

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 Marquis d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers 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 Marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoone 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 capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is washed over by Pitchoone. After a horrible night and day Pitchoone leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquis 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. Hammet Abou tells the Marquis where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?" "The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you are only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and raze against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oasis under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

"Fatou Anni is nearly one hundred years old. She has borne twenty children, she has had fifty grandchildren; she has seen many wives, many brides and many mothers. She does not believe the sick man has the Evil Eye. She is not afraid of your fifty armed men. Fatou Anni is not afraid. Allah is great. She will not give up the Frenchman because of fear, nor will she give him up to any man. She gives him to the women of his people."

With dignity and majesty and with great beauty of carriage, the old woman turned and walked toward her hut and the Bedouins followed her.

CHAPTER XXII.

Into the Desert.

A week after the caravan of the Duc de Tremont left Algiers, Julia Redmond came unexpectedly to the villa of Madame de la Maine at an early morning hour. Madame de la Maine saw her standing on the threshold of her bedroom door.

"Chere Madame," Julia said, "I am leaving today with a dragoon and twenty servants to go into the desert."

Madame de la Maine was still in bed. At nine o'clock she read her papers and her correspondence.

"Into the desert—alone!"

Julia, with her cravache in her gloved hands, smiled sweetly though she was very pale. "I had not thought of going alone, Madame," she replied with charming assurance, "I knew you would go with me."

On a chair by her bed was a wrapper of blue silk and lace. The comtesse sprang up and then thrust her feet into her slippers and stared at Julia.

"What are you going to do in the desert?"

"Watch!"

"Yes, yes!" nodded Madame de la Maine. "And your aunt?"

"Deep in a bazaar for the hospital," smiled Miss Redmond.

Madame de la Maine regarded her slender friend with admiration and envy.

"Why hadn't I thought of it?" She rang for her maid.

"Because your great-grandfather was not a pioneer!" Miss Redmond answered.

The sun which, all day long, held the desert in its burning embrace, went westward in his own brilliant caravan.

"The desert blossoms like a rose, Therese."

"Like a rose?" questioned Madame de la Maine.

She was sitting in the door of her tent; her white dress and her white

self. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquis d'Esclagnac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoon and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume. It comes, it escapes. When it's present, it intoxicates; When it's a memory, it brings tears. Love is like a sweet breath. It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, looked affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—alone and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate still, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded—"Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meaning of Yankee. There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation by the Indians of the word English, or its French form Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil war the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry. The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to \$43,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over \$20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.

CONCERNING MAN WHO LOVED

He Showed Affection for Everybody and Everything Except Neighbor on Party Telephone Line.

There was once a man who tried to love his neighbors. He began with those next door and succeeded in loving them very satisfactorily, although one of them kept chickens and the other one was a rival and perhaps superior gardener. From these concrete examples he proceeded to demonstrate his ability to love the abstract variety of neighbors which includes everybody and everything. He not only loved his neighbors' chickens, but he loved his neighbors' garden—even the arrogant tomatoes that bloomed and flourished there while those in his own garden pined away. He loved the ice-man and the light and gas and water men and he would have loved the woman who cleaned the streets if he had been certain of his existence.

He loved the gentleman across the street who tinkered with his motor car all day Sunday, and he loved the woodpecker that hammered the waterspout outside his bedroom window at five o'clock each morning. He loved the neighbors' children, although they pulled his pansies, and he pretended that he loved the beetles that fed on the hearts of his rosebuds. He loved hot weather and cold weather, and expressed a peculiar affection for the weather man.

All these he loved, and many more, but there was one neighbor that he could not love. It was the neighbor who was said to be on the same party telephone line with him. It is doubtful if anybody has ever succeeded in loving that elusive, ever-present somebody who seems to live on his party line. It has long been a matter of regret that one half of the world did not know how the other half lived. By means of the party line we have found out all about it, and a very unprofitable piece of knowledge it has been. We know too much about the neighbor on our party line, and he knows too much about us.

This man might have succeeded in loving his neighbor on his telephone line if he had met him over the garden fence, but they were forever assaulting each other with unexpected and irritating "helloes," and with vehement requests from each to the other to "get off the line." When he called up his wife in the morning his neighbor's wife answered him, and when he tumbled down the stairs to answer his telephone in the night the neighbor sent him back to bed humiliated. And then his wife and the neighbor's wife met at a luncheon where the latter induced the former to listen to a weary recital of the telephone habits of the "filks on their party line." Of course there was no chance after that. It seems that it cannot be done. The party telephone lines connect us too closely with our neighbors to permit us to love each other.

The Berry Par Excellence. After the wild strawberry has been held up as the strawberry par excellence for generations, the New York Independent comes along and says it is all a myth. It is pure imagination, the article says, that wild strawberries were or are sweeter than the cultivated sort.

That assertion may pass unnoticed by the man who has lived all his life on paved streets. But ask the man who, as a boy, went out in the early days of summer to the fields or roadside hunting for wild strawberries. Wild strawberries! What memories they recall. Was there ever a strawberry, hothouse or truck garden variety, that could compare in sweetness or flavor to the strawberry of the countryside and field? Granting that old-time memories are faulty, ask the country boy of today. The verdict of the Independent is reversed on appeal to the great American tribunal of boyhood. Nothing can dim the fame of the wild strawberry. It is still the berry par excellence.—Kansas City Times.

The Student and the World. Commencement time, and its output of graduates with their diplomas, is still the object of much good-natured fun, but it is a most encouraging time for the world. The inclination of the graduates to take themselves and the world seriously is a hopeful sign of success. More than ever before success in life depends on the possession of a trained mind qualified to intelligently direct effort. System is the ruling element in all lines of commercial or industrial activity, and the graduate of today is grounded in system above all things. The thinker is the dominating factor of life, in all its ramifications. The advantage of a well-rounded educational training is that its possessor may adjust the practical to the sentimental, and be better enabled to derive from life its highest and best pleasures. The world welcomes the graduate as an added asset, and will give to each an opportunity in the race for which preparation has been made.—Omaha Bee.

Liberating Caged Birds. Writing on this subject in Bird Notes and News, Mr. W. H. Hudson mentions the common idea that a caged bird when liberated is speedily set upon and ill-treated by wild birds. It appears that the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds receives many letters of inquiry on this subject from persons who would like to pursue the humane hobby of freeing birds from captivity. The writer mentions several observations of his own and of others which appear to show that there is no truth in the popular

GAME OF LIFE WAS CALLED

On Account of Darkness After Traffic Accident to Enthusiastic Baseball Fan.

W. H. Murphy, a salesman, living at the Minneveska apartments, was on his way to the ball game, reports the Los Angeles Times. He tried to board a moving train, grasped the handrail and tried to lift himself to the steps. His grasp was not firm and his palms were moist with running, and as he began to elevate himself his hands slipped.

A lurch, a swing and a sudden shift and his body was thrown to the rails. His legs were caught beneath the wheels and the train passed over them, amputating both above the ankles.

He was taken to the Receiving hospital for treatment, where Surgeon Wiley and Assistant Surgeons Room and Johnson dressed the limbs, an operation demanding further amputation. As he went to the operating table to receive the ether he was smiling and cheerily talked with the nurses.

"No more ball games for me for a while," he remarked.

The attentions of the surgeons stopped further speech, while the ether was administered, and afterward, when he had been wheeled from the spotless surgery to the ward, he began to talk again. He was at the ball game.

"Well, he'll get a hit now. The time has come; he's going to get a hit now."

"Oh, hum, it's rather a slow game today. What's the matter with those boys that they're moving so slow? They ought to hurry. Can't they see it's getting dark? It's certainly getting dark fast. You can hardly see the outfielders there—not in right field, anyhow. I guess they'll have to stop soon, won't they? The sun's all gone down. My, but it went fast."

"And see how dark it's getting—why—why—"

"I guess they'll have to call—the game."

And the surgeons drew the sheet far over his head and notified the undertakers.

New Record by Fisheries Bureau.

The commissioner of fisheries, under date of June 10, advises that only will the output of the fish-cultural operations of the bureau of fisheries during the fiscal year ending June 30 surpass previous records but for the first time in many years there has been a sufficient supply of black bass to meet all current demands for both public and private waters. All outstanding applications for black bass will be filled. Some of these have been held over for several years for lack of a sufficient supply of the fish. Among recent deliveries of this fish have been 10,000 to a large artificial lake at Austin, Tex., formed by the damming of the Colorado river, and at the station whence the fish came a large supply is now on hand. It is the policy of the bureau to distribute each year an increasingly large proportion of fish which have been retained at the hatcheries until they reach the fingerling or yearling stages, which means that the output, being more mature, is better able to care for itself and is not so subject to the depredations of natural enemies.

Hydroplane a Freak.

The hydroplane of the day is a freak in every sense of the word. The various types of underbody construction are designed to give the boats lifting power, to lessen the draft under speed, and, consequently, the displacement—in other and plainer words, to lessen the amount of water that has to be pushed aside in the endeavor to make high speed. The hydroplane is the outcome of years of study by the best naval architects and marine engineers in freak-boat construction. Thousands of dollars are spent annually on these freaks, but many are thrown on the junk pile and the effort repeated. All of these boats are overpowered, as one would consider the needs of an ordinary boat. But extra power is added to gain a little extra speed. Thus one of the Atlantic coast owners is this year duplicating his power by adding a second motor to a 45-horsepower motor. The effort of adding an extra ten miles an hour to the speed. This may be termed freakishness, yet in the quest for the 60-mile all sorts of freakish things are being undertaken.

Auto Wins in Train Race.

After a mad race, covering 18 miles, between an express train on the Laurel line and a high-powered automobile, which had been requisitioned by Chief of Police Roberts of Wilkes-Barre, the latter captured a man accused of kidnaping a Wilkes-Barre man as he stepped from a train in Scranton, Pa. The fugitive got away with a ten-minute start, but the big racing car cut down the running time, and the officers were waiting at the station for their man, who was taken back to Wilkes-Barre.

The running time of the train was 35 minutes, and the automobile traveled a little more than a mile a minute to overhaul it.—Scranton Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Height of Absurdity.

"Look at those two chumps having a heated argument about the merits and demerits of an automobile."

"Do you mean the two men examining a car across the street?"

"Yes."

"Umph! To make matters worse, neither one owns the car they are wrangling about."

ON LIFE'S HIGHWAYS

STRANGE MEETINGS THAT FATE WILL BRING ABOUT.

Graduates of the Same University, in Different Circumstances, Communed in the Northern Woods—"The Weary Ways of Men."

A graduate of a great university was camped one night six years ago in the woods of northern Michigan. He and his companions, lying upon a bed of spruce boughs, with their feet to the fire of blazing pine roots, heard twigs crackling out in the darkness. They sat up quickly as a man emerged from the shadow into the firelight, a young man, unshaven, unkempt, battered by fate, and carrying a bundle under his arm.

The stranger ate and then he sat on his haunches by the fire, with his knees in his arms, and smoked and talked. In a pause of the conversation the graduate, looking dreamily out toward the shadowy forest aisles, and harkening to the sighing of the night wind in the pine trees, quoted this bit from Mathew Arnold's "Dover Beach":

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at its full, and round
Ethereally shone
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle
fur'd!

But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges
drear,
And naked shingles of the world.

There he paused, and immediately the stranger took up the quotation and continued it:

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which
seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor
light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help
for pain;

And we are here as on a darkening plain,
Swept by confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

The stranger was a graduate of the same university. For seven years he had been drifting, with no definite aim, but always carrying in his bundle three books, the "Rubaiyat," "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" and the "Oxford Book of English Verse."

The stranger took from his bundle the book of verse, and the other graduate dug out of his knapsack a copy of Mathew Arnold's poems, and there, by the firelight in the forest, they exchanged books, and sat until morning talking, and then they ate again and the stranger took his bundle under his arm, and as they shook hands in parting, he quoted T. E. Brown's:

To live within a cave—it is most good;
But if God makes a day
And someone come and say:
"Lo! I have gathered faggots in the
wood!"

'E'en let him stay,
And light a fire, and fan a temporal
mood,
So sit till morning, when the light is
grown
That he his path may read,
Then bid the man God-speed,
His morning is not mine, yet must thou
own

They have a cheerful warmth, those
ashes on the stone!

And so they parted, and each forgot to ask the other's name, and they never met again.

One day last week that same university graduate, who had been camping in the northern woods, went into a restaurant on Grand avenue in Kansas City for a bite and a sup. It was a cheap "short order" place. The woman who came to take his order glanced at a little golden watch key that hung from his fob and smiled. When she returned with his ten-cent plate of beans and coffee she looked again at the key, which was the insignia of the Phi Beta Kappa honor fraternity, and said:

"Et tu in Arcadia vixisti?" ("And you have lived in Arcadia?")

The graduate stared in astonishment, fingered his fraternity key, and asked:

"You recognize that?"

"I? Certainly. I have a key myself. But I keep it in my room."

"And how came you here? What's the story?"

For answer she quoted this line from Ernest Dawson:

"The weary ways of men," and went for another order of beans.—Kansas City Star.

This Deer is a Trusty.

Mrs. Ada Kirkpatrick of Mission Canyon, Cal., has a deer that refuses to yield to the call of the wild. For three years Mrs. Kirkpatrick has kept the deer on her fenced-in ranch, where it has been a delight to visitors. Each night she has had the deer shut in a smaller enclosure to safeguard the nimble creature from harm.

Believing that the deer yearned for the wild life the owner opened the gates leading into the mountains. The deer was off like a shot. But when darkness came the deer was found pawing at the enclosure gate.

Each night now for some time the deer has returned to be locked up after roaming all day over the mountain range. Despite its freedom the creature continues to be tame, and comes when its owner calls.

Its Species.

"The fruit Eve handed to Adam in the Garden of Eden was not an apple." "What was it then?" "A lemon."



Julia's Eyes Were Fixed Upon the Limitless Sands.