## HIS LOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

like a child.

He waved him arm.

heard or cared.

ron's face.

"A caravan, monsieur."

on those silent days, and his blue

eyes, where the very whites were

One sundown, as they traveled into

the afterglow with the East behind

them, when Tremont thought he

could not endure another day of the

voyage, when the pallor and waxiness

of Sabron's face were like death itself,

Hammet Abou, who rode ahead, cried

out and pulled up his camel short.

In the distance they saw the tents.

like lotus leaves, scattered on the pink

sands, and the dark shadows of the

Arabs and the couchant beasts, and

Tremont sighed. He drew the cur-

tain of the litter and looked in upon

Sabron, who was sleeping. His set

features, the growth of his uncut

beard, the long fringe of his eyes, his

dark hair upon his forehead, his wan

transparency-with the peace upon his

face, he might have been a figure of

Tremont cried to him: "Sabron,

But Sabron gave no sign that he

Throughout the journey across the

desert, Pitchoune had ridden at his

will and according to his taste, some-

times journeying for the entire day

perched upon Tremont's camel. He

sat like a little figurehead or a mas-

cot, with ears pointed northward and

his keen nose sniffing the desert air.

Sometimes he would take the same

position on one of the mules that car-

ried Sabron's litter, at his master's

feet. There he would lie hour after

hour, with his soft eyes fixed with

understanding sympathy upon Sab-

He was, as he had been to Fatou

Anni, a kind of fetish-the caravan

Sabron's feet, he crawled up and

"Charles!" Tremont cried, and lift-

Sabron opened his eyes. He was

sane. The glimmer of a smile touched

his lips. He said Tremont's name,

Tremont turned and dashed away a

He drew the curtains of the litter

and now walked beside it, his legs

feeling like cotton and his heart beat-

As they came up toward the en-

campment, two people rode out to

meet them, two women in white riding

habits, on stallions, and as the evening

breeze fluttered the veils from their

helmets, they seemed to be flags of

Under his helmet Tremont was red

Therese de la Maine and Julia Red-

them, and came forward, half stagger-

ing. He looked at Julia and smiled.

and pointed with his left hand toward

the litter; but he went directly up to

Madame de la Maine, who sat immov-

able on her little stallion. Tremont

seemed to gather her in his arms. He

litter, whose curtains were stirring in

the breeze. Hammet Abou, with a

profound salaam, came forward to her.

fully, "he lives. I have kept my word."

Pitchoune sprang from the litter and

ran over the sands to Julia Redmond.

She dismounted from her horse alone

choune!" Kneeling down on the des-

he crouched at her feet, licking her

CHAPTER XXV.

As Handsome Does.

he fancied that he was at home in his

by candle light to learn his letters

The room was snowy white. Out-

side the window he heard a bird sing,

and near by, he heard a dog's smoth-

ered bark. Then he knew that he

was not at home or a child, for with

the languor and weakness came his

dress was sitting by his bed, and

Pitchoune rose from the foot of the

knowing the name of his other com-

The nurse replied in an agreeable

bed and looked at him adoringly.

He was in a hospital in Algiers.

panion, "where are we, old fellow?"

from the cookery book.

"Mademoiselle," he said, respect-

and burned. He had a short, rough

growth of beard.

lifted her down to him.

asked weakly. "Is it France?"

licked his master's hand.

ed the soldier's hand.

mon vieux Charles, reveille-toi! We

the glow of the encampment fire.

"An encampment, monsieur!"

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SYNOPSIS. -16-

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French | burned, began to wear the far-away. 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. 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 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. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron. Pitchoune finds a village, twelve hours journey, away, and somehow makes Fatou Anni understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care. Tremont goes into the desert with the caravan in search of Sabron. Julia follows with Madame de la Maine, whom Tremont loves.

## CHAPTER XXIV-Continued.

At night as he lay in his bed in his tent, Tremont and Hammet Abou cooled his temples with water from the earthen bottles, where the sweet ooze stood out humid and refreshing on the damp clay. They gave him acid | Christ waiting for sepulture. and cooling drinks, and now and then Sabron would smile on Tremont, calling him "petit frere," and Tremont are in sight of human beings!" heard the words with moisture in his eyes, remembering what he had said to the Marquise d'Esclignac about being Sabron's brother. Once or twice the soldier murmured a woman's name, but Tremont could not catch it, and once he said to the duke:

"Sing! Sing!" The Frenchman obeyed docilely, humming in an agreeable barytone the snatches of song he could remember, "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Il Trovatore;" running them into more modern opera, "La Veuve Joyeuse." But the lines creased in Sabron's forehead indicated that the singer had not yet

memory of the sick man. "Sing!" he would repeat, fixing his hollow eyes on his companion, and adored him. Now from his position at

found the music which haunted the

Tremont complied faithfully. Finally, his own thoughts going back to early days, he hummed tunes that he and a certain little girl had sung at their games in the allees of an old chateau in the valley of the Indre.

"Sonnez les matines Ding-din-don."

and other children's melodies.

In those nights, on that desolate way, alone, in a traveling tent, at the side of a man he scarcely knew, Robert de Tremont learned serious lessons. He had been a soldier himself, but his life had been an inconsequent one. He had lived as he liked, behind him always the bitterness of an early deception. But he had been too young to break his heart at seventeen. had lived through much since the day his father exiled him to Africa.

Therese had become a dream, a memory around which he did not always let his thoughts linger. When he had seen her again after her husband's death and found her free, he was already absorbed in the worldly life of an ambitious young man. He had not known how much he loved her until in the Villa des Bougainvilleas he had seen and contrasted her with Julia Redmond.

All the charm for him of the past returned, and he realized that, as money goes, he was poor-she was poorer.

The difficulties of the marriage made him all the more secure in his determination that nothing should separate him again from this woman.

By Sabron's bed he hummed his little insignificant tunes, and his heart longed for the woman. When once or twice on the return journey they had been threatened by the engulfing sand storm he had prayed not to die before

he could again clasp her in his arms. Sweet, tantalizing, exquisite with hands. the passion of young love, there came to him the memories of the moonlight nights on the terrace of the old chateau. He saw her in the pretty girlish dresses of long ago, the melancholy droop of her quivering mouth, her bare young arms, and smelled the fragrance of her hair as he kissed her. So humming his soothing melodies to the sick man, with his voice

softened by his memories, he soothed Sabron closed his eyes, the creases In his forehead disappeared as though brushed away by a tender hand. Perhaps the sleep was due to the fact that, unconsciously, Tremont slipped into humming a tune which Miss Redmond had sung in the Villa des Bougainvilleas, and of whose English

words De Tremont was quite ignorant. "Will he last until Algiers, Hammet Abou?" "What will be will be, monsieur!"

Abou replied. "He must," De Tremont answered

hercely. "He shall." He became serious and meditative Anglo-Saxon French:

"You are in a French hospital in Algiers, sir, and doing well."

Tremont came up to him. "I remember you," Sabron said. "You have been near me a dozen times

"You must not talk, mon vieux." "But I feel as though I must talk a great deal. Didn't you come for me into the desert?"

Tremont, healthy, vigorous, tanned, gay and cheerful, seemed good looking to poor Sabron, who gazed up at him with touching gratitude.

"I think I remember everything, I think I shall never forget it," he said, and lifted his hand feebly. Robert de Tremont took it. "Haven't we traveled far together, Tremont?"

"Yes," nodded the other, affected, but you must sleep now. We will talk about it over our cigars and liquors soon."

Sabron smiled faintly. His clear mind was regaining its balance, and thoughts began to sweep over it cruelly fast. He looked at his rescuer, and to him the other's radiance meant simply that he was engaged to Miss Redmond. Of course that was natural. Sabren tried to accept it and to be glad for the happiness of the man who had rescued him. But as he thought this, he wondered why he had been rescued and shut his eyes so that Tremont might not see his weakness. He said hesitatingly:

"I am haunted by a melody, a tune. Could you help me? It won't come.' "It's not the "Marseillaise?" asked the other, sitting down by his side and pulling Pitchoune's ears.

"Oh, no!"

"There will be singing in the ward shortly. A Red Cross nurse comes to sing to the patients. She may help you to remember."

Sabron renounced in despair. Haunting, tantalizing in his brain and illusive, the notes began and stopped, began and stopped. He wanted to ask his friend a thousand questions. How he had come to him, why he had come to him, how he knew. . . . He gave it all up and dozed, and while he slept the sweet sleep of those who are to recover, he heard the sound of a wom-



Threatened by the Engulfing Sandstorm.

an's voice in the distance, singing, one after another, familiar melodies, and finally he heard the "Kyrie Eleison," and to its music Sabron again fell asleep.

The next day he received a visitor. It was not an easy matter to introduce visitors to his bedside, for Pitchoune objected. Pitchoune received the Marquise d'Esclignac with great

"Is he a thoroughbred?" asked the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"He has behaved like one," replied the officer.

There was a silence. The Marquise mond rode up. Tremont recognized d'Esclignac was wondering what her niece saw in the pale man so near still to the borders of the other

"You will be leaving the army, of course," she murmured, looking at him interestedly.

"Madame!" said the Capitaine de Sabron, with his blood-all that was Julia Redmond's eyes were on the in him-rising to his cheeks.

"I mean that France has done noth ing for you. France did not rescue you and you may feel like seeking a more-another career."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Bride of Ireland.

St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland and called him: "Pitchoune! Pitand of Fleet street, whose feast falls in February, was the beautiful daughert, she stooped to caress him, and ter of a bard who became the religious disciple of St. Patrick and abbess of Kildare. The story of St. Bride, or Bridget, fired the Celtic imagination. and in Ireland about twenty parishes bear the name of Kilbride. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been When Sabron next opened his eyes twice struck by lightning and much reduced from the original height, but old room in Rouen, in the house where is still one of the tallest steeples in London. It is supposed to have been he was born, in the little room in which, as a child, dressed in his dimity designed by Wren's young daughter .-Pall Mall Gazette. night gown, he had sat up in his bed

Have a Good Bed.

In Farm and Fireside a contributor, writing a practical article about mattresses and other provisions for beds.

makes the following general comment "In furnishing a home the housewife should give most careful thought to memory. A quiet nurse in a hospital the beds and their equipment. We spend at least a third of our lives in bed, and it is worth while to make that third pleasant and refreshing. The best mattresses and springs are none "Pitchoune," he murmured, not too good when one is storing up strength for some work. Besides, as is the case with most household purchases, the best are really the cheapest in the end."

## HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XXV-Continued. -17-

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Sabron could not reply. Her ribbons and flowers and jewels shook in soon." his eyes like a kaleidoscope. His flush had made him more natural. In his invalid state, with his hair brushed back from his fine brow, there was something spiritual and beautiful about him. The Marquise d'Esclignac looked on a man who had been far and who had determined of his own accord to come back. She said more gently, putting her hand affectionately over his:

"Get strong, monsieur—get well. Eat all the good things we are making for you. I dare say that the army cannot spare you. It needs brave hearts."

Sabron was so agitated after her departure that the nurse said he must receive no more visits for several days, and he meditated and longed and thought and wondered, and nearly cursed the life that had brought him back to a world which must be lonely for him henceforth.

When he sat up in bed he was a shadow. He had a book to read and read a few lines of it, but he put it down as the letters blurred. He was sitting so, dreaming and wondering how true or how false it was that he had seen Julia Redmond come several times to his bedside during the early days of his illness here in the hospital. Then across his troubled mind suddenly came the words that he had heard her sing, and he tried to recall them. The Red Cross nurse who so charitably sang in the hospital came to the wards and began her mission. One after another she sang familiar songs.

"How the poor devils must love it!" Sabron thought, and he blessed her for charity.

How familiar was her voice! But that was only because he was so ill. But he began to wonder and to doubt, and across the distance came the notes of the tune, the melody of the song that had haunted him for many months:

God keep you safe, my love, All through the night; Rest close in his encircling arms Until the light.

My heart is with you as I kneel to pray, Good night! God keep you in his care alway.

Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts About my head;

l lose myself in tender dreams The moon comes stealing through the window-bars,

A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars

For I, though I am far away, Feel safe and strong, To trust you thus, dear love-and yet,

I say with sobbing breath the old fond Good night! Sweet dreams! you everywhere!"

When she had finished singing there were tears on the soldier's cheeks and he was not ashamed. Pitchoune, who remembered the tune as well, crept up to him and laid his head on his master's hand. Sabron had just time to wipe away the tears when the Duc de Tremont came in.

"Old fellow, do you feel up to seeing Miss Redmond for a few moments?"

When she came in he did not know whether he most clearly saw her sim ple summer dress with the single jewel at her throat, her large hat that framed her face, or the gentle lovely face all sweetness and sympathy. He believed her to be the future Duchesse de Tremont.

"Monsieur de Sabron, we are all so glad you are getting well." "Thank you, Mademoiselle."

He seemed to look at her from a great distance, from the distance to the end of which he had so wearily been traveling. She was lovelier than he had dreamed, more rarely sweet and adorable.

"Did you recognize the little song, Monsieur?"

"It was good of you to sing it." This is not the first time I have een you, Monsieur de Sabron. I came when you were too ill to know of it."

"Then I did not dream," said the officer simply. He was as proud as he was poor

He could only suppose her engaged to the Duc de Tremont. It explained her presence here. In his wildest dreams he could not suppose that she had followed him to Africa. Julia, on her part, having done an extraordin ary and wonderful thing, like every brave woman, was seized with terror and a sudden cowardice. Sabron, after all, was a stranger. How could she know his feelings for her? She spent a miserable day. He was out of all danger; in a fortnight he might leave the hospital. She did not feel that she could see him again as things were. The Comtesse de la Maine had returned to Paris as soon as Tremont came in from the desert.

"Ma tante," said Julia Redmond to the Marquise d'Esclignac, "can we go back to France immediately?" "My dear Julia!" exclaimed her

aunt, in surprise and delight. "Rob ert will be enchanted, but he would not be able to leave his friend so

"He need not," said the girl, "no: need you leave unless you wish. The Marquise d'Esclignac entertained a thousand thoughts. She had not studied young girl's minds for a long time. She had heard that the morern American girl was very extreme and she held her in rather light esteem. Julia Redmond she had considered to be out of the general rule.

attractive?" "Julia," she said severely, as though her niece were a child, pointing to a

Was it possible," she wondered,

"that Julia, in comparing Tremont

with the invalid, found Robert more

chair, "sit down." Slightly smiling, the young girl obeyed her aunt.

"My dear, I have followed your caprices from France to Africa. Only by pleading heart-failure and mortal illness could I dissuade you from going into the desert with the caravan. Now, without any apparent reason, you wish to return to France."

"The reason for coming here has been accomplished, ma tante. Monsieur de Sabron has been found."

"And now that you have found him," said the marquise reproachfully, "and you discover that he is not all your romantic fancy imagined, you are going to run away from him. In short, you mean to throw him over."

"Throw him over, ma tante!" murmured the girl. "I have never had the chance. Between Monsleur de Sabron and myself there is only friendship."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "I have no understanding of the modern young



When He Sat Up in Bed He Was a Shadow.

girl. She makes her own marriages and her subsequent divorces. I am our aunt, my dear, your mother's cial attention to scientific cooking in sister, and a woman of at least twenty-five years' more experience than hope of being able to hire a cook is you have."

train of thought, but her own. She is hired. It is one of the oddest felt the hint of authority and bondage things of life that cooking, the prepin her aunt's tone and repeated:

"I wish to leave Algiers tomorrow "You shall do so," said her aunt. "I am rejoiced to get out of the Orient. tures, is so largely left to be picked It is late to order my dresses for up as best it may be without serious Trouville, but I can manage. Before we go, however, my dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise, ma tante?" The girl's tone implied that she did not think she would give it.

in the life of this young man, who, I tabulated they would dwarf the list find, is a charming and brave man, of killed, missing and wounded. Now you must stand by your guns, my dear Julia."

"Why, how do you mean, ma tante?" "You will go to Paris and the Capitaine de Sabron will get well rapidly. He will follow you, and if it were not for Tremont, myself, your Red Cross Society and the presence here of never mind," said the Marquise d'Esclignac magnificently, "my name is sufficient protection for my niece. I am thinking solely of the poor young

"Of Monsieur de Sabron?" "Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac tartly, "did you think I meant Robert? You have so well arranged his life for him, my dear." "Ma tante," pleaded the girl.

The marquise was merciless. "I want you to promise me, Julia, before you sail for home, that if Sabron follows us and makes you understand that he loves you, as he will, that you will accept him."

Julia Redmond looked at the Marquise d'Esclignac in astonishment. She half laughed and she half cried. 'You want me to promise?"

"I do," said her aunt firmly, regard-"In the first place the affair is en dermen.

tirely unconventional and has been since we left France. It is I who should speak to the Capitaine de Sabron. You are so extremely rich that it will be a difficult matter for a poor and honorable young man.

Indeed, my dear, I may as well tell you that I shall do so when we reach

"Oh," said the girl, turning perfectly pale and stepping forward toward her aunt, "If you consider such a thing I shall leave for America at once.

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a petulant sigh.

"How impossible you are, Julia. Understand me, my dear, I do not want a woman of my family to be a coquette. I do not want it said that you are an American fifrt-it is in bad taste and entirely misunderstood in the Faubourg St.-Germain."

The girl, bewildered by her aunt's attitude and extremely troubled by the threat of the marriage convention, said:

"Don't you understand? In this case it is peculiarly delicate. He might ask me from a sense of honor.'

"Not in any sense," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "It has not occurred to the poor young officer to suppose for a moment that a young woman with millions, as you are so fortunate to be, would derange herself like this to follow him. If I thought so I would not have brought you, Julia. What I have done, I have done solely for your peace of mind, my child. This young man loves you. He believes that you love him, no doubt. You have given him sufficient reason, heaven knows! Now," said her aunt emphatically, "I do not intend that you should break his heart." It was more than likely that the Marquise d'Esclignac was looking back twenty-five years to a time, when as a rich American, she had put aside her love for a penniless soldier with an insignificant title. She remembered how she had followed his campaign. She folded her lorgnon and looked at her niece. Julia Redmond saw a cloud pass over her aunt's tranquil face. She put her arms around her and kissed her tenderly.

"You really think then, ma tante, that he will come to Paris?"

"Without a doubt, my dear." "You think he cares, ma tante?"

Her aunt kissed her and laughed. "I think you will be happy to a bourgeois extent. He is a fine man." "But do I need to promise you?"

asked the girl. "Don't you know?" "I shall be perfectly ashamed of you," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "if you are anything but a woman of

heart and decision in this matter." Evidently she waited, and Julia Redmond, slightly bowing her lovely head in deference to the older lady who had not married her first love, said obediently:

"I promise to do as you wish, ma tante.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN THE HOME BUILDER

Undoubtedly the Chief Trade in Which Females of the Country

Yes, of course, it is homemaking. Everybody knows that, but the figures for it, compiled by the United States Board of Education statisticians, are worth noting. Of the 31,000,000 females over ten years of age in the United States 24,000,000 are engaged in homemaking. Girls may be entering more and more into other trades, but in the last analysis they generally fall back or advance to the rank of

homemakers. Hence, says the Federal Education al board, the importance of giving spethe vocational schools. The girlish apt to be disappointed as frequently Julia was not following her aunt's as the hope of keeping one when she aration of the food that sustains life, the art that can waste or economize in the chief item of family expendiconsideration or training. If the woeful waste resulting from amateur cookery could be computed in dollars and cents it would rival the war bills of Europe. If the indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred physical disturbances "You have played the part of fate caused by incapable cooks could be

Lost Hand Digging Grave.

Grave digging is not an extra hazardous occupation, even though in excavating graves it is necessary to use dynamite to break hardpan, the industrial insurance department has decided. The department rejected the Madame de la Maine, you would have claim of John Borgford, a Seattle sexbeen very much compromised. But ton, whose left hand was partly blown off by a dynamite cap. Although use of explosives generally

makes a class extra hazardous, the general occupation of grave digging is such a peaceful one that exception cannot be made when blasting is necessary, the commission holds.-Olympia (Wash.) Dispatch to the Portland Oregonian.

Flag for New York City.

The board of aldermen adopted a flag for the city of New York-three perpendicular bars of blue, white and orange, which were the colors of the Dutch flag used when New York was New Netherlands. The board also adopted a new city seal, which will appear in blue on the white bar of the flag. The new emblem will be raised on the city hall on June 12, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of ing her niece through her lorgnon, the establishment of the board of al-