HIS LOVE STOR MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS HERRILL CONFAINY

SYNOPSIS.

I.e Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavairy, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Picchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. 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. Tremont takes Julia and the marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet Abou tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found.

CHAPTER XXI-Continued.

Pitchoune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would be choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart-all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach-or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitchoune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy, in the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitchoune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitchoune ran across the Sahara. Mercifully, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Mercifully, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hundred miles. There was very little left in his small body. He lay cown, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of Tatman dogs alone have souls.

Pitchoune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches. but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seem-1 the epitome of heartless egoism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The epicurean Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in wine.

Pitchoune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into stir. Blue and yellow garments flutthe Arabian village.

. . . Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mud but with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance-straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had | Fatou Anni pointed to the desert. won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Patou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully.

"Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellaheen wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!"

Rather than anything should haptorn them in shreds. Some of them drawn around her house. People supuninvited it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the odors which met his nostrils at every Companion.

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitchoune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a maternal. genie, an afrit.

Pitchoune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did that moved on the rough blue robe not seem to affect his demonstrative thrown over him, the devotion of the affection. The woman bent down to dog-found a responsive chord in the him after making a pass against the great-grandmother's heart. Once he Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pit- smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied choune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitchoune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitchoune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away east, decided on it-for what reason from her, flew out of the sacred ring will never be told-and followed it. and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to



After Hour Pitchoune Ran Across the Sahara.

tered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni mur-

mured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

She gathered her robe around her and, statelily and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitchoune sat beside the parched corn. watching the brazier and her meal.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness. they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three little naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-grandchildren. The bables were playing with a little pen to Fatou Anni, the settlement dog. Sabron knew the dog but could mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, would have roasted its enemies alive, not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his sheets of the paper they place a thin said that she was two hundred years life. Her veil fell over her face. She layer of silk wadding, and then quilt old. There was a charmed ring was braiding straw. He looked at her the whole. It is something of a drawintelligently. She brought him a back that clothing so made is not posed that if any creature crossed it drink of cool water in an earthen ves- washable, but in a winter campaign a sel, with the drops oozing from its soldier has other things to think of

breath he drew. He asked in Arabic "Where am 1?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fatou Pitchoune overheard the voice and

came to Sabron's side. His master murmured: "Where are we, my friend?"

The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquise d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless barbaric chant was interrupted by a he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was did not fall dead, and stood before a soldier who had fallen in the battle her, whining. Fatou Anni left her against her sons and grandsons. He corn, stood upright and looked at Pit- was a man and a strong one, and she choune. To her the Irish terrier was despised women. He was her prey an apparition. The fact that he had and he was her reward and she cared not fallen dead proved that he was for him; as she did so, she became

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands great-great-grandchildren. Beni Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth and chattered like a bird. This proved to Patou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not

Pitchoune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there-which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarascon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illusive and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclig-

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without, he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers-he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grandchildren were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously. as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitchoune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedouins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Some Are Color Blind.

It is known that color blind people cannot distinguish colors, but the reason for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina, which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not cones fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

Soldiers' Winter Clothing.

The soldiers of Japan have learned the value of paper clothing for winter wear. The paper, which is made from and is soft and warm. Between two porous sides. The hut reeked with than the dirt on his uniform -- Youth's

Folk We Touch In Passing By Julia Chandler Manz

THE GAME OF PLAYING LADY | did not see the Doctor's Wife standing

"Let's play Lady," suggested Little Girl to her Friend-From-Acros-the-Way who had come over to spend the morning with her.

"You can have the side porch for your house, and I'll have the front porch. I'll be my mother and you be yours, and we'll dress up," she went on to plan, while her Friend-From-Across-the-Way nodded her approval.

Now the father of Little Girl is a physician to human bodies with an aim to keep them in good health, while the mother of the eight-year-old bit of femininity stands much in the same capacity to the Little Girl's mind, and heart, and body, all of which she is supposed to keep healthy and clean.

As to this we shall see.

As everybody knows she is an always willing enough mother when it comes to promoting Little Girl's pleasure, so that the child had no difficulty in securing the necessary grown-up clothes that she and her Friend-From-Across-the-Way might impersonate their mothers.

When they were all rigged out the game began.

Little Girl took possession of the front porch and her Friend-From-Across-the-Way the one at the side of the doctor's spacious house.

"Now," called Little Girl, when she had set the tea table on the front porch, "it's time for you to come over." So, her Friend-From-Across-the-Way gathered up her-trailing skirts, mimicked the walk of her mother, and

came for a visit to the small impersonator of Little Girl's mother, who offered her visitor tea and crackers with all the grace of the Doctor's Wife. And while they sipped the fragrant

close in order that they might carry their imitation of the keepers of their young lives out in smallest detail.

beverage prepared for them by Little Girl's mother they drew their chairs

"I saw from the paper that Wilson didn't behave half as cowardly as everybody thought he would when he went to the chair for killing his sweetheart," remarked the little hostess with all the seriousness with which of crime had not yet become a part

beside the window, stricken dumb by the game of "Playing Lady."

Nor did the mother interrupt until the sordid conversation came to an end with an exclamation from the Friend-From-Across-the-Way, who suddenly announced to Little Girl that ske didn't believe she liked "Playing Lady" after all, whereupon they adjourned to Little Girl's Room to rid themselves of their cumbersome trappings and engage in the little girl's game of playing dolls.

The Doctor's Wife sat quite still in the chair by the living-room window. It seemed to her that she never would move from the spot again.

And as she sat there the September sunlight filtered through the trees and enveloped her, bringing thoughts of all the wonderful, beautiful things there are in life. She thought of the woods, the flowers there; specially the goldenrod that was even now waving its yellow spirals in the sunlight on the hill; of the little green leaves and the brook that winds its way at the foot of the great cak where she played in the long ago yesteryear when she was a child.

She, too, had played Lady and mimicked her own dear mother, with her sweet and gentle manner and her charitable tongue that knew how to be still when gossip was in the air, and never was known to recount the gruesome details of hideous murders. in the presence of her child.

"Little children are mirrors reflecting the words and thoughts and actions of their mothers." the Doctor's Wife had once heard her own mother say in reproving a friend for gossiping in the presence of a child.

"Think and talk of noble things in the presence of the young, and such things will become a part of their character-building," again she had heard Little Girl's grandmother once tell the man who accompanied her through life, and as memory thus unrolled the years, the Doctor's Wife saw herself in Little Girl's game of Playing Lady, and was seized with a sudden nausea.

"Oh, I am ashamed!" she murmured, as she went to find Little Girl. Because gossip and the discussion



SOME ADVENTURE

FOR BOSTON MAN

Thrilling Incident in Dark Alley-

way in Which Back Bay

Doctor Stars.

PUTS UP A BOLD FRONT

Tells Wife Harrowing Tale of Narrow

Escape From Band of Cutthroats

and-But Read the Vera-

clous Story.

physician-and to spare his blushes

the police refuse to give his name,

says the Boston American-returned

home the other evening and exclaimed

"My dear, I've had a narrow es-

"As I came through Franklin ave-

nue, between Court street and Corn-

hill, I heard steps behind me. Re-

membering the number of recent hold-

ups I was alarmed and accelerated my

pace. The man behind me also hur-

"I came to a small alleyway and

turned off, hoping he would pass by

Instead, to my horror, he turned in

after me and brushed roughly past me,

And He Got the Watch.

assure you, my dear, it was gone!

ant, and cried: 'Sir, give me that

bold front, for without a word he

drew the watch from his pocket.

handed it to me, and took to his

"But," protested his puzzled wife.

"You didn't have your watch with

you. You left it on the bureau up-

Imagine my consternation.

"Instantly I felt for my watch. I

"I took courage, seized my assail-

"Perhaps he was frightened at my

cape." Whereupon he proceeded to

to his wife:

tell this story:

Boston.-A prominent Back Bay

Without a Word He Drew the Watch From His Pocket.

police located the owner, and the doctor met his victim. "I thought you'd robbed me," the

doctor explained. "And I thought you were a holdup

man," the victim admitted. The police absolutely vouch for this. It actually happened.

BABY DINES IN JURY ROOM

Court Held Mother-Juror, So Father Brings Child for Its Daily Rations.

Spokane, Wash.-While the law is so stern that it refuses a mother permission to go to her baby while she is doing jury duty, there is nothing to prevent a baby going to her mother, at least that is how the law was interpreted in the court of Judge Willlam Huneke, when baby Margaret Hackett went to the courthouse for her dinner.

Father rushed Margaret, aged three months, in an automobile to the courthouse. Mother gave baby her six o'clock meal, and father and infant retired, subject to hurry calls during the night.

Mrs. R. W. Hackett was serving on a jury which failed to agree.

MAN BLIND, HE MAKES GOOD

Sightless Harvard Freshman Succeeds In Most Trying Event in College Course.

Boston.-A blind boy, twenty years of age, is approaching a successful end of his freshman year at Harvard. He is William C. Plunkett of Roxbury. who entered the university last September with honors and who has stood the pace in academic work at Cambridge.

The success that Plunkett has met in his first year, which is the most trying event even to students in the possession of all their faculties, has given him courage in his hopes that he will be able to go all the way through college and earn a degree.



From the Discussion of Murders and Executions, the Mimics Drifted to Gossip of the Neighborhood.

she had heard her mother talk the of the woman's character, but were murder and its resultant trial and conviction over with the mother of her Friend-From-Across-the-Way, and the Doctor's Wife, who was busy about he living room, stopped to listen.

"I was disappointed that he confessed," said the Friend-From-Acrossthe-Way. "It wasn't half as exciting as the New York gunmen," she sighed regretfully, and Little Girl took up the cue and went through the notorious trial with surprising understand-

From the discussion of murders and executions the mimics drifted into gossip of the neighborhood.

"You know the Bains fight like cats and dogs. He's a perfect brute. She left him once, and everybody said she was a fool to come back to him. I know I would not live with a man Little Girl, who was so deep in purwhich her mother indulged that she before rain.

as yet a habit only; and because God somehow gives it to mothers to know just what to do, the Doctor's Wife gathered Little Girl into her arms and began very gently the undoing of the harmful influence of ignoble conversations. Her reproof of Little Girl lay only

in her own confession to the child of a habit which she promised should be broken then and there and forever. And she kept her word.

Indications of Rain.

When fish bite readily and swir near the surface, rain is coming Blackfish in schools indicate an ap proaching gale. Fish in general, both in salt and fresh waters, are observed to sport most and bite more eagerly before rain than at any other time, who was not good to me," announced | Ants are very busy, gnats bite, crickets are lively, spiders come out of their suing the sort of conversation in nests and files gather in houses just