

# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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## CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Sabron could not reply. Her ribbons and flowers and jewels shook in his eyes like a kaleidoscope. His flush had made him more natural. In his invalid state, with his hair brushed back from his fine brow, there was something spiritual and beautiful about him. The Marquise d'Esclignac looked on a man who had been far and who had determined of his own accord to come back. She said more gently, putting her hand affectionately over his:

"Get strong, monsieur—get well. Eat all the good things we are making for you. I dare say that the army cannot spare you. It needs brave hearts."

Sabron was so agitated after her departure that the nurse said he must receive no more visits for several days, and he meditated and longed and thought and wondered, and nearly cursed the life that had brought him back to a world which must be lonely for him henceforth.

When he sat up in bed he was a shadow. He had a book to read and read a few lines of it, but he put it down as the letters blurred. He was sitting so, dreaming and wondering how true or how false it was that he had seen Julia Redmond come several times to his bedside during the early days of his illness here in the hospital. Then across his troubled mind suddenly came the words that he had heard her sing, and he tried to recall them. The Red Cross nurse who so charitably sang in the hospital came to the wards and began her mission. One after another she sang familiar songs.

"How the poor devil must love it!" Sabron thought, and he blessed her for charity.

How familiar was her voice! But that was only because he was so ill. But he began to wonder and to doubt, and across the distance came the notes of the tune, the melody of the song that had haunted him for many months:

God keep you safe, my love,  
All through the night,  
Rest close in his encircling arms  
Until the light.  
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,  
Good night! God keep you in his care  
Always.

Think shadows creep like silent ghosts  
About my head;  
I lose myself in tender dreams  
While overhead  
The moon comes stealing through the  
window-bars,  
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,  
Feel safe and strong,  
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet,  
The night is long.  
I say with sobbing breath the old fond  
prayer,  
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep  
you everywhere!"

When she had finished singing there were tears on the soldier's cheeks and he was not ashamed. Pitchoune, who remembered the tune as well, crept up to him and laid his head on his master's hand. Sabron had just time to wipe away the tears when the Duc de Tremont came in.

"Old fellow, do you feel up to seeing Miss Redmond for a few moments?"

When she came in he did not know whether he most clearly saw her simple summer dress, with the single jewel at her throat, her large hat that framed her face, or the gentle lovely face all sweetness and sympathy. He believed her to be the future Duchesse de Tremont.

"Monsieur de Sabron, we are all so glad you are getting well."  
"Thank you, Mademoiselle."  
He seemed to look at her from a great distance, from the distance to the end of which he had so wearily been travelling. She was lovelier than he had dreamed, more rarely sweet and adorable.

He did not recognize the little song, Monsieur?"

"It was good of you to sing it."  
"This is not the first time I have seen you, Monsieur de Sabron. I came when you were too ill to know of it."  
"Then I did not dream," said the officer simply.

He was as proud as he was poor. He could only suppose her engaged to the Duc de Tremont. It explained her presence here. In his wildest dreams he could not suppose that she had followed him to Africa. Julia, on her part, having done an extraordinary and wonderful thing, like every brave woman, was seized with terror and a sudden cowardice. Sabron, after all, was a stranger. How could she know his feelings for her? She spent a miserable day. He was out of all danger; in a fortnight he might leave the hospital. She did not feel that she could see him again as things were. The Comtesse de la Maine had returned to Paris as soon as Tremont came in from the desert.

"Ma tante," said Julia Redmond to the Marquise d'Esclignac, "can we go back to France immediately?"  
"My dear Julia!" exclaimed her

When He Sat Up in Bed He Was a Shadow.



When He Sat Up in Bed He Was a Shadow.

girl. She makes her own marriages and her subsequent divorces. I am your aunt, my dear, your mother's sister, and a woman of at least twenty-five years' more experience than you have."

Julia was not following her aunt's train of thought, but her own. She felt the hint of authority and bondage in her aunt's tone and repeated:  
"I wish to leave Algiers tomorrow."  
"You shall do so," said her aunt. "I am rejoiced to get out of the Orient. It is late to order my dresses for Trouville, but I can manage. Before we go, however, my dear, I want you to make me a promise."  
"A promise, ma tante?" The girl's tone implied that she did not think she would give it.

"You have played the part of fate in the life of this young man, who, I find, is a charming and brave man. Now you must stand by your guns, my dear Julia."  
"Why, how do you mean, ma tante?"  
"Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac tartly, "did you think I meant Robert? You have so well arranged his life for him, my dear."  
"Ma tante," pleaded the girl. The marquise was merciless.

"I want you to promise me, Julia, before you sail for home, that if Sabron follows you and makes you understand that he loves you, as he will, that you will accept him."  
Julia Redmond looked at the Marquise d'Esclignac in astonishment. She half laughed and she half cried.  
"You want me to promise?"  
"I do," said her aunt firmly, regarding her niece through her lorgnon.

"In the first place the affair is entirely unconventional and has been since we left France. It is I who should speak to the Capitaine de Sabron. You are so extremely rich that it will be a difficult matter for a poor and honorable young man. . . . Indeed, my dear, I may as well tell you that I shall do so when we reach home."  
"Oh," said the girl, turning perfectly pale and stepping forward toward her aunt, "if you consider such a thing I shall leave for America at once."  
The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a petulant sigh.  
"How impossible you are, Julia. Understand me, my dear, I do not want a woman of my family to be a coquette. I do not want it said that you are an American flirt—it is in bad taste and entirely misunderstood in the Faubourg St-Germain."  
The girl, bewildered by her aunt's attitude and extremely troubled by the threat of the marriage convention, said:  
"Don't you understand? In this case it is peculiarly delicate. He might ask me from a sense of honor."  
"Not in any sense," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "It has not occurred to the poor young officer to suppose for a moment that a young woman with millions, as you are so fortunate to be, would derange herself like this to follow him. If I thought so I would not have brought you, Julia. What I have done, I have done solely for your peace of mind, my child. This young man loves you. He believes that you love him, no doubt. You have given him sufficient reason, heaven knows! Now," said her aunt emphatically, "I do not intend that you should break his heart."  
It was more than likely that the Marquise d'Esclignac was looking back twenty-five years to a time, when as a rich American, she had put aside her love for a penniless soldier with an insignificant title. She remembered how she had followed his campaign. She folded her lorgnon and looked at her niece. Julia Redmond saw a cloud pass over her aunt's tranquil face. She put her arms around her and kissed her tenderly.  
"You really think then, ma tante, that he will come to Paris?"  
"Without a doubt, my dear."  
"You think he cares, ma tante?" Her aunt kissed her and laughed.  
"I think you will be happy to a bourgeois extent. He is a fine man."  
"But do I need to promise you?" asked the girl. "Don't you know?"  
"I shall be perfectly ashamed of you," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "If you are anything but a woman of heart and decision in this matter."  
Evidently she waited, and Julia Redmond, slightly bowing her lovely head in deference to the older lady who had not married her first love, said obediently:  
"I promise to do as you wish, ma tante."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## For the Comfort of the Baby

What with doctors insisting that babies are usually dressed too heavily and grandmas insisting that they must not be allowed any chance of getting cold, their anxious relatives are put to all sorts of maneuvering to keep them just right. It is certain that many of them are overburdened with too-warm clothing and lack of freedom in the midsummer months. They appear to enjoy kicking their small heels about untrammelled by petticoats, and those wise people, the nurses especially trained to care for them, insist on letting them enjoy this pleasure. They tell us the baby needs, by way of underclothing, his light, soft flannel shirt and a flannel band about the bowels, and that he will do very well, without even a slip of thin cotton, if these are provided, to prevent his getting chilled.

But, as a concession to custom and mothers, they grant the thin, short slip of nainsook or other sheer fabric, with a little soft lace about the neck. And they enter no objection to the use of narrow lace insertions or hemstitching or dainty hand-embroidery by which the loving mother makes the slip seem for her extraordinary and wonderful child to wear with regard to his health and comfort.

Now if there is a nip of coolness in the air in the morning or evening, the baby may don a little extra and comfortable finery in the shape of a sack or "nightgale." He is apt to find himself in possession of a good supply of these, for they are among the number of pretty things which appreciative relatives and admiring friends shower upon the newcomer

## WOMAN THE HOME BUILDER

Undoubtedly the Chief Trade in Which Females of the Country Are Engaged.

Yes, of course, it is homemaking. Everybody knows that, but the figures for it, compiled by the United States Board of Education statisticians, are worth noting. Of the 31,000,000 females over ten years of age in the United States 24,000,000 are engaged in homemaking. Girls may be entering more and more into other trades, but in the last analysis they generally fall back or advance to the rank of homemakers.

Hence, says the Federal Educational board, the importance of giving special attention to scientific cooking in the vocational schools. The girlish hope of being able to hire a cook is apt to be disappointed as frequently as the hope of keeping one when she is hired. It is one of the oddest things of life that cooking, the preparation of the food that sustains life, the art that can waste or economize in the chief item of family expenditures, is so largely left to be picked up as best it may be without serious consideration or training. If the woeful waste resulting from amateur cookery could be computed in dollars and cents it would rival the war bills of Europe. If the indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred physical disturbances caused by incapable cooks could be tabulated they would dwarf the list of killed, missing and wounded.

**Lost Hand Digging Grave.**  
Grave digging is not an extra hazardous occupation, even though in excavating graves it is necessary to use dynamite to break hardpan, the industrial insurance department has decided. The department rejected the claim of John Borgford, a Seattle sexton, whose left hand was partly blown off by a dynamite cap.

Although use of explosives generally makes a class extra hazardous, the general occupation of grave digging is such a peaceful one that exception cannot be made when blasting is necessary, the commission holds.—Olympia (Wash.) Dispatch to the Portland Oregonian.

**Flag for New York City.**  
The board of aldermen adopted a flag for the city of New York—three perpendicular bars of blue, white and orange, which were the colors of the Dutch flag used when New York was New Netherlands. The board also adopted a new city seal, which will appear in blue on the white bar of the flag. The new emblem will be raised on the city hall on June 12, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the board of aldermen.



to this world of sickle winds and climates. Three of these are shown here. Among them is a new example of the baby's long-time friend, the crocheted sack. This is made of light zephyr in white, and consists of a yoke and body, the yoke crocheted of yarn and light blue embroidery silk in alternate rows. It is finished with a border of scallops and a beading at the neck, all crocheted. As a finish, the neck and scallops are edged with the silk. A chain-stitch of the silk outlines the scallops and a small "shell" edge finishes the neck, sleeves, bottom and opening edges.  
Satin ribbon a half-inch wide is run in the heading at the neck and tied in a bow at the front. A bow of it is perched at the top of each sleeve.  
At the right a simpler little garment is made of a circle of cashmere. It is folded over and a small circle cut out at the center for the neck opening. It is split to make the front opening and slashed up a little way to form the sleeves. All edges are worked with light pink embroidery silk in scallops and small flower sprays are added to the front and sleeves. Narrow pink satin ribbons join the edges with little bows.  
If one cannot embroider, a pretty sacque is made of cashmere, having the edges finished with narrow satin ribbon. This is shirred on each edge and sewed down to take the place of embroidery. The sleeves are slashed and the edges tied together with bows of ribbon which serve also to fasten the sacque at the front, as shown in the picture. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Trim Little Serving Aprons



Trim little serving aprons, like those shown in the picture given here, are made of lawn, dimity, dotted mull, cross-bar muslin or any other of the half transparent and inexpensive cotton goods that launder well. The pattern is neat and graceful and makes it possible to cut the apron from small pieces of goods which one may have left over from other things. The narrow apron is cut with a panel and bib in one at the center and two side gores. These are set together with long strips of the material or with a contrasting material or with embroidery insertion. The strips are long enough to pass over the shoulders and cross at the back. They are pinned to the waist line and covered by the band or ties that fasten the apron in a bow with short ends, at the back.

The manner of setting together and finishing them is very simple. At the left of the picture is shown an apron cut from lawn, the pieces joined by plain strips, turned under along the edges and machine stitched to the gores. It is hemmed at the sides and bottom and across the top of the panel and a narrow band is set on at the top of each gore. An edging of machine-made buttonhole-stitched scallops,

which can be bought by the yard and is very inexpensive, is set in along the edges as pictured. The ties are straight lengths of lawn finished with narrow hems.  
A band for the neck and cuffs for the sleeves are made to match by edging straight strips of the lawn with the scalloped embroidery.  
The second apron is of dotted swiss set together with an insertion of embroidery. A narrow hem finishes the sides and a wider one extends across the bottom. The bands for the collar and cuffs are made by sewing a hemmed strip of the swiss to a length of the insertion.  
The addition of the collar and cuff bands will make an attractive outfit to be worn by a maid who serves at table. There are several good designs for these aprons, all constructed with a view to making them launder as easily as a handkerchief.  
JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

**Black Net Sleeves.**  
Collar and bishop sleeves of black net are effective in a blouse of white satin. The wrists are finished with flaring picot edged frills.

## IMPROVE ON NATURE

Breeders Have Done Wonders With "Homing" Pigeons.

For Many Years Efforts to Develop the Intellect of the Birds Have Been Made With a Success That is Remarkable.

Breeders of "homers" are altering the shape of the skull of this variety of pigeon with a view to improving the mentality of the bird.  
The homing pigeon hitherto has had a short, flat skull, sloping away behind. Now, as a result of selective breeding, it is acquiring an elongated cranium with a rounded dome. The improvement of its intelligence accomplished by this means is declared to be surprising. Its brain is bigger and has more room for thoughts.

The "homer" is the only bird that is bred by man for the improvement of its mind. Other pigeons are propagated for color, plumage and incidental "points." Not so the homing variety. What is chiefly required of it is intelligence and memory—though, in addition, it must possess strength, endurance and swiftness of flight. It must have a big chest, with strong



Homing Pigeon House—This Type of Pigeon Loves Home—It is Upon the Strength of This Instinct That Its Usefulness Always Rests.

fight-muscles; also broad tail feathers, and long, broad wings. Yet another essential qualification is keen eyesight.

Only a few years ago a homing flight of 500 miles in a day was thought phenomenal; today flights of 600 or even 800 miles in 24 hours are not very uncommon. In one recent instance a "homer" accomplished a flight of 1,300 miles—some days being required, however, to cover the distance. It should be understood that the pigeon flies only in the daytime, resting at night. But another important point to consider is that the bird, in flying, usually travels a far greater distance than the shortest route between the place of departure and its destination. It does much circling and makes wide detours, scanning the country over which it passes and looking for familiar landmarks to guide it.

This is where memory—as well as eyesight—comes in. The bird does not find its home by "instinct," but by its remembrance of landmarks—rivers, towns and the general configuration of the terrain.

The common pigeon has the impulse to fly home, but it cannot find its way thither from any great distance because it lacks the requisite intelligence and memory power. In the "homer" this impulse has been greatly strengthened through breeding—so much so, indeed, that it will leave nest and young to get back to the place where it belongs.

A homing pigeon cannot be sent from its home to another place. It will fly home, and in no other direction. At first it is trained for short distances, in the near neighborhood of its home. Then it is liberated at greater and increasing distances—25 miles away, 50 miles away, 100 miles away, and so on. But, for these performances, it is always shipped from home in the same direction. On a new route it would be lost.

The carrier pigeon is misnamed; it is the "homer" that carries messages. The latter has been derived through the interbreeding of several different varieties, chief among which are the carrier, the dragon, the owl pigeon, and the swift merle.

The processes of evolution as modified by human control have had no more remarkable illustration than that afforded by the domesticated pigeons, all the varieties of which—fantails, pouters, tumblers and the rest—are descended from one original kind of bird, the "blue rock." But the "homer" is the only pigeon in which the special aim of breeders has been to develop the intellect.

## New Recourse.

The mermen and mermaids have a new way of kidding one another just now.

"What is it?"  
"When one of them strings the long bow, they advise him to go tell it to the submarines."

In Olympus.  
Mercury—What's the row about Vulcan's falling down like that?  
Hebe—Oh, he objected to Jupiter's hanging his mother up, and the old man made a kick about it.