

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 Pitchoone. 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 Pitchoone, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoone follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoone. After a horrible night and day Pitchoone 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. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

After a moment, in which the Marquise d'Esclignac gazed at the bougainvillea and wondered how anyone could admire its crude and vulgar color, Miss Redmond asked:

"Did you ever think that the Duc de Tremont was in love?"

Turning shortly about to her niece, her aunt stared at her.

"In love, my dear!"

"With Madame de la Mainé."

The arrival of Madame de la Mainé had been a bitter blow to the Marquise d'Esclignac. The young woman was, however, much loved in Paris and quite in the eye of the world. There was no possible reason why the Marquise d'Esclignac should avoid her.

"You have been hearing gossip, Julia."

"I have been watching a lovely woman," said the girl simply, "and a man. That's all. You wouldn't want me to marry a man who loves another woman, ma tante, when the woman loves him and when I love another man?"

She laughed and kissed her aunt's cheek.

"Let us think of the soldier," she murmured, "let us think just of him, ma tante, will you not?"

The Marquise d'Esclignac struck her colors.

In the hallway of the villa, in a snowy gibbet (and his clean-washed appearance was much in his favor), Hammet Abou waited to talk with the "grandmother" and the excellency. He pressed both his hands to his forehead and his breast as the ladies entered the vestibule. There was a stagnant odor of myrrh and sandalwood in the air. The marble vestibule was cool and dark, the walls hung with high-colored stuffs, the windows drawn to keep out the heat.

The Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Mainé came out of the salon together. Tremont nodded to the Arab.

"I hope you are a little less—" and he touched his forehead smiling, "today, my friend."

"I am as God made me, Monsieur."

"What have you got today?" asked Julia Redmond anxiously, fixing her eager eyes upon Hammet.

It seemed terrible to her that this man should stand there with a vital secret and that they should not all be at his feet. He glanced boldly around at them.

"There are no soldiers here?"

"No, no, you may speak freely."

The man went forward to Tremont and put a paper in his hands, unfolding it like a chart.

"This is what monsieur asked me for—a plan of the battlefield. This is the battlefield, and this is the desert."

Tremont took the chart. On the page was simply a round circle, drawn in red ink, with a few Arabian characters and nothing else. Hammet Abou traced the circle with his fingers tipped with henna.

"That was the battle, Monsieur."

"But this is no chart, Hammet Abou."

The other continued, unmoved:

"And all the rest is a desert, like this."

Tremont, over the man's snowy turban, glanced at the others and shrugged. Every one but Julia Redmond thought he was insane. She came up to him where he stood close to Tremont. She said very slowly in French, compelling the man's dark eyes to meet hers:

"You don't wish to tell us, Hammet Abou, anything more. Am I not right? You don't wish us to know the truth."

Now it was the American pitted against the Oriental. The Arab, with deference, touched his forehead before her.

"If I made a true plan," he said coolly, "your excellency could give it tomorrow to the government."

"Just what should be done, Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, in English. "This man should be arrested at once."

"Ma tante," pleaded Julia Redmond. She felt as though a slender thread was between her fingers, a thread which led her to the door of a labyrinth and which a rude touch might cause her to lose forever.

"If you had money would you start

out to find Monsieur de Sabron at once?"

"It would cost a great deal, Excellency."

"You shall have all the money you need. Do you think you would be able to find your way?"

"Yes, Excellency."

The Duc de Tremont watched the American girl. She was bartering with an Arabian for the salvation of a poor officer. What an enthusiast! He had no idea she had ever seen Sabron more than once or twice in her life. He came forward.

"Let me talk to this man," he said with authority, and Julia Redmond did not dispute him.

In a tone different from the light and mocking one that he had hitherto used to the Arab, Tremont began to ask a dozen questions severely, and in his answers to the young Frenchman, Hammet Abou began to make a favorable impression on every one save the Marquise d'Esclignac, who did not understand him. There was a huge bamboo chair on a dais under a Chinese pagoda, and the Marquise d'Esclignac took the chair and sat upright as on a throne. Mimi, who had just been fed, came in tinkling her little bells and fawned at the sandals on Hammet Abou's bare feet. After talking with the native, Tremont said to his friends:

"This man says that if he joins a Jewish caravan, which leaves here tomorrow at sundown, he will be taken with these men and leave the city without suspicion, but he must share the expenses of the whole caravan. The expedition will not be without danger; it must be entered into with great subtlety. He is either," said Tremont, "an impostor or a remarkable man."

"He is an impostor, of course," murmured the Marquise d'Esclignac. "Come here, Mimi!"

Tremont went on:

"Further he will not disclose to us. He has evidently some carefully laid plan for rescuing Sabron."

There was a pause. Hammet Abou, his hands folded peacefully across his breast, waited. Julia Redmond waited. The Comtesse de la Mainé, in her pretty voice, asked quickly:

"But, mes amis, there is a man's life at stake! Why do we stand here talking in the antechamber? Evident-

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ing, withal serious beyond his usual habit. His eyes wandered over to the corner where the two women stood together.

"I intend to go with you, Hammet Abou," said he slowly, "if it can be arranged. Otherwise this expedition does not interest me."

Two women said:

"Oh, heavens!" at once.

Robert de Tremont heard the note of anxiety in the younger voice alone. He glanced at the Comtesse de la Mainé.

"You are quite right, Madame," he said, "a man's life is at stake and we stand chaffing here. I know something of what the desert is and what the natives are. Sabron would be the first to go if it were a question of a brother officer."

The Marquise d'Esclignac got down from her throne, trembling. Her eyes were fixed upon her niece.

"Julia," she began, and stopped.

Madame de la Mainé said nothing.

"Robert, you are my godson, and I forbid it. Your mother—"

"—is one of the bravest women I ever knew," said her godson. "My father was a soldier."

Julia withdrew her arm from the Comtesse de la Mainé as though to leave her free.

"Then you two girls," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, thoroughly American for a moment, "must forbid him to go." She fixed her eyes sternly upon her niece, with a glance of entreaty and reproach. Miss Redmond said in a firm voice:

"In Monsieur de Tremont's case I should do exactly what he proposes."

"But he is risking his life," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is not even an intimate friend of Monsieur de Sabron!"

Tremont said, smiling:

"You tell us that he has no brother, marraine. Eh bien, I will pass as his brother."

A thrill touched Julia Redmond's heart. She almost loved him. If, as her aunt had said, Sabron had been out of the question—

"Madame de la Mainé," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, her hands shaking, "I appeal to you to divert this headstrong young man from his purpose."

The Comtesse de la Mainé was the palest of the three women. She had been quietly looking at Tremont and now a smile crossed her lips that had tears back of it—one of those beautiful smiles that mean so much on a woman's face. She was the only one of the three who had not yet spoken. Tremont was waiting for her.

Hammet Abou, with whom he had been in earnest conversation, was answering his further questions. The Marquise d'Esclignac shrugged, threw up her hands as though she gave up all questions of romance, rescue and disappointed love and foolish girls, and walked out thoroughly wretched, Mimi tinkling at her heels. The Comtesse de la Mainé said to Julia:

"Ma chère, what were the words of the English song you sang last night—the song you told me was a sort of prayer. Tell me the words slowly, will you?"

They walked out of the vestibule together, leaving Hammet Abou and Tremont alone.

CHAPTER XXI.

Master and Friend.

Pitchoone, who might have been considered as one of the infinitesimal atoms in the economy of the universe, ran over the sands away from his master. He was an infinitesimal dot on the desert's face. He was only a small Irish terrier in the heart of the Sahara. His little wiry body and his color seemed to blend with the dust. His eyes were dimmed by hunger and thirst and exhaustion, but there was the blood of a fighter in him and he was a thoroughbred. Nevertheless, he was running away. It looked very much like it. There was no one to comment on his treachery; had there been, Pitchoone would not have run far.

It was not an ordinary sight to see on the Sahara—a small Irish terrier going as fast as he could.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rome's Colossal Fish Pond.

The duke of Sermoneta who is acting as president of the committee formed in Rome to promote the independence of Poland, ranks among the greatest landowners in Italy. Fogliano, his estate near the Pontine marshes, extending to 80,000 acres, mainly under grass, for the duke owns vast herds of cattle. The most productive portion of the estate, however, is a lake several miles long and about a mile in breadth, which, from the time of the Roman empire downward, has supplied fish for the market in Rome. Whenever there is a flood by rain on the hills the lake overflows through a narrow channel into the sea. The sea fish find their way through into the lake, and remain to fatten in the fresh water, and then are captured on their return by an ingenious labyrinth constructed of reeds into which they swim. They are of the best kind—chiefly gray mullet.

And That Spelled It.

Douglas Fairbanks went to a social affair the other night and an admiring woman cornered him.

"Oh, Mr. Fairbanks," she said, "your acting is wonderful."

"Thank you," he replied.

"It's marvelous how you bring out the different emotions."

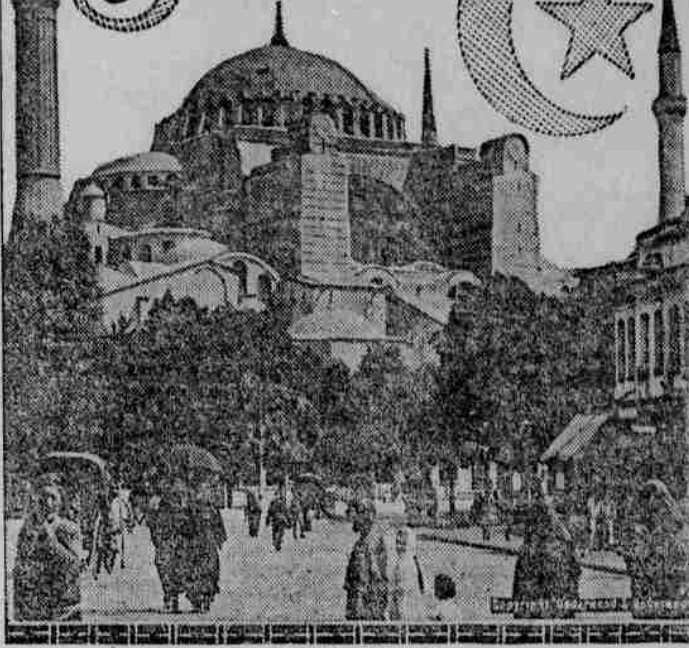
"I'm glad you appreciate my work."

"Yes, indeed, you are a great actor."

"You are indeed complimentary."

"And do you know," the woman rattled on, "I have a little five-year-old son at home who acts exactly like you do."

MOSQUE of SANTA SOPHIA



SANTA SOPHIA

WHATEVER may be the fate of Constantinople as a result of the war, there is no one who does not fervently hope that the mosque of Santa Sophia, the ecclesiastical gem of the Turkish capital, will be spared.

It is to the Greek church that the site of the Temple at Jerusalem is to the Jew and, except for its possession by a strange religion, what St. Peter's is to the Catholic. The repossession of Santa Sophia represents the goal of Russia's ambitions during several centuries. Concerning this great church edifice a writer for the National Geographic society says:

Christianity has been productive of many wonderful places of worship, of temples richer in treasure and more beautiful in workmanship than those which have grown out of any other religion. Byzantine and Gothic architecture received their highest expression in sacred building, so much so in the case of Gothic that the lay mind confuses that architectural type with pictures of the wonderful cathedrals of France and Germany. Christian temples are among the most wonderful architectural accomplishments of all times, and by far and away their most resplendent example is Santa Sophia, the oldest, the most magnificent, the most costly and the most interesting of all Christian churches.

Santa Sophia has become an inspiration to all of Greek Orthodox belief who are fighting in the present battles of Europe. As St. Peter's is the mother-church for all the Catholic world, so Santa Sophia is the mother-church of all of Greek faith. One is the metropolitan of the East, the other of the West, and both are the grandest examples of architectural splendor within their faiths. Both are churches that cost almost fabulous sums in the building, and Santa Sophia cost almost twice as much as St. Peter's, or more than any temple since history began for the Christian world.

Built at Enormous Cost.
It is estimated that Santa Sophia, including the values of ground, material, labor, ornaments and church utensils, cost about \$64,000,000, while the common estimate of the cost of St. Peter's, the chief present splendor of the Eternal City, is placed at \$18,000,000. No other temple has ever approached Santa Sophia in the variety and preciousness of its marbles and in its prodigious employment of silver, gold and precious stones.

The first church constructed upon the site of Santa Sophia was built at the direction of the first Christian emperor, Constantine, in 326. Work on the great pile of the present venerable cathedral was begun by Justinian

in 533. Ten thousand workmen were employed until its completion, and the wealth of the whole empire was put to the severest test to furnish the steady golden stream which flowed and flowed for the carrying out of the ideas. Schools were stopped, it is said, that the salaries of the teachers might be diverted to Santa Sophia's benefit, and the lead pipes of Constantinople were melted down in order to make sheeting for its roofs.

Great Work Done Speedily.
Europe, Asia and Africa contributed of their resources and of their historic marble columns and panels that the great cathedral might be unsurpassed among the glories of earth. Some say that the great work was finished in the marvelously short time of ten years, others are positive, even, that it was ready in six years. However this may be, it required 120 years to build St. Peter's at Rome; 35 years to build St. Paul's in London; 500 years to build the Milan cathedral, and 615 years to build the Cathedral of Cologne. There are millions of the Greek Orthodox faith who are looking confidently forward to the day when Santa Sophia will again be the principal cathedral of their worship.

A bewildering wealth of legends clusters around the old cathedral, now defaced and mutilated as a Turkish mosque, and these legends throw a veil of the supernatural around it. One legend, which the Greeks like to remember, is that of the bishop who was celebrating mass as the wild Turkish hordes under Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople, broke into the church, and who escaped their fanatic wrath by walking into a niche made by the opening wall which again closed behind him. This priest is waiting in the wall for the day when Santa Sophia once more comes under Christian power, when he will leave his place of refuge and continue, in celebration of the end of Turkish rule, the service in which he was interrupted 500 years before.

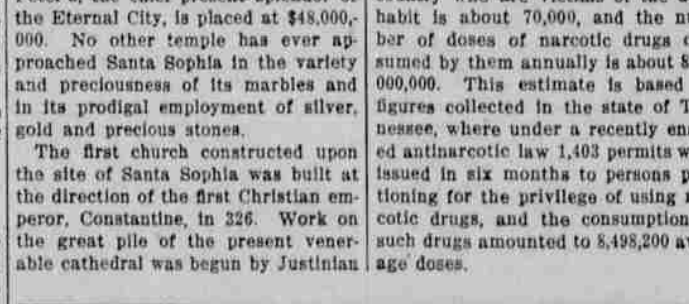
70,000 Victims of Drug Habit.
According to a recent estimate of the United States public health service, the number of persons in this country who are victims of the drug habit is about 70,000, and the number of doses of narcotic drugs consumed by them annually is about \$50,000,000. This estimate is based on figures collected in the state of Tennessee, where under a recently enacted antinarcotic law 1,403 permits were issued in six months to persons petitioning for the privilege of using narcotic drugs, and the consumption of such drugs amounted to 8,498,200 average doses.

Valuable Botanical Specimens.
Dr. Nathaniel Lord Britton, director in general of the New York Botanical garden since 1896, has returned from a trip to Porto Rico, which was fraught with valuable results. The work was a continuation of the scientific survey of the island undertaken by the New York Academy of Sciences, in co-operation with the insular government, the American Museum of Natural History and other institutions. Parts of the island which scientists had not previously explored were visited, where more than eight thousand specimens, represented by 1925 field numbers, were collected. Many duplicates of rare or otherwise interesting species were obtained for use in exchanges with other gardens and museums.

Lightning Rings Alarm.
Fire companies in Philadelphia responded for the second time in 24 hours to an alarm of fire sent in to the electrical bureau from a box at Third street and Wyoming avenue, only to find upon their arrival that, as on the night before, lightning had struck the wire leading to the box.

The box is a private one, in the barn of the Rapid Transit company. The alarm was sent in during the height of the storm at 10:05, 15 minutes later than the alarm on Wednesday night, during the electrical disturbance.

Valuable.
Wife—Wake up, John! I'm sure I hear a burglar downstairs.
Husband—Great Scott! I hope he doesn't discover that chunk of ice in the refrigerator.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE