## MISLOVE STORY MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS COPYNICHT BY THE BOBBS HERRILL COHPANY

and busied himself at his table with

his correspondence. Among the let-

ters was an invitation from the Mar

quise d'Esclignac, an American mar-

ried to a Frenchman, and the great

dine with us on Sunday? I have my

niece with me. She would be glad to

see a French soldier. She has expressed such a wish. She comes from

a country where soldiers are rare. We

Sabron looked at the letter and its

fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invita-

tion is likely to be, and it gave him

a sense of cordiality. He had seen,

during his rides, the beautiful lines

of the Chatcau d'Esclignac. Its tur-

rets surely looked upon the Rhone

There would be a divine view from

the terraces. It would be a pleasure

to go there. He thought more of what

the place would be than of the people

in it, for he was something of a her

mit, rather a recluse, and very re-

his hand.

hand."

He was writing a line of acceptance

"Put Pitchoune over there in the

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

dine with the Marquise d'Esclignac-

never could remember) and her niece,

face that made the charm of the pic

Their welcome to him was gracious

when he got up to his room he hummed

of flannel in the corner and fed the

This was a painstaking operation

and required patience and delicacy,

both of which the big man had at his

mond's song did for a lullaby and the

puppy fell comfortably to sleep while

Sabron kept the picture of his eve-

ning's outing contentedly in his mind.

not so contented, and counted the

He shortly made a call at the Cha-

teau d'Esclignac with the result that

he had a new picture to add to his col-

lection. This time it was the picture

of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Es-

clignac doing tapestry. While Sabron

found that he had grown reticent

again, he listened for another step and

another voice and heard nothing; but

before he took leave there was a hint

The marquise was very handsome

that afternoon and wore yet another

bewildering dress. Sabror's simple

taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she

made a graceful picture, one of beau-

ty and refinement, and the young sol-

dier took it away with him. As his

horse began to trot, at the end of the

end of the rose terrace he caught a

glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly

a simpler dress than that wor by

CHAPTER III.

A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it

Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat be-

fore a table on which, in a basket, lay

Michette's only surviving puppy. It

was a month old. Sabron already knew

how bright its eyes were and how al-

luring its young ways.
"Be still, Brunet," commanded the

officer. "You do not come from the

south or you would be more sanguine.

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome

is any use," Brunet told his master.

Madame d'Esclignac).

of a second invitation to dinner.

hours when he might return

puppy hot milk from a quill.

the castle of good King Rene.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to

lady of the country thereabouts.

CHAPTER I. A Serious Event.

Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the - Cavalry, sat smoking and thinking.

What is the use of being thirty years old with the brevet of captain and much distinction of family if you are a poor man-in short, what is the good of anything if you are alone in the world and no one cares what becomes

of you? He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "Que diable is the noise in the sta-

ble, Brunet? Don't you know that when I smoke at this hour all Taras con must be kept utterly silent?" Tarascon is never silent. No French

meridional town is, especially in the warm sunlight of a glorious May day. "The noise, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "is rather melancholy."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once." The ordonnance held his kepi in his hand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were used to twinkle at his master's humor

and caprices. "I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event is taking place." "It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine that Michette has just died.' "Michette!" exclaimed the master.

"What relation is she of yours, Bru-

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the little terrier that Monsieur le Capitaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy Httle dog! Well, Brunet!"

"She has just breathed her last, mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family." "I am not surprised," said the officer.

"There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Captaine is willing, I should like to keep one."

"Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself dles or causes me regret and pain And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it . .

Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden with him when he left. It went with in the bland May light, went into the him as he crossed the terrace into the the ordonnance with melancholy fa



Babron Looked at the Letter.

small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do heir duty to a race. In the straw at alley, near the poplars at the lower his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unprepossessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. Its extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said curtly to his man:

Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms.

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitchoune, which means "poor little Pitchoune has got to live." thing.

"I shall call it Pitchoune," he do better than its name suggests."

feet had taken him as far as the highthought, "and we shall see if it can't road, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the He went slowly back to his rooms struggle for existence, a bicycle had

cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, 'there wasn't much use!"

Pitchoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

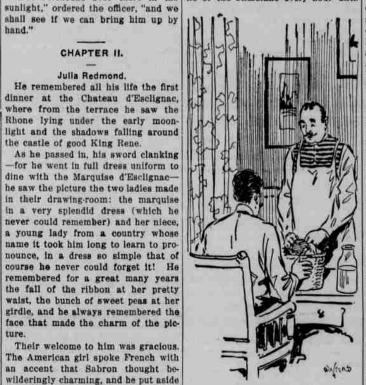
"He won't eat anything from me mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the pup py's mouth and thrust down a dose Pitchoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitchoune. second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner. "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow

The water trickled out from either which he put a dash of brandy, down other ponies on earth. Pitchoune's throat. Pitchoune swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When

The officer hurried into his evewhen Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in ning clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until



some of his reserve and laughed and "He Won't Eat Anything From Me. talked at his ease. After dinner (this

he remembered with peculiar distinct- he should return. Pitchoune's eyes, ness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and now open, followed his handsome masalthough he understood none of the ter to the door. As Sabron opened it words of the English ballad, he learned he gave a pathetic yelp which made the melody by heart and it followed the capitaine turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said moonlight to mount his horse; it went home with him; he hummed it, and Pitchoune it will be to see him die. know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He it again as he bent over the little roll lives for you alone." "Nonsense," said the young officer

impatiently, drawing on his gloves. Pitchoune gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," finger-tips. The tune of Miss Red the ordonnance threw up his hands "he will be stiff by the time 1. But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third ten-

But later he discovered that he was derly pathetic wall. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE

Commanding Generals Could Not Handle Present Enormous Armles Without the Motor.

With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before "a opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of 300 miles, and one of 270 miles in the east-figures which not only convey some inucation of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tre mendous responsibilities of the commanders in chief.

Nevertheles , although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under control: in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defense or supply, the keynote of the operation has been effectiveness of the completest kind.

The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former gen erations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been conveyed by motor wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves-Charles L Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

To prevent postage stamps from sticking together, rub them over the hair before putting them away.

## Home of the Shetland

when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second caused by the fluttering of the white Philadelphia Record. The shipment of these sturdy little animals for America must be a blind alley. On coming to is going up by leaps and bounds, and the supposed terminus, however, one wherever you go amongst the smart finds there is a way round and that set in England you wil. now so these the street meanders on.

handsome little beasts carrying the The peasant population of the is children of the househol. In fact, if lands is extremely interesting. The you really want to be in the newest male portion is mostly devoted to fish side of Pitchoune's mouth. The sturdy fashion and to give children the time ing and pony rearing. The female ele terrier refused milk in all forms, had of their lives you must have a string ment stays at home, cures the fish done so since Sabron weaned him; but of Shetland ponies in your stables, and, when that is done, carries peat Sabron now returned to his nursery Experts say Shetlands teach children which is the only fuel used, in "creels," days, made Brunet fetch him warm self-reliance and domination and set slung on the back. While walking milk and, taking the quill, dropped a off the natural beauties of the girls as outside the town you see a regular profew drops of the soothing liquid, into they canter through the parks like no cession of women coming and going

Shetland ponies, of course, are to he opened them the glazed look had mistake. These small animals are bred round their waist, leaving just enough islands as pheasants are bred and ally taken to the stores and exchanged sporting countrie

composed of some thirty or forty an extraordinary kind of shoe which at the peninsula vith Sumburgh Head lands. as its commencement and ending at Unst, a whale fishers' port, the first the hillsides quite uncared for, and they touch on British soil.

Opposit Lerwick, the capital of the Opposit Lerwick, the capital of the to the peasantry; these ponies, of island lies Bressay, one of the larger course, are the larger and less expen island., and the center of the pony- sive variety. breeding industry. Here they reared and eventually exported to the United States ...nd to Scotland, Eng. of all these islands and that is, that land and other countries as required, there are absolutely no trees of any A small, pure-br- ! specimen is some what valuable, fetching at the farm \$200 cr \$250. Larger ones are less costly and only make about \$25.

Ponies Dislike Strangers. These animals are usually

HE best and most aristocratic about thirty feet wide, paved through families in London and New out with slabs of stone, there being suddenly revived no distinction between roadway and the old fashion of training sidewalk. A store here and there en

somewhat like ants moving their eggs.

They are all knitting as hard as they some people merely a general name can, never looking at their work. The for a small type of pony, but this is a finished portion of the shawl is wound with as much care in the Shetland free to work with. These are eventu reared in cover : in England and other for the necessities of life. Barter is the usual mode of business amons The Shetian islands themselves are the poorer class. These people wear small islands and three or four larger a piece of untanned cowhide, the hairy ones. The largest, called the "Main-side being outermost. I believe these land," is a bleak, hilly island starting rivelins are quite peculiar to the Shet-

The ponies are seen roaming about seemingly wild, although they belong

Island Without Trees.

There is one distinctive peculiarity description growing. The inhabitants aver that they would spoil the view.

I took a small boat—which plies as often as required-across the harbor to Bressay, and by the courtesy of the dark proprietor looked over the pony farm There were ponies of all ages and



SHETLAND PONIES OF BRESSAY

black manes. Their temper is by some sizes, the smallest being the size of a called playful, but vindictive would be large St. Bernard dog, and the foals more applicable. While walking along were reminiscent of chamols. While one of the roads near Lerwick I had on Bressay I also walked to the Ork to run to shelter, as one of these neyman's cave, which is situated at charming animals made a dead set at the extreme end of the island, with organized by the officers. As none of me with ears back and teeth showing. the Giant's leg to guard the entrance I was informed that that is their usual reception of a stranger. They are tween rocks. owned by nearly everyone on the main-

unshod. To get to this interesting series of dock, London, and in 36 hours arrived in Aberdeen. From thence I went by another steamer for 18 hours to Lerwick, the capital of the Shetlands. Before actually arriving at Lerwick, early the most southerly point of the mainmagnificent lighthouse. The steamer follows this peninsula the whole way up-a distance of some thirty miles. Each mile presents new and delightnouthern coast.

In Lerwick Harbor.

Eventually I arrived in Lerwick harbest natural harbors in the United the keep. Kingdom. It is protected at its outlet by the Island Bressay, six miles in length, which is the one already menioned - the center of the pony insheltering the entire British fleet, and azine of the day. is used by the admiralty as a base during the \_mneuvers.

as it does round the harbor, with a out, had brain fag. So the doctor background of heather-covered hills. said to him: The town .. some three hundred years old, but contains few of the old horses, solute repose, both mental and physialthough the principal street-Com cal. Go off somewhere by the sea, mercial treet-is a remnant of the loaf on the sand, and, to rest your old order of things, inasmuch as it is mind, write a series of ten or twelve merely an irregularly winding alley, magazine stories."

-a small yacht can easily sail be

Besides Lerwick, the capital, there land, and act as draft horses, being is only one other town of any size, that particularly strong. As a rule they are being Scalloway. It is seven miles from Lerwick across the peninsula and was the harbor town of Tingwall, the islands . took a boat from Limehouse old capital of the islands. It boasts a castle which was built in 1640 and inhabitated by Patrick Stewart, then drum, cymbals and triangles. Nearly governor of the islands. He was a particularly brutal and inhuman man, for there still remains a ring on one travelers who wish to enjoy magnifi- of the walls, through which a rope was cent rock scenery have enough and to run, to which he hanged a great num spare, for on sighting Sumburgh head, ber of the inhabitants for very trivial offenses, or none at all sometimes, so land, the eyes are literally fascinated the legend goes, other than refusing by that headland surmounted by a to pay him unlawful tribute. These executions were of daily occurrence and matters came to such a pitch that petitions were sent to parliament, which caused him to be called to ful rock scenes unsurpassed on that Edinburgh, where an inquiry was held Ultimately he was hanged.

His memory was so odious that the people destroyed the castle, and now bor, which, by the way, is one of the all that remains are the four walls and

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was condemning, at a dinner in Boston, dustry. This harbor is capable of the light, vacuous quality of the mag-

"I know a doctor," said Senator Lodge, "who was consulted by a fa-Lerwick is a quaint town, nestling mous novelist. The novelist, it turned

"'I prescribe for you complete, ab-

## INFLUENCED BY MUSIC

EFFECT OF SWEET STRAINS ON DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Lecturer Urges Farmers to Place Phonographs Near Their Bee Hives and Stables-Tells of Her Own Experiences.

Farmers who want better honey, richer milk, and more of both, should put phonographs near the hives and in the pasture or stable. Dr. Alma Webster Powell, LL. B., M. B., A. M., Ph. D., of New York and Columbia university is authority for the assertion. She declared to an audience at the University of Washington recently, while lecturing on "Music Is a Human Need," that she herself had tried the experiment on her farm, and that it had proved absolutely success-

Nor are bees and cows the only creatures influenced by music. Doctor Powell and her daughter keep four or five crickets in their hearth, and evenings they attract them forth to a dance in the middle of the living room in their farm home by singing to them. Madam Powell says she has had many scientists as her guests to witness the phenomenon.

Six little crippled girls, of particularly unlovely natures, whom she found in the slums of New York, were other objects of Madam Powell's study. She gave musical training to these children, putting phonographs in their homes, and not only succeeded in entirely reforming their dispositions, but in effecting marked changes in all of those with whom they associated.

At Coney Island, she said she ran a tent where mobs were incited to rioi every evening by radical speeches. After a few months of experiment in this direction she introfuced music at the meetings, and though the speeches became more flery than ever the crowds were invariably peaceful.

She contended, as a result of these experiments, that music stirred the sluggish and tranquilized the nervous person, animal or insect.

Madam Powell believes in ragtime for all who like it, and she is one, though a highly educated and successful prima donna soprano and pi-anist. "A good ragtime piece sets me beating time, and if I don't do it on the outside I feel it on the inside," she said.

Gamblin' Man Led to Repentance. During the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel Goat Simmons, the gambling man, "came through" amid a thunderous concomitant of triumphant hosannas. He sprang to his feet with a loud shout and immediately tumbled down in a fit on the floor, where he postured and gyrated like an unfortunate toad in the embrace of a hot cornpopper. An especially animated squirm sent a couple of dice flying from the pocket of the groveling wretch, to be followed a moment later by another which caused a deck of cards to be widely scattered.

"Hallelooyer!" shouted good old Parson Bagster. "It's de sin dat's bein' shuck out'n our sufferin' brudder! Shake him ag'in, Lawd!—shake him twell all de sin am purged fum him!"
"Dat's right, Lawd!" yelled Brother "Keep on uh-shakin de scamp twell he rattles out dem two dollahs he won off'n me at de lodge last night!"--Kansas City Star.

British Army's Black Bands.

At one time much of the music played to enliven British troops was furnished by black bandsmen. These were first attached to the army in the seventeenth century, owing to one of the guards' bands having refused, in a body, to play at an entertainment the men were attested, they could not be punished for insubordination, so the officers petitioned the duke of York, then commander-in-chief, that bandsmen should in future be made subject to military law. To this the duke would not agree, but he brought over from Hanover for the guards a complete German military band, which included negro players of the bass every regiment in the service hastened to reorganize its band, engaging colored performers for all percussion instruments. Down to 1841 the band of the Scots Guards included a negro musician.

Fear Eskimos Slew Priests.

Advices received from Mackenzie river valley in the Arctic circle by the Catholic authorities here caused serious alarm among friends for the welfare of Rev. Father Jean Baptiste Rouviere and Rev. Father Guillaume Leroux, Catholic missionaries,

It is reporter they have been murdered by Eskimos in the vicinity of Bear lake, 100 miles east of Port Norman. They have been engaged in that field for several years.

News comes to Rev. Father Allard, the Archbishop's secretary, in a letter brought from the Arctic Red river and written by Rev. Father Jules M. Lecuyer, Catholic missionary at that The letter was written on Janpoint. uary 15,

She Makes Him.

"Mr. Blobbins goes to church every Sunday morning. "I've noticed that."

"Do you suppose he will keep it up

"That depends on whether or not he survives Mrs. Blobbins."