HIS LOVE STORY

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SYNOPSIS.

—6—

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. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, 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 Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear . . ."

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She smiled slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante: the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt without hesitation, "and the Duc de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous partis in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said keenly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclignac, with her embroidery scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing. "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia!" Madame d'Esclignac spread Le Temps out and put her hand on it. "As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

She could not trust herself to walk across the floor, for Julia Redmond in that moment of suspense found the room swimming.

"There has been an engagement," said the marquise gently, for in spite of her ambitions she loved her niece. "There has been an engagement, Julia, at Dirbal." She lifted the newspaper and held it before her face and read:

There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around about Dirbal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron were routed by the natives at noon on Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and several of the regiment were also killed. There has been no late or authentic news from Dirbal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing.

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put down the paper, and rose quickly. She went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands:

"Ma tante, ma tante!" she murmured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child."

The two women sat together on the long piano stool. The marquise said:

"I followed the fortunes, my dear, of my husband's cousin through the engagement in Tonkin. I know a little what it was." The girl was immovable. Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious one."

Miss Redmond threw away all disguise.

"Ma tante," she said in a hard voice. "I love him! You must have known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. She renounced them with a sigh, but she was a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's hands.

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored, "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news."

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon.

CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day" is a significant one. It surely was for Pitchoune. He had his day. It was a glorious one, a terrible one, a memorable one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master

Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hotminded and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pitchoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder, he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at fierce dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whistled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death.

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pitchoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him, that not even his name was called, and as Sabron struggled on, Pitchoune followed. It was his day; he was fighting the natives; he was part of a tile; he was a soldier's dog! Little by little the creatures and things around him grew fewer, the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around him in which he stood and barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune smelled him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatsoever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the silent plains.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finally the little dog, who knew by instinct that life remained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentions of his friend, the spahi opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare beating down upon him, with death in every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the river bed or die there, rot there.

What there was before him to do was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand, could not thoroughly raise himself; but by great and painful effort, bleeding at every move, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pitchoune walked by his side, whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spahi, ashen pale, his bright gray uniform ripped and stained, all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hitched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—about all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his daily work.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to him: "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sing in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brown, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What was their melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words: they were a prayer for safety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Civilization's Peril.

America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farmhouse it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in the Survey.

Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, has returned to Saginaw, Mich., to continue her investigations in regard to the women of the lumber camps and health of the children. Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis shortly after the holidays to assist in making preparations for a child welfare exhibition to be given in that city. Miss Moore was there ten days before returning to her regular work.

HIS HEAD IN SHARK'S MOUTH

Black Diver Claims to Have Had Remarkable Experience With Sea Monster.

Writing in Harper's Magazine of his visit to Thursday island in the Torres strait, Norman Duncan narrates some astonishing tales of the adventures of the natives with the savage tiger-sharks of these waters:

"It is said that the coastal aborigine is not greatly afraid of a shark—that he is a match for a shark, indeed, in fair water, when not taken unaware. He may lose a leg or an arm, or he may be carried off bodily; but in any event the damage will be due rather to the cunning approach of the shark than to the limitations of the diver. Fairly warned, he will dive to the bottom, roil the water, and thus elude the attack; and if he is pugnaciously disposed at the moment (they say)—if the shark impolitely interrupts him at a critical or deeply interested moment—he will give fight. It is true, of course, that the naked divers are accustomed to escape by roiling the water; such instances are common; but I have no stomach for the tale that any man will go out of his way to challenge combat with a twenty-foot tiger-shark—even when angered by an untimely interruption.

"I recall two stories of narrow escape. The one concerns a young Japanese diver who was taking a crayfish to the surface, and all at once found himself in a furious engagement. It was incautious of the diver to have a crayfish; and this indiscreet diver came out of the consequent encounter with a lacerated thigh and one arm missing. The other story is hardly credible, related far from the scene; I cannot vouch for it, at any rate, having had no means of authenticating it; but as I have not hesitated to swallow it whole, and have been pleasantly moved to shudder and thrill and exclaim aghast, I will tell it for what it is worth. It seems that a black beche-de-mer boy, swimming, naked and abstracted, close to the reef in search of slugs, awoke all at once to an amazing situation. It was not that the shark was near—not that it had turned and was darting; but that his head was actually in the shark's wide-open mouth. The black boy acted sharply; he withdrew his head in a flash, having at the same time 'punched' the shark (as they put it) to distract attention from the matter in hand; and he rescued himself after a brisk tussle, and lived to prove the adventure with a scarred cheek."

Mexico Land of Cathedrals.

The distinctive characteristic of Mexico is a land of cathedrals, which like the scattered beads from the rosary of some Franciscan monk, are strewn from the Bravo del Norte to where the winds from the tropics waft the palms. Previous to disestablishment of church and state, the treasures and wealth of these old monasteries were fabulous; and though Juarez, the full-blooded Indian who is looked upon as the emancipator of Mexico, seized church property and confiscated much, yet the buildings still stand as monuments to a colonization that was ardently Catholic, and are wonderful types of the Spanish renaissance. With huge domes, half-orange shape (so designated in Mexican architecture, "Media Naranja"), these stupendous buildings are decorated with wonderful specimens of wood carving, where solid mahogany beams form the joist in many cases. Mexico lavished the interior of these edifices with onyx columns, marble altars, silver chancel rails and gold tabernacles.

The woman worshipers in their mantillas and rebozas are in keeping with the old world atmosphere and taper lights.—Cassie Moncure Lyne.

Bad Habit.

Emerson Keough, the governmental efficiency expert, said in an address on efficiency in correspondence before the Denver Y. M. C. A.:

"Why shouldn't business correspondence read as easily and gracefully as a personal letter? Well, efficient business correspondence does so. The world is tired of the old-fashioned business letter with everything reversed, like—

"'Yours of 11th ult. to hand, as per duplicate order inclosed, for shoes, high, laced, vici, eight dozen, shirts, assorted, calico, two dozen; socks, black, wool, sizes assorted, four dozen.'

"They say that one of these old-fashioned correspondents who reverse everything went into a restaurant one day and ordered his dinner like his:

"'Pudding rice one; tomatoes one; po ditto ditto; steak beef one; soup le turt mock one.'"

Not Dead Yet.

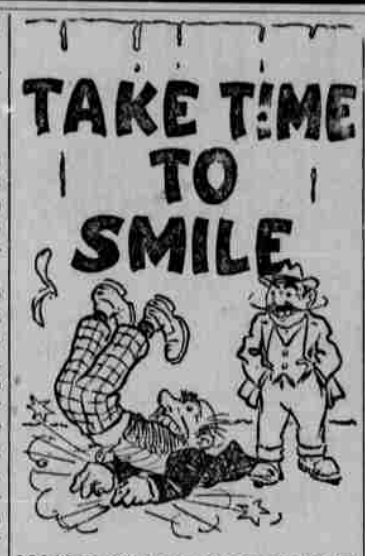
Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, at the German-American chamber of commerce in New York, said about Turkey:

"They called Turkey the sick man of Europe. Now they have taken to calling her the dying man. Well, Turkey may fool them yet. She may fool them like the dying man of Dusseldorf.

"A Lutheran pastor called on a dying man in Dusseldorf. Duging the conversation that ensued the pastor noticed that the dying man kept putting his hand under the bed, whence he carried to his mouth something that he ate with appetite.

"'What are you eating, my good friend?' the minister finally asked.

"'My funeral biscuit, the dying man answered, with a loud, bitter laugh. 'While my wife's out I'm going to finish them up.'"



WANTED TO HELP THE LORD

Amazing Capacity of Colored Coachman Is Shown When Told He Might Eat All He Could.

A church festival had been arranged by the members of a small society. In making preparations for the event no one was more valuable than Zeke, the colored coachman employed by a wealthy lady. He worked with a will and as a reward his mistress told him he might eat all he could. Zeke grinned from ear to ear and sat down at one of the tables. A pretty maid tripped to his side. He ordered ice cream and cake.

The order was soon dispatched and another demanded. Zeke ate, and ate and ate. It required two other pretty maids to serve him. Cake and ice cream a dozen times, then strawberries and cake were called for. The assemblage was amazed. He actually consumed twelve orders of ice cream and cake, and twelve of strawberries and cake. His check was three dollars.

He arose from the table, turned to his mistress, who stood near, and handed her the check, with the remark: "Dar's de bill, Miss Jane; I's done been eatin' foh de Lor', an' I cos' free dollahs."

Table Humor.

She was eating her first Country club ice cream and pointing to the pistachio part in the center she said to the young man she was dining with, "What is that?"

"Oh, that's an oasis," he replied.

"A what?"

"An oasis—a little green spot in the desert, you known."

A Frank Statement.

"Is this Rubens a good copy?" asked the prospective purchaser.

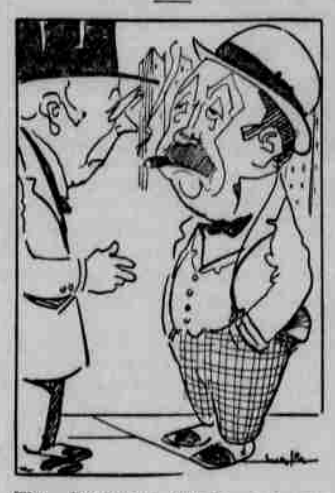
"My dear sir!" exclaimed the enthusiastic dealer, "the only way I myself can tell the copy from an original is by the price at which it is listed. I know I couldn't afford to sell an original for such a small amount of money."

Misinformed.

"I pride myself, sir," said the man who was getting the worst of an argument about the war, "on being able to see two inches farther than my nose."

"I'll grant you that it's a long member," said the adversary, "but it doesn't reach to Poland."

RAGTIME OR DUDES?



The Professor—There are some things that will never die.

The Politician—That's right. My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of them every night but it's no go.

His Private Opinion.

"What is your idea of the future life?" asked the unsophisticated youth.

"It is either a thing of bliss or a thing of blister," replied the Shelbyville sage.

A Misapprehension.

"Pop, did the tournaments you read about always take place in the day time?"

"Of course, my son."

"Then why did they call them knight affairs?"

In Animal Land.

Monkey Barber—Hurry, I am going to close shop.

His Assistant—What's the matter?

Monkey Barber—I just saw old Pop Porcupine coming up the street for a haircut.

His Experience.

Oldbach—What is your opinion of woman as a breadwinner?

Newed—Haven't any; but my experience with woman as a breadmaker wouldn't look well in print.

SINGING WAS WOMAN'S FORTE

Announcement That Miss Smith Would Sing "For All Eternity" Was Too Much for Drummer.

Her delusion was a belief in her ability to sing and she was giving a musicale. A violinist and a pianist were assisting the singer, who had arranged to sing 20 numbers, and in this way left very little room for the other performers.

A commercial traveler who had drifted into town, found interest centering upon the concert, and, having nothing else to do, bought a ticket and obtained a seat well to the front of the hall.

Promptly at eight the aspirant for vocal laurels began to sing, and she repeated the operation at short intervals for the best part of three hours, while admiring friends applauded. By eleven she had succeeded in singing a little over half of her numbers, numerous encores having delayed her somewhat.

The names of the songs were not printed on the program, so a tall youth with a nasal voice announced each selection. Finally, about half past eleven, the young man arose and said:

"Miss Smith will now sing 'For All Eternity.'"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed the drummer, springing to his feet and upsetting his chair. "I'm all in—let me out."

NOT OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

"Dobbins is an unnatural father."

"How so?"

"His baby threw his gold watch from the third-story window to the pavement and he didn't see anything cute in it."

Skeptical.

"I overheard a young fellow talking to his best girl on a trolley car yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"He told her he would never tire of hearing her voice, and when she asked, 'Not even in admonition?' he answered 'No.'"

"Well, what did you think about that?"

"I recalled David's saying that all men are liars."

No Science.

"Isn't it dreadful to see the way those boys are fighting?" exclaimed the agitated old lady.

"'Tis so, madam," answered the man with sporting instincts, who was an interested observer of the combat. "Neither one of them seems to know the value of an uppercut."

Truth Will Prevail.

They met at the soiree.

"Permit me," he remarked, "to introduce my friend, Professor Spoof, author of 'Genius a Species of Insanity.'"

"Oh, I'm so glad," responded the fair young thing. "I am delighted to meet a genius."

His Thought.

Bacon—I see the best excelsior is made from basswood, or linden. Aspen and cottonwood, however, supply nearly half of the total amount manufactured.

Egbert—Is that so? I always thought excelsior was made from breakfast food.

Awful Medicine.

Church—A Danish nerve specialist places his convalescent patients on top of a piano that they may be benefited by the vibrations as it is played.

Gotham—That certainly ought to make 'em forget their nerve troubles.

Too Thin.

"I see wood is cut thin enough to be used as a substitute for wall paper," said the father behind his paper.

"Well," said the young son, feelingly, "mother seems to have some such idea when she's cutting the pie."

Grateful Acknowledgment.

"This show is intended to benefit the tired business man," explained the manager.

"It does the trick," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "It's the first two hours' sleep I've had in a long time."

Useless Equipment.

"Were your accomplishments as a linguist of value to you while you were in Europe?"

"Not much. I had studied five languages, but I was so scared I couldn't speak any."

Overheard in Street Car.

First Young Thing—Don't you just dote on Shakespeare.

Second Ditto—I adore him. Our club gave his "School Scandal" last month and it was perfectly lovely.