

# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

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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 Pitcheune. 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. Trying to save Pitcheune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitcheune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitcheune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitcheune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. He is invited to a musicale at the Chateau, where Miss Redmond, hearing that Sabron cannot take Pitcheune with him, offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"My dear Julia, my godson, the Duc de Tremont." And Sabron bowed to both the ladies, to the duke, and went away.

This was the picture he might add to his collection: the older woman in her vivid dress, Julia in her simpler gown, and the titled Frenchman bowing over her hand.

When he went out to the front terrace Brunet was there with his horse and Pitcheune was there as well, stiffly waiting at attention.

"Brunet," said the officer to his man, "will you take Pitcheune around to the servants' quarters and give him to Miss Redmond's maid? I am going to leave him here."

"Good, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance, and whistled to the dog.

Pitcheune sprang toward his master with a short sharp bark. What he understood would be hard to say, but all that he wanted to do was to remain with Sabron. Sabron bent down and stroked him.

"Go, my friend, with Brunet. Go, mon vieux, go," he commanded sternly, and the little dog, trained to obedience as a soldier's dog should be, trotted reluctantly at the heels of the ordonnance, and the soldier threw his leg over the saddle and rode away. He rode regardless of anything but the fact that he was going.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Homesick.

Pitcheune was a soldier's dog, born in a stable, of a mother who had been dear to the canteen. Michette had been une vraie vivandiere, a real daughter of the regiment.

Pitcheune was a worthy son. He adored the drums and trumpets. He adored the fife. He adored the drills which he was accustomed to watch from a respectable distance. He liked Brunet, and the word had not yet been discovered which would express how he felt toward Monsieur le Capitaine, his master. His muscular little form expressed it in every fiber. His brown eyes looked it until their paths might have melted a heart of iron.

There was nothing picturesque to Pitcheune in the Chateau d'Esclignac or in the charming room to which he was brought. The little dog took a flying tour around it, over sofas and chairs, landing on the window-seat, where he crouched. He was not wickered, but he was perfectly miserable, and the lovely wiles of Julia Redmond and her endearments left him unmoved. He refused meat and drink, was indifferent to the views from the window, to the beautiful view of King Rene's castle, to the tantalizing cat sunning herself against the wall. He flew about like mad, leaving destruction in his wake, tugged at the leash when they took him out for exercise. In short, Pitcheune was a homesick, lovesick little dog, and thereby endeared himself more than ever to his new mistress. She tied a ribbon around his neck, which he promptly chewed off. She tried to feed him with her own fair hands; he held his head high, looked bored and grew thin in the flanks.

"Think Captain de Sabron's little dog is going to die, ma tante," she told her aunt.

"Fiddlesticks, my dear Julia! Keep him tied up until he is accustomed to the place. It won't hurt him to fast; he will eat when he is hungry. I have a note from Robert. He has gone to Monte Carlo."

"Ah!" breathed Miss Redmond indifferently.

She slowly went over to her piano and played a few measures of music that were a torture to Pitcheune, who found these ladylike performances in strong contrast to drums and trumpets. He felt himself as a soldier degraded and could not understand why he should be relegated to a salon and to the mild society of two ladies who did not even know how to pull his ears or roll him over on the rug with their riding boots and spurs. He sat against the window as was his habit, looking watching, yearning.

"Vous avez tort, ma here," said her aunt, who was working something less than a thousand flowers on her tapestry. "The chance to be a princess and a Tremont does not come twice in a young girl's life, and you know you have only to be reasonable, Julia."

Miss Redmond's fingers wandered,

magnetically drawn by her thoughts, into a song which she played softly through. Pitcheune heard and turned his beautiful head and his soft eyes to her. He knew that tune. Neither drums nor trumpets had played it, but there was no doubt about its being fit for soldiers. He had heard his master sing it, hum it, many times. It had soothed his nerves when he was a sick puppy and it went with many things of the intimate life with his master. He remembered it when he had dozed by the fire and dreamed of chasing cats and barking at Brunet and being a faithful dog all around; he heard again a beloved voice hum it to him. Pitcheune whined and softly jumped down from his seat. He put his forepaws on Miss Redmond's lap. She stopped and caressed him, and he licked her hand.

"That is the first time I have seen that dog show a spark of human gratitude, Julia. He is probably begging you to open the door and let him take a run."

Indeed Pitcheune did go to the door and waited appealingly.

"I think you might trust him out. I think he is tamed," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is a real little savage."

Miss Redmond opened the door and Pitcheune shot out. She watched him tear like mad across the terrace, and scuttle into the woods, as she thought, after a rabbit. He was the color of the fallen leaves and she lost sight of him in the brown and golden brush.

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Fortunes of War.

Sabron's departure had been delayed on account of a strike at the dockyards of Marseilles. He left Tarascon one lovely day toward the end of January and the old town with its sweetness and its sorrow, fell behind, as he rolled away to brighter suns. A friend from Paris took him to the port in his motor and there Sabron waited some forty-eight hours before he set sail. His boat lay out on the azure water, the brown rocks of the coast behind it. There was not a breeze to stir as he took the tug which was to convey him. He was inclined to dip his fingers in the indigo ocean, sure that he would find them blue. He climbed up the ladder alongside of the vessel, was welcomed by the captain, who knew him, and turned to go below, for he had been suffering from an attack of fever which now and then laid hold of him, ever since his campaign in Morocco.

Therefore, as he went into his cabin, which he did not leave until the steamer touched Algiers, he failed to see the baggage tender pull up and failed to see a sailor climb to the deck with a wet bedraggled thing in his hand that looked like an old fur cap except that it wriggled and w-s alive.

"This, mon commandant," said the sailor to the captain, "is the pluckiest little beast I ever saw."

He dropped a small terrier on the deck, who proceeded to shake himself vigorously and bark with apparent delight.

"No sooner had we pushed out from the quay than this little beggar sprang from the pier and began to swim after us. He was so funny that we let him swim for a bit and then we hauled him in. It is evidently a mascot, mon commandant, evidently a sailor dog who has run away to sea."

The captain looked with interest at Pitcheune, who engaged himself in making his toilet and biting after a flea or two which had not been drowned.

"We sailors," said the man saluting, "would like to keep him for luck, mon commandant."

"Take him down then," his superior officer ordered, "and don't let him up among the passengers."

It was a rough voyage. Sabron passed his time saying good-by to France and trying to keep his mind away from the Chateau d'Esclignac, which persisted in haunting his uneasy slumber. In a blaze of sunlight, Algiers, the white city, shone upon them on the morning of the third day and Sabron tried to take a more cheerful view of a soldier's life and fortunes.

He was a soldierly figure and a handsome one as he walked down the gangplank to the shore to be welcomed by fellow officers who were eager to see him, and presently was lost in the little crowd that streamed away from the docks into the white city.

## CHAPTER X.

### Together Again.

That night after dinner and a cigarette, he strode into the streets to distract his mind with the sight of the oriental city and to fill his ears with the eager cries of the crowd. The lamps flickered. The sky overhead was as blue nearly as in daytime. He walked leisurely toward the native quarter, jostled, as he passed, by men in their brilliant costumes and by a veiled woman or two.

He stopped indifferently before a little cafe, his eyes on a Turkish bazaar

where velvets and scarfs were being sold at double their worth under the light of a flaming yellow lamp. As he stood so, his back to the cafe where a number of the ship's crew were drinking, he heard a short sharp sound that had a sweet familiarity about it and whose individuality made him start with surprise. He could not believe his ears. He heard the bark again and then he was sprung upon by a little body that ran out from between the legs of a sailor who sat drinking his coffee and liquor.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sabron, thinking that he must be the victim of a hashish dream. "Pitcheune!"

The dog fawned on him and whined, crouched at his feet whining like a child. Sabron bent and fondled him. The sailor from the table called the dog imperatively, but Pitcheune would have died at his master's feet rather than return. If his throat could have uttered words he would have spoken, but his eyes spoke. They looked as though they were tearful.

"Pitcheune, mon vieux! No, it can't be Pitcheune. But it is Pitcheune!" And Sabron took him up in his arms. The dog tried to lick his face.

"Voyons," said the officer to the marine, who came rolling over to them, "where did you get this dog?"

The young man's voice was imperative and he fixed stern eyes on the sailor, who pulled his forelock and explained.

"He was following me," said Sabron, not without a slight catch in his voice. The body of Pitcheune quivered under his arm. "He is my dog. I think his manner proves it. If you have grown fond of him I am sorry for you, but I think you will have to give him up."

Sabron put his hand in his pocket and turned a little away to be free of the native crowd that, chattering and grinning, amused and curious and



Looking, Watching, Yearning.

eager to participate in any distribution of coin, was gathering around him. He found two gold pieces which he put into the hand of the sailor.

"Thank you for taking care of him. I am at the Royal Hotel." He nodded, and with Pitcheune under his arm pushed his way through the crowd and out of the bazaar.

He could not interview the dog himself, although he listened, amused, to Pitcheune's own manner of speech. He spent the latter part of the evening composing a letter to the minister of war, and although it was short, it must have possessed certain evident and telling qualities, for before he left Algiers proper for the desert, Sabron received a telegram much to the point:

You may keep your dog. I congratulate you on such a faithful companion.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Gauge for Measuring Sootfall.

The Pittsburgher who resents the timeworn variations of the soft coal smoke gibes now has his chance to prove that they are unjustified, or remain forever silent. By a new invention it is at present possible to measure the sootfall of any city as accurately as its rain or snowfall may be measured. Already this soot gauge, tried out in England, has proved what the tourist long suspected, that London, with all its yellow fog, has far purer air than the North of England factory cities of Birmingham, Manchester and the like. Not only have Pittsburgh and other slandered American cities the opportunity to whiten their sooted reputations, but the manufacturer, too, may now establish accurately the exact proportion of his contribution to the civic soot; for the new device judges the quality as well as the amount of sootfall, and is quite capable of distinguishing between the factory, furnace and kitchen range.—Literary Digest.

### The Boy Who Dreams.

It is a good thing for the farmer boy to have an imagination, says the Prairie Farmer. It is a good thing for him to "dream dreams and see visions." It takes a dreamer to see the transformation that intelligent effort will bring to pass on the old place. It takes a dreamer to see how much more desirable that place will be in ten years than a job in a dry goods store.—Emporia Gazette.

### To Remove Paint.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how hard or dry it is. Saturate spots two or three times, then wash in warm soapwater.

# PARAMO of SANTA ISABEL

Few persons who live in the temperate zone are aware of the fact that there is quite a large section of country in tropical America, even at the Equator which is a land of sleet and storm during the greater part of the year, where many of the trails are frequently closed to men and beasts attempting to cross are frozen to death. Such a region is the Andean paramo, in the Republic of Colombia.

Three years ago Dr. Arthur A. Allen explored that elevated land in search of bird specimens, and he has described it in the American Museum Journal. The following paragraphs, says the Bulletin of the Pan American Union, embody substantially the more important features of Doctor Allen's interesting account:

The paramo of Santa Isabel lies about two days' journey from Solento, the largest town on the Quindio trail, which crosses the central Andes, and on clear days, especially at dusk, can be seen at several points rising above the forest-capped ridges to an altitude between 16,000 and 17,000 feet. Beyond it and a little to the east lies the paramo of Ruiz, and, most magnificent of all, Nevada del Tolima, with its crown of crystal snow gleaming in the rays of the setting sun. Many travelers pass over the trail without ever a glimpse of the snows to the north, seeing only the banks of clouds that obscure even the tops of the moss forest and hide all but the near distance.

One morning in early September the naturalists slung their packs and started for the paramo of Santa Isabel. From Solento the trail to the paramo leads first down into the Boquia valley and then follows the river's meandering course through groves of splendid palms nearly to its source, when it turns abruptly and begins a steep ascent of the mountain side. The palm trees, in scattered groves, continue to nearly 9,000 feet, where the trail begins to zigzag through some half-cleared country, where the trees have been felled and burned over, and where in between

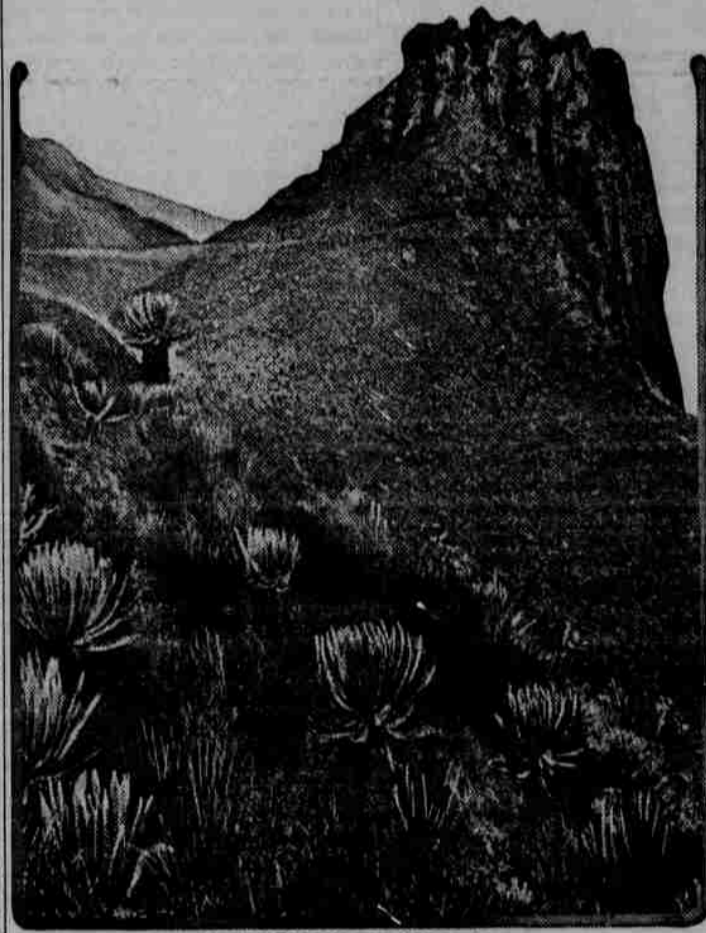
many hours of travel up the mountain from 9,000 to about 12,000 feet, where a sudden change occurs. The trees become dwarfed, their leaves small and thick, heavily chitinized or covered with thick down, and remind one of the vegetation about our northern bogs with their Andromeda and Labrador tea. Here, too, the ground in places is covered with a dense mat of sphagnum, dotted with dwarf blueberries and cranberries and similar plants which remind one of home.

### Out Upon the Paramo.

A cool breeze greets the traveler, sky appears in place of the great dome of green, and suddenly he steps out upon the open paramo. He has been traveling through the densest of forests, seeing but a few paces along the trail and only a few rods into the vegetation on either side; he has grown nearsighted, and even the smallest contours of the landscape have been concealed by the dense forest cover. Suddenly there is thrown before his vision a whole world of mountains. As far as he can see in all directions, save behind him, ridge piles upon ridge in never-ending series until they fuse in one mighty crest which pierces the clouds with its snow-capped crown. This is the paramo of Santa Isabel.

At this point the party dismounted and led their horses along the narrow ridge. They looked in vain for the jagged peaks that are so characteristic of our northern frost-made mountains. Here even the vertical cliffs did not seem entirely without vegetation, and as far as could be seen with binoculars the brown sedges and the gray frailejons covered the rocks even up to the very edge of the snow. All about them the strange mulleinlike frailejons, as the native call them, stood up on their pedestals, ten or even fifteen feet in height in sheltered spots; down among the sedges were many lesser plants similar to our North American species—gentians, composites, a hoary lupine, a buttercup, a yellow sorrel, almost identical with those of the United States.

Birds also, several of which proved



ON THE PARAMO OF SANTA ISABEL

the charred stumps a few handfuls of wheat have been planted and now wave a golden brown against the black.

### Wonderful Cloud Forest.

And next the Cloud forest! It is seldom that the traveler's anticipation of any much-heralded natural wonder is realized when he is brought face to face with it. Usually he feels a tinge of disappointment and follows it by a close scrutiny of the object before him in search of the grandeur depicted, but not so with the Cloud forest. According to Mr. Allen it surpasses one's dreams of tropical luxuriance. It is here rather than in the lowland jungle that nature outdoes herself and crowds every available inch with moss and fern and orchid. Here every twig is a garden and the moss-laden branches so gigantic that they throw more shade than the leaves of the trees themselves. Giant branches hang to the ground from the horizontal branches of the larger trees and in turn are so heavily laden with moss and epiphytes that they form an almost solid wall and present the appearance of a hollow tree trunk 15 or 20 feet in diameter. One should pass through this forest during the rainy season to form a true conception of its richness, though even during the driest months the variety and abundance of plant life covering every trunk and branch are beyond belief. The great forest, occasionally interrupted by clearings, continues for

to be new to science, were numerous, but all were of dull colors and reminded them in their habits of the open-country birds of northern United States. A goldfinch hovered above the frailejons; a gray flycatcher ran along the ground or mounted into the air, much like the northern horned lark; an ovenbird flew up ahead of them resembling a meadow lark; a marsh wren scolded from the rank sedges; and almost from under their horses' hoofs one of the large Andean snipes sprang into the air with a characteristic bleat and went zig-zagging away. On a small lake which they came to, barren except for a few algae, rode an Andean teal, surprisingly like the northern gadwall. And so the story goes on. Here almost on the Equator, but 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, they had left the strangeness of the tropics and come upon a land that was strikingly like their own.

### He Was a Sufferer.

"Madam," said the tattered and torn supplicant to the benevolent lady who answered his timid rap at the door, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?" "I think I have, my poor man; but how does this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely." "No, madam," humbly replied the sufferer; "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians." —Harrisburg Times.

# THREE DAYS IN ONE

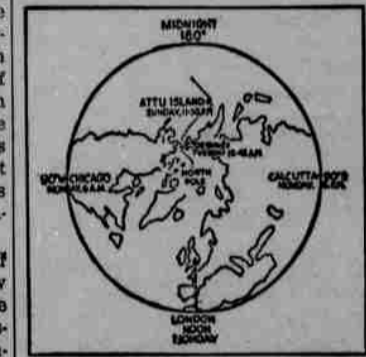
Seeming Impossibility Easily Shown as a Fact.

Irregularity of Date Line Accounts for the Paradox—Explanation Given by Scientist in the New York Sunday World.

Three days can exist at the same time! It sounds impossible, but it is nevertheless a fact that when it is very late Sunday night at Attu Island it is Monday noon at London and Tuesday morning at Cape Deshnev, Siberia.

If one travels westward, one loses a day in going round the world; if one travels eastward, one gains a day, writes Hereward Carrington in the Sunday New York World Magazine. Could one travel at the rate of 15 degrees a day, one would lose exactly one hour each day. In twenty-four days the circuit would be complete.

Inasmuch as sun and earth are constantly revolving and day merging into night, Sunday passing into Monday, etc., it is obvious that at one point on the world's surface an arbitrary line must be set, to the east of which is one day, to the west of which is the



When it is Noon Monday in London, 6 A. M. Monday in Chicago and 8 P. M. Monday in Calcutta, it is still Sunday at Attu Island and is already Tuesday at Cape Deshnev.

next day. This immediate "jump" of a day regulates the calendar for one circumnavigating the globe. This "international date line," as it is called, passing north and south and dividing our world into two equal parts, is the 180th meridian and crosses the Pacific ocean—where fortunately there is very little land—taking a slight bulge outward to include Siberia, and one the other way to include Alaska geographically. The map will show this. West of this line is Monday and east of it is Sunday.

When it is noon Monday in London, Tuesday has already begun at Cape Deshnev, Siberia, but Monday morning has not yet dawned at Attu Island; nearly half an hour of Sunday still remains there. We are thus confronted with the paradox of three days co-existing at the same time!

We must remember that every day begins at midnight. If we could travel round the world at the same rate that it travels, beginning our flight at noon, it would be perpetually noon all the way round! Yet we should lose a day.

While at any particular point on the surface of the earth a day is twenty-four hours long, every day, as a matter of fact, lasts forty-eight hours—sometimes even longer. This seems another contradiction. Yet it can be explained. Any given day, say Christmas, begins (as that day) immediately west of the 180th parallel. One hour later Christmas day begins 15 degrees west of the date line, two hours later 30 degrees west of the line, and so on round the globe. Those living just west of the date line would have enjoyed twelve hours of Christmas when it reached England, eighteen hours when it began in the United States and twenty-four hours (a whole day) when it began in Alaska. Already Christmas had existed twenty-four hours on this globe, but having just begun in Western Alaska, it will last there twenty-four hours longer.

We have just seen that each day lasts for forty-eight hours. As a matter of fact, a day lasts in some places more than forty-nine hours. This is because of the irregularity of the date line previously mentioned. Let us begin an imaginary journey from Cape Deshnev, Siberia, at midnight. As midnight sweeps westward successive places see the beginning of the day. When the day begins in London it has been that same day at Cape Deshnev twelve hours and forty-five minutes. When this same day arrives at Attu Island it has been twenty-five hours and twelve minutes since it began officially at Cape Deshnev. Since the day will then last twenty-four hours at Attu Island, before it is spent forty-nine hours and twelve minutes will have elapsed from the beginning of that day until the time it closes. Thus three days can exist at one time, as before explained.

### Duse Refuses to Help.

The New York World's correspondent at Rome writes to that paper that Eleanora Duse, "who sits in a corner and feels lonely while women of her age are making huge successes on the stage," refused to take part in charity performances in aid of earthquake sufferers.

"Why should I exhibit my voice, tired with emotion, and my face, lined with care, to well-dressed women in stalls and boxes?" she asked. "Let them give the price of their beautiful jewels and gowns for the poor." And she wrote to the earthquake committee to that effect, too.