

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 Pitcheoune. 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. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitcheoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitcheoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitcheoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitcheoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitcheoune.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"But," Sabron said aloud, "it is a prayer to be said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell!" He began to climb; he pulled himself along, leaving his track in blood. He faltered twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his consciousness the sun was mercifully going down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still panting, weaker and ever weaker, his courage the only living thing in him, Sabron, with Pitcheoune by his side, dragged himself into healing hands. All that night Sabron was delirious; his mind traveled far into vague fantastic countries, led back again, ever gently, by a tune, to sa. sa.

Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to cease being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion. Moments of consciousness succeeded those of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitcheoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to the deserted officer. Pitcheoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, without food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman, though a philosopher, realized how hard it was to die unsatisfied in love, unsatisfied in life, having accomplished nothing, having wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.

He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitcheoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast, inarticulate, mingled—both left to die in the open. Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. Keenly desirous to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lonely pathetic end? Moreover, he did not wish to suffer like this, to lose his grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die! He knew enough of injuries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have stanced his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already died! Fatigue and thirst, fever would finish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rosy sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the smell of the mimosa flower and the perfumes of the weeds came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was ablaze with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

The sea of waste rolled unbroken as far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise again, and closed his eyes and waited. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one another like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in his native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music rolled and rolled and passed over the

desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he breathed his prayers—they took form, and in his sleep he repeated the Ave Maria and the Paternoster, and the words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication seemed to his feverish mind to mingle with the stars.

A sort of midnight dew fell upon him: so at least he thought, and it seemed to him a heavenly dew and to cover him like a benignant rain. He grew cooler. He prayed again, and with his words there came to the young man an ineffable sense of peace. He pillowed his fading thoughts upon it; he pillowed his aching mind upon it and his body, too, and the pain of his wound and he thought aloud, with only the night air to hear him, in broken sentences: "If this is death it is not so bad. One should rather be afraid of life. This is not difficult, if I should ever get out of here I shall not regret this night."

Toward morning he grew calmer, he turned to speak to his little companion. In his troubled thoughts he had forgotten Pitcheoune.

Sabron faintly called him. There was no response. Then the soldier listened in silence. It was absolutely unbroken. Not even the call of a night-bird—not even the cry of a hyena—nothing came to him but the inarticulate voice of the desert. Great and solemn awe crept up to him, crept up to him like a spirit and sat down by his side. He felt his hands grow cold, and his feet grow cold. Now, unable to speak aloud, there passed through his mind that this, indeed, was death, desertion absolute in the heart of the plains.

CHAPTER XIV.

An American Girl.

The Marquise d'Esclignac saw that she had to reckon with an American girl. Those who know these girls know what their temper and mettle are, and that they are capable of the finest reverberation.

Julia Redmond was very young. Otherwise she would never have let Sabron go without one sign that she was not indifferent to him, and that she was rather bored with the idea of titles and fortunes. But she adored her aunt and saw, moreover, something else than ribbons and velvets in the make-up of the aunt. She saw deeper than the polish that a long Parisian lifetime had overlaid, and she loved what she saw. She respected her aunt, and knowing the older lady's point of view, had been timid and hesitating until now.

Now the American girl woke up, or rather asserted herself. "My dear Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "are you sure that all the tinned things, the cocoa, and so forth are on board? I did not see that box."

"Ma tante," returned her niece from her steamer chair, "it's the only piece of luggage I am sure about."

At this response her aunt suffered a slight qualm for the fate of the rest of her luggage, and from her own chair in the shady part of the deck glanced toward her niece, whose eyes were on her book.

"What a practical girl she is," thought the Marquise d'Esclignac. "She seems ten years older than I. She is cut out to be the wife of a poor man. It is a pity she should have a fortune. Julia would have been charming as love in a cottage, whereas I . . ."

She remembered her hotel on the Parc Monceau, her chateau by the Rhone, her villa at Biarritz—and sighed. She had not always been the Marquise d'Esclignac; she had been an American girl first and remembered that her maiden name had been De Puyster and that she had come from Schenectady originally. But for many years she had forgotten these things. Near to Julia Redmond these last few weeks all but courage and simplicity had seemed to have tarnish on its wings.

Sabron had not been found. It was a curious fact, and one that transpires now and then in the history of desert wars—the man is lost. The captain of the cavalry was missing, and the only news of him was that he had fallen in an engagement and that his body had never been recovered. Several sorties had been made to find him; the war department had done all that it could; he had disappeared from the face of the desert and even his bones could not be found.

From the moment that Julia Redmond had confessed her love for the Frenchman, a courage had been born in her which never faltered, and her aunt seemed to have been infected by it. The marquise grew sentimental, found out that she was more docile and impressionable than she had believed herself to be, and the venerable and etiquette (no doubt never a very real part of her) became less important than other things. During the last few weeks she had been more a De Puyster from Schenectady than the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"Ma tante," Julia Redmond had said to her when the last telegram

was brought in to the Chateau d'Esclignac, "I shall leave for Africa tomorrow."

"My dear Julia!" "He is alive! God will not let him die. Besides, I have prayed. I believe in God, don't you?"

"Of course, my dear Julia." "Well," said the girl, whose pale cheeks and trembling hands that held the telegram made a sincere impression on her aunt, "well, then, if you believe, why do you doubt that he is alive? Someone must find him. Will you tell Eugene to have the motor here in an hour? The boat sails tomorrow, ma tante."

The marquise rolled her embroidery and put it aside for twelve months. Her fine hands looked capable as she did so.

"My dear Julia, a young and handsome woman cannot follow like a daughter of the regiment, after the fortunes of a soldier."

"But a Red Cross nurse can, ma tante, and I have my diploma."

"The boat leaving tomorrow, my dear Julia, doesn't take passengers."

"Oh, ma tante! There will be no other boat for Algiers," she opened the newspaper, "until . . . oh, heavens!"

"But Robert de Tremont's yacht is in the harbor."

Miss Redmond looked at her aunt speechlessly.

"I shall telegraph Madame d'Haussonville and ask permission for you to go in that as an auxiliary of the Red Cross to Algiers, or rather, Robert is at Nice. I shall telegraph him."

"Oh, ma tante!" "He asked me to make up my own party for a cruise on the Mediterranean," said the Marquise d'Esclignac thoughtfully.

Miss Redmond fetched the telegraph blank and the pad from the table. The color began to return to her cheeks. She put from her mind the idea that her aunt had plans for her. All ways were fair in the present situation.

The Marquise d'Esclignac wrote her dispatch, a very long one, slowly. She said to her servant:

"Call up the Villa des Perroquets at Nice. I wish to speak with the Duc de



She Was Bored With the Idea of Titles and Fortunes.

Tremont." She then drew her niece very gently to her side, looking up at her as a mother might have looked. "Darling Julia, Monsieur de Sabron has never told you that he loved you?"

Julia shook her head. "Not in words, ma tante."

There was a silence, and then Julia Redmond said:

"I only want to assure myself that he is safe, that he lives. I only wish to know his fate."

"But if you go to him like this, ma chere, he will think you love him. He must marry you! Are you making a serious declaration?"

"Ah," breathed the girl from between trembling lips, "don't go on. I shall be shown the way."

The Marquise d'Esclignac then said, musing:

"I shall telegraph to England for provisions. Food is vile in Algiers. Also, Melanie must get out our summer clothes."

"Ma tante!" said Julia Redmond, "our summer clothes?"

"Did you think you were going alone, my dear Julia?"

She had been so thoroughly the American girl that she had thought of nothing but going. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck with an abandon that made the latter young again. The Marquise d'Esclignac kissed her niece tenderly.

"Madame la Marquise, Monsieur le Duc de Tremont is at the telephone," the servant announced to her from the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Criticizes Hospital. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given much time and money to the question of the selling of drugs and the treatment of those who become victims, which the city of New York takes care. She now declared the manner in which the city of New York takes care of the drug "fiends" a hideous farce. After ten days the victims are sent out of the hospitals "cured," and she says they leave shattered in nerve and unable to fight against the drug. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of charities in New York, says that between 35 and 50 per cent of all the criminals are drug fiends.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 6

NATHAN REBUKES DAVID.

LESSON TEXT—11 Samuel 11:22-12:7a. GOLDEN TEXT—Create in me a clean heart O God.—Psalm 51:10.

This is a lesson that demands great care in its presentation and treatment, which will differ widely according to age. For the younger the briefest sort of statement that David fell in love with Uriah's wife and to obtain her had her husband killed will be sufficient. With such, throw the emphasis upon the danger of harboring evil thoughts and the need of heart purity (see Golden Text).

With adults, however, some time may be devoted to the social evil which is such a menace to every nation, care being taken lest the discussion become morbid, or that we neglect to emphasize the fact that the cure is not in regulation or reformation but in the regeneration of the human heart.

I. David's Many Good Deeds, 11 Samuel, 7 and 9. As a background, for his most repulsive sin David had a long list of excellent deeds. His desire for a better abiding place for the ark was not according to God's will for two reasons: first, that an ornate house might easily corrupt, through idolatry, the spirituality of the Hebrew religion; second, David was a man of war and therefore not qualified for temple building. Though denied, David did not despair, but at once provided that his successor carry out his desire.

II. David's One Great Sin, 11 Samuel, 11:6. David's victories over his enemies are dismissed in a few verses, yet his sin is set forth in detail—another evidence of the divine origin and inspiration of the Bible. David had followed the example of neighboring kings and taken to himself many wives, evidently regarding his fancy as supreme and himself as above the law. David was "off guard" in the matter of temptation, a dangerous position for all, both soldier and civilian. David had had too long and too great a period of success and prosperity after his long period of privation, and this led to carelessness and pride. David was "off duty," indulging in ease while Joab did his fighting. As a result he became an adulterer and a murderer, and the record in no way seeks to palliate his guilt. From all this the record brings to us many important lessons. Outwardly prosperous and his army successful, David must have felt in his heart the spiritual blight in the words, "but the thing was evil in the eyes of the Lord" (v. 27 R. V.); no psalm writing then.

III. Nathan's Parable, 11 Samuel, 12:1-7. It is an evidence of God's grace that he sent his servant to rebuke and restore this "man after his own heart." Such is his mercy, for he does not will that any should perish but that all might come to the knowledge of forgiveness (Ezekiel 33:11; Matthew 23:37). No parable ever had its desired effect more quickly than this one. It brought conviction and repentance (v. 13) and led to the writing of the fifty-first psalm. It was a delicate task set before Nathan thus to rebuke the king, yet it reveals the essential nobleness of David in that he did not become angry. Nathan's task and his wisdom are revealed in his approach and in the way he led David to condemn, unwittingly, his own course of action. This was better than to begin by upbraiding and denunciation. Verse two suggests, inferentially, God's great goodness to David, which made the offense one of gross ingratitude.

IV. Thou Art the Man—v. 7a. Thus far the story is one all too common, then and now, of the strong crushing the weak and glorying in their selfishness. What follows is the evidence of God's response to man's repentance, the parallel to which has nowhere else been found in the ancient world. The glory of it is that David heard and heeded God's messenger. The whole sordid story with its resultant action on David's part brings us many priceless lessons. (1) That man who had lived a life of faith and communion fell most miserably when he neglected his duty and took his eyes off God. There is a grave danger ahead of the man who begins to trifle with sin (1 Cor. 10:12). (2) Though a man fall (the godly man) yet he is not utterly cast down. There is pardon for the vilest sinner and the most abject backslider. David's murderous hands and sin-stained soul found pardon (Ps. 32 and 51). (3) A man's sins, though he may find pardon, will cloud all of his future.

David felt it in his own life and family; both daughter and sons felt its blight (see chapter 13), and it brought forth David's immortal lament over Absalom.

David's trusted friend joined the son's rebellion and caused David great sorrow (see 11:3; 23:34; 15:21 and Ps. 55:12-14). A human book would cover up, omit or seek to palliate such an act by one of the great of the earth (cf. the story of Napoleon and Josephine), yet the Bible tells all the facts to serve as a warning and to reveal God's matchless grace and mercy.

ALL SEEK FOR HAPPINESS

The One Thing for Which Mankind May Be Said to Have a Universal Desire.

We cannot pick and choose the happenings of life any more than we can select the circumstances of our birth and death; we are but creatures of a wonderful destiny directed by the Almighty. It is said that many tragedies of life might be averted if we "took our medicine like men" and did not put our personal happiness above everything else. It is as natural and to be expected to long for happiness and cling to it as for the flowers to turn to the sun. Happiness is the great lamp of life which lights our way through all sorts of shadows—shadows that blur the vision and make long nights of our days, shadows that terrify by their grotesque shapes and threatening aspects, and shadows that bury in their depths much that we hold most dear. We are jealous of our happiness and guard it as the most precious thing in life and when we watch it go down the long aisles of memory further and further away from our yearning eyes we begin to plead for it, and strive for it, and fight for it. We batter the walls of the past in our vain efforts to call it back before it is too late, and spend long days and waste precious strength in the futile endeavor to clutch it back to our hearts. And all the while, perhaps right at our hands within easy reach, happiness in a new guise stands ready.

—Charleston News and Courier.

We and the British Have Sweet Tooth.

Britons have the sweetest tooth, and Americans come next, if the statistics for consumption of sugar mean anything. An Englishman eats annually 92.4 pounds, an American consumes 79.2 pounds. In Denmark the average consumption is 72.5 pounds per capita; in Switzerland it is 55 pounds; in Germany, Holland, Sweden and Norway it is from 39 to 44 pounds; in France, 35 pounds; in Belgium, 33; in Austria, 24.2; in Russia, 19.8; in Portugal, 15.4; in Spain and Turkey, 11; in Italy, Bulgaria, Roumania and Serbia, from 6 to 7 pounds.

The principal reason for these variations is found in the relative richness or lowness of the customs duties on sugar and on the things with which it is commonly associated—coffee, tea, etc.

Everybody Satisfied.

"I see where another baseball player has been fined for having a row with an umpire."

"Do you sympathize with him?"

"Not at all. My observation is that the average player who is fined for assaulting an umpire feels that he got his money's worth."

Poets are born and so, for that matter, are all of the other unusual men.

A man knows less than a woman, but a part of what he knows is true.

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Chocolate Soldiers. The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," has been abundantly confirmed during the present war. The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious, while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely eaten the place out of chocolate. On the troops which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Capt. Bean, the official correspondent with the force, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected and one-fifth the demand for beer."—Westminster Gazette.

More Words Followed. "I'm a woman of my word," said Mrs. Prebscomb, with an air of finality.

"Indeed you are, my dear," said Mr. Prebscomb.

"When I go out I don't come home and tell an improbable yarn about where I've been."

"No, you don't, my dear," replied Mr. Prebscomb mildly, "but that may be due to the fact that I have never had sufficient courage to ask you where you have been."

The Exception. "Two is company," quoted the Sage. "Unless they happen to be husband and wife," corrected the Fool.

A woman is willing to pity her unfortunate sisters, but she draws the line at forgiving them.

The Empty Bowl Tells the Story

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