

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 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 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 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 Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sacred Trust.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveliness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitchoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone."

Pitchoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days idly in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close to Sabron's man servant when they went on caravan explorations.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers. The peculiar incense-like odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day had been hot and there came up the cool breeze that would give them a delicious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his lonely tent like a bridal flower in a veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order his stallion saddled and to ride away for a little distance in order to be alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eye and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordonnance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarcely more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in French and pointed, for the man understood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by the nape of his neck up to his lap, and

the two sat watching the caravan slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred yards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go," he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin, swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the — Squadron of Cavalry—"

Sabron added mentally:

"—wherever it may happen to be!"

He ordered bakshish given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work down to Dirbal, however, and they had had some hardships. He felt a million miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfastened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the light was bad, brilliant though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. On his dressing table was a small illumination consisting of a fat candle set in a glass case. The mosquitoes and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsieur—
I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

I took the best of care of Pitchoune. I thought I did, but I could not make him happy. He mourned terribly. He refused to eat, and one day I was so careless as to open the door for him and we have never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my maid, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in the woods.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pitchoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

"... a sacred trust."
Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about Pitchoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say . . .

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.
Sincerely yours,
JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

CHAPTER XII.

The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a saphir on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly.

Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion. Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times.

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us; certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion

HAS TO DRAW ON ENGLAND

France Feeling the Scarcity of Coal Consequent on the German Control of the Mines.

France is now compelled to call on England for coal, which was formerly mined in the north of France. Practically all the mines in that district have either been destroyed by the German artillery or are being operated by Germans. At Lievin and Courrieres the German army is carrying on extensive mining operations and producing great quantities of coal, which are being shipped into Belgium for the use of the German military forces.

France is no longer able to draw coal from Mons and Charleroi, which formerly supplied large quantities for exportation. Consequently, the residents of northern France are largely dependent upon English mines for coal, which has become very scarce. Frequently towns and villages near the fighting lines are entirely without coal for a week. This works great hardship on hospitals, sadly in need of the fuel for hundreds of thou-

sands of wounded and the sick soldiers of the allies who are being cared for in French towns.

The Coming Spirit.
"This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar field hospital to the belligerents. "This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie."

"Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said:
"Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you."
"Then keep it up," said little Willie, grinding his teeth. "Keep it up, dad, I can stand it."

World's Deepest Well.
The deepest well in the world is at Cruchow, in the coalfield of upper Silesia. America has three wells ranking next in order. The Czuchow well is more than 7,348 feet below the surface; one near McDonald, Pa., some ten miles southeast of Pittsburgh, is 6,860 feet deep.

Not Quite.
"Your wife is all right again, I understand?"
"No, the doctor still calls."
"But I heard she was out of danger?"
"No one is out of danger while the doctor calls."

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested



The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Great Generals All Used Snuff.
Suggestions of a revival of snuff-taking may recall the love of some famous commanders for tobacco in that form. Both Napoleon and Wellington were prodigious snuff takers, so was Washington. As for Frederick the Great, he was impatient of the confines of a snuffbox and carried a pocketful of snuff that he might convey it to his nose without stint.

Emeralds of the Aztecs.
Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.

Records of Aeroplanes.
For an aviator there has been invented in France apparatus which shows the speed at which his aeroplane is traveling, the velocity of the wind and the angle at which he is attacking it and whether he is rising or falling.

Might Help Some.
Bill—A New Jersey inventor has patented a semaphore railroad signal in which the arm is outlined with a vacuum tube electric light so it may be readily seen at night.
Jill—Wonder if they could be utilized on women's elongated hatpins?

A Common Felling.
"De man dat likes to talk about hisself," said Uncle Eben, "generally gets mad when other folks git to discussin' him."
And His Name is Legion.
The doggondest fool above ground is the man who tries to fool himself.



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Cause for selling is the herd law in Morrow county, and the transforming of my 3000 acre stock farm into a wheat field. I must close out this stock. Will consider trade. What have you got?

B. F. SWAGGART, Prop.
Lexington, Oregon.

SONGBIRDS OF GREAT VALUE

Rarest Varieties Command Large Sums When They Are Offered for Sale to Fanciers.

The recent international bird show has provided some astonishing facts and figures regarding the value of songbirds. There are nearly one hundred classes of canaries. That they can be Norwich or Lancashire, Border or Yorkshire variegated, lizard, unflighted, clear, cross-bred, created, self or foul conveys very little to the average mind but leaves one marveling at the variety of chirping little creatures whose feathers are every conceivable shade of yellow.

One marvels also at the variety of birds that could be kept as pets. Finches, linnets, redpolls, tomtits, robins, wrens, stonechats, babblers and long-tailed, short-tailed, wag-tailed and created varieties of all of them in every size, from the minute hummingbird to the plump scarlet cockatoo, all vie for that popularity which up to the present has been the monopoly of the canary.

And these little birds are all quite cheap. A few dollars will buy most of them, but on the other hand \$2,500 would be asked for a gorgeous crimson bird of paradise, or \$5,000 for the canary-bullfinch "White Rose," the most expensive songbird in the world.

Bees to Fight Troops.
In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees, partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires.—London Mail.