# HIS LOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

dame de la Maine, with deep accentu-

"Yes, quite possible. I think he is

"Ah!" breathed Madame de la

For a moment it was like a passage

of arms between a frank young In-

dian chief and a Jesuit. Julia, as it

were, shook her feathers and her

"Then," said the Comtesse de la

you, Madame. I don't love him!"

"I saw at once that you loved him."

said Julia Redmond frankly. "That's

The Comtesse de la Maine drew

"Oh," said Julia Redmond, "don't

ing in love, is there?-especially when

The Comtesse de la Maine broke

down, or, rather, she rose high. She

rose above all the smallness of con-

vention and the rules of her French

aughing softly, her eyes full of tears.

Will you tell me what makes you

"But you know it so well," said

Julia. "Hasn't he cared for you for

Madame de la Maine wondered just

how much Julia Redmond had heard,

and as there was no way of finding

"He has seemed to love me very

dearly for many years; but I am

poor; I have a child. He is am-

bitious and he is the Duc de Tre-

"Nonsense," said Julia. "He loves

you. That's all that counts. You

marry the Duc de Tremont, won't

"Happy," murmured the other wom-

"Dream of it now," said Julia Red-

mond swiftly, "for it will come true."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Man in Rags.

stars, interviewed the native soldier,

the beggar, the man in rags, at the

foot of the veranda. There was a moon

as well as stars, and the man was dis-

"What on earth is he talking about,

"About Sabron, marraine," said her

The Marquise d'Esclignac raised ber

"Speak, man! What do you know

about Monsieur de Sabron? See, he is

covered with dirt-has leprosy, proba-

bly." But she did not withdraw. She

was a great lady and stood her ground.

putting many things together, Tremont

at last turned to the Marquise d'Es-

clignac who was sternly fixing the beg-

alive, in the hands of natives in a cer-

tain district where there is no travel,

in the heart of the seditious tribes. He

says that he has friends in a caravan

"The man's a lunatic," said the Mar-

"Marraine," said Tremont quietly,

"How perfectly horrible!" said the

"Well, I think," said Tremont, "that

Marquise d'Esclignac. Then she asked

rather weakly of Tremont: "Don't you

the only interesting thing is the truth

there may be in what this man says.

If Sabron is a captive, and he knows

anything about it, we must use his in-

ment must be informed at once. Why

hasn't he gone there?"

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Es-

"He has explained," said Tremont,

"that the only way Sabron can be

Mademoiselle Redmond has already

quise d'Esclignac calmly. "Get Abime-

"Marraine, he says that Sabron is

gar with her haughty condescension:

tinctly visible in all his squalor.

Robert?"

godson laconically.

lorgnon and said:

'squeamish" meant.

her tonight."

The Marquise d'Esclignac, under the

an, "happy, my dear friend, I never

There's a dear.'

dreamed of such a thing!"

You are wonderful," she said.

the man you love, loves you."

think that he is fond of me?"

out, she said graciously:

influence is pernicious.

why I speak as I do.'

back and exclaimed.

formal education.

a long time?"

crat like my aunt," she said.

a perfect dear. He is a splendid

friend and I am devoted to him, but

don't love him at all, not at all."

Maine, and she looked at the Ameri-

ation. "Is it possible?"

The girl smiled.

can girl guardedly.

beads.

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French tavairy, 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 Redmend, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmend 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. -11-

#### CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

From where he stood, Tremont could see the Comtesse de la Maine in her little shadow, the oriental decorations a background to her slight Parisian figure, and a little out of the shadow, the bright aigret in her hair danced, shaking its sparkles of fire. She looked infinitely sad and infinitely appealing. One bare arm was along the back of her lounge. She leaned her head upon her hand.

After a few moments the Duc de Tremont quietly left the piano and Miss Redmond, and went and sat down beside the Comtesse de la Maine, who, in order to make a place for him, moved out of the shadow.

Julia, one after another, played songs she loved, keeping her fingers resolutely from the notes that wanted to run into a single song, the music, the song that linked her to the man whose life had become a mystery. She glanced at the Duc de Tremont and the Comtesse de la Maine. She glanced at her aunt, patting Mimi, who, freshly washed, adorned by pale blue ribbon, looked disdainful and princely, and with passion and feeling she began to sing the song that seemed to reach beyond the tawdry room of the villa in Algiers, and to go into the desert, trying in sweet intensity to speak and to comfort, and as she sat so singing to one man, Sabron would have adored adding that picture to his collection.

The servant came up to the marquise and gave her a message. The lady rose, beckoned Tremont to follow her, and went out on the veranda, followed by Mimi. Julia stopped playing and went over to the Comtesse de la Maine.

"Where have my aunt and Monsieur de Tremont gone, Madame?"

To see someone who has come to suggest a camel excursion. I believe." "He chooses a curious hour."

"Everything is curious in the East, Mademoiselle," returned the comtesse. "I feel as though my own life were turned upside down."

"We are not far enough in the East for that," smiled Julia Redmond. She regarded the comtesse with her frank girlish scrutiny. There was in it a fine truthfulness and utter disregard of all the barriers that long epochs of etiquette put between souls.

Julia Redmond knew nothing of French society and of the deference due to the arts of the old world. She knew, perhaps, very little of anything. She was young and unschooled. She knew, as some women know, how to feel, and how to be, and how to love. She was as honest as her ancestors, among whose traditions is the story that one of them could never tell a

Julia Redmond sat beside the Comtesse de la Maine, whose elegance she admired enormously, and taking one of the lady's hands, with a frank liking she asked in her rich young voice: "Why do you tolerate me, Madame?"

"Ma chere enfant," exclaimed the comtesse. "Why, you are adorable." "It is terribly good of you to say

so," murmured Julia Redmond. "It shows how generous you are."

"But you attribute qualities to me I do not deserve, Mademoiselle."

"You deserve them and much more, Madame. I loved you the first day I of merchants who once a year pass saw you; no one could help loving the spot where this native village is."

Julia Redmond was irresistible. The Comtesse de la Maine had remarked lec and put him out of the garden, quet. her caprices, her moods, her sadness. Robert. You must not let Julia hear She had seen that the good spirits of this.' were false and, as keen women do. she had attributed it to a love affair with the Duc de Tremont. The girl's seen this man. He has come to see frankness was contagious. The Comtesse de la Maine murmured:

"I think the same of you, ma chere, vous etes charmante."

Julia Redmond shook her head. She did not want compliments. The eyes of the two women met and read each

"Couldn't you be frank with me, Madame? It is so easy to be frank." It was, indeed, impossible for Julia formation for all it is worth."

Redmond to be anything else. The comtesse, who was only a trifle older clignac, "of course. The war departthan the young girl, felt like her mother just then. She laughed. "But be frank-about what?"

"You see," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "I care absolutely nothing for the Duc de Tremont, nothing."

saved is that he shall be found by out-"You don't love him?" returned Maend his life."

'Oh!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac 'I don't know what to do. Bob! What part can we take in this?"

Tremont pulled his mustache. Mimihad circled round the beggar, snuffing at his slippers and robe. The man made no objection to the little creature, to the fluffy ball surrounded by a huge bow, and Mimi sat peacefully down in the moonlight, at the beggar's

"Mimi seems to like him," said the Marquise d'Esclignac helplessly, "she is very particular.

"She finds that he has a serious and Grandfather Watts used to tell convincing manner," said Tremont.

Now the man, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said in fairly comprehensible English to the Marquise d'Esclignac:

"If the beautiful grandmother could have seen the Capitaine de Sabron on the night before the battle-"

"Grandmother, indeed!" exclaimed Mimi! Robert, finish with this creature and get what satisfaction you can from him. I believe him to be an impostor; at any rate, he does not expect me to mount a camel or to lead a caravan to the rescue."

Tremont put Mimi in her arms; she folded her lorgnon and sailed majestic-



"Nonsense," Said Julia.

ally away, like a highly decorated pinnace with silk sails, and Tremont, in the moonlight, continued to talk with the sincere and convincing Hammet

### CHAPTER XX.

Julia Decides.

Now the young girl had his letters and her own to read. They were sweet and sad companions and she laid them side by side. She did not weep, because she was not of the weeping type; she had hope.

Her spirits remained singularly even. Madame de la Maine had given Full of words six syllables long; will be awfully happy. You will her a great deal to live on. "Julia, what have you dor

"Nothing, ma tante." "He has quite changed. This excursion to Africa has entirely altered him. He is naturally so gay," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Have you refused him, Julia?"

"Ma tante, he has not asked me to be the Duchess de Tremont." Her aunt's voice was earnest.

"Julia, do you wish to spoil your life and your chances of happiness? Do you wish to mourn for a dead soldier who has never been more than an acquaintance? I won't even say a friend. What she said sounded logical.

"Ma tante, I do not think of Mon sieur de Sabron as dead, you know."

"Well, in the event that he may be my dear Julia." "Sometimes," said the girl, drawing

near to her aunt and taking the older lady's hand quietly and looking in her eyes, "sometimes, ma tante, you are cruel. The marquise kissed her and sighed:

"Robert's mother will be so unhappy!" She did not know what the word "But she has never seen me, ma

tante." Listening to the man's jargon and "She trusts my taste, Julia."

"There should be more than 'taste in a matter of husband and wife, ma

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Suspicious.

George W. Perkins said at a dinner "There are some people who insist on seeing an octopus in every trust. These people cross-question you as suspiciously as the young wife crossquestioned her husband after the ban-

"A young husband attended his first banquet, and a few days afterward his wife said to him:

"'Howard, is it true that you were the only sober man at that banquet?" "'No, of course not!' Howard indignantly answered.

"'Wh - was, then?' said his wife.

# Stoned Jail; le Jailed.

In an effort to extricate her son Chester from jail by force, Mrs. Alice Rollins of Tappan, Rockland county, New York, was locked up herself and sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment in that village.

When the jatler refused to liberate her son, Mrs. Rollins gathered rocks and other ammunition and opened fire She gave a correct imitation, of the bombardment of Dixmude and re duced the glass in the jail windows to fragments before she was arrested. siders. One hint to his captors would The son was committed to the house of refuge for burglary.

# **CELEBRATED HIS** PRIVATE FOURTH

How Grandfather Watts Recognized Day of Signing of Independence Declaration.

That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth with out any noise. would say, with a thump of his

hickory stick, That it made an American right down sick

To see his sons, on the Nation's Day, Sit 'round in a listless sort of way, marquise indignantly. "Come, With no oration and no train band, No firework show and no root-beer stand,

While his grandsons, before they were out of bibs.

Were ashamed-great Scott! to fire off squibs.

And so each Independence morn, Grandfather Watts took his powder

And the flintlock-gun his father had When he fought under Schuyler, country lad,

And Grandfather Watts would start and tramp miles to the woods at Beaver

Camp; Thoughtfulness for the Unfortu-For Grandfather Watts used to sayand scowl-

That a decent chipmunk, or wood chuck, or owl Was better company, friendly or shy, Than folks who didn't keep Fourth of

July. And so he would pull his hat down or his brow,

And march for the woods, sou' east-by But once-ah! long, long years ago,

For grandfather's gone where good One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our

Such short cuts as boys have always known

We hurried, and followed the dear old man

Beyond where the wilderness began, To the deep, black woods at the foot of the Hump, And there was a clearing and a stump,

And there on the stump our grandfather stood. Talking and shouting out there in the

sun, And firing that funny old flintlock-gun Once in a minute, his head all bare, Having his Fourth of July out there-The Fourth of July he used to know Back in eighteen and twenty or so.

First, with his face to the heaven's blue.

He read the "Declaration" through: And then, with gestures to left and right, He made an oration erudite,

And, scaring the squirrels in the trees,

Gave "Hail Columbia" to the breeze. her trouble, a wan, unhappy little face And I tell you the old man never heard When we joined in the chorus, word

But he sang out strong to the bright

blue sky: And if voices joined in his Fourth of

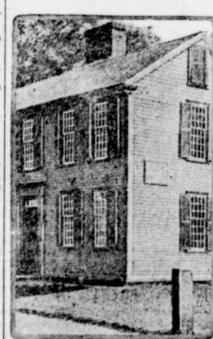
July He heard them as echoes of days gone by.

And when he had done, we all slipped back. As still as we came, on our twisting

track. While words more clear than the flint lock shots Rang in our ears. And Grandfather

Watts? He shouldered the gun his father bore And marched off home, nor' west-by nor'I

# CLARK-HANCOCK HOUSE



Built 1698; enlarged 1734; residence of Rev. John Hancock 55 years, and his successor, Rev. Jonas Clark, 50 years. Here Samuel Adams and John Hancock were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere, April 19,

# Flag Day Popular.

Although Flag day is a comparativey recent addition to the national red letter days, it has been so heartily anproved by popular sentiment that its observance in future is likely to be

### **OLD CONCORD CHURCH**



THIS WAS PEGGY'S

DAY OF REAL JOY

nate Brought the Reward

That It Deserved.

The little town was gay with bunt-

ing, and the clear sunshine and radi-

ant blue of the skies seemed to unite

joyously for the festal occasion. Ev-

ery one seemed infused with the pa-

triotic spirit of the day, and Peggy

Marsden felt somewhat ashamed of

her drooping spirits as she passed

down the street. But it is hard, at

with one's sweetheart and given up a

consequence, to feel in the happiest of

She had decided to go down to

of sympathizers in Susie.

Dick if he could see them!

dreadfully dull for a boy."

piest work she had ever done

pale, but radiant, child from the cart.

meet her thus. With one bound he

you; let me carry him in;" and with-

out waiting for her answer he took

the boy from her and passed into the

Peggy stood waiting; she couldn't

very well hurry away without thank-

In a few moments he was out again,

he sprang in beside her and drove

ing him; it would be so rude.

toward the Montgomerys'.

pathy for one in trouble."

"Peggy, that child is too heavy for

sprang forward.

house

this!"

As she passed along, musing over

looked out at her from one of the win-

dows; so serious was it that she

ning. What a treat it would be for wanted.

dogcart down to the village and bring

Susie's to be

cheered up. Susie

Montgomery,

while favored of

sightly deformity

that caused her to

found a sympa-

thetic chord in the

girl's heart, and

### Eleven hundred Indian war veterans hold joyful convention in Portland. President Wilson declares he sees no igns of early peace in the European

OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News

From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of All Nations and

Pacific Northwest Condensed

for Our Busy Readers.

It is reported the last Russian line in Galicia is broken by the Austro-German army.

Two trains collide on high bridge near Gettysburg, Pa., and eight persons are killed.

The American Medical association in session in San Francisco, has chosen Dr. Blue as its president.

England in note to United States promises to reduce delays of shipping by neutral countries in war zone.

The United States government places

big order for steel rails to be used in construction of the Alaskan railroad. Persistent rumors from Germany state that the kaiser will soon make a supreme effort to invade England, with

London as the objective goal. Five severe earthquakes occurred at twenty-two, when one has quarreled Calexico, Cal., again Friday. The first was felt about 8:15 and the succeeding picnic of many weeks' planning in four at intervals until 10:10 p. m.

> The American steamer Neches, bound from Rotterdam to New York, was seized by England and ordered to London, where her cargo will be thrown into prize court. A Reuter dispatch from Berne says fortune's children that Luxembourg, threatened with a

in the matter of shortage of bread, has appealed to wealth, was af Switzerland, which has agreed to supflicted with an un- ply the grand duchy with flour until the next harvest. Loans and discounts of the 7604 Nashun social func- tional banks in this country reporting tions and find her to the comptroller of the currency at pleasure a p a r t the close of business May 1 amounted from the crowds. to \$6,643,887,951, an increase over

Happy - go - lucky March 4, 1915, of \$143,923,346, and Peggy, as she was over June 30, 1914, of nearly \$214,often called, had 000,000. Founding of the James J. Hill pro-fessorship of transportation in the Harvard Graduate School of Business they were warm friends. She knew Administration, with an endowment And then our grandfather broke into now that she would have the warmest dent Lowell in his address to the Harof \$125,000, was announced by Presi-

vard alumni, assembled for commence ment day. The great wineries of the Barton vineyard, at Fresno, Cal., one of the thought it, at first, that of an old per- largest in the world, caught fire and son. Then it flashed suddenly upon the main buildings are destroyed. The her that it was Dick Marville, the loss is estimated at from \$300,000 to scrubwoman's little boy, who had been \$500,000, or even more. More than

thrown from his sled while coasting 1,000,000 gallons of wine and brandy and had been helplessly paralyzed. As in bond were spilled. she hurried on she wondered what it Oklahoma is said to need from 16,000 must mean to be a boy of ten and to 18,000 harvest hands, and Kansas housed like that on the fourth of 35,000. An Oregon association has July; a warm wave of sympathy swept applied for 1000 berry pickers. An over her, and when she reached Su- arms and ammunition plant in Consie's house, instead of pouring into her necticut has asked for 300 men. Zinc ears the tale of her own trouble, she and lead mines in Missouri need 1000 laid a little plan before her. She laborers. A Maryland steel company knew that the Montgomerys always has applied for 100 hands. In West had splendid fireworks in the eve- Virginia 2000 coal mine employes are

Active work has begun on the gov-"Suste, won't you let me drive your ernment railroad in Alaska.

Bulgarians are reported to be barpoor little Dick Marville up here to see the fireworks? He isn't having gaining on entering the war. General French, commander-in-chief

any Fourth at all, and it must be of the British forces, has recommend-"Why, you dear Peggy, it will be ed 58 women "for gallantry and dissplendid!" And so, instead of grievtinguished service in the field." ing over a miserable quarrel, Peggy women were in the hospital and Red spent the next few hours in the hap-Cross service.

Harry K. Thaw's seventh attempt to Indeed, Maurice Arnold was little in gain his freedom since his arrest, nine her thoughts-not half so much as she years ago for the murder of Stanford was in his, for he was having an un-White, was begun in New York with happy time of it. That evening as he the selection of a jury to inquire as to passed down Main street on his way his sanity. If the jurors decide in his home he was surprised to see Susie favor and Justice Hendrick, presiding, Montgomery's dogcart at the curb who has the power to reverse the vernear Dick Marville's home, and Pegdict, accepts it, Thaw will obtain pergy, with the happiest expression on manent freedom. her face he had ever seen, lifting a

According to a forecast of crop con-It seemed providential that he should ditions cabled the department of Agriculture by the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome, Italy's wheat yield is estimated at 202,093,000 bushels for 1915, as against 172,697,000 bushels in 1914. No yearly comparisons are given for other grains, but it is estimated that Italy's rye crop this year will total 4,474,000 bushels, barley 9,186,000 and oats 31,003,000.

Thomas Taggert and 127 others have been indicted for alleged election and helping her gently into the cart, frauds at Indianapolis.

Admiral Howard advises against landing American marines at Guaymas, After a moment Peggy spoke: "To think that poor little Dick Marville fearing it may cause trouble for Amershould have brought us together like | icans at other points.

Official announcement was made in And Maurice replied: "It wasn't Stockholm that the German govern-Dick, Peggy; it was your tender symment had expressed deep regret for the attack off Christiansand on June 15 on the Swedish steamer Verdandi. Ger-A new broom sweeps much cleaner many declares the attack was a miswhen a new servant girl is operating take and expressed willingness to pay an indemnity.