

# 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 Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquis d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A Sacred Trust.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveliness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitchoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone."

Pitchoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days idly in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close to Sabron's man servant when they went on caravan explorations.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers.

The peculiar incense-like odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day had been hot and there came up the cool breeze that would give them a delicious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his lonely tent like a bridal flower in a veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order his stallion saddled and to ride away for a little distance in order to be alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eyes and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordonnance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarcely more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in French and pointed, for the man understood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by the nape of his neck up to his lap, and the two sat watching the caravan slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred yards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go," he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin, swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the Squadron of Cavalry."

Sabron added mentally:

"—wherever it may happen to be!"

He ordered bakshish given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work down to Dirbal, however, and they had had some hardships. He felt a million miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfastened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the light was bad, brilliant though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. On his dressing table was a small illumination consisting of a fat candle set in a glass case. The mosquitoes

and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsteur—  
I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

I took the best of care of Pitchoune. I thought I did, but I could not make him happy. He mourned terribly. He refused to eat, and one day I was so careless as to open the door for him and we have never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my maid, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in the woods.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pitchoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

... a sacred trust."

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say ...

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours,  
JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

## CHAPTER XII.

### The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly.

Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion.

Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times.

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us, certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tuna. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tuna you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere. I followed me to my barracks, followed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me; I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still.

I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the music in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. So it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions, are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing—music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible—appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say.

Tomorrow, I understand from my men, we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I believe we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who can tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful garden, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep.

I am, Mademoiselle,  
Faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested



The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Bees to Fight Troops.

In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees, partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires—London Mail.

### The Coming Spirit.

"This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar field hospital to the belligerents.

"This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie."

"Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said:

"Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you."  
"Then keep it up," said little Willie, grinding his teeth. "Keep it up, dad. I can stand it."

# ON THE BLACK SEA



PORT OF BATUMI

THE Black sea is unique among the war theaters. It is the least regarded by the people of the West, and yet operations there may result in a permanent reorganization of European affairs. Half-possession has just served to whet the desires of each of the two empires for full possession, and the Ottoman and the Muscovite have long frowned at one another over the waters of this inland sea, says the National Geographic society's bulletin.

Inclosed on the north by the southern coast of Russia, on the east by Russian Caucasus, on the south and west by Turkey in Asia and Turkey in Europe, and on the northwest by Bulgaria and Roumania, the Black sea is in every respect an oriental water body. Physically it is a boundary between the East and the West; in reality the life which surrounds it is strongly related to the East and as strongly foreign to the West. Hence, there is little general interest in the military operations there among Americans.

### Drains a Vast Territory.

The Black, Caspian and Baltic seas are about the same size, but, of them all, the Black sea drains the country of greatest natural resources, of most advantageous connections with the trading world, and, by far, of the most commercial importance. From east to west the Black sea has a length of 750 miles; its greatest width of 380 miles, and it covers an area of 180,000 square miles, or is considerably greater than the sum of the areas of the American Great Lakes. It has a coastal line of 2,000 miles, and a large part of its central basin reaches the extreme depth of 6,000 feet.

A million square miles of land in Europe and Asia drain into the Black sea. The Danube, Dnieper, Dniester and Bug, of central Europe; the Don of eastern Russia; the Kurban and smaller rivers of Caucasus, and the Tcharuk, Kizil Irmak, Sakaria and other rivers of Asia Minor carry enormous volumes of water to its basin; it rises and falls according to the increase and decrease in the volumes of

large enough for a medium-size ship to take refuge behind on all the sea. This is Serpent's island, 30 miles from the Danube.

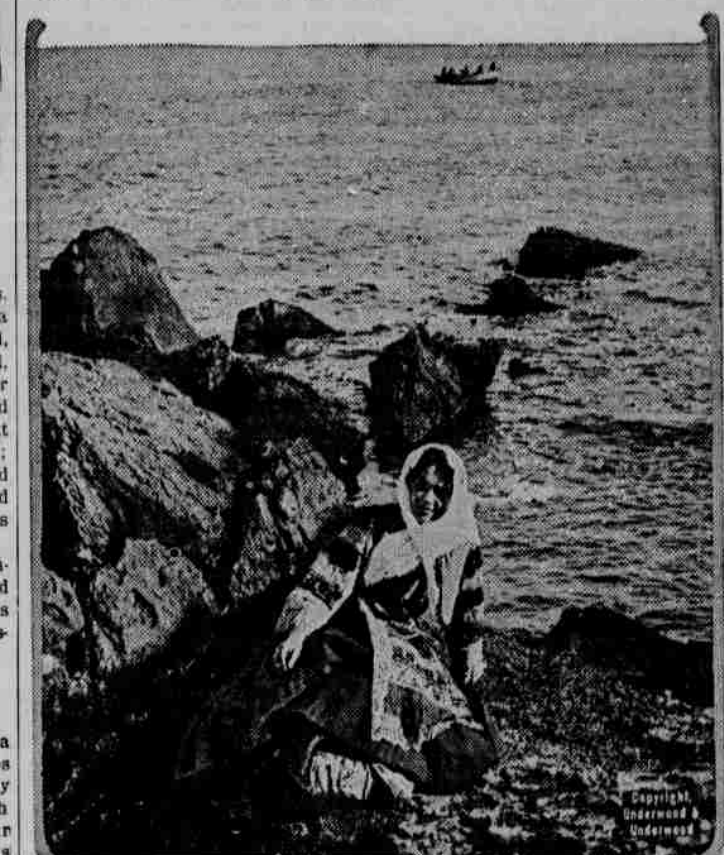
The Black sea is better known to the people of the West in fable than in history, for the myth-laden Cimmerian region is upon its northern shores, and many of the early Grecian heroes carried on their knight-errantry along its coasts, while Colchis, where Jason and his brother Argonauts sought the Golden Fleece, lies on its east bank.

### Peninsula of Gallipoli.

Not far from the Black sea region is the Turkish peninsula of Gallipoli, the Chersonesus Thracica of classical geography, where one of the most powerful battle fleets of all times has been attacking. It is the spur defense of Turkey in Europe, the best guarantee for centuries of the Ottoman empire's place among the great powers. It is a fruitful land, whose conditions at one time gave promise of a world-important commercial future. The Turkish occupation of 1357, however, cut off this promise, and the land has remained as such an obscure land to the twentieth century as it was to the Greeks of Pericles' Athens. The wonderful water avenue which stretches behind it toward the heart of central Asia has remained stagnant of all development.

Gallipoli peninsula forms the European bank of the Dardanelles. To the north it is enclosed by the deeply indented Gulf of Saros. The soils of this district are exceedingly fertile and well adapted to agriculture. The peninsula is a hilly rib of land, 55 miles in extent, and varying between three and thirteen miles in breadth. It supports about a hundred thousand people. It was the first section of European land to come under the domination of the crescent.

Wheat and maize are grown in considerable quantities here, and are exported to the Aegean islands and to Turkish ports. Barley, oats and linseed were raised largely for Great Britain, and canary seed was exported to Australia. Turkish rule, however,



BLACK SEA FROM THE RUSSIAN COAST

its tributary waters. Of tidal action there is little or none.

### Odessa Its Greatest Port.

Chief among the port cities are Odessa, Sevastopol and Batumi, in Russia; Trebizond and Sinope, in Asia Minor; Varna in Bulgaria, and Kostonje in Roumania. Greatest of all the commercial ports is Odessa, one of Russia's most important cities for the shipment of agricultural produce. Batumi is a famous oil port. With the mouth of the Black sea, the Bosphorus, corked by the Turks, Russia has been in the peculiar position of having plenty of petroleum and yet of being unable to take advantage of the high prices offered by her allies for these commodities. With Turkey in Europe, the advantages of Russia's only warm water ports have been at best doubtful.

The Black sea is swept by violent storms and heavy fogs in winter, making navigation in winter and early spring a matter of some hazard. Then, on every side, except along that strip from the Crimean peninsula to the Danube, its shores are high and bold. Furthermore, there is only one island

has been a continual dead weight upon its development. For example, a wine was formerly produced from Gallipoli's grapes which was held in admiration wherever connoisseurs of alcoholic beverages came together. It was exported in great quantities to France and there blended with other wines. The Turk put a tax of 55 per cent upon it, which drove the vintners to uproot their vines and sacrifice their industry.

No important industrial establishments have been developed here. There are some steam flour mills, a sardine factory, and there is, further, a limited manufacture of leather and silk in the chief town, Gallipoli, which lies upon Marmora sea at its junction with the Dardanelles. Besides the grains, cheese, skins of goats and sheep, and meat products make up the bulk of the peninsula's export. It imports woolen and cotton fabrics and hardware. The United States practically has no part in this trade.

New Jersey is to require all automobiles to carry mirrors to enable drivers to see the road to their rear.

# HAD FAITH IN LETTER

JOHN FELT EPISTLE SHOULD WIN LADY LOVE.

At Any Rate, If It Didn't, Swain Announced Very Decidedly That No Further Attempt Would Be Made by Him.

Drifting into town a homeless wail, John Henderson had grown to manhood, and by thrift and hard work had acquired a small farm and built a neat cottage.

One day John called on Squire Olcott, and being a man of few words, expressed himself thus: "Squire, you know I came to this town a poor boy, you know I have made friends of everybody here, you know I have saved my money and bought a farm and built a house, you know I am thirty and have a bank account."

"Yes," said the squire, "all you say is true."

"Well, squire, I want to get married."

"Good for you, John. Who's the lady?"

"You ain't never noticed a nice little black-eyed schoolteacher passin' up the street every day, have you? Well, that's her."

"I suppose you have her consent and the affair is all arranged," suggested the squire.

"Well, no, not exactly; that is what I want you to do for me. I have never spoken to the lady in my life."

The squire, with a hearty laugh, said: "Where do I come in?"

"Don't laugh, squire. This is a serious thing. I want you to write her a letter. Tell her about my being a poor boy, how I have worked early and late and saved my money, how I bought the farm and built the house, and how I want her to—to—ah—to be my wife," and here John stopped, the blushes coloring his honest, tanned face to the roots of his hair.

So the old squire, who was a past master in the art of letter writing, spent a long time in composing the letter, while John patiently waited. Finally it was finished, and the squire said: "Perhaps I had better read it to you, and if it is wrong in any particular you can say so, and I will change it to suit your ideas."

So he read the letter, and it was a beautiful statement of John's life, his work, his desires, his accomplishments, about his farm and little cottage. So realistic was it that long before its close John was deeply distressed and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"How will that do?" asked the squire as he finished reading.

"Do?" said John. "Do? It's just splendid!" Then, with a sudden burst of tears and candor, he blurted out: "Squire, if that letter don't fetch her, she—she—she can go to blazes!" — Mack's Monthly Magazine.

### "Souvenirs."

There was a crowd of French villagers round the driving seat of the motor truck, writes a reporter to the Daily Mail. "Will yer get out of this, yer little imp!" came in familiar cockney tones from under the shadow of the hood. "I tell yer, yer can't have it—not for a souvenir, nor nothin'."

"Ah, thank 'evins, there's someone in this country that can speak English, anyow," went on the voice as I interrupted it, and then the face of a London omnibus driver peered out from under the tilt to welcome me.

"What is the matter?" I said.

"Matter!" was the plaintive answer.

"Why, a girl's taken the A. S. C. badge off me shoulder strap, and now that little French boy there wants to unroll me putties. 'Souvenir'—that's what they keep on saying."

### Activities of Women.

Philadelphia has 25 independent woman shoemakers.

Linn county, Oregon, has five post-mistresses.

In Switzerland there is one divorce for every 22 marriages; in France one for every 30; in Germany one for every 44; in England one for every 400, and in the United States one in every 12.

Women have no rights among the natives of New Guinea. They are treated as slaves, worked almost to death and savagely beaten when their owners happen to be in a bad humor, which is often. It is their business to cultivate the fields of banana and rice while their lords and masters attend to the fighting and hunting. If a man chooses to murder his wife no one interferes and nothing much seems to be thought of it.

### Extremes.

The man making money in a small town up the state met a friend not making money in New York—there are a few there in that class—and they were talking of their respective places of residence.

"I tell you what it is," said the rural visitor in a woeful tone, "it's terrible to have a lot of money and live where you can't spend it."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the impecunious city man. "I guess it isn't any more terrible than not to have a lot of money and live where you can spend it."

### Plan a Lee Highway Now.

A project which is being considered in the South and which is receiving considerable publicity is the Lee Highway, which it is proposed will run parallel to the Lincoln highway, although south of the old Mason and Dixon line bisecting the two Virginias.