

HIS LOVE STORY

By
MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE DOBBS-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 Pitcheune. 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 Pitcheune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitcheune follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron goes on a mission 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 Pitcheune. After a horrible night and day Pitcheune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia sets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia, for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet About tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Pitcheune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would he choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart—all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach—or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitcheune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy, in the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitcheune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the east, decided on it—for what reason will never be told—and followed it. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitcheune ran across the Sahara. Mercifully, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Mercifully, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hundred miles. There was very little left in his small body. He lay down, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of the Tatman dogs alone have souls.

Pitcheune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches, but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seemed the epitome of heartless egoism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The epicurean Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in wine.

Pitcheune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mi but with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance—straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully. "Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellahs wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!"
Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement would have roasted its enemies alive, torn them in shreds. Some of them said that she was two hundred years old. There was a charmed ring drawn around her house. People supposed that if any creature crossed it uninvited, it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her barbaric chant was interrupted by a sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitcheune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her corn, stood upright and looked at Pitcheune. To her the Irish terrier was an apparition. The fact that he had not fallen dead proved that he was beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a genie, an afrit.

Pitcheune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did not seem to affect his demonstrative affection. The woman bent down to him after making a pass against the Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitcheune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitcheune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitcheune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read. But as soon as she had freed him this time, Pitcheune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorway, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitcheune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to



Hour After Hour Pitcheune Ran Across the Sahara.

stir. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

She gathered her robe around her and, stately and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitcheune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three little naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-grandchildren.

The babies were playing with a little dog. Sabron knew the dog but could not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his life. Her veil fell over her face. She was braiding straw. He looked at her intelligently. She brought him a drink of cool water in an earthen vessel, with the drops oozing from its porous sides. The hut reeked with odors which met his nostrils at every

breath he drew. He asked in Arabic:

"Where am I?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fatou Anni.

Pitcheune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured:

"Where are we, my friend?"

The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquise d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle against her sons and grandsons. He was a man and a strong one, and she despised women. He was her prey and he was her reward and she cared for him; as she did so, she became maternal.

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands that moved on the rough blue robe thrown over him, the devotion of the dog—found a responsive chord in the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-grandchildren. Beni Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron and chattered like a bird. This proved to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm trees.

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not die.

Pitcheune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there—which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarascon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illustre and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclignac.

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers—he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grandchildren were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously, as if she saw death on his pale face. Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitcheune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedonins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

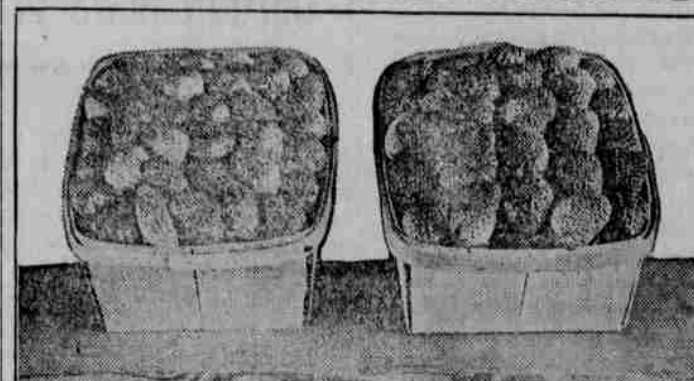
Why Some Are Color Blind.

It is known that color blind people cannot distinguish colors, but the reason for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina, which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not cones fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

Soldiers' Winter Clothing.

The soldiers of Japan have learned the value of paper clothing for winter wear. The paper, which is made from mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, and is soft and warm. Between two sheets of the paper they place a thin layer of silk wadding, and then quilt the whole. It is something of a drawback that clothing so made is not washable, but in a winter campaign a soldier has other things to think of than the dirt on his uniform.—Youth's Companion.

HARVESTING AND PACKING STRAWBERRIES



American Quart Boxes of Well-Graded Strawberries—"Fancy" on the Right, "No. 1" on the Left.

The stage of maturity at which strawberries should be picked depends upon the distance they are to be shipped. When grown for the local market they should be picked when thoroughly ripe but not soft, says a new farmers' bulletin, No. 664, of the United States department of agriculture. If grown for a distant market the berries must be picked before they are thoroughly ripe, but they should be fully grown and about three-fourths ripe. If picked before they are colored the berries will shrink and wither, making them unfit for sale. Strawberries should be picked with a short piece of stem attached (about one-fourth to one-half inch). They should never be slipped from the stem, as that spoils appearance and injures their shipping and keeping qualities.

Grading and Packing. Uniformity in the pack is essential in order to obtain high prices for strawberries, and this can be secured only when the berries have been carefully graded and sorted. Some growers have the berries graded in the field.

A common practice in some sections is to pick the ripe berries of all grades into the same box and when the tray is full to take it to the packing shed, where the berries are sorted and packed. The graders dump the berries on a table and pick out all green, overripe or small berries. The others are placed in the boxes, one of the graders arranging the top layers in such a way that the berries show to best advantage. When berries are packed in this manner, care should be taken not to put the small, inferior berries in the center of the box and the large fine berries on top. The fruit should be uniform throughout the box, with the top layer merely placed to aid to the attractiveness of the pack and to hold the fruit in place. Where the fancy pack is put up, the berries should be divided into two grades.

After the berries are picked they should be placed in the shade as soon as possible, for heat injures the fruit in a short time. The pickers should not be allowed to leave the filled

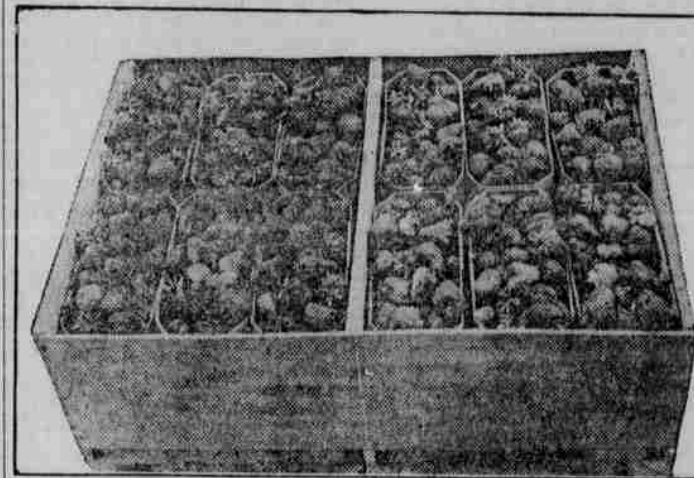
boxes along the rows, where the berries will be exposed to the sun. The shorter the time that elapses after the fruit is picked before it is put into refrigerator cars or refrigerator boxes the better it is for the berries, which will continue to ripen rapidly until they are chilled.

Large Crates Preferable.

Many types of boxes and crates are used for strawberries, but the tendency is toward a standard full-size quart box. In fact, in several states it is illegal to offer for sale a short box; shipments to these markets must be handled to conform with the laws. The boxes now in use are the American or standard quart berry box, which holds a full quart; the octagon box, and the square scale-board type of quart and pint boxes. The American type is the one that is most generally used; it is full size, strongly made, and packs well in the crate. The octagon box is objectionable on account of its shape and the raised bottom. A long, narrow box is not satisfactory, because it is inconvenient to pick up without grasping the sides between the thumb and fingers, and when handled in this way the berries are likely to be mashed. Moreover, the sides of boxes with raised bottoms often split off below the bottom, causing the boxes to tip over.

The scale-board boxes are cheaper than splint boxes, but as the latter are more substantial they are preferred in nearly all markets. The type of crate depends on the boxes used. Any crate substantially built and well ventilated is satisfactory, but cost is an important consideration, as they are not returned to the shipper.

The largest crate that can be handled conveniently is the one to use, as the large ones are cheaper in proportion to the quantity of berries they carry. The 24 or 32-quart crates are generally used, though in some sections the 60-quart crate is employed. Crates with hinged lids have an advantage over others in that they provide for the inspection of the fruit to better advantage. The hinged-lid crate invites inspection and this is a point in its favor.



Crate of Aroma Strawberries in Octagon Quart Boxes, Twenty-Four Quarts to the Crate.

BUY THE BEST BINDER TWINE PLAN TO SPRAY VEGETABLES

Always Best to Purchase Standard Quality—Loss From Breakage Ought to Be Avoided.

Buy what binder twine will be needed for the wheat crop early, so as to get a good article. It is always best to buy of standard quality—that will not kink and knot up. A poor quality of twine will give no end of trouble in harvesting heavy grain. The loss of time caused by breakage during harvest will more than pay for all the best twine needed in harvesting the crop.

Ropes for the hay fork and for hauling the hay cocks to barrack or rick, should be of the best quality and the full length. A new rope, particularly if it be sisal, often causes trouble because of its stiffness. If used as a hay fork rope or to place where it runs through a set of pulleys, it is apt to tangle up until it has been used for some time.

This trouble may be avoided by boiling the rope in water. Coil the rope in a large soap boiler and cover with water and bring it to a boil. The rope is then to be taken out and stretched out and allowed to dry, when it will be found to be soft and pliable.

Rid Barn of Fleas.

If troubled with fleas in the barn, clean out all the dirt and rubbish and spray with a standard dip solution. You can also apply a coat of white wash, to which has been added a teaspoonful of carbolic acid or creolin, for every pint of water used. Sprinkle the floors with lime and in the worst places tobacco dust may be used in addition to the disinfectant.

Machinery as Necessary for Garden as for Orchard—Liquid Should Be Put on in Fine Mist.

A spraying machine is as necessary for the garden as the orchard. Some folks use a common water sprinkler for applying spraying mixtures; but this does little good, because it is not only a great waste of material, but the plants are not fully covered in this way.

The liquid should be put on in a fine mist, not as a heavy rain. To apply paris green in water various cheap hand sprayers are on the market now.

They need not be of copper for this purpose, as paris green will not corrode iron any more than does water; but when bordeaux mixture is used as a carrier for the arsenical poison and we would strongly urge that this be done in every case, as it must be done if we put our potato-growing operations on a safe basis) then the sprayer must be made of copper and brass—iron would be eaten away in a short time.

The modern knapsack sprayer, which possibly is the best implement for spraying smaller patches of potatoes—up to three or four acres—cucumbers or other vines, and for general use as a sprayer machine in the garden and small vineyard, will involve a first expense of from \$12 to \$15, but it will pay in any large-sized garden.

Pure Blood Speaks Loud.

With hens, as with cattle and hogs, pure blood speaks louder than "water-blood," and as the farmer cannot afford to harbor scrub hogs and cattle, so he cannot afford to feed and care for mongrel fowls.

USES FOR THE BLACKBERRY

Housewife Who Has Realized That They Are Worth Picking in the Hot Sun.

Was it worth while, after all, to spend hours gathering blackberries? The sun was so hot, the thorny briars so sharp and we were so tired!

Several months later I opened a quart jar of these berries for supper, and afterward, when I realized in how many ways it was served to our family of five, I felt fully repaid for the effort of gathering them.

I used half a cupful of juice for clear tapioca the day I needed a very simple dessert to follow a roast dinner. Heaped with whipped cream and served ice cold it was delicious.

Later in the week, needing a hot dessert because of a rather scant supply of cold meat, I turned again to the jar of blackberries. The recipe for delicious and economical pudding follows:

"One cupful of berries, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, two and a half cupfuls of milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter."

Two eggs would have made the pudding much better, but eggs were scarce and high, so I used the flour and more butter instead. Soak the crumbs in the milk, mix the flour smooth with milk and add it to the soaking crumbs; and then add the sugar, berries and part of the butter. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish, and dot the top with the remainder of the butter. Put in a slow oven three hours before dinner.—Mary M. Howell in the Country Gentleman.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE MOLD

Delicious Mixture Suitable for Service at Home Table or for Guests' Luncheon.

Wipe the stalks of one or two bundles of rhubarb with a damp cloth, trim the ends, and cut the stalks into short pieces. Put the fruit into an earthenware fireproof pan, or else into a well tinned copper saucepan, add about two ounces of loaf sugar to each pound of fruit, and a half pint of water, also the pulp of two sweet oranges, two thinly cut strips of lemon rind, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Let the whole simmer gently until the fruit is quite soft. Remove the lemon rind, and rub the remainder through a fine sieve. Soak in water some gelatin, allowing about one-half ounce to each pint of fruit pulp, then drain, dissolve it, and strain the gelatin into the fruit pulp. Reheat with a gill of milk, add, if liked, a few drops of liquid carmine or cochineal, also a little cream, then pour into a previous wetted mold, and let it set in a cold place. To serve, immerse the mold in lukewarm water for a second or two, and turn out quickly on to a cold dish. Serve plain, or else with some custard poured over it.

Banana and Strawberry Whip.

Crush one banana and put it through a strainer. Crush a dozen strawberries. Whip the white of one egg until stiff, add from two to four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar or sugar to taste, then whip in the crushed banana. Stopping right here in our recipe, we have an imitation whipped cream, which we may flavor a little if we choose, then serve over strawberries, which must first be sprinkled with sugar, as when regular cream is added.

But going on we may add the strawberries and get that pink shade which makes strawberry ice cream at this time of year so attractive to the eye. This whip is pretty served in tall cold glasses, with a strawberry on top. But if we are desirous of having something with more body and contrast we may serve it over broken up marshmallows in compote glasses, or we may garnish the whip alone with pieces of marshmallow shaped in petals.

Favorite Potato Recipes.

Potatoes Fried Whole.—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a saucepan with butter or beef drippings. Shake them about to prevent burning until they are brown and crisp. Drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured, dipped in beaten egg and rolled in fine bread crumbs and then fried.

Potatoes for Breakfast.—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices lengthwise, dip them in beaten egg and put on a buttered pie plate in the oven. As soon as they are brown and hot, serve.

Peach Custard.

Cook in double boiler one pint of milk, the beaten yolks of three eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla, or any flavoring preferred. Put halves of canned peaches in sherbets, and when mixture is cold pour it over them and chill. Pile whipped cream over all, garnish with candied cherries, or any preserved fruit, such as strawberries, blackberries, cherries, etc.

Steak Loaf.

One pound hamburger steak. Roll four crackers, one-half teaspoonful salt and a big one-half teaspoonful of sage; mix these well. Add two eggs, beaten, and one-half cupful of cream, whipped (in and put thin slices of bacon on pork on bottom and top.

Chinese Salad.

Equal parts of cold macaroni cut into small bits, minced ham, lobster and cold boiled carrot, chopped. Mix well and add some good mayonnaise dressing, with a few capers.