

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

La Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pichoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pichoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pichoune follows Sabron to Algeria, 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 Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia sets 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. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the but.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?"

"The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to the same, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"Fatou Anni is nearly one hundred years old. She has borne twenty children, she has had fifty grandchildren; she has seen many wives, many brides and many mothers. She does not believe the sick man has the Evil Eye. She is not afraid of your fifty armed men. Fatou Anni is not afraid. Allah is great. She will not give up the Frenchman because of fear, nor will she give him up to any man. She gives him to the women of his people."

With dignity and majesty and with great beauty of carriage, the old woman turned and walked toward her hut and the Bedouins followed her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Into the Desert.

A week after the caravan of the Duc de Tremont left Algeria, Julia Redmond came unexpectedly to the villa of Madame de la Maine at an early morning hour. Madame de la Maine saw her standing on the threshold of her bedroom door.

"Chere Madame," Julia said, "I am leaving today with a dragoman and twenty servants to go into the desert."

Madame de la Maine was still in bed. At nine o'clock she read her papers and her correspondence.

"Into the desert—alone!"

Julia, with her cravache in her gloved hands, smiled sweetly though she was very pale. "I had not thought of going alone, Madame," she replied with charming assurance, "I knew you would go with me."

On a chair by her bed was a wrapper of blue silk and lace. The comtesse sprang up and then thrust her feet into her slippers and stared at Julia.

"What are you going to do in the desert?"

"Watch!"

"Yes, yes!" nodded Madame de la Maine. "And your aunt?"

"Deep in a bazaar for the hospital," smiled Miss Redmond.

Madame de la Maine regarded her slender friend with admiration and envy. "Why hadn't I thought of it?" She rang for her maid.

"Because your great-grandfather was not a pioneer!" Miss Redmond answered.

The sun which, all day long, held the desert in its burning embrace, went westward in his own brilliant caravan.

"The desert blossoms like a rose, Therese."

"Like a rose?" questioned Madame de la Maine.

She was sitting in the door of her tent; her white dress and her white



Julia's Eyes Were Fixed Upon the Limitless Sands.

hat gleamed like a touch of snow upon the desert's face. Julia Redmond, on a rug at her feet, and in her khaki riding-habit the color of the sand, blended with the desert as though part of it. She sat up as she spoke.

"How divine! See!" She pointed to the stretches of the Sahara before her. On every side they spread away as far as the eye could reach, suave, mellow, black, undulating finally to small hillocks with corrugated sides, as a group of little sandhills rose softly out of the sealike plain. "Look, Therese!"

Slowly, from ocher and gold the color changed; a faint wavelike blush crept over the sands, which reddened, paled, faded, warmed again, took depth and grew intense like flame.

"The heart of a rose! N'est-ce pas, Therese?"

"I understand now what you mean," said Madame. The comtesse was not a dreamer. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. Therese had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but our-

selves. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquise d'Esclagnac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoman and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume, It comes, it escapes, When it's present, it intoxicates; When it's a memory, it brings tears. Love is like a sweet breath, It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her severe riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, look affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Meaning of Yankee.

There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation by the Indians of the word English, or its French form Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil war the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry.

The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to \$43,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over \$20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR JULY 25

SOLOMON DEDICATES THE TEMPLE.

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 8:22-30. GOLDEN TEXT—My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people. Isa. 56:7.

To teach this lesson properly reference must be made to the building of the temple (ch. 6), to the building of Solomon's palace and that for his Egyptian wife (ch. 7), and also to the renewal of the ark from the "tent of meeting," in Zion, to its new dwelling place in the temple. The time consumed in erecting the temple (seven years, 1 Kings 6:38), the number of men employed (approximately 150,000), and the skill and magnificence of the building (1 Kings 6:7) will serve as an interesting introduction to the dedication ceremonies proper. Those present on this occasion are suggested in verses two and three; the time consumed was seven days (v. 66) and the condition of Solomon's heart (v. 5) is seen in the multitude of his sacrifices. The temple marks the beginning of a new era in Hebrew history, one of great outward glory, though it was not one of inward strength as the speedy breaking up of the kingdom and the final captivities give evidence. Professor Beecher sets the date of this event as being "about the twelfth year of Solomon's reign—say 1012 B. C." There has probably not been in all time a sacred building its equal for magnificence or situation. Read any good Bible dictionary for its description. It is a type of the Christian (1 Cor. 3:10-16).

I. Solomon's Veneration, vv. 22-24. Solomon's temple was a place of sacrifice but more than all it was a house of prayer (Matt. 21:13) and his dedicatory prayer is the longest prayer recorded in the Scriptures. In it is to be found no mention of the temple as a place of sacrifice, yet no prayer is heard apart from sacrifice. Each article of the temple furniture had its special teaching but the greatest teaching of all was that of God's proximity and his readiness to hear the petitions of his servants. Solomon personally brought his thanks and his petition before the altar whereon lay the sacrifice (see Heb. 9:22; 10:19, 20; John 14:6), and even there he "spread forth his hands" in token of application, adoration and worship. We can "come boldly to a throne of grace" and need not priest or sacrament, for we have one who "ever liveth to intercede for us," Christ Jesus.

II. God's Word Verified, vv. 25, 26. Solomon repeatedly referred to the fact that he has fulfilled God's promise to his father David in building the temple. God is a covenant-keeping God. Upon this fact Solomon voices his plea for future blessings. Every part of this prayer is worthy of careful study. Solomon's "therefore" (v. 25) reveals his acceptance of God's words to David (ch. 2:4). This word of Jehovah is sure and steadfast (Jer. 33:17-26) and Solomon's use of God's promise (2 Sam. 7:12-16) is an exhortation to us that we base our petitions upon some one of God's promises. Praying thus we can rest assured that our prayer is in the will of God and therefore that it will be heard (1 John 5:14, 15).

III. God's Vision, vv. 27-30. See also 2 Chron. 7:1-3, 12-22; 1 Kings 9:1-9. As the king concluded his prayer the cloud resting over the holy of holies grew bright and dazzling and fire fell upon and consumed the sacrifices; the priests stood without in awe and amazement; the whole people fell upon their faces, and worshipped and praised Jehovah. Even with all of this special manifestation Solomon did not conceive of Jehovah as a "local, tribal deity." Earth could not contain him, nor the heaven and the heaven of heavens (v. 27). God fills the whole universe (Ps. 129:7-16) yet he did and does give us special local manifestations of himself. It is this same vast God who dwelt fully in Jesus Christ (John 1:14; Col. 2:9). "Will (such a) God indeed dwell on the earth?" He who created the universe? Yet this God turned this vision towards the temple "day and night." Solomon coveted such scrutiny for in that temple God had said: "My name shall be there" (v. 29) and his name is "Love" (1 John 4:8; see also 2 Chron. 6:20, 40). This prayer is for us granted in him whom the temple typifies, our Lord Jesus (John 14:13, 14). The eyes of God are ever towards him and ready to answer the petition made in his name. There is a great lesson for the Christian and for the Christians' special places of worship, our churches, in this wonderful promise of Jehovah regarding his name.

Accompanying this ceremony was the "Feast of Tabernacles" (vv. 62, 63; 2 Chron. 7:4-11) which usually lasted seven days but on this occasion continued for fourteen days. It was a time of great joy and gladness of heart for all the goodness and mercy of the Lord (see 1 Kings 8:65, 66; 2 Chron. 7:9, 10).

Application. We are building a temple (Eph. 2:19-22); we must dedicate that temple to God (Rom. 12:11); our trust, our rest will only find its full satisfaction in him (Matt. 11:28, 29 and Heb. chapter 4).

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