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SYNOPSIS.

-3--Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French revariry, tites to bile quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and hange it Pitchoune. He dines with the barquine d'Escilgnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English bullad that lingers in his memory. Trying to save Pitchoune's life, he declines a second in-vitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Escilgnac. Pitchoune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devided to his master. Sabron and Pitchoune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitchoune is toid Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Al-giver.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Pitchoune, whose eyes had followed the cat out of sight, sprang upon his master and seemed quite ready for the new departure.

"I shall at least have you," Sabron "It will be your first campaign. said. We shall have some famous runs and ordonnance, saw that his eyes were I shall introduce you to a camel and make you acquainted with several donkeys, not to speak of the historic Arab steeds. You will see, my friend, that there are other animals besides yourself in creation."

A telegram for mon capitaine." Brunet came in with the blue envelope which Sabron tore open.

You will take with you neither horses nor dogs.

It was an order from the minister of war, just such a one as was sent to some half-dozen other young officers, all of whom, no doubt, felt more or less discomfited.

Sabron twisted the telegram, put it in the fireplace and lighted his ciga-rette with it, watching Pitchoune who, finding himself a comfortable corner in the armchair, had settled down for

a nap. "So," nodded the young man aloud, "I shall not even have Pitchoune."

He smoked, musing. In the rigid discipline of his soldier's life he was used to obedience. His softened eyes, however, and his nervous fingers as they pulled at his mustache, showed that the command had touched him. What shall I do with you, old fel-

low? Although Sabron's voice was low,

the dog, whose head was down upon his paws, turned his bright brown eyes on his master with so much confidence and affection that it completed the work. Sabron walked across the floor, smoking, the spurs on his heels clanking, the light shining on his brilliant boots and on his uniform. He was a splendid-looking man with race and breeding, and he combined with his masculine force the gentleness of s woman.

"They want me to be lonely," he thought. "All that the chiefs consider is the soldier-not the man-even the companionship of my dog is denied What do they think I am going evenings?" He reflected. "What does the world expect an uncompanioned wanderer to do?" There are many things and the less thought about them, the better. "A letter for Monsieur le Capitaine." Brunet returned with a note which he presented stiffly, and Pitchoune, who chose in his little brain to imagine Brunet an intruder, sprang from the chair like lightning, rushed at the servant, seized the leg of his pantaloons and began to worry them, growling, Brunet regarding him with adoration. Sabron had not thought aloud the last words of the telegram, which he had used to light his cigarette.

I think he will care for the music, but afterward perhaps he will run with us as we walk to the gate. My sunt wishes me to say that she has learned from the col-onel that you have been ordered to Al-giers. In this way she says that we shall have an opportunity of wishing you bon voyage, and I say I hope Pitchoune will be a comfort to you.

The letter ended in the usual formal French fashion. Sabron, turning the The blue river swept its waves around letter and rereading it, found that it completed the work that had been going on in his lonely heart. He stood long, musing.

Pitchoune laid himself down on the rug, his bright little head between his paws, his affectionate eyes on his master. The firelight shone on them both, the musing young officer and the almost human-hearted little beast. So Brunet found them when he came in with the lamp shortly, and as he set it down on the table and its light shone on him, Sabron, glancing at the red, and liked him none the less for it.

CHAPTER VII.

A Soldier's Dog.

"It is just as I thought," he told Pitchoune. "I took you into my life, you little rascal, against my will, and now, although it's not your fault, you are making me regret it. I shall end, Pitchoune, by being a cynic and misogynist, and learn to make idols of my career and my troops alone. After all, they may be tiresome, but they don't hurt as you do, and some other things as well."

Pitchoune, being invited to the musicale at the Chateau d'Esclignac, went along with his master, running behind the captain's horse. It was a heavenly January day, soft and mild, full of sunlight and delicious odors, and over the towers of King Rene's castle the sky banners were made of celestial blue.

The officer found the house full of people. He thought it hard that he might not have had one more intimate picture to add to his collection. When he entered the room a young man was playing a violoncello. There was a group at the piano, and among the people the only ones he clearly saw were the hostess, Madame d'Esclignac in a gorgeous velvet frock, then Miss Redmond, who stood by the window, listening to the music. She saw him come in and smiled to him, and from that moment his eyes hardly left her. What the music was that afternoon the Count de Sabron could not have

ed almost hostilely on the gorgeo marquise in her red gown. He felt that she was glad to have him go. He wanted to say: "I shall come back, however; I shall come back and when I return" . . . but he knew that such a boast, or even such a hope was fruitless.

His colonel had told him only the day before that Miss Redmond was one of the richest American heiresses, and there was a question of a duke or a prince and heaven only knew what in the way of titles. As the marquise moved away her progress was some

thing like the rolling of an elegant velvet chair, and while his feelings were still disturbed Miss Redmond crossed the room to him. Before Sabron quite knew how they had been able to escape the others or leave the room, he was standing with her in the winter garden where the sunlight came in through trellises and the perfume of the warmed plants was heavy and sweet. Before them flowed the Rhone, golden in the winter's light. old Tarascon and the battlements of

King Rene's towers. "You are going to Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond smiled, and how was Sabron to real-

ize that she could not very well have wept there and then, had she wished to do so? "Yes," he said. "I adore my regiment. I love my work. I have al- higher than the tallest building on ways wanted to see colonial service." "Have you? It is delightful to find

one's ambitions and desires satisfied," said Miss Redmond. "I have always longed to see the desert. It must be ree under which Buddha himself sat eautiful. Of course you are going to when fighting off the temptations of take Pitchoune?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sabron, "that in just what I am not going to do." "What!" she cried. You are never soing to leave that darling dog be-

hind you?" "I must, unfortunately. My superior officers do not allow me to take horses

or dogs, or even my servant." "Heavens!" she exclaimed. "What brutes they are! Why, Pitchoune will die of a broken heart." Then she said: "You are leaving him with your man servant?'

Sabron shook his head.

"Brunet would not be able to keep him.

"Ah!" she breathed. "He is looking for a home? Is he? If so, would you . . . might I take care of Pitchoune?

The Frenchman impulsively put out his hand, and she laid her own in it. "You are too good," he murmured. "Thank you. Pitchoune will thank

you. He kissed her hand. That was all. From within the salon came the noise of voices, and the bow of the violoncellist was beginning a new concerto. They stood looking at each other. No condition could have prevented it although the Marquise d'Esclignae was rolling toward them across the polished floor of the musicroom. As though Sabron realized that he might never see this lovely young woman again, probably never would see her, and wanted before he left to have something made clear, he asked quickly:

"Could you, Mademoiselle, in a word or two tell me the meaning of the Eng-

lish song you sang?" She flushed and laughed alightly. "Well, it is not very easy to put it in prose," she hesitated. "Things



3 it to hunt the wild ele- beam as they would have shaped a phants or to see the ruins tree trunk and employed it in the that sahib has come?" asked same way. The Brazen palace was my Singhalese host at the destroyed by fire a few years after it resthouse in Anuradhapura, writes Tyler Dennett in the New

ly rebuilt, destroyed many times Fork Tribune. The question was not more in the course of its history, and really asked for information. He now is marked only by this forest of tnew that I had not come equipped upright, broken and fallen pillars in to hunt elephants. He also knew that the jungle. Its fate was the fate of he game laws of the British governmany of the great structures of this nent amply protect these valuable ancient city. Invasion, fire or the beasts. He wished, merely, to imwear of time on imperfectly conpress me with the range of entertainstructed work has laid them low. nent afforded by Anuradhapura. I Tissa, a great king of the pre-Christian ere, introduced Buddhism into

was impressed. Elephant hunting in he jungles of Ceylon or curlo huntthe land. He erected a great temple, ng in the ruins of a forgotten methe Mahapali almshouse, the ruins of ropolis which once stood amid these which have been almost entirely ob-literated, and planted the slip from ame jungles-one may take his the original bo tree, Twenty-two centuries ago the morn This tree flourished to the same ex-

ng sun cast the shadow of a ninetent as did the new religion and the story building over the spot where city which afforded it a home. The we were seated. This Brazen palace Thuparama dagaba, a huge mausoof Duttha Gamani was 166 feet high. leum and shrine for the left collarbone of Buddha, the oldest building in Ceylon-now a high mound of sod-covered brick, with trees growing half Broadway 35 years ago.

bolce!

Out yonder grows the sacred bo tree, over 2,100 years old. It was grown as a slip from the sacred fig enthusiasm of Tissa and to his ambi-250 feet high and 350 feet in diameter at the base. Originally it was a sense which hindered his attainment of perfect wisdom. Crumbling ruins, other dagaba of this period had a forests of pillars, grass-grown mounds hundreds of feet high stretch back into the dim vista of a tropical forficently large to shelter a thousand est on every side. Monkeys swing worshipers. Anuradhapura became an

THDERWOOD

OF THE BRAZEN PALACE RUINS

sound so differently in music and poetry; but it means," she said in from the trees in this jungle, chat- object of pride and admiration. The French, bravely, "why, it is a sort of lering wildly at anyone who ventures Singhalese people became united

LAUGHS AT "BOY PROBLEM"

No Such Thing as It Has Been Un-derstood, is the Conclusion of an Expert.

"There is no such thing as 'the boy problem,' much as folks talk about it," said Fred S. Goodman of New York, a Young Men's Christian association expert, in addressing an Omaha audience. "The problem is entirely in the kind of leadership the boy gets, and that rests, not with the boy, but the man." was first erected. It was immediate-

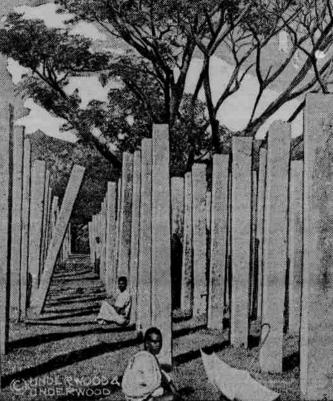
Mr. Goodman insists on a man's Influence for the boy, especially from fourteen years of age on, and the man ought to be his father. For the boy, he says, instinctively classifies himself then as a man and will respond sensitively to a man's leadership. To illustrate, he cites this incident: When the steamer The Republic was rammed by another ship some five years ago and imperiled and the transfer of passengers was under way with the rule of the sea, "woman and children first," in force, a father standing near the edge of the deck bade his wife, little daughter and son of fourteen good-by and stepped back. Presently the boy kissed his mother and sister and went to take his place beside his father. Instinctively he classified himself, preferring to die with his father as a man than escape with his mother and sister as a child.

How typical this boy was no one knows, but the moral is plain. The father who succeeds in establishing and maintaining a close, confidential companionship between himself and his son has, as we all know, taken a vital step toward meeting his responsibility. From then on it is largely up to him what his boy becomes, depending on the kind of leadership the boy gets.

Supplies Needed in West Africa. In view of the present situation resulting from the war, there is no reason why the United States should not supply West Africa a larger quantity of flour in barrels, tins and sacks; butter in one-half, one and sevenpound tins; sweetened and unsweetened condensed milk in one-half and one-pound tins, cheese, lard, tinned sliced bacon and other tinned meats, fish, fruits, biscuits, cakes, etc.; trade gin and rum, cheap cigarettes, good leaf tobacco, cement, corrugated iron roofing, wire nails, lumber, locks and hinges, and other building materials, cheap hardware, earthenware, glassware, lamps and lanterns, candles, iron beds, chairs, kerosene, railway rolling stock and materials, and possibly cotton goods, especially shirt-ings, prints and other colored goods in pieces three to eight yards in length, and cheap undershirts or vests. Consul W. J. Yerby, Sierra Leone, writes that most of the principal business houses in West Africa are branches with headquarters in Liverpool, Manchester, London, Hamburg, Antwerp, Paris, Bordeaux and Marseilles.

The Alaskans.

According to the government statistics the natives of Alaska are about 26,000 in number, and they are spread over more than 350,000 of the 590,000 square miles of territory. The small settlements extend along about 10,000 miles of const and on both sides of the Yukon river and its tributaries, for a distance of more than 2,500 miles. One of the supervision districts contains a full 100,-000 square miles, the others average



. . . Nor will it be necessary to take personal servant. The indigenes are apable ordonnances.

As he took the letter from Brunet's salver he sa'd curtly:

"I am ordered to Algiers and I shall not take horses nor Pitchoune."

The dog, at mention of his name, et Brunet's leg free and stood quiet. his head lifted.

"Nor you either, mon brave Bru-Sabron put his hand on his net." servant's shoulder, the first familiarity he had over shown a man who served him with devotion, and who would have given his life to save his mas-"Those," said the officer curtly, ter's. "are the orders from headquarters, and the least said about them the better.'

The ruddy check of the servant turned pale. He mechanically touched his forehead.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," he murmured, with a little catch in his voice. He stood at attention, then wheeled and without being dismissed, stalked out of the room

Pitchoune did not follow. He remained immovable like a little dog cut from bronze; he understood-who shall say-how much of the conversa-Sabron threw away his cigarette, then read his letter by the mantleplece, leaning his arm upon it. He read slowly. He had broken the seal slowly. It was the first letter he had over seen in this handwriting. It was written in French and ran thus:

tonsieur-My aunt wishes me to ask if you will come to us for a little steale tomorrow afternoon. We hope will be free, and I hope, she added, I you will bring Pitchouns. Not that Not that



He Stood Long Musing

told very intelligently. Much of it was sweet, all of it was touching, but when Miss Redmond stood to sing and chose the little song of which he had made a lullaby, and sang it divinely, Sabron, his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little bent, still looking at her, thought that his heart we break. It was horrible to go away not tell her. It was cowardly to feel so much and not be able to speak it. And he felt that he might be equal to some wild deed, such as crossing home the room violently, putting his hand over her slender one and saying:

"I am a soldier; I have nothing but a soldier's life. I am going to Africa tomorrow. Come with me; I want you.

come!" All of which, slightly impossible and quite out of the question, nevertheless charmed and soothed him. The words of her English song, almost barbaric to him because incomprehensible, fell on his ears. Its melody was already part of him.

"Monsieur de Sabron," said Madame d'Esclignac, "you are going away tomorrow ?"

'Yes, Madame."

"I expect you will be engaged in some awful native skirmishes. Perhaps you will even be able to send back a tiger skin."

"There are no tigers in that part of Africa, Madame." The young soldier's dark circulation.

braver that someone you love very disturb their solitue much should be kept safe night and platforms in harvest time the vilday. That's about all. There is a lit- lagers watch their few impoverished tle sadness in it, as though," and her grain fields to drive off the maraudcheeks glowed, "as if there was a sort ing wild elephants.

Now Mere Jungle Ruins.

he reign of the great Gamani."

of separation. It means . . "Ah!" breathed the officer deeply, 'I understand. Thank you."

And just then Madame d'Esclignad rolled up between them and with an unmistakable satisfaction presented to her niece the gentleman she had se-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

cured.

Your Own Home.

William L. Price in "The House of the Democrat," gave us a description of his ideal dwelling in words so ge nial and simple, and full of such pieturesque feeling, that they seem a fitting preface to an article on the plan-"The rooms," he ning of a home. said, "shall be ample and low; wide-

windowed, deep-seated, spacious, cool daybreak, but merely because it is by reason of shadows in summer. blg. warmed by the ruddy glow of fire Singhalese adjective for bigness. sides in winter; open to wistful sum-Adopting their terms, I had already mer airs, tight closed against the win carned that there are "elephant" beggars in Ceylon, and "elephant" try blasts; a house, a home, a shrine. One cannot but wish that every iars as well. Even supposing that ny host's estimate was three-fourths homebuilder and architect would learn these words by heart, and hold them as a constant reminder-for in that day which contained 2,500,000 that one prophetic sentence seems to people. be condensed the very spirit of Ceylon is the garden spot of the

The atmosphere of comfort and reatfulness cannot be attained, however, without much wise and thoughtful planning. Its roots are in the practical, the seemingly commonplace-which, rightly treated, results in last-

ing homelike charm .- The Craftsman.

Chinese Currency.

Currency in China has had all sorts imes. Since the twelfth century it of surprises for the layman, but the present situation is simply extraor-

Palace Had 900 Room

actual plethors of dollars and small The Brazen palace, with its nine coins, and since last August the Chi- foors, a hundred rooms to a floor, nese have been melting them and con- rested on sixteen hundred roughly verting them into sycee. The reason jut stone pillars. Probably the superwhy dollars are being melted is that structure was brick, wood and thatch. large issues of the provincial mints The Singhalese were not skillful in have found no use in the market, and he use of stone. To them stone was as all Chinese accounts are in taels nerely a substitute for wood. They the present price of the dollar is not ild not understand the principle of must have been a veritable dream very conducive to its existence and he arch. They hewed out a stone city.

religion.

Two Kinds of Ruins.

way up the slope-is a witness to the

tious plans. In its ruins it stands

hundred feet higher than now. An-

canopy resting on stone pillars, suf-

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of ruins to be seen in Anura dhapura-the vihara and the dagaba Once Anuradhapura must have The viharas, or palaces, are com been one of the most thickly populatpletely fallen. Only their founda d spots on the surface of the globe tions remain. There is a typical group No one can know with certainty how of these ruins scattered among the many people lived there. "It is a welltrees out near the ancient Thupaknown fact, sahib," said my host, rama dagaba. Five palaces were that 10,000,000 people lived here in grouped together, evidently as parts of a single monastic establishment. I had not been long in the Orient, The beautifully molded slabs of gran et long enough to know that the ite which composed the foundations Oriental has little regard for statisare, for the most part, still in their tics. Every statement is introduced original places. Some of the stones is a well-known fact. In Anuradhaare thirty feet long, five feet wide oura there are the ruins of what is and nearly as high. Before one of called the "Elephants' bath," so these foundations a magnificent set of called not because the elephants used "moonstone steps" leads up to the to bathe in it although the wild ones door. Before another entrance one to come there now every morning at may see some finely carved figures of

The word "elephant" is the up to guard the door. A feature of these establishments were the baths, large rectangular bathing pools, from fifty to two hundred feet long. The granite sides, of mammoth stones, were built back from each other like shelves, so that oo high, I know of no other city of the monks could enter the water one step at a time. The water for these baths was conveyed from the mountains, 150 miles away.

Indian mythology, tutelary deities set

What wonder that the Tamils, The dagabas, owing to their solid who lived on that dry, hard strip of construction, are in a fair state of preservation. At first they remind southern India across the strait from the island, were always jealous of their one of the pyramids, although they prosperous neighbors? Repeated and are conical in shape, rising from the ften successful attacks from the plain 200 to 300 feet in height. The interior of them is brick, packed together without mortar. The relic which each one contained was placed in the very center of the mound and well protected. In some mysterious way the exterior of these dagabas became covered with soil, and now they look merely like grass-covered mounds.

> Standing amid these ancient ruins, under the welcome shade of the jungle, one has only to conjure up in !m agination the forms of these huge structures, and see them in their original brilliant colors to realize that Anuradhapura in its pristine gradeur

more than 65,000 square miles each. Of the natives of Alaska, approximately 11,000 belong to six tribes of Indians in southeastern and southern Alaska, and in the valley of the Yukon. About 11,000 are Eskimos on the western and northwestern coasts. along the Bering sea, the Bering straits and the Arctic ocean. Sometimes more than 3,000 are Aleuts and mixed races through the Aleutian islands .- Christian Herald.

Effect of a Message.

Representative James Francis Burke of New York journeyed a time ago to the classic little college of Grove City, Pa., to deliver an address on "Money." Shortly before the date set for the address something had gone awry with the reservoir system at the town and the board of health had been called on to find the cause of 1,100 cases of sudden illness.

But Burke knew nothing about the troubles with the water system, and the opening remark of the chairman of the reception committee was enough to startle even a sterner spirit than he.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Burke," said the chairman, "but our audience won't be as large as we had expected. Within 24 hours after it was announced that you were to speak here more than a thousand of our people were taken sick, and most of them are still in bed."

Population of Japan.

According to the late consus the total population of Japan, excluding Formosa, Chosen, Kabafuto, Kantung leased territory, men in the imperial army and navy, and prisoners, was 54,843,083 on December 31 of last year. There were ten cities that had a population of over one hundred thousand. Tokyo's population was then 2,033,300 and Osaka's 1,387,366.

Scrupulous.

"I guess we'd better fix up our advertisement for summer boarders right. now," said Farmer Corntossel. "What for?" asked his wife

"I don't want to write anything that ain't truthful. There ain't any me saultoes now an' the nights are always

mainland partly explain why the sortheastern end of Ceylon is literaly full of buried, forgotten and ruined tities. Anuradhapura was built, de-

stroyed and rebuilt half a dozen

has been a complete ruin. dinary. There is now found to be an