed upon her mind more and more, gnawed her conscience.

Finally she could conceal the secret no longer, and, calling her closest friend, whispered to her:

"Before I go into the presence of my Maker I must make a confession to you. We, my dear husband and I were never married. I will die happy if he will marry me-if, at last, I am his lawful wife."

"Poor dear," said the friend stroking Mrs. Gibbons' forehead soothingly. "Her mind is wandering. She has been married for twenty years," and the friend told Gibbons, adding, "I'm afraid she will not live until morning."

"Her mind is not wandering." sobbed Gibbons. "She speaks the truth. We were never married. I could not have loved her more if we had been married a thousand times. I could not have tried harder to make her happy. So her wish shall be granted. We will be married at once."

There was need of haste. A messenger was dispatched for a clergyman; two of Gibbons' friends speeded in an automobile to Salisbury and secured a marriage license. As the minister pronounced the last word that made her a wife Mrs. Gibbons smiled happily, circled her husband's neck with her wasted arms and whispered:

"My husband, my own, true husband-at last."

Soon, still smiling, she ceased to breathe.

"High Target" With Old Musket. Sayville, N. Y .- Using the musket his grandfather used in the Civil war, Herbert Feldmeier made a "high target" at the prize shoot here.

and was very nervous. I used the remedies a year and I can do my work and for the last eight months I have

worked for other women, too. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for I know I never would have been as well if I had not taken it and I recommend it to suffering women.'

Daughter Helped Also.

"I gave it to my daughter when she was thirteen years old. She was in school and was a nervous wreck, and could not sleep nights. Now she looks so healthy that even the doctor speaks of it. You can publish this letter if you like."-Mrs. RENA BOWMAN, 161 S. 10th Street, Ironton, Ohio.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing threefourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkbam's Vegeta-ble Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for ad-vice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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