

# HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

—18—  
Congratulations.

The Duc de Tremont saw what splendid stuff the captain in the Cavalry was made of by the young man's quick convalescence. Sabron could not understand why Robert lingered after the departure of the Marquise d'Esclagnac, the Comtesse de la Maine and Miss Redmond. The presence of the young man would have been agreeable if it had not been for his jealousy and his unhappiness.

They played piquet together. Sabron, in his right mind, thinner and paler, nevertheless very much of a man, now smoked his cigarettes and ate his three meals a day. He took a walk every day and was quite fit to leave the Orient. Tremont said:

"I think, Sabron, that we can sail this week."

Sabron looked at him questioningly. "You are going, then, too—?"

"Of course," said the young nobleman heartily. "We are going together. You know I am going to take you back in my yacht."

Sabron hesitated and then said: "No, mon vieux, if you will excuse me I think I shall remain faithful to the old line of travel. I have an idea that I am not in yachting trim."

Tremont was not too dull to have noticed his friend's change of attitude toward him. He smoked for a few moments and then said:

"When we get back to Paris I want to have the pleasure of introducing you to my fiancée."

Sabron dropped his cards.

"Introducing me!" he repeated. Then putting out his hand, said cordially: "I knew you were to be felicitated, old fellow."

Tremont shook his hand warmly.

"Yes, and the lady is very anxious to know you. It is Madame de la Maine."

A very warm color flushed the cheeks of the invalid. He remembered all he had heard and all he had known. He congratulated his friend with sincere warmth, and after a few moments said:

"If you really want me to go back with you on the yacht, old chap—"

"I really do," said Tremont serenely. "You see, when we came on the boat we scarcely hoped to be so fortunate as to bring back the distinguished captain."

Sabron smiled.

"But you have not told me yet," he said, "why you came down."

"No," said Tremont, "that is true. Well, it will make a story for the sea."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Valor in Retrospect.

In the month of May, when the chestnuts bloom in the green dells, where the delicate young foliage holds the light as in golden cups, a young man walked through one of the small allees of the Bois at the fashionable noon hour, a little reddish dog trotting at his heels. The young man walked with an imperceptible limp. He was thin, as men are who have lived hard and who have overcome tremendous obstacles. He was tanned as men are browned who have come from eastern and extreme southern countries.

The little dog had also an imperceptible limp occasioned by a bicycle running over him when he was a puppy.

The two companions seemed immensely to enjoy the spring day. Sabron every now and then stood for a few moments looking at the gay passers-by, pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying to the full the repose of civilization, the beauty of his own land.

Pitcheoune looked with indifference upon the many dogs. He did not stir from his master's side. When Sabron was quiet, the little animal stood at attention; he was a soldier's dog. He could have told dog stories to those insignificant worldly dogs—could have told of really thrilling adventures. His brown eyes were pathetic with their appeal of affection as they looked up at his beloved master. He had a fund of experience such as the poodles and the terriers led by their owners could not understand. Therefore Pitcheoune was indifferent to them. Not one of those petted, ridiculous house dogs could have run for miles in the dark across an African desert, could have found Beni Medinet and fetched relief to his master. Pitcheoune was proud of it. He was very well satisfied with his career. He was still young; other deeds of valor perhaps lay before him—who can tell? At any rate he had been shown about at the ministry of war, been very much admired, and he was a proud animal.

When Sabron spoke to him he leaped upon him and wagged his tail. After a few moments, as the two stood near the exit of an alley leading to one of the grand avenues, Pitcheoune slowly went in front of his master and toward two ladies sitting on a bench in the gentle warmth of the May sun-

light. Pitcheoune, moved from his usual indifference, gave a short bark, walked up to the ladies, and began to sniff about their feet. The younger lady exclaimed, and then Sabron, lifting his hat, came forward, the crimson color beating in his dark tanned cheeks.

The Marquise d'Esclagnac held out both hands to the officer:

"It's nearly noon," she said, "and you don't forget that you have promised to lunch with us, do you, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

Sabron, bending over her hand, assured her that he had not forgotten. Then his eyes traveled to her companion. Miss Redmond wore a very simple dress, as was her fashion, but the young officer from Africa, who had not seen her near by until now and who had only caught a glimpse of her across the opera house, thought that he had never seen such a beautiful dress in all his life. It was made of soft gray cloth and fitted her closely, and in the lapel of her mannish little buttonhole she wore a few Parma violets. He recognized them. They had come from a bunch that he had sent her the night before. He kissed her hand, and they stood talking together, the three of them, for a few moments, Pitcheoune stationing himself as a sentinel by Miss Redmond's side.

The Marquise d'Esclagnac rose. The young girl rose as well, and they walked on together.

"Mes enfants," said the Marquise d'Esclagnac, "don't go with your usual rush, Julia. Remember that Monsieur de Sabron is not as strong as Hercules yet. I will follow you with Pitcheoune."

But she spoke without knowledge of the dog. Now feeling that some unwonted happiness had suddenly burst upon the horizon that he knew, Pitcheoune seemed suddenly seized with a rollicking spirit such as had been his characteristic some years ago. He tore like mad down the path in front of Sabron and Miss Redmond. He whirled around like a dervish, he dashed across the road in front of automobiles, dashed back again, springing upon his master and whining at the girl's feet.

"See," said Sabron, "how happy he is."

"I should think he would be happy. He must have a knowledge of what an important animal he is. Just think! If he were a man they would give him a decoration."

And the two walked tranquilly side by side.

Pitcheoune ran to the side of the road, disappeared into a little forest all shot through with light. He came back, bringing the remains of an old rubber ball lost there by some other dog, and laid it triumphantly in front of Miss Redmond.

"See," said Sabron, "he brings you his trophies."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness.

Le Comte de Sabron finished his dressing.

Brunet surveyed his master from the tip of his shining boots to his sleek, fair head. His expressive eyes said: "Monsieur le Capitaine is looking well tonight."

Brunet had never before given his master a direct compliment. His eyes only had the habit of expressing admiration, and the manner in which he performed his duties, his devotion, were his forms of compliment. But Sabron's long illness and absence, the fact that he had been snatched from death and given back to the army again, leveled between servant and master the impassable wall of etiquette.

"There will be a grand dinner tonight, will there not, Monsieur le Capitaine? Doubtless Monsieur le Colonel and all the gentlemen will be there." Brunet made a comprehensive gesture as though he comprised the entire *etat major*.

Sabron, indeed, looked well. He was thin, deeply bronzed by the exposure on the yacht, for he and Tremont before returning to France had made a long cruise. Sabron wore the look of a man who has come back from a far country and is content.

"And never shall I forget to the end of my days how Monsieur le Capitaine looked when I met the yacht at Marseilles!"

Brunet spoke reverently, as though he were chronicling sacred souvenirs.

"I said to myself, you are about to welcome back a hero, Brunet! Monsieur le Capitaine will be as weak as a child. But I was determined that Monsieur le Capitaine should not read my feelings, however great my emotion."

Sabron smiled. At no time in his simple life did Brunet ever conceal the most trifling emotion—his simple face revealed all his simple thoughts. Sabron said heartily: "Your control was very fine, indeed."

"Instead of seeing a sick man, Monsieur le Capitaine, a splendid-looking figure, with red cheeks and bright

eyes, came off the boat to the shore. I said to myself: 'Brunet, he has the air of one who comes back from a victory.' No one would have ever believed that Monsieur le Capitaine had been rescued from captivity."

Brunet's curiosity was very strong and as far as his master was concerned he had been obliged to crush it down. To himself he was saying: "Monsieur le Capitaine is on the eve of some great event. When will he announce it to me? I am sure my master is going to be married."

Pitcheoune, from a chair near by, assisted at his master's toilet, one moment holding the razor-strop between his teeth, then taking the clothes brush in his little grip. He was saying to himself: "I hope in the name of rats and cats my master is not going out without me!"

Brunet was engaged to be married to the kitchen maid of the Marquise d'Esclagnac. Ordonnances and scullions are not able to arrange their matrimonial affairs so easily as are the upper classes.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the servant, his simple face raised to his master's, "I am going to be married."

Sabron wheeled around: "Mon brave Brunet, when?"

Brunet grinned sheepishly.

"In five years, Monsieur le Capitaine," at which the superior officer laughed heartily.

"Is she an infant, are you educating her?"

"When one is the eldest of a widow," said Brunet with a sigh, "and the eldest of ten children—"

The clock struck the quarter. Sabron knew the story of the widow and ten children by heart.

"Is the taxi at the door?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Pitcheoune gave a sharp bark.

"You are not invited," said his master cruelly, and went gayly out, his sword hitting against the stairs.

The Marquise d'Esclagnac gave a brilliant little dinner to the colonel of Sabron's squadron. There were present a general or two, several men of distinction, and among the guests were the Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine. Sabron, when he found himself at table, looked at everything as though in a dream. Julia Redmond sat opposite him. He had sent her flowers and she wore them in her bodice. Madame de la Maine bent upon the young officer benignant eyes, the Duc de Tremont glanced at him affectionately, but Sabron was only conscious that Julia's eyes did not meet his at all.

They talked of Sabron's captivity, of the engagement in Africa, of what the army was doing, would not do, or might do, and the fact that the Duc de Tremont was to receive the decoration of the Legion or Honor in July. Tremont toasted Sabron and the young officer rose to respond with flushing face. He looked affectionately at his friend who had brought him from death into life. The moment was intense, and the Marquise d'Esclagnac lifted her glass:

"Now, gentlemen, you must drink to the health of Pitcheoune."

There was a murmur of laughter, Madame de la Maine turned to Sabron:

"I have had a collar made for Pitcheoune; it is of African leather set with real turquoise."

Sabron bowed: "Pitcheoune will be perfectly enchanted, Madame; he will wear it at your wedding."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GREAT NEED TO STOP WASTE

Lesson That Should Be Impressed on America by the Frightful War in Europe.

Waste is the crime of today, and it is especially the great crime of this awful war: waste in human life. In hope, in love, and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded, and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race, and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American; the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.—Atlantic.

Responsibility and Prayer.

"We learn on unimpeachable authority that Lord Fisher, first sea lord at the admiralty, makes a habit of going to a certain church practically every day for prayer and meditation before beginning his responsible duties," says the Church Family Newspaper; "we understand also that Lord Kitchener follows out a similar rule whenever he is in London."—London Globe.

## ART GERMAN PRISON LUXURY

Captured Soldiers Allowed to Sketch, Says Embassy Report—Canadians in Modern Barracks.

London.—The official press bureau issues a report of the visits of Doctor Ohnesborg and H. Rivington Pyne of the American embassy at Berlin to the German prison camps for officers at Heidelberg, Villingen and Isgolstadt and to the camps for other prisoners at Stuttgart, Ulm, Nuernberg and Wuertzburg.

The report states that Lieut. Ernest McLurg and the Second Canadians at Heidelberg are confined to modern barracks not previously occupied by Germans. The rooms are large and the food good. The German commandant at Villingen has inaugurated daily excursions of the imprisoned officers. Bodies of fifteen or twenty at a time walk through the surrounding country in charge of a non-commissioned officer and three or four guards. Those who are able to do sketching or painting are permitted to go alone or in smaller groups with a single guard.

The report emphasizes the fact that the men are all badly in need of uniforms.

## FINDS BURGLARS UNDER BED

Policeman Makes Rich Haul After Jumping Through Skylight—Shot Fired at Officer.

New York.—How Patrolman Thomas Weber, while off duty at night, came to pull five young men from under a bed on the top floor of the four-story white stone residence of Charles Muller, a stockbroker, at 474 West One Hundred and Forty-first street, is a simply told tale.

Weber was in his home, 476 One Hundred and Forty-first street, when a neighbor told him another neighbor had seen a youth disappear through the coal hole in the sidewalk in front of the Muller home, the Mullers being in Asbury Park for the summer.

Weber went to the roof of the apartment house he lived in, and thence to the roof of the Muller home, in time not only to see the last of four young men drop through the Muller skylight, but also in time to be mistaken for a burglar by another neighbor. This neighbor fired one shot at Weber.

Weber burst through the locked skylight and yanked five young men from beneath a bed. They were locked up charged with burglary.

## GERMANY'S MACHINE GUNS

Kaiser's Army Had a Stock of Fifty Thousand of Them When the War Began.

British Headquarters, France.—It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the German strength in machine guns, which they use with the greatest skill and courage.

They had a stock of 50,000 on hand at the beginning of the war, and have been keeping this supply replenished constantly from their arms factories.

A favorite trick is to leave a machine gun or two hidden in a cellar or similar place of concealment until the enemy's advance has swept by and then open fire on the rear. The post of the men serving the gun is, of course, hopeless, but they are fairly certain to sell their lives dearly, continuing to fire their gun to the last.

As an instance of the deadly swiftness of machine-gun fire, it is stated that a man coming under the fire of one of these weapons and shot through the head can be struck yet ten times more in the second or two that he takes to fall to the ground.

## COSTLY FUNERAL FOR HORSE

Wealthy Vest Virginian Has Coffin Made for Favorite Steed—Erects a Monument.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—David Davidson, a wealthy retired merchant, scarcely could have been more grieved over the death of a relative than he was when John, his favorite riding horse, died.

In the last 27 years there had been few weeks days when Davidson had not taken a ride on his pet saddle, and sympathy had grown between horse and master. Davidson accorded his four-footed friend a ceremonious burial.

He had a carpenter make a handsome coffin, in which the body of the dead beast was laid, after the big box had been prettily draped. A costly blanket was placed over the body, the cover was fastened on and the coffin was lowered into a grave, on which a mark has been erected.

## 'WANT AD' ROMANCE SMASHED

Couple Unable to Agree Upon Place of Residence and Divorce Follows.

Chadron, O.—The echo of a want "ad" for a husband placed in a Cleveland paper early in 1911 was heard in common pleas court a few days ago, when Judge Terrence Reynolds granted Catherine Wilkes a divorce from William G. Wilkes.

Wilkes answered the "ad," and nine days after their first meeting the couple were married in Cleveland, where he was a wire worker.

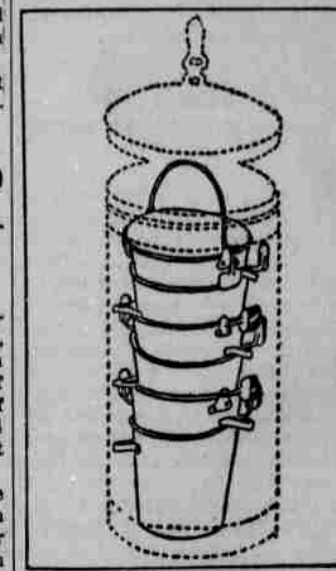
Mrs. Wilkes claimed her husband liked the city and wouldn't stay with her on the Middlefield farm. Wilkes said he had \$4,100 when he married, that his wife took charge of his finances, and he hasn't anything but the interest in the farm.

# INDUSTRY MECHANICS

## MEANS FOR COMBATING FIRE

Buckets Placed in Tank of Water Are Hidden From View—Not Taken for Other Purposes.

Means for combating fire in the early stage are always advisable, and often compulsory, and the typical row of fire buckets so often seen in offices and in industrial establishments is anything but imposing, and, exposed as they are, the contents are often spilled or evaporated or maliciously emptied. The buckets in a tank



Handy Fire Buckets.

shown in the illustration are a recent invention and have a number of novel features. The tank is filled with water, and as there is a substantial cover on it the water does not seriously suffer by evaporation and the buckets are at the same time hidden from view. Another of the novel features

is the weighting of the handles on the buckets so that the ball of the top bucket is always upright and extended above the level of the water and as it is seized and raised from the tank it is filled to its full capacity. Thereupon the ball of the next bucket swings upward ready for use.

## CHIMNEYLESS STEAM BOILER

Combustion Gases Disposed of by Passing Them into the Steam of the Engine's Cylinders.

The chimneyless steam boiler and furnace now in operation on a Russian torpedo boat, the invention of a Russian naval engineer named Schmidt disposes of its combustion gases by passing them into the steam of the engine's cylinders. Liquid fuel, easily yielding to combustion without smoke, is essential. The combustion gases are cooled from about 3,500 degrees to 1,800 degrees F. on leaving the heating surface of the boiler, and they are then passed into a tube into which a fine spray of cold water is injected under pressure. This cools the gases to between 650 degrees and 900 degrees F., converting the water into superheated steam of the same temperature. The mixture of steam and combustion gases is led to the upper part of the boiler, where it is mingled with the boiler's ordinary supply of steam, and is sent into the cylinders. The boiler, besides requiring no chimney, is claimed to have the further advantage of very high efficiency, utilizing 90 and even as high as 97 per cent of the heat of the fuel.

## COVERING FOR BEVEL GEARS

Hood Consists of Cylindrical Piece of Sheet Metal Cut So as to Present Triangular Form.

Bevel gears are the most dangerous because on account of their shape they are more difficult to protect. They are especially hard to safeguard where used on a shaft that extends both ways from the horizontal gear. The sketch is descriptive of a hood for covering such gears, says Popular Mechanics. The hood consists of a cylindrical piece of sheet metal, cut at an angle of 45 degrees at both ends

## Safety Covering for Bevel Gears.

The hole for the shaft should be so large that the shaft cannot touch the hood, the latter being anchored with supports which are shaped to suit the conditions.

Domestic Vessels of India. Most of the domestic vessels used by the people of India are made of copper or brass, and departure from this usage is rendered difficult from certain ritual observances of cleanliness.

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## MILK MUST BE PURE

IMPOSSIBLE TO GIVE TOO MUCH CARE TO BABY'S FOOD.

"Artificial" Feeding Means Constant Watchfulness if the Health of the Little One is to Be Properly Preserved.

(Prepared for This Paper by the Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.)

When, for any reason, the baby cannot have breast milk, he must be fed on a bottle. This method of feeding is known as "artificial" feeding, because it is an imitation of the natural way.

Since it was not nature's intention that a baby should be fed on cow's milk, the baby finds it very hard often-times to adapt his digestive organs to the strange food, and consequently many thousands of babies, who would have lived and thrived on breast milk, die every year because they are unable thus to adapt themselves.

On the baby's account, first of all, every mother will do all in her power to secure breast milk, but on her own account, there are many reasons why she should choose to do this.

Artificial feeding requires the constant attention of some one person and necessitates daily, painstaking work, which can be left undone only at the risk of the baby's health.

The mother must first of all study her milk supply. Then after clean, fresh milk has been obtained it must have the most careful attention, and bottles, nipples, and all the utensils employed in making up the feedings must be scrubbed and sterilized every day.

In addition, the baby must be constantly watched to see how his food is suiting him. His weight, the condition of his skin and of his bowels must be noted, and the strength and quantity of his food increased or decreased in accordance with these conditions.

A simple rule for feeding the average healthy baby after the first month is to give him 1½ ounces of milk in 24 hours, for every pound of weight. Thus, a ten-pound baby will need 15 ounces of milk in 24 hours, diluted with water and sweetened according to his age.

On the first two days of his life the artificially fed baby should have nothing to eat except a little slightly warm water, to which a very little sugar may be added.

The following directions for feeding the baby have been prepared by a committee of the American Medical association.

"Beginning on the third day, the average baby should be given three ounces of milk daily, diluted with seven ounces of water. To this should be added one tablespoonful of lime-water and two level teaspoonfuls of sugar. This should be given in seven feedings.

"At one week the average child requires five ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with ten ounces of water. To this should be added one and one-half even tablespoonfuls of sugar and one ounce of lime-water. This should be given in seven feedings. The milk should be increased by one-half ounce about every four days. The water should be increased by one-half ounce every eight days.

"At three months the average child requires 16 ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with 16 ounces of water. To this should be added three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of lime-water. This should be given in six feedings. The milk should be increased by one-half ounce every six days. The water should be reduced by one-half ounce about every two weeks.

"At six months the average child requires 24 ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with 12 ounces of water. To this should be added two ounces of lime-water and three even tablespoonfuls of sugar. This should be given in five feedings. This amount of milk should be increased by one-half ounce every week. The milk should be increased only if the child is hungry and digesting his food well.

"At nine months the average child requires 30 ounces of milk daily, which should be diluted with ten ounces of water. To this should be added two even tablespoonfuls of sugar and two ounces of lime-water. This should be given in five feedings. The sugar added may be milk sugar or if this cannot be obtained cane (granulated) sugar or maltose (malt sugar). At first plain water should be used to dilute the milk.

"At three months, sometimes earlier, a weak barley water may be used in the place of plain water; it is made of one-half level tablespoonful of barley flour to 15 ounces of water and cooked for 20 minutes.

"At six months the barley flour may be increased to one and one-half even tablespoonfuls cooked in the 12 ounces of water.

"At nine months the barley flour may be increased to three level tablespoonfuls cooked in the eight ounces of water."

In the hottest weather the baby's food should be weakened by pouring out one-quarter of the usual contents of the bottle and adding an equal amount of boiled water.

He should be fed with absolute regularity, once in every three hours, for the first five months of his life, and the interval should be gradually lengthened until at six months it is four hours.

Give the baby plenty of cool drinking water between meals, especially in hot weather.