

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Later, when the others had left them to themselves in the music room, Sabron sat in a big chair by the open window and Julia Redmond played to him. The day was warm. There was a smell of spring flowers in the air and the vases were filled with gladioli and sweet peas. But Sabron smelled only the violets in Julia's girle. Her hands gently wandered over the keys, finding the tune that Sabron longed to hear. She played the air through, and it seemed as though she were about to sing the first verse. She could not do so, nor could she speak.

Sabron rose and came over to where she sat. There was a low chair near the piano and he took it, leaning forward, his hands clasped about his knees. It had been the life-long dream of this simple-hearted officer that one day he would speak out his soul to the woman he loved. The time had come. She sat before him in her unpretentious dress. He was not worldly enough to know it cost a great price, nor to appreciate that she wore no jewels—nothing except the flowers he had sent. Her dark hair was clustered about her ears and her beautiful eyes lost their fire in tenderness.

"When a man has been very close to death, Mademoiselle, he looks about for the reason of his resurrection. When he returns to the world, he looks to see what there is in this life to make it worth living. I am young—at the beginning of my career. I may have before me a long life in which, with health and friends, I may find much happiness. These things certainly have their worth to a normal man—but I cannot make them real before my eyes just yet. As I look upon the world to which I have returned, I see nothing but a woman and her love. If I cannot win her for my wife, if I cannot have her love—He made an expressive gesture which more impressively than words implied how completely he laid down everything else to her love and his.

He said, not without a certain dignity: "I am quite poor; I have only my soldier's pay. In Normandy I own a little property. It is upon a hill and looks over the sea, with apple orchards and wheat fields. There is a house. These are my landed estates. My manhood and my love are my fortune. If you cannot return my love I shall not thank Tremont for bringing me back from Africa."

The American girl listened to him with profound emotion. She discovered every second how well she understood him, and he had much to say, because it was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his love. She had put out both her hands and, looking at him fully, said simply: "Why it seems to me you must know how I feel—how can you help knowing how I feel?"

After a little he told her of Normandy, and how he had spent his childhood and boyhood in the chateau overlooking the wide sea, told her how he had watched the ships and used to dream of the countries beyond the horizon, and how the apple blossoms filled the orchards in the spring. He told her how he longed to go back, and that his wandering life had made it impossible for years.

Julia whispered: "We shall go there in the spring, my friend." He was charming as he sat there holding her hands closely, his fine eyes bent upon her. Sabron told her things that had been deep in his heart and mind, waiting for her here so many months. Finally, everything merged into his present life, and the beauty of what he said dazed her like an enchanted sea. He was a soldier, a man of action, yet a dreamer. The fact that his hopes were about to be realized made him tremble, and as he talked, everything took light from this victory. Even his house in Normandy began to seem a fitting setting for the beautiful American.

"It is only a Louis XIII chateau; it stands very high, surrounded by orchards, which in the spring are white as snow."

"We shall go there in the spring," she whispered. Sabron stopped speaking, his reverie was done, and he was silent as the intensity of his love for her surged over him. He lifted her delicate hands to his lips. "It is April now," he said, and his voice shook. "It is spring now, my love."

At Julia's side was a slight touch. She cried: "Pitchoune!" He put his paws on her knees and looked up into her face. "Brunet has brought him here," said Sabron, "and that means the good chap is attending to his own love-making."

Julia laid her hand on Pitchoune's head. "He will love the Normandy beach, Charles," she said. "He will love the forests," said Sabron; "there are rabbits there." On the little dog's head the two

Birds Raid Peach Buds. Farmers hereabout are agitated over the appearance of a small red-dish-brown bird, about the size of a sparrow, which is ravenously devouring the fruit buds from the trees in the large peach orchards of Charles P. Stuckel. The bird, which has a small, stout, broad bill, clears the limbs of every bud.

An employee on the Stuckel farm shot several of the birds and sent them to the state agricultural experiment station in New Brunswick in order to learn whether or not they are protected by law.—Egg Harbor (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Sun.

hands met and clasped. "Pitchoune is the only one in the world who is not de trop," said Julia gently. Sabron, lifting her hand again to his lips, kissed it long, looking into her eyes. Between that great mystery of the awakening to be fulfilled, they drew near to each other—nearer. Pitchoune sat before them, waiting. He wagged his tail and waited. No one noticed him. He gave a short bark that apparently disturbed no one.

Pitchoune had become de trop. He was discreet. With sympathetic eyes he gazed on his beloved master and new mistress, then turned and quietly trotted across the room to the hearth-rug, sitting there meditatively for a few minutes blinking at the empty grate, where on the warm spring day there was no fire.

Pitchoune lay down before the fireless hearth, his head forward on his paws, his beautiful eyes still discreetly turned away from the lovers. He drew a long contented breath as dogs do before settling into repose. His

thrilling adventures had come to an end. Before fires on the friendly hearth of the Louis XIII chateau, where hunting dogs were carved in the stone above the chimney, Pitchoune might continue to dream in the days to come. He would hunt rabbits in the still forests above the wheat fields, and live again in the freights his great adventures on the desert, the long runs across the sands on his journey back to France.

Now he closed his eyes. As a faithful friend he rested in the atmosphere of happiness about him. He had been the sole companion of a lonely man, now he had become part of a family.

Explaining His Own Little Lapse. "Brudder and sistahs," in triumphant tones announced Brother Bogus, during the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel, "since I was converted and washed whiter than snow, two mont's ago, I has been widout sin, bless de Lawd! I's sanctified, and couldn't commit sin if I wanted to! I—"

"Hold on a minute, muh brudder!" interrupted good old Parson Bagster. "Yo' mought uh-been washed tollable white, but I's b'legged to say dat dar 'pears to be a spot or two dat wasn't touched wid de soap o' salvation. How 'bout dat time Cunnel White filled yo' personality full o' shot in his ben'house?"

"Wy—w'y, sah, lemme tell yo'! Dis is how twuz: Yo' knows how absent minded de Cunnel allus was. Well, sah, dat was one o' dem times—he was studyin' 'bout suppin or nudder, at 'dess 'magined I was dar!"—Kansas City Star.

Woman Destroys Bomb. What might have been a disastrous explosion was prevented when Mrs. Pauline Siegel picked a bomb, with a lighted fuse attached, from the doorstep of the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Salvatore Corso, 1821 South Franklin street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Siegel hurled it into the street. This broke the crudely constructed bomb, and only a section exploded.

Mrs. Siegel saw two men place a queer-looking package on the step, apply a match, and run away. She grasped the package and hurled it into the street.

It contained six sticks of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder. The copper wires, which had been wrapped around the package, broke. The contents of the powerful bomb were scattered in all directions.

Mrs. Corso said her family has no enemies.

True Greatness. True greatness first of all is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind his age, and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Rowell D. Hitchcock.

Winning the Multitude's Ear. Does not experience prove that influence over men's minds is gained only by offering them the difficult, nay, the impossible, to perform or believe? Offer only things that are

IN PALESTINE WITH A CAMERA

WHEN E. M. Newman, a travel lecturer, started through the Holy Land with his camera, he declared he must get "something different" in that much photographed country. He did, but he had his troubles, for the Mohammedan despises the camera as an instrument of the devil, and a great many of the inhabitants of Palestine are followers of the prophet.

Writing in the New York Sun, Mr. Newman says of his trip: Our first experience with the Mohammedans was when we stopped on a roadside between Jaffa and Ramleh, the modern name for Arimathea, whence came Joseph, who offered his tomb at Jerusalem for the burial of Jesus Christ. We saw a man driving two camels that were dragging a sharp stick through the earth and turning the scrubby soil into furrows. It was a subject that answered several requirements of the desirable picture. It was unusual enough to offer a certain human interest. It was artistic. It was one of the best photographs that I was able to get illustrating the survival of ancient manners and customs in Palestine.

But we found, as we often found along the roads of Palestine, that the gentleman had been spoiled for our purpose by two agencies—his own people's superstition and the foreigners with their jingling purses. Too many tourists have passed along these roads taking it for granted that they would never pass that way again, and some of them have distributed money with a prodigal hand. The tourist with a little hand camera has too often tossed the peasant a quarter where a few cents would have done as well.

But it was not the money that used the first tangle with the fol-

lower of the prophet. We found that the Christians of Syria and Palestine are usually meekly obliging when asked to pose, but we also found that with a few exceptions in Bethlehem, Nazareth and Jerusalem they are not equally good subjects. We did not come upon them in occupations as interesting; they seemed never to be so picturesque as their Mohammedan brethren.

Didn't Know It Was a "Movie." Now any Mohammedan knows that to click the camera before a camel destroys the animal's soul. Just exactly what a camel's soul is we endeavored to learn, but none of the men who were certain that it had one could enlighten us. When an animal's soul is destroyed, however, anything is likely to happen to it. But after offers of much money—much more than man and camel would earn in a day—the driver seemed to forget that his camel might easily thereafter fall a victim to the evil eye if he failed to suspend a string of blue beads from his neck. Here we found, as we found afterward, that money was the best cure for the cloud of Mohammed hanging over men's eyes.

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decided to spoil the picture, and, not knowing about the cinema camera, he started off and gave his hand the fastest plowing it had had since the days of Moses. While I had no way of anticipating this action it completely suited my purpose. One need no longer wait for the slow clicking of a stationary camera; it is the day of the cine and action is wanted. So the peasant didn't know that he was being "immortalized" as a mighty plowman in Palestine for the amusement of American audiences—and perhaps he had never heard of America, excepting as a distant country whence came Christian dogs with cameras that yearned for the souls of camels.

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WISHED HE WAS A BELGIAN

Man With Missing Button Didn't Have Heart to Worry Wife Who Was Knitting for War Victims.

"There goes another button!" said the man who was standing with his thumb hitched inside his waistband. "Didn't you know it was loose?" "Of course I knew it was loose. I knew that my hosiery needs darning, and that I ought to have a lot of needle and thread work done."

"Why don't you tell your wife about it?"

"I haven't the heart to worry her. You know, she's so sympathetic, she isn't happy unless she's knitting something to send over to Europe. Honestly, sometimes I almost wish I was one of those unhappy Belgians."

Highly Important Occasion.

"You're bad that canopy running from your front door to the curbstone for a long time."

"Yes. After my wife had a party I told 'em to leave the canopy. The weather's pretty rough, and I've got some people coming to the house that I want to take the best possible care of."

"Are you going to give another party?"

"No. I'm going to put in a ton of coal."

Surprising Himself.

"What you want to do," said the physician, "is to take an ice-cold bath every day."

"I haven't the nerve."

"You won't mind it after the first plunge."

"That's what I'm afraid of. If I could only manage to take the plunge unexpectedly I'd be all right. I know what I'll do. I'll get a pair of skates."

THERE'S A REASON.



Dinks—Why do women stand for such gowns?

Winks—Because they can't sit down.

Gentle Reminder.

"That man has a voice like a saw-mill," said the woman with a sensitive ear.

"I wouldn't say that," replied her husband.

"What do you know about it?"

"I was in the lumber business for several years. Some saw mills don't sound so bad."

Making No Allowances.

"Women are unreasonable creatures."

"Maybe you are right."

"I'm convinced of it. A woman of my acquaintance who weighs more than two hundred pounds has a husband who weighs 115, yet she cries because he doesn't take her in his arms and soothe her injured feelings just as he used to do when she was a slip of a girl."

Sidelight on History.

"But, my dear," said the husband, mildly, "you must admit that the most patient person that ever lived was a man."

"I'll admit nothing of the kind," rejoined the wife of his bosom. "Old man Job may have been patient, but just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a husband."

Certainly Not.

"Baseball players and newspaper men seem to fraternize a great deal."

"Yes, but there's a decided difference between a baseball player and a newspaper man."

"In what respect?"

"A newspaper man is never offered a bonus of \$10,000 to jump from one paper to another."

In Conclusion.

"I see where another stage beauty is suing a millionaire for 'heart balm.'"

"I fear you have used the wrong term."

"Why so?"

"It isn't really 'heart balm' that she's after. She's merely arrived at the final stage of the trimming process."

A Bad Example.

"Mother, what's a 'bonehead'?"

"That's a vulgar word applied to a stupid person, my son, but you must never use it. Mother wants her boy to be refined and speak correctly."

"All right, mother. I wouldn't have asked you what it meant if I hadn't heard you call father a 'bonehead' last night after I left the room."

The Wrong Place.

Lawyer—My client did not understand your honor, as he is very deaf.

Magistrate—And he has come to this court for a hearing.

Lawyer—Yes, your honor.

Magistrate—Then tell him he had better go to a specialist.

Attire to Suit.

"The cashier and his bride were certainly appropriately dressed for their wedding."

"How so?"

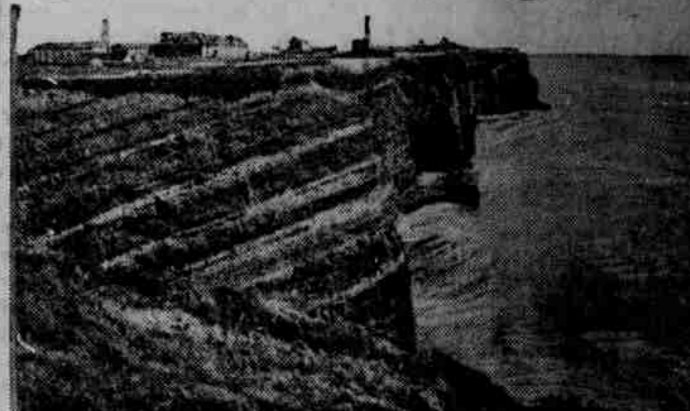
"She wore a changeable silk, and he had on a check suit."

Civic Pride.

Machine Politician—I met a man from New York today who says politics there is more crooked than ever.

Second Ditto—Oh, he's only blowing his own horn.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gibraltar of the North Sea



CLIFFS OF HELIGOLAND

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Great Britain traded a patch of 130 acres to Germany for the island of Zanzibar. It is probable that King George's government to Lord Salisbury made the trade and it was thought at the time to be very advantageous to the English, but that small piece of the earth's surface was the island of Heligoland and so far in this great war it has capably protected the coast of Germany from attacks by the British fleet. An "L" shaped island in the North sea, 26 miles from the mouths of the Elbe, Eider and Weser rivers, Heligoland has come to be known as the Gibraltar of the North sea, and the name is not misapplied.

In ancient times Heligoland, then more than five times its present size, was sacred to the Goddess Hertha, and was known as Fossetisland, from the Frisian Goddess Foseta who had a temple on the island. From the middle of the tenth century it was an independent republic, but came into the possession of the dukes of Schleswig in the fourteenth century, and was captured by Denmark in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The latter country ceded the island to Great Britain in 1814, and Germany came into possession of it in 1890.

In times of peace Heligoland has a population of about three thousand Frisians who are supported chiefly by fishing, by serving as pilots and by catering to the wants of strangers who go there for the sea bathing.

Germany's Good Trade.

At the time of the trade with Germany Lord Salisbury's diplomacy was praised as a clever coup and the Kaiser, just then taking his place in world politics, was laughed at for a

back after sinking the Bluecher,

ing to risk his battle cruisers among the mines and submarines surrounding Heligoland.

Meat in Japan.

It is only within a recent period that meat has come to play a part in the Japanese diet. Fish, fesh and fowl were once strictly forbidden as articles of food by the tenets of Buddhism, but gradually one after another came to be allowed as eatables. Even now meat, although becoming more and more popular, is not used in large quantities at one meal. Chicken, game, beef, ham and pork may be found on sale in most large towns and cities. But beef is cut into mouthfuls and sold to Japanese by the ounce; chickens are carefully and minutely dissected and sold by parts—as the wing, leg or an ounce or two of the breast. It was a matter of great surprise to the natives of Mito that the foreigners living there bought a whole chicken or five or six pounds of beef at a time and consumed it all in two or three meals.

Income Tax Payers.

There are 23,561 single women who pay an income tax, but only 6,683 married women, while there are 62,212 bachelors on the income tax rolls, as against 272,153 married men. Altogether, 257,598 persons in the United States pay a tax on their incomes. Of persons who receive a moderate income, say from \$2,500 to \$5,000, there are in the entire country only 198,974.

WHIPPING OUT BEES' NEST

Old-Time Fun of Which Boys of the Present Age Seem to Know Nothing.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who, on a summer morning, armed himself with a shingle paddle and a bunch of iron weeds and, in company with other boys similarly equipped, went forth in search of bumble bee nests? He roamed the rippling meadow seas in quest of the buzzing pirate with a golden doublet, and on sighting him followed him in a straight course to the hidden lair. Such assaults they were, such spirited advances, such ignoble retreats and utter rout! And such laughter—and such pain!

Once, though not at Aleppo, a grim pirate in black corselet followed a small boy on rapid wing for half a mile, digging him at every bound, and finally, looping the loop, sailed up the leg of his cottonmade pants.

There was ample room in the rear half way up for egress, but the pirate showed no quarter, and, going on up,

attained a position of vantage between the shoulder blades. Here he began to dig, and as he dug the boy began to shed useless raiment. At the edge of town he wore the remains of a hickory straw hat and a hurt look. However, he gathered up his scattered raiment and returned to the fray.

Then, too, there was the fat boy with the tight pants, and the boy with the shaven head, who after taking refuge on top of a wagon shed, here to be hauled home. But why recount? Those were days of noble adventure, and every sunrise brought the call to some glorious hazard; every sunset saw some valorous deed accomplished. Boys in these decadent days don't even know what bumble-bee honey tastes like.—New York Evening Post.

Good Rules to Observe.

It is a good and safe rule to spend every life there, never counting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—Ruskin



SCENE IN BETHLEHEM

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