

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac, and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. 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 Marquise 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. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"But," Sabron said aloud, "it is a prayer to be said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell."

He began to climb; he pulled himself along, leaving his track in blood. He fainted twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his consciousness the sun was mercifully going down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still panting, weaker and ever weaker, his courage the only living thing in him, Sabron, with Pitchoune by his side, dragged himself into healing hands.

All that night Sabron was delirious; his mind traveled far into vague fantastic countries, led back again, ever gently, by a tune, to safety.

Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to cease being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion. Moments of consciousness succeeded those of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitchoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to the deserted officer. Pitchoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, without food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman, though a philosopher, realized how hard it was to die unsatisfied in love, unsatisfied in life, having accomplished nothing, having wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.

He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitchoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and their voices, of man and beast, inarticulate, mingled—both left to die in the open.

Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. Keenly desirous to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lonely pathetic end? Moreover, he did not wish to suffer like this, to lose his grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die! He knew enough of injuries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have stashed his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already died! Fatigue and thirst, fever would finish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rosy sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the smell of the mimosa flower and the perfumes of the weeds came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was ablaze with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

The sea of waste rolled unbroken as far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise again, and closed his eyes and waited. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one another like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in his native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music rolled and rolled and passed over the

desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he breathed his prayers—they took form, and in his sleep he repeated the Ave Maria and the Paternoster, and the words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication seemed to his feverish mind to mingle with the stars.

A sort of midnight dew fell upon him: so at least he thought, and it seemed to him a heavenly dew and to cover him like a benignant rain. He grew cooler. He prayed again, and with his words there came to the young man an ineffable sense of peace. He pillowed his fading thoughts upon it; he pillowed his aching mind upon it and his body, too, and the pain of his wound and he thought aloud, with only the night air to hear him, in broken sentences: "If this is death it is not so bad. One should rather be afraid of life. This is not difficult, if I should ever get out of here I shall not regret this night."

Toward morning he grew calmer, he turned to speak to his little companion. In his troubled thoughts he had forgotten Pitchoune.

Sabron faintly called him. There was no response. Then the soldier listened in silence. It was absolutely unbroken. Not even the call of a night-bird—not even the cry of a hyena—nothing came to him but the inarticulate voice of the desert. Great and solemn awe crept up to him, crept up to him like a spirit and sat down by his side. He felt his hands grow cold, and his feet grow cold. Now, unable to speak aloud, there passed through his mind that this, indeed, was death, desertion absolute in the heart of the plains.

CHAPTER XIV.

An American Girl.

The Marquise d'Esclignac saw that she had to reckon with an American girl. Those who know these girls know what their temper and mettle are, and that they are capable of the finest reverberation.

Julia Redmond was very young. Otherwise she would never have let Sabron go without one sign that she was not indifferent to him, and that she was rather bored with the idea of titles and fortunes. But she adored her aunt and saw, moreover, something else than ribbons and velvets in the make-up of the aunt. She saw deeper than the polish that a long Parisian lifetime had overlaid, and she loved what she saw. She respected her aunt, and knowing the older lady's point of view, had been timid and hesitating until now.

Now the American girl woke up, or rather asserted herself.

"My dear Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "are you sure that all the tinned things, the coconuts, and so forth, are on board? I did not see that box."

"Ma tante," returned her niece from her steamer chair, "it's the only piece of luggage I am sure about."

At this response her aunt suffered a slight qualm for the fate of the rest of her luggage, and from her own chair in the shady part of the deck glanced toward her niece, whose eyes were on her book.

"What a practical girl she is," thought the Marquise d'Esclignac. "She seems ten years older than I. She is cut out to be the wife of a poor man. It is a pity she should have a fortune. Julia would have been charming as love in a cottage, whereas I . . ."

She remembered her hotel on the Parc Monceau, her chateau by the Rhone, her villa at Biarritz—and sighed. She had not always been the Marquise d'Esclignac; she had been an American girl first and remembered that her maiden name had been De Puystry and that she had come from Schenectady originally. But for many years she had forgotten these things. Near to Julia Redmond these last few weeks all but courage and simplicity had seemed to have tarnish on its wings.

Sabron had not been found. It was a curious fact, and one that transpires now and then in the history of desert wars—the man is lost. The captain of the cavalry was missing, and the only news of him was that he had fallen in an engagement and that his body had never been recovered. Several sorties had been made to find him; the war department had done all that it could; he had disappeared from the face of the desert and even his bones could not be found.

From the moment that Julia Redmond had confessed her love for the Frenchman, a courage had been born in her which never faltered, and her aunt seemed to have been infected by it. The marquise grew sentimental, found out that she was more docile and impressionable than she had believed herself to be, and the veneer and etiquette (no doubt never a very real part of her) became less important than other things. During the last few weeks she had been more a De Puystry from Schenectady than the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"Ma tante," Julia Redmond had said to her when the last telegram

was brought in to the Chateau d'Esclignac, "I shall leave for Africa tomorrow."

"My dear Julia!"
"He is alive! God will not let him die. Besides, I have prayed. I believe in God, don't you?"

"Of course, my dear Julia."
"Well," said the girl, whose pale cheeks and trembling hands that held the telegram made a sincere impression on her aunt, "well, then, if you believe, why do you doubt that he is alive? Someone must find him. Will you tell Eugene to have the motor here in an hour? The boat sails tomorrow, ma tante."

The marquise rolled her embroidery and put it aside for twelve months. Her hands looked capable as she did so.

"My dear Julia, a young and handsome woman cannot follow like a daughter of the regiment, after the fortunes of a soldier."

"But a Red Cross nurse can, ma tante, and I have my diploma."

"The boat leaving tomorrow, my dear Julia, doesn't take passengers."

"Oh, ma tante! There will be no other boat for Algiers," she opened the newspaper, "until . . . oh, heavens!"

"But Robert de Tremont's yacht is in the harbor."

Miss Redmond looked at her aunt speechlessly.

"I shall telegraph Madame d'Haussonville and ask permission for you to go in that as an auxiliary of the Red Cross to Algiers, or rather, Robert is at Nice. I shall telegraph him."

"Oh, ma tante!"
"He asked me to make up my own party for a cruise on the Mediterranean," said the Marquise d'Esclignac thoughtfully.

Miss Redmond fetched the telegraph blank and the pad from the table. The color began to return to her cheeks. She put from her mind the idea that her aunt had plans for her. All ways were fair in the present situation.

The Marquise d'Esclignac wrote her dispatch, a very long one, slowly. She said to her servant:

"Call up the Villa des Perroquets at Nice. I wish to speak with the Duc de



She Was Bored With the Idea of Titles and Fortunes.

Tremont." She then drew her niece very gently to her side, looking up at her as a mother might have looked. "Darling Julia, Monsieur de Sabron has never told you that he loved you?"

Julia shook her head.

"Not in words, ma tante."
There was a silence, and then Julia Redmond said:

"I only want to assure myself that he is safe, that he lives. I only wish to know his fate."
"But if you go to him like this, ma chere, he will think you love him. He must marry you! Are you making a serious declaration?"

"Ah," breathed the girl from between trembling lips, "don't go on. I shall be shown the way."

The Marquise d'Esclignac then said, musing:

"I shall telegraph to England for provisions. Food is vile in Algiers. Also, Melanie must get out our summer clothes."

"Ma tante!" said Julia Redmond, "our summer clothes?"
"Did you think you were going alone, my dear Julia!"

She had been so thoroughly the American girl that she had thought of nothing but going. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck with an abandon that made the latter young again. . . .

Madame la Marquise, Monsieur le Duc de Tremont is at the telephone, the servant announced to her from the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Criticizes Hospitals.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given much time and money to the question of the selling of drugs and the treatment of those who become victims, which the city of New York takes care of. She now declared in the manner in which the city of New York takes care of the drug "fends" a hideous fare. After ten days the victims are sent out of the hospitals "cured," and she says they leave shattered in nerve and unable to fight against the drug. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of charities in New York, says that between 35 and 50 per cent of all the criminals are drug fiends.

LAND of the BANANA

HAVE you heard the song of the banana—the song that is watted out on the tropical night as thousands of bunches of fruit are delivered to mechanical loaders by barefooted men and women with songs on their lips and bananas on their heads?

Bustle, work, song and chant have made "the night swing merrily on," and ere the coming of the dawn hundreds of tired workers lie half asleep on the steamship piers and along Limon's water front, writes William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. Fifty, eighty, or possibly a hundred thousand bunches of bananas have passed from their native beach to the refrigerated hold of a modern ship; each worker has borne his share of the burden and now he rests from his labor; the cargo has been "sealed" and the vessel weighs anchor for her northern port.

Thus has the tourist who carries at Costa Rica's principal seaport witnessed a busy tropical scene, most picturesque as well as interesting. Such, however, is only a glimpse of one of the country's industries—an industry that produces 11,000,000 bunches of fruit in a single year, or about half the world's supply. As we journey toward the heart of this wonderful land, yet so far from complete development, we shall see something of other crops—of sights that please and instruct the traveler within the country's hospitable boundaries.

What has Costa Rica to attract me? asks the tourist looking for sights a little beyond beaten paths. Just as much and more than many sections of the world teeming with tourists, might be the answer. Climatically, the country is an all-the-year resort, with summer in the lowlands and perpetual springtime in the highlands; over its mountains and along its swift and winding streams primitive man has left traces of workmanship that cause us to wonder at his ability; the quaint clatter of the two-wheeled oxcarts, often seen by scores as they meander along ancient highways, are animated pictures linking present and past; the peculiar and really inviting little hotel that has arisen from earthquake ruins at Cartago furnishes the visitor with a pleasant home from which to begin the horseback journey (six hours) to the crest of the volcano Irazu, there to stand entranced—gazing at will over Costa Rica's forest and plain to the world's greatest oceans stretching endlessly into space; the three-mile trolley trip from Cartago takes one to the famous Bella Vista springs, the temperature of which is 135 degrees F., and a recognized cure for rheumatism and a score of other ills; in San Jose the modern electric light shines on the museum with its precious relics as ancient as Rome herself; indeed, and in brief, Costa Rica is a country of scenic beauty with attractions peculiarly its own. Like all other lands, its attractions often mingle with dis-

appointments—disappointments because modern facilities and conveniences have not yet become as general as the foreign visitor might wish.

What Education is Doing.

Costa Rica is still in the making; and one of the leading factors in this formative process is the little schoolhouse that dots the landscape. Formerly, poverty was a barrier that kept many native children away from school for want of proper clothing. Today the system of cheap uniforms for boys and girls leaves no class distinction; and the law of truancy is so rigidly enforced that practically every child in the land is attending school. Of public funds devoted to various departments of the government, the bureau of education receives one-half of the total amount. This liberality toward the education of the country's youth has been working marvels, and lifting the humblest child from a state of de-

ties of work of the skilled native laborer, in masonry, in ironwork, carpentry, bricklaying, cement construction, etc., all of which indicate that the trade schools have brought the lesson of modernity which, combined with ancient handicraft passed down from generation to generation, produce a structure of permanence, utility and beauty.

Music and flowers are to be enjoyed all over the country. In Limon, under royal palms and amid countless blossoms peculiar to the tropics, the military band in the evening draws the people to the central plaza; while among the promenaders may be counted the citizens of many nationalities. Likewise, in San Jose, in Cartago, Heredia, Alajuela and elsewhere the merry music of the Latin may be heard alike in public park or private patio to the delight of native and stranger.

pendency to a field of usefulness.

In no branch of learning, perhaps, is this fact more pronounced than in vocational training. Of the country's half million cattle, comparatively few of their hides are exported; they are made into leather and then into shoes by the persons whom the vocational schools have taught the trades of tanning and shoemaking. Hardwoods abound, and the youth is being taught to convert this product into a useful article rather than continue to ship the natural log to foreign lands at only a fraction of its real value.

Bananas and Coffee.

Costa Rica's main artery of commerce is her transcontinental railroad from Limon, on the eastern shore, to Puntarenas on the Pacific, a distance of 172 miles. From the main trunk line there are various branches, which give the country a total of about 430 miles of railway.

Starting at Limon, a ride over the railway presents a series of tropical and mountain views the equal of which are difficult to find elsewhere. First, the train passes through lowland forests which appear to be impenetrable, and the traveler shudders to think of the trials and hardships of the engineers who pioneered their course through swamp and wilderness. At San Quirres, 36 miles from Limon, the tourist has time for a short walk, and here a busy scene presents itself if a ship happens to be waiting for cargo at Limon; the five railway tracks lying in front of the little station are holding five trains loaded with bananas, and each train is hauling many cars. Other trains are to be seen in the distance, truly reminding one that he is in "banana land."

As our train proceeds, we begin to note the changes that nature presents. Lowlands fade from view and mountain and river offer new sights. Onward and upward the train winds and climbs, and by early afternoon we are high up in the mountains where tropical heat is only a memory, and coats and wraps are called into service.

On reaching the coffee region the question arises, have you ever tested Costa Rican coffee? On the London market it is quoted at a higher rate than that of any other country of the American Mediterranean; this is saying much when we remember the many excellent grades of coffee that this section of the world supplies. Next to the banana industry, that of coffee growing occupies the most important place in the republic.

Natives Are Skilled Artisans.

Another feature of industry which the traveler is likely to notice and admire is the work of the native artisan. In detail the latter's handwork is seen to advantage in many buildings, notably in the splendid granite theater in San Jose—an edifice that would be a credit to any country; in the new hydroelectric power installation on the Villula river, about six miles from the capital, are to be seen many varie-

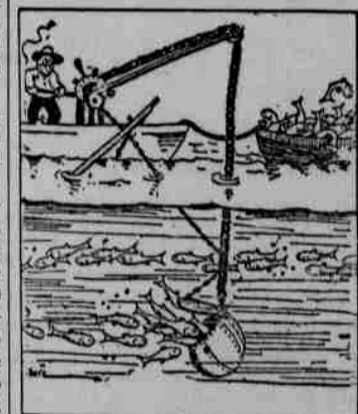
FISH WITH SCOOP

Philadelphians Have Discarded Hook and Line.

Of Course There Will Be Some Who Will Not Readily Believe This Story, but There Always Are Skeptics.

When you go fishing you take a pole and reel and wind up your line when you get a bite. You probably have a hook on the end of your line with bait on it, and occasionally get a fish. Well, you're wasting time. If you doubt it, join the Fish Liers' club.

Members of the club were out today on the Delaware pulling up fish by the hundreds. For the first time they used the automatic magnetic scoop. This device is just what the name im-



plies. It attracts and then captures. Furthermore, it enables the fishermen to catch hundreds of small fish alive, and this marks the beginning of a new era for the club. After sorting out all the large fish for feasting purposes the small fish will be sold as aquarium pets. Many Delaware sunfish have a decidedly blonde tinge and could readily pass for goldfish.

Members of the club believe if they are kept in fresh, clean water they will never tarnish.

But as to the magnetic scoop. It was designed at a meeting of the club in the back room of Harvey C. McCarthy's cigar store up in Kensington, and was patented by Bill Harrison, the well-known angler.

The scoop is made of steel and is sunk in the water on two long chains. The chains are attached to a universal crane, which is carried on a boat. One of the chains operates the lid of the scoop, while the other drags the scoop along. The interior of the scoop is coated with beef juice and sulphur, and as it plunges through the water appetizing odors are emitted. This attracts the fish. They peep in the scoop to see what it is all about and the lid immediately goes down.

You may ask: "How does the fisherman know when the scoop has fish in it?" They can tell by the weight on the boat and when they find the pulling is getting harder.

In a short trip from Shackamaxon street wharf to Riverton the club caught 971 pounds of perch, weak fish and caddies. The new device will also be used on Sunday, and the fellows who wharves better bring some newspapers to read, for most of the fish will follow the scoop.—Philadelphia Record.

Old Fashions Return With the War.

Among the many changes that the war is bringing into the streets and the home some of the most significant are so quiet and unobtrusive that people hardly notice them. One of these is the change that has come over the look of households of persons of fastidious tastes and strict esthetic conduct. Formerly the idea of a mounted photograph (except perhaps a reproduction of an old master) was thought to be quite banal and terribly suburban. Today you find their mantelpieces crowded with photographs, some even pinned on the wall without the slightest regard for spacing and arrangement—details which formerly would have taken an afternoon's thought to settle. Our artistic houses are being ruined without a single regret. Another reversion to simpler days is the return of the old-fashioned hair broom with its little oblong frame of gold prettily wrought inclosing a tiny panel for a strand of hair. Some of them are originals bought in curio shops or rummaged out from old cases, but the hair in them today is young and newly cut.—Manchester Guardian.

Influence of Dams on Fish.

The influence of river dams on fisheries seems to be only very imperfectly understood; and the effects on fishes and mollusks of the new barrier across the Mississippi at Keokuk, Ia., are being investigated by the United States bureau of fisheries. At this place unusual facilities for the study of fish migration are afforded. Important fishery developments in the great river lake created are expected, and it is believed that the increased fish supply will after a time largely compensate for loss of crops on drowned farm lands.

Imitation Air Travel.

Imitation flight is the novel recreation idea of Henry Salisbury of London. A car suspended above the ground is given the motions of a flying aeroplane, and motion pictures, taken from an elevation during actual flight, are projected upon the surface, giving the occupants of the car a complete illusion of traveling along through the air.



GATHERING THE BANANAS