

# 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.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing another very beautiful dress, looked up at her niece, who was playing at the piano.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise. Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him."

The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for her niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank."

Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"

"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfilled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night . . .

There was never another invitation! "Voyons, mon cher," his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly Irish, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclignac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewn it with red and golden specters. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk, Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor at that mo-



Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him.

ment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to visit with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hailed up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.

"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the

breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of 'life and death,' wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron. "Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

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

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life; a wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a parti for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and waddled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say. "Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

# Australia's Federal Capital

AUSTRALIA is building for itself a wonderful capital city in a region hitherto uninhabited, and the designer of this future city and supervisor of its erection is an American. Jessie Ackermann, F. R. G. S., thus tells of the great project and her visit to the chosen site, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch:

When the colonies of Australia federated and the country established a commonwealth government, they naturally bethought themselves as to what they should do with it. From the day of federation, for almost ten years, the matter of the locality of the capital was a vexed question, which hinged entirely upon sectional jealousy and ambition. The bitter fight waxed fierce between the states of Victoria and New South Wales as to whether Sydney or Melbourne should have the honor and advantage.

In order to bring harmony out of chaos, it was determined to found a city in some new place where Australian building ideas and characteristics could be molded and fashioned into a monument of local coloring. The country in general aspect, fairly pulsated with possibilities of originality. The great soul of Australia breathes an atmosphere all its own. Still there is nothing whatever purely Australian in type or character which the people have produced—neither in art, literature, architecture or poetry. Of course, the country is young, but, even so, there are no evidences of originality, with the exception of the idea of building a great city in waste places.

Yass-Canberra Valley Chosen. The question of a national capital somewhere at some time having been settled, the struggle of "where" became positively bitter. As New South Wales was the oldest colony, a sense of fitness led the government to agree that the Mother State was justly entitled to the city, provided the state donated the territory on which it was to stand, specifying that sovereign rights should be vested in the federal government.

At last a majority vote selected the valley of Yass-Canberra district, as the spot where the urban city should be built. By a strange irony which often weaves itself about the individ-

An entire night on trains, or waiting for them at stations, brought me, long before daylight, to the nearest point by rail, when two government officials took charge of me and I was conveyed to the site, where I was to camp in government tents until I could see something of the reservation.

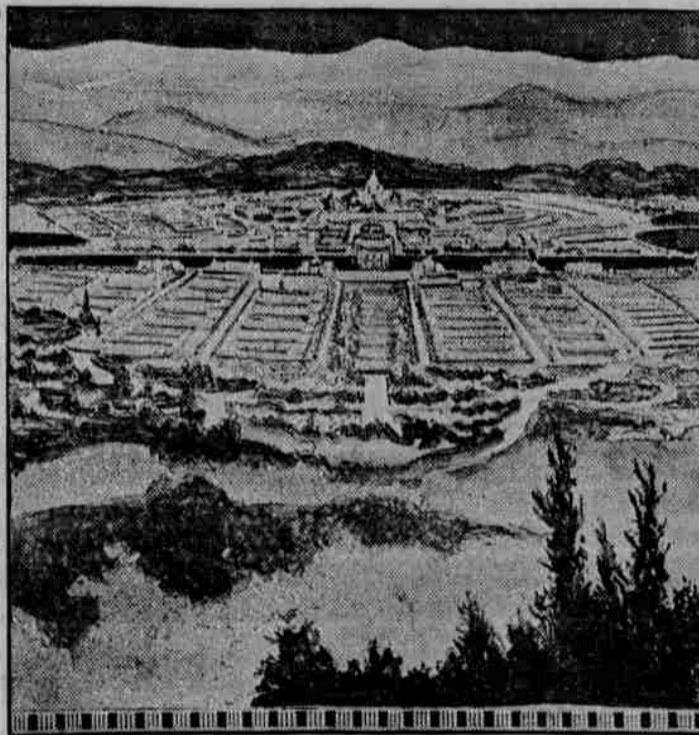
### Set in the Foothills.

Eight miles over good roads led to the foothills that form a setting for the new city. The valley is backed by the more distant range of mountains, which change their garb of color between daylight and darkness, so frequently as to throw almost a spell of witchery over the landscape. From this area of 900 square miles, 12 square miles have been surveyed as the actual site of the city. The spot will certainly become of intense interest to those who watch the daily building of a new and modern city, springing from the very mountains of this oldest of old lands.

In five days we drove 190 miles over the reservation. Viewed from every point, beauty increased and possibilities enlarged with each hour of driving. The secretary of the department chanced to be on the spot, also the surveyor-in-chief of the commonwealth. Maps, books, designs, literature, explanations and details were all on such a large scale as to almost bewilder the mind of a mere woman.

An immense gorge in the mountains will form a water supply of such vast extent and capacity that the water question of the city, should the population reach unheard-of numbers, is settled at the very outset. This is the great advantage of the whole situation—the certainty of a water supply will strike a note of security. The district will be governed something after the methods of the District of Columbia. The people who dwell within the boundaries will, practically, be disfranchised. No land will be sold and the government will manufacture all material to be used in building the city at various places under the supervision of that body.

Two hundred miles of splendidly built roads are now completed, and work will progress probably slowly, for lack of funds, but the completion of the city is an assured fact. The present generation of builders will not



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CITY

ual, one of the members who most bitterly denounced the situation of the site by exclaiming, "The wastes are so bleak, the spot so barren and dry, that a crow never flies across the place without carrying a water bottle," became head of the department under which the city will be built.

The report of the commission appointed to visit various sites, says this of Yass-Canberra: "It forms a perfect amphitheater in which the city would be surrounded by glorious hills."

It was decided the world should have a chance to compete in a plan to lay out the city. Descriptions of the area were worked out to the most minute detail. They were drawn by the surveyor general to the commonwealth and sent to the British consuls of the world, with the result that hundreds of plans from many countries poured into the department before the time limit expired. These were studied and sorted out by a committee, which reduced the real competing number to about half a dozen. There were three prizes offered. The first was carried off by an enterprising young architect from Chicago, Walter Burley Griffin, who is under three years' engagement to the Australian government to put his plans into execution.

In order to see something of this greatly discussed place, I decided to pay a visit to the territory and look over the very beginning of things for myself.

The site is still rather cut off from the most speedy communications by travel; but when the railway connects the place with other lines, it will form the trunk between Sydney and Melbourne, shortening the present distance by some eighty miles.

live to see the city in any sense completed. It must be the labor of many years, but it is the hope of Australia that gradually there will appear upon these hills one master-stroke of architecture after another until a world-triumph will stand in the form of a modern city, suited to the climate, of which the oncoming generations will be proud.

Prosperity is Astounding. Australia is a great land, a country of sunshine, fruit and flowers; an island so rich in natural resources as to astound the world with its recent years of unprecedented prosperity. Wealth abounds. It is the natural home of the working man, the field of opportunity for women, reeking in a spirit of undirected democracy, experimenting in impossible and wild legislation, for which the people must pay in one way or another.

The intention is to make it a working man's paradise; not a bad idea at all. No reason why the toiler should not have his just share of production—he should; but untrained, inexperienced men cannot hop from unsuccessful ventures of his own into skillful management of the business of the nation. There is a great lack of leaders. There are plenty of clever men in the country, but politics has a bad reputation. Able, capable men decline to become mixed up in it.

Reciprocal. "Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, espousing his cause and buckling on his armor." And man ever has been woman's companion, sharing her happiness, espousing her when she would have him, and buttoning her up the back

Real Daughter of the Regiment. "Our regiment has adopted a two-year-old Turkish girl baby," writes a Cossack who is serving with the Russian advance into the Turkish Caucasus. He explains: "During our forward movement last week one of our men found in a farm house this baby, which had been abandoned by her feeble parents. The starving little creature was cleaned, clothed and fed, and then taken to the staff quarters. In the Greek church of the village of Bardus the founding was christened according to the rites of the Orthodox church, the commander of the regiment acting as godfather and Princess Gelovanna, a Red Cross nurse and wife of a member of the duma, as godmother. The child was named Alexandra Donskaja, after the name of the regiment. The officers and men of the regiment subscribed monthly amounts sufficient to pay for rearing and educating their regimental daughter."

## NOT QUITE A FAILURE

MAN'S LIFE NOT AS PLANNED, BUT DUTY WELL DONE.

Quality of Self-Sacrifice Counted For Much When Ambition Was Put Away at the Call of Filial Affection.

"I always like to see ambition in a boy," said the doctor. "The best men are those who as boys had little opportunity, but who made the most of what they had. As a rule the boys who have worked their way through college are about the best fellows I know."

"I agree with you," answered the schoolmaster. "But I sometimes think that there are boys who never go to college who have done even better. Did I ever tell you about John Smith?"

"It was years ago, and I was principal of the school in a little country town. It was the only high school in the county, and the boys and girls from all round attended. Many of them could not get away from the farms until late in the season and so dropped in at any time during the term. Well, along about Thanksgiving John Smith arrived. He told me he lived six miles back in the country, and had walked in. He was a big, well-set-up boy, with a bright, intelligent face, and I soon found that he had come to study. One day I was struck with the amount of mud on his shoes. 'You must have a muddy walk to school,' I remarked.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "the roads are pretty bad." And then I found out that he walked the six miles in every morning and out again at night! If a boy took that trouble to get an education, I was interested, and I had a quiet talk with him. He had a widowed mother and a little sister, and they owned a small farm. For the past two years John had done all the work himself, and he still had to do it. That was the reason he had to live at home instead of boarding in town. He told me that he wanted to go to college and become a doctor. His father had been an unsuccessful lawyer, who had given up his practice and bought the farm. John told me his plans. He was sure he could get another boy in the neighborhood to look after his place while he was at college, and his mother was as anxious for him to go as he was.

"Naturally I gave him all the help I could, and although he had to leave early in the spring, I lent him books and gave him a little personal aid in his work from time to time.

"Well, three years more passed in the same way. John kept well up with his studies by hard work, and at last he was ready to enter college. He was accepted for entrance on the school certificate, and it was a pleasure to see the glad look on his face when I showed him the registrar's letter saying that he was admitted. He had saved a little money from various odd jobs that he had done, and he told me that he was all ready financially for the first year, and that he had no doubt that he could manage the others.

"I left the school that year, but just before it was time for college to open, I wrote John a letter of counsel and encouragement. I got this brief note in reply: 'I am sorry to say that I am not going to college.'

"I made it a point to go down to see what had prevented him from carrying out his ambition. I found him hoeing corn. He was very glad to see me, and told me what the trouble was. His mother had had a stroke of paralysis. Without a murmur he had given up his cherished plan. When I asked him whether he could not get someone to take care of her, while he went on with his course, he told me that that was impossible, since his mother depended so entirely upon him. I shall never forget the tragedy and love together in the boy's face as he talked to me of his vanished hopes and watched his helpless mother."

"I suppose he got to college somehow," remarked the doctor, "and is now a famous surgeon."

"No," replied the schoolmaster, "that was ten years ago, but I heard from him only yesterday. His mother is still alive and still helpless. He is still running the farm, making a small living and caring for her. The little sister he has just sent to the normal school, but he will be a small farmer to the end of his days. And I believe he was just the man to have made a splendid doctor. Yet I hardly think his life has been a failure."

"I should think not," said the doctor.—Youth's Companion.