

HIS LOVE STORY

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to rise 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. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. 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 Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing.

CHAPTER XV.

Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Esclignac asked:
"Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?"
Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping: when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure.
"What is the book, Julia?"
"Le Conte d'un Spahi."
"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."
Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.
"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."
"Ah, then, what does he think?"
Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lap-dog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescuing party in the least. Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were incased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.
"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, latish."
"After midnight?"
"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."
Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captain de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.
"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert. It would have been so perfect." She sighed.
"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.
"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him." She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mimi, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"
The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pitchoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty.
The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.
"I had to be very circumspect, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored. "The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose."
"Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read."
"Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here

—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"
The girl extended her hand gratefully.
"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"
The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears.
"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumspection will have to be even greater still."
"Leave that to me, ma tante."
"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you Julia."
Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed.
"Do you want to make me miserable?"
"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."
"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"
"We can do so if you will obey me."
The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.
"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ."
"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."
"But I would never, never . . ."
"Petite sottise," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."
Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:
"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"
Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."
"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a



"You Must Not Be Too Formal With Him."

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls."
"Ma tante, ma tante!"
"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."
"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."
"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."
"But, he will find out . . . he will know."
"No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people."
"How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved.
"I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child."
Julia trembled.
"Ma tante!"
"While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly."
"I am always polite to him, am I not?"
"You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different."
"I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel."
Looking at her gently, her aunt

said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions."
The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear."
Tremont was coming toward them. Julia raised her head and murmured: "I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Duke in Doubt.

The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her and seemed to understand—was a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she called her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature.
Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable. The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won. Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been shared by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present.
The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible.
He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first.
From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont: "Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered: "Bien, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Esclignac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean.
"Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred."
"Very good, ma mere."
When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Esclignac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very common for a man to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her.
One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIG REWARD FOR INVENTIONS

British Government is Encouraging Ideas Tending to Improve Development of Army Equipment.

That there are handsome rewards for those who are able to devise improvements in guns and machinery is shown in sums that have been paid in fees to inventors at army ordnance factories for the year ending March, 1914. No less than £4,000, for instance, was paid to Col. C. L. Holden, late superintendent of the royal gun and carriage factories, for various inventions and improvements connected with ordnance mountings, machine tools, etc., in addition to £500 paid on another account; while £2,850 was paid to Mr. W. T. Thomson, chemist and manager, respectively, of the Royal Gunpowder factory, for improvements in the manufacture of nitro-cellulose and accompanying apparatus. In addition to a previous £1,150. Smaller amounts, such as £250 to Mr. W. H. Turton, manager of the Royal Gun factory, for improved machines for the manufacture of ordnance; £100 to Mr. W. Lambert for a process for testing steel bullets; £55 each to William Rogers and E. F. Pullar for labor-saving and improved tools for use at the Royal Carriage department, and £20 to Assistant Foreman S. Capon, Royal Gun Factory forges, for improved muffle for use in forges, have also been paid.—Tit-Bits.

Speaking of War.
Church—Don't hear so much now of engagements of American women and foreigners.

Gotham—The foreigners seem to be kept pretty busy now with engagements among themselves.

Her Kindly Wish.
"Does your wife show any interest in the war?"
"Yes, indeed. She talks about it."
"What does she say?"
"Why, she says that she wishes I could go."—Tit-Bits.

Just the Man.
"There is an eastern potentate who would be even better than a Panama expert to conduct this fly-killing campaign."
"Who is that?"
"The Akhmoond of Swat."

The Usual Thing.
Singleton—Does your wife listen when you attempt to give her good advice?
Wederly—Yes, she listens—but that's all.

Flow of Language.
"What a wonderful flow of language our friend has."
"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "But he don't use it for much except drownin' ideas."

A man can be reconciled to any sort of expenditure if none of the money belonged to him.

Buck Kilby says a man of leisure is one who has time to finish a game of three-cushion billiards.

A guilty conscience makes a hard pillow.

Never taunt your wife with her ignorance. You would probably be single today had she been wise.

A newspaper's income springs from three sources. Advertising, subscriptions and the owners of lost dogs.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU
Dry Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye to Mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Close Enough.
"Where would the average 'speed king' be without his mechanician?"
"My first guess is under the car."

HANDS LIKE VELVET
Kept So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

On retiring soak hands in hot Cuticura soapsuds, dry and rub the Ointment into the hands some minutes. Wear bandage or old gloves during night. This is a "one night treatment for red, rough, chapped and sore hands." It works wonders. Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Aviators' Safety Parachutes.
The energies of practically all the inventors of parachutes for airmen have been directed towards the development of a device for the airman alone, the aeroplane itself being allowed to drop to earth unhindered. Parachutes for the whole aeroplane have just been designed by a French inventor. Two folded parachutes, contained in cone-shaped receptacles, are attached to the wings as near the ends as possible. By means of a simple mechanism, operated by the movement of a small hand lever, these parachutes are pushed out of the containers, after which they are claimed to open freely, no matter in what manner the aeroplane may be falling. All the airman has to do is to hang on to the aeroplane.

Earmarks.
Alexander Powell, war correspondent and lecturer, said at a tea in New York:
"The English volunteer troops are splendid. You can tell by certain earmarks where they come from. You can tell the miners of the Midlands, the mill hands of Manchester, the bookkeepers of London, the—"
"How do you tell them?" a young lady asked.
"Well," said Mr. Powell, "it's easy enough to tell, for example, the bookkeepers. Every time the bookkeepers are commanded to stand at ease they try to put their rifles behind their ears."

An Unmaker of History.
Directory Canvasser—What is your husband's occupation, madam?
Lady—Oh, he unmakes history. Directory Canvasser—Unmakes history!
Lady—Yes; he writes historical novels.

Ashamed of Them.
"I see the Sayre baby cried with loud protest when it was made a Christian."
"Well, when you see the way Christians are acting just now in the world, can you blame the baby?"

The Villain Outvillained.
"I wouldn't trust him," she argued. "Neither would I," assented the other girl; "he's as treacherous as a fountain pen."

VARIETY OF POSTAGE STAMPS

Government Makes Them of Three Kinds, to Suit the Conditions of Weather.

Sometimes you take precautions to place a few postage stamps inside a note book, where you would think they could not possibly stick together by carrying the book in your pocket, because there seems to be too much thickness for the body heat to penetrate, and yet you discover them, perhaps only a few hours later, stuck so firmly together that they are spoiled.

Then again, you may carry postage stamps about for many days or weeks and they never stick together. And the explanation of this is that the stamps that stick are probably "winter" stamps. This is because the government makes three brands of postage stamps, "summer," "winter" and "intermediate." The intermediate stamps are supposed to be used during the spring and fall, or during the seasons when it is neither extremely cold or excessively hot.

This does not mean that the government printing department makes these stamps with any different design or color. The seasonable part of stamps is all in the glue, or gum, that is used to back them. For the summer sale the gum used is slightly harder than for the other sort. This is so it will not melt as readily with body heat or room heat, and is intended to assist in preventing them sticking together.

In winter such hard gum is not necessary, and again, too hard gum in the cold months will frequently crack right through the paper of the stamp, spoiling it. And so a thinner, lighter gum is used, which is more pliable, not so apt to crack with the cold and is better all around. Of course, for spring and autumn the intermediate grade of gum is used, of a consistency between the hard of summer and the thin of winter.

Sleep the Sassafras.
A St. Louis clergyman gloomily informs us:

"The images of the poet and the painter have ceased to charm us. We want the realities. Hence the passing of poetry."
Sassafras tea in liberal doses, about this time of year, was formerly believed to be a sound remedy for the physical conditions which generate that state of mind.

Reduced.
"They're having a marked-down sale of shoes at Blank's."

"I thought they prided themselves on never cutting prices."

"Who said anything about city prices? It's the sizes they've marked down."

A girl admires a fast young man—that is, if she has him so fast that he can't possibly get away.

Love is one of the few things that is never displayed on a bargain counter.

Conversation attains its most asinine form in the grandstand at the ball park.

The trouble is not so much that people cheer nonsense as that they vote for it.

If you never begin a task you'll never finish it.

"An Old Man at 40"

How often you hear that remark! How many such men there are! And how needless it is!

Wrong food is the big cause.

When one feels old at forty the first thing is to correct improper diet. The main fault with the dietary is often a lack of the vital mineral salts in food. Without these mineral elements old age steals on rapidly.

To meet this very condition a food was devised which supplies those mineral elements such as phosphorus, iron, sulphur, etc.

That food is

Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and barley, this delicious food retains all the nutriment of these grains, together with the priceless mineral elements—notably lacking in white flour foods—which the system must have to build and maintain vigor and elasticity of body, brain and muscle.

One can avoid this "old-age-at-40" business by proper eating and living.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

