

# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY

## 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 Pitouche. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitouche, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitouche follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress suspicious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitouche. After a horrible night and day Pitouche leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts.

## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

From where he stood, Tremont could see the Comtesse de la Maine in her little shadow, the oriental decorations a background to her slight Parisian figure, and a little out of the shadow, the bright silver in her hair danced, shaking its sparkles of fire. She looked infinitely sad and infinitely appealing. One bare arm was along the back of her lounge. She leaned her head upon her hand.

After a few moments the Duc de Tremont quietly left the piano and Miss Redmond, and went and sat down beside the Comtesse de la Maine, who, in order to make a place for him, moved out of the shadow.

Julia, one after another, played songs she loved, keeping her fingers resolutely from the notes that wanted to run into a single song, the music, the song that linked her to the man whose life had become a mystery. She glanced at the Duc de Tremont and the Comtesse de la Maine. She glanced at her aunt, patting Mimi, who, freshly washed, adorned by pale blue ribbon, looked disdainful and princely, and with passion and feeling she began to sing the song that seemed to reach beyond the tawdry room of the villa in Algiers, and to go into the desert, trying in sweet intensity to speak and to comfort, and as she sat so singing to one man, Sabron would have adored adding that picture to his collection.

The servant came up to the marquise and gave her a message. The lady rose, bade Tremont to follow her, and went out on the veranda, followed by Mimi. Julia stopped playing and went over to the Comtesse de la Maine.

"Where have my aunt and Monsieur de Tremont gone, Madame?"

"To see someone who has come to suggest a camel excursion, I believe."

"He chooses a curious hour."

"Everything is curious in the East, Mademoiselle," returned the comtesse. "I feel as though my own life were turned upside down."

"We are not far enough in the East for that," smiled Julia Redmond. She regarded the comtesse with her frank girlish scrutiny. There was in it a fine truthfulness and utter disregard of all the barriers that long epochs of etiquette put between souls.

Julia Redmond knew nothing of French society and of the deference due to the arts of the old world. She knew, perhaps, very little of anything. She was young and unschooled. She knew, as some women know, how to feel, and how to be, and how to love. She was as honest as her ancestors, among whose traditions is the story that one of them could never tell a lie.

Julia Redmond sat beside the Comtesse de la Maine, whose elegance she admired enormously, and taking one of the lady's hands, with a frank liking she asked in her rich young voice:

"Why do you tolerate me, Madame?"

"Ma chere enfant," exclaimed the comtesse. "Why, you are adorable."

"It is terribly good of you to say so," murmured Julia Redmond. "It shows how generous you are."

"But you attribute qualities to me I do not deserve, Mademoiselle."

"You deserve them and much more, Madame. I loved you the first day I saw you; no one could help loving you."

Julia Redmond was irresistible. The Comtesse de la Maine had remarked her caprices, her moods, her sadness. She had seen that the good spirits were false and, as keen women do, she had attributed it to a love affair with the Duc de Tremont. The girl's frankness was contagious. The Comtesse de la Maine murmured:

"I think the same of you, ma chere, vous etes charmante."

Julia Redmond shook her head. She did not want compliments. The eyes of the two women met and read each other.

"Couldn't you be frank with me, Madame? It is so easy to be frank."

It was, indeed, impossible for Julia Redmond to be anything else. The comtesse, who was only a trifle older than the young girl, felt like her mother just then. She laughed.

"But be frank—about what?"

"You see," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "I care absolutely nothing for the Duc de Tremont, nothing."

"You don't love him?" returned Ma-

dame de la Maine, with deep accentuation. "Is it possible?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes, quite possible. I think he is a perfect dear. He is a splendid friend and I am devoted to him, but I don't love him at all, not at all."

"Ah!" breathed Madame de la Maine, and she looked at the American girl guardedly.

For a moment it was like a passage of arms between a frank young Indian chief and a Jesuit. Julia, as it were, shook her feathers and her beads.

"And I don't care in the least about being a duchess! My father made his money in oil. I am not an aristocrat like my aunt," she said.

"Then," said the Comtesse de la Maine, forgetting that she was a Jesuit, "you will marry Robert de Tremont simply to please your aunt?"

"But nothing on earth would induce me to marry him!" cried Julia Redmond. "That's what I'm telling you, Madame, I don't love him!"

The Comtesse de la Maine looked at her companion and bit her lip. She blushed more warmly than is permitted in the Faubourg St-Germain, but she was young and the western influence is pernicious.

"I saw at once that you loved him," said Julia Redmond frankly. "That's why I speak as I do."

The Comtesse de la Maine drew back and exclaimed:

"Oh," said Julia Redmond, "don't deny it. I shan't like you half so well if you do. There is no shame in being in love, is there?—especially when the man you love, loves you."

The Comtesse de la Maine broke down, or, rather, she rose high. She rose above all the smallness of convention and the rules of her French formal education.

"You are wonderful," she said, laughing softly, her eyes full of tears. "Will you tell me what makes you think that he is fond of me?"

"But you know it so well," said Julia. "Hasn't he cared for you for a long time?"

Madame de la Maine wondered just how much Julia Redmond had heard, and as there was no way of finding out, she said graciously:

"He has seemed to love me very dearly for many years; but I am poor; I have a child. He is ambitious and he is the Duc de Tremont."

"Nonsense," said Julia. "He loves you. That's all that counts. You will be awfully happy. You will marry the Duc de Tremont, won't you? There's a dear."

"Happy," murmured the other woman, "happy, my dear friend, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

"Dream of it now," said Julia Redmond swiftly, "for it will come true."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Man in Rags.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, under the stars, interviewed the native soldier, the beggar, the man in rags, at the foot of the veranda. There was a moon as well as stars, and the man was distinctly visible in all his squalor.

"What on earth is he talking about, Robert?"

"About Sabron, marraine," said her godson laconically.

The Marquise d'Esclignac raised her lorgnon and said:

"Speak, man! What do you know about Monsieur de Sabron? See, he is covered with dirt—has leprosy, probably." But she did not withdraw. She was a great lady and stood her ground. She did not know what the word "squeamish" meant.

Listening to the man's jargon and putting many things together, Tremont at last turned to the Marquise d'Esclignac who was sternly fixing the beggar with her haughty condescension:

"Marraine, he says that Sabron is alive, in the hands of natives in a certain district where there is no travel. In the heart of the seditious tribes. He says that he has friends in a caravan of merchants who once a year pass the spot where this native village is."

"The man's a lunatic," said the Marquise d'Esclignac calmly. "Get Abimelec and put him out of the garden, Robert. You must not let Julia hear of this."

"Marraine," said Tremont quietly, "Mademoiselle Redmond has already seen this man. He has come to see her tonight."

"How perfectly horrible!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac. Then she asked rather weakly of Tremont: "Don't you think so?"

"Well, I think," said Tremont, "that the only interesting thing is the truth there may be in what this man says. If Sabron is a captive, and he knows anything about it, we must use his information for all it is worth."

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "of course. The war department must be informed at once. Why hasn't he gone there?"

"He has explained," said Tremont, "that the only way Sabron can be saved is that he shall be found by outsiders. One hint to his captors would end his life."

"Oh!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "I don't know what to do, Bob! What part can we take in this?" Tremont pulled his mustache. Mimi had circled round the beggar, snuffing at his slippers and robe. The man made no objection to the little creature, to the fluffy ball surrounded by a huge bow, and Mimi sat peacefully down in the moonlight, at the beggar's feet.

"Mimi seems to like him," said the Marquise d'Esclignac helplessly. "She is very particular."

"She finds that he has a serious and convincing manner," said Tremont.

Now the man, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said in fairly comprehensible English to the Marquise d'Esclignac:

"If the beautiful grandmother could have seen the Capitaine de Sabron on the night before the battle—"

"Grandmother, indeed!" exclaimed the marquise indignantly. "Come, Mimi! Robert, finish with this creature and get what satisfaction you can from him. I believe him to be an impostor; at any rate, he does not expect me to mount a camel or to lead a caravan to the rescue."

Tremont put Mimi in her arms; she folded her lorgnon and sailed majestically away.

"Nonsense," said Julia.

ally away, like a highly decorated pin-

nance with silk sails, and Tremont, in the moonlight, continued to talk with the sincere and convincing Hammet About.

CHAPTER XX.

Julia Decides.

Now the young girl had his letters and her own to read. They were sweet and sad companions and she laid them side by side. She did not weep, because she was not of the weeping type; she had hope.

Her spirits remained singularly even. Madame de la Maine had given her a great deal to live on.

"Julia, what have you done to Robert?"

"Nothing, ma tante."

"He has quite changed. This excursion to Africa has entirely altered him. He is naturally so gay," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Have you refused him, Julia?"

"Ma tante, he has not asked me to be the Duchess de Tremont."

Her aunt's voice was earnest.

"Julia, do you wish to spoil your life and your chances of happiness? Do you wish to mourn for a dead soldier who has never been more than an acquaintance? I won't even say a friend."

What she said sounded logical.

"Ma tante, I do not think of Monsieur de Sabron as dead, you know."

"Well, in the event that he may be, my dear Julia."

"Sometimes," said the girl, drawing near to her aunt and taking the older lady's hand quietly and looking in her eyes. "Sometimes, ma tante, you are cruel."

The marquise kissed her and sighed: "Robert's mother will be so unhappy!"

"But she has never seen me, ma tante."

"She trusts my taste, Julia."

"There should be more than 'taste' in a matter of husband and wife, ma tante."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suspicious.

George W. Perkins said at a dinner: "There are some people who insist on seeing an octopus in every trust. These people cross-question you as suspiciously as the young wife cross-questioned her husband after the banquet."

"A young husband attended his first banquet, and a few days afterward his wife said to him:

"Howard, is it true that you were the only sober man at that banquet?"

"No, of course not!" Howard indignantly answered.

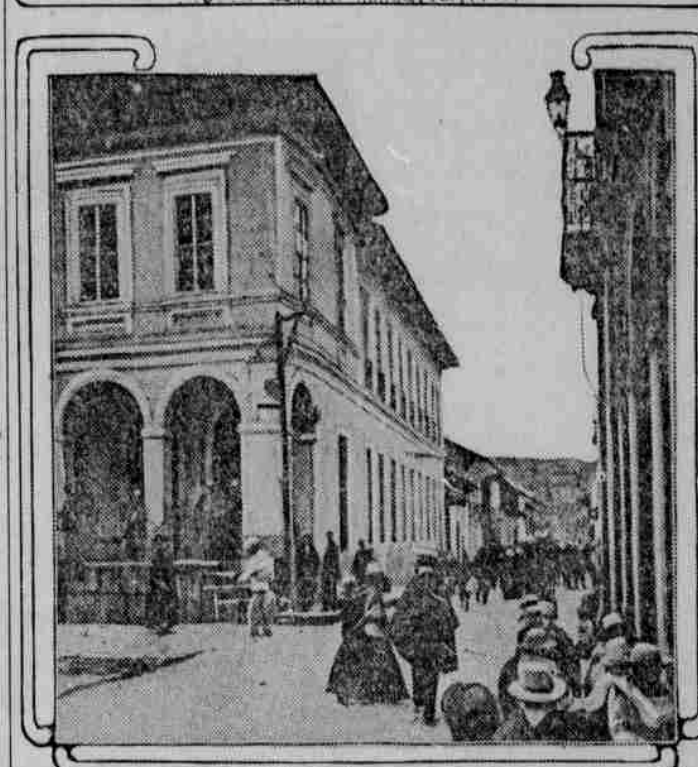
"Why—was, then?" said his wife.

Stoned Jail; Is Jailed.

In an effort to extricate her son Chester from jail by force, Mrs. Alice Rollins of Tappan, Rockland county, New York, was locked up herself and sentenced to 30 days imprisonment in that village.

When the jailer refused to liberate her son, Mrs. Rollins gathered rocks and other ammunition and opened fire. She gave a correct imitation of the bombardment of Dixmude and reduced the glass in the jail windows to fragments before she was arrested. The son was committed to the house of refuge for burglary.

## Home of The Panama Hat



STREET SCENE IN CUENCA

MANY a man wears a beautiful Panama hat woven in Cuenca, but he knows little of where his hat's covering was made, or that this Ecuadorian city sends to the world a large supply of its famous sombreros. Such, however, is the fact; and now that the through route is open via Panama it is likely that Cuenca's hats and those of other Ecuadorian cities will come to us more directly, quicker and in larger quantities than ever before, says a writer in the Pan American Bulletin.

Where is Cuenca? High up in the Andes, nowhere more majestic than in Ecuador, lies this ancient city, with a present population of 30,000. Through the republic from north to south two chains of the Andes stretch; between these mountains are high tablelands, the most thickly populated sections of Ecuador. About 100 miles apart are the three leading inland cities of the country—Quito in the north, Riobamba in the center, and Cuenca in the south. From ancient times the trade routes have existed between these centers of commerce and with the coast ports, of which Guayaquil is the most important. The opening of the railway a few years ago from the latter city to Quito brought the capital and Riobamba as well, into rail communication with the coast; but Cuenca remains 93 miles from this modern artery of commerce.

Today the Huigra-Cuenca railroad is building toward Cuenca, and if plans are carried out the present force of laborers will gradually be increased to 1,000 men. The topographical studies have been completed from Huigra, a station on the Guayaquil and Quito railroad, southward 15 miles, and the preliminary location established about ten miles. Approximately \$20,000 per month is being expended for the engineering force which numbers 50 men.

### Delightful Mountain Climate.

Let us press onward and view the old city of Cuenca before the advent of the railroad, before the modernizing effects despoil it of certain charms that appeal to many people. The city that is easily reached by rail is not always the most interesting or the most hospitable to the stranger.



MARKET PLACE IN CUENCA

### MANY HOLY LAND PILGRIMS

Easy and Cheap Travel Methods Yearly Increase Number of Palestine's Devout Sojourners.

With the increased ease and cheapness of transportation the number of pilgrims to the Holy Land increases yearly. The Roman Catholics come chiefly from France, but they are few compared with the multitude of Russians, nearly all simple peasants, ready to kiss the stones of every spot which they are told that the presence of the Virgin or a saint has hallowed. To accommodate those pilgrim swarms, for besides the Catholics and the Orthodox, the other ancient churches of the East, such as the Armenians, the Copts, and the Abyssinians, are also represented, countless monasteries and hospices have been erected at and around Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and other

The visitor will be delighted with the climate of Cuenca. The city lies in a valley 7,800 feet above sea level, and about 70 miles air line southeast of Guayaquil. Cuenca was founded in 1573 on the site of Tumibamba, a settlement that the ancient natives started many years previous to that date. Various mountain peaks dominate the landscape, one of which, Tarqui, was chosen by the French astronomers in 1742 as marking their meridian. The visitor in Cuenca today is rather surprised at the very substantial appearance of its many buildings and the business activity of its streets. The curious dress of the humbler natives, to be seen to the best advantage at the central market place, is especially interesting. The native wares and merchandise spread upon the ground offer the curio hunter and the craft student a varied field of interest.

### Many Fine Residences.

Along with the older life is seen the modernizing influence that is slowly but surely entering into conditions and affairs. This is especially noticeable in some of the fine residences of the people of means; many of these are large, with a profusion of flowers adorning their patios, which are most attractive.

Cuenca's streets have not yet modernized into well-paved boulevards; the cobblestone is still used, but the vehicles are made with strong wheels especially adapted to service over the stones. The cobblestone is still to be seen in many Latin American cities, but is destined to pass away.

Among the public institutions of Cuenca which are rendering important services to the community are the college and the hospital of San Vicente de Paul. In this city and vicinity there are numerous sugar refineries, for the valley of Yanquilla is fertile, and sugar cane is grown in many sections. Gold, silver, copper and mercury are found in the surrounding mountains, but modern mining operations have not yet been largely undertaken. The tourist, rare in Cuenca, on account of the difficulty of reaching the city by modern means, will wish to visit some of the notable ancient ruins which are situated within a short ride from the city.

## LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



### USING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE

Belgian Refugees Pained at Cheers Given by Students at His Description of Ruined Louvain.

Professor Poussin, the Belgian refugee professor at Harvard, was pained at a dinner in his honor by the applause and cheers which greeted his description of ruined Louvain and wrecked Liege. But when it was explained to Professor Poussin that the Harvard professors and students had a very slight knowledge of French—he had spoken in French—his perplexity vanished, and he smiled.

"I see," he said. "I see. It is like the case of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, an American, said to his wife at a Paris restaurant:

"Strange! I spoke to the proprietor in French, and he didn't understand me."

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, "no wonder. He's a Frenchman."

### Genuine Art.

"That man says he wants his picture to look perfectly natural," said the photographer's assistant.

"Make it as handsome as possible," replied the proprietor.

"But he insists that he doesn't want the picture to flatter him."

"He won't think it flatters him. He'll think that at last somebody has managed to catch the way he really looks."

### Nearly Caught Him.

Mrs. Bacon—Where were you last night, John?

Mr. Bacon (in alarm)—Why, dear?

"I heard you talking in your sleep."

"You did? What did I say, dear?"

"You said somebody had 'cleared you up good'; that's what you said."

"Oh, yes; I was down to a Turkish bath, dear."

### No Good to Anybody.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the ready-made philosopher.

"I don't exactly catch the drift of your remarks," replied the man from Kansas. "But it sounds in a general way as if you might have reference to a regular cyclone."

### Not to Be Thought Of.

"What sort of fellow is Dubson?"

"I don't like to criticize a neighbor, but I'd hate to owe him any money."

"You mean he would ask you for it?"

"Not only that, but he'd ask me for it in such a way I would probably get mad and pay him."

### Why He Was Shy.

"Thought you were to have that second installment ready yesterday on your car?" said the collector for the automobile concern.

"I did have it," was the reply, "but I was arrested for speeding, and the judge seemed to need the money more than you did."

### GYMNASTIC DANCE.

Mr. Portleigh—What are you going through all those crazy movements for?

Mrs. Portleigh—I'm merely taking steps to reduce my weight.

### Indignant Denial.

"Are you going to rusticate this summer, Mrs. Comeup?"

"Of course, we're not going to rust in any way. We are going to take a handsome country place to shine."

### Doesn't Want to Find Out.

"The automobile is a constant source of expense, isn't it?"

"I don't know. I never discuss those things with the friends who place their cars at my service."

### Where He Can Get Away With It.

"He has an artistic temperament."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He never abuses any but members of his own family."