

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 Pichoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac 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 washed over by Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune 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.

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 lie.

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 saw you; no one could help loving you."

Julia Redmond was irresistible. The Comtesse de la Maine had remarked her caprices, her moods, her sadness. She had seen that the good spirits were false and, as keen women do, she had attributed it to a love affair with the Duc de Tremont. The girl's 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 other.

"Couldn't you be frank with me, Madame? It is so easy to be frank!"

It was, indeed, impossible for Julia Redmond to be anything else. The comtesse, who was only a trifle older than 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."

"You don't love him?" returned Ma-

dame de la Maine, with deep accentuation. "Is it possible?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes, quite possible. I think he is a perfect dear. He is a splendid friend and I am devoted to him, but I don't love him at all, not at all."

"Ah!" breathed Madame de la Maine, and she looked at the American girl guardedly.

For a moment it was like a passage of arms between a frank young Indian chief and a Jesuit. Julia, as it were, shook her feathers and her beads.

"And I don't care in the least about being a duchess! My father made his money in oil. I am not an aristocrat like my aunt," she said.

"Then," said the Comtesse de la Maine, forgetting that she was a Jesuit, "you will marry Robert de Tremont simply to please your aunt?"

"But nothing on earth would induce me to marry him!" cried Julia Redmond. "That's what I'm telling you, Madame. I don't love him!"

The Comtesse de la Maine looked at her companion and bit her lip. She blushed more warmly than is permitted in the Faubourg St-Germain, but she was young and the western influence is pernicious.

"I saw at once that you loved him," said Julia Redmond frankly. "That's why I speak as I do."

The Comtesse de la Maine drew back and exclaimed:

"Oh," said Julia Redmond, "don't deny it. I shan't like you half so well if you do. There is no shame in being in love, is there?—especially when the man you love, loves you."

The Comtesse de la Maine broke down, or, rather, she rose high. She rose above all the smallness of convention and the rules of her French formal education.

"You are wonderful," she said, laughing softly, her eyes full of tears. "Will you tell me what makes you think that he is fond of me?"

"But you know it so well," said Julia. "Hasn't he cared for you for a long time?"

Madame de la Maine wondered just how much Julia Redmond had heard, and as there was no way of finding out, she said graciously:

"He has seemed to love me very dearly for many years; but I am poor; I have a child. He is ambitious and he is the Duc de Tremont."

"Nonsense," said Julia. "He loves you. That's all that counts. You will be awfully happy. You will marry the Duc de Tremont, won't you? There's a dear."

"Happy," murmured the other woman, "happy, my dear friend, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Dream of it now," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "for it will come true."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Man in Rags.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, under the 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 distinctly visible in all his squalor.

"What on earth is he talking about, Robert?"

"About Sabron, marraine," said her godson laconically.

The Marquise d'Esclignac raised her lorgnon and said:

"Speak, man! What do you know about Monsieur de Sabron? See, he is covered with dirt—has leprosy, probably. But she did not withdraw. She was a great lady and stood her ground. She did not know what the word 'squeamish' meant.

Listening to the man's jargon and putting many things together, Tremont at last turned to the Marquise d'Esclignac who was sternly fixing the beggar with her haughty condescension:

"Marraine, he says that Sabron is alive, in the hands of natives in a certain district where there is no travel, in the heart of the seditious tribes. He says that he has friends in a caravan of merchants who once a year pass the spot where this native village is."

"The man's a lunatic," said the Marquise d'Esclignac calmly. "Get Abimelec and put him out of the garden, Robert. You must not let Julia hear of this."

"Marraine," said Tremont quietly, "Mademoiselle Redmond has already seen this man. He has come to see her tonight."

"How perfectly horrible!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac. Then she asked rather weakly of Tremont: "Don't you think so?"

"Well, I think," said Tremont, "that 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 information for all it is worth."

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Of course. The war department must be informed at once. Why hasn't he gone there?"

"He has explained," said Tremont, "that the only way Sabron can be saved is that he shall be found by outsiders. One hint to his captors would end 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. Mimi had 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 feet.

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

"She finds that he has a serious and 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 the marquise indignantly. "Come, 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 majestically.



"Nonsense," said Julia.

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

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 her a great deal to live on.

"Julia, what have you done to Robert?"

"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 Monsieur 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!"

"But she has never seen me, ma tante."

"She trusts my taste, Julia."

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

(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 cross-questioned her husband after the banquet."

"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.

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

Stoned Jail; Is 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 jailer 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 reduced the glass in the jail windows to fragments before she was arrested. 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.

Grandfather Watts used to tell us boys

That a Fourth wa'n't a Fourth without any noise.

He 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,

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 horn,

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

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

For Grandfather Watts used to say—and scowl—

That a decent chipmunk, or wood-chuck, or owl

Was better company, friendly or shy, Than folk who didn't keep Fourth of July.

And so he would pull his hat down on his brow,

And march for the woods, sou' east-by-sou'!

But once—ah! long, long years ago, For grandfather's gone where good men go—

One hot, hot Fourth, by ways of our own,

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 keep 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, Full of words six syllables long;

And then our grandfather broke into song,

And, scaring the squirrels in the trees, Gave "Hail Columbia" to the breeze.

And I tell you the old man never heard When we joined in the chorus, word for 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 flintlock shots

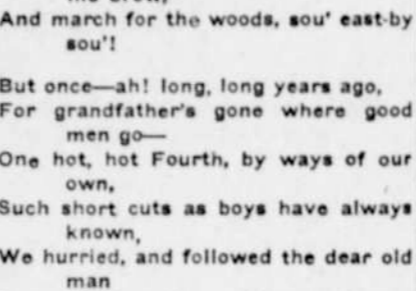
Rang in our ears. And Grandfather Watts?

He shouldered the gun his father bore

And marched off home, nor' west-by-nor'!

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, 1775.



Flag Day Popular.

Although Flag day is a comparatively recent addition to the national letter day, it has been so heartily approved by popular sentiment that its observance in future is likely to be general.



OLD CONCORD CHURCH

THIS WAS PEGGY'S DAY OF REAL JOY

Thoughtfulness for the Unfortunate Brought the Reward That It Deserved.

The little town was gay with bunting, and the clear sunshine and radiant blue of the skies seemed to unite joyously for the festive occasion. Every one seemed infused with the patriotic 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 twenty-two, when one has quarreled with one's sweetheart and given up a picnic of many weeks' planning in consequence, to feel in the happiest of moods.

She had decided to go down to

Susie's to be

cheered up. Susie

Montgomery,

while favored of

fortune's children

in the matter of

wealth, was af-

licted with an un-

sightly deformity

that caused her to

shun social func-

tions and find her

pleasure a part

from the crowds.

Happy-go-lucky

Peggy, as she was

often called, had

found a symphat-

hetic chord in the

girl's heart, and

they were warm

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WORLD'S DOINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume of General News From All Around the Earth.

UNIVERSAL HAPPENINGS IN A NUTSHELL

Live News Items of