

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 Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquis de Tremont, who presents Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog, but on his absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet again. Sabron gets a promotion from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. The newspaper editor of the *Salon* is among those waiting after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrid night, the dog, by Pitchoune, leaves his master. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing.

CHAPTER XV.

Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Esclignac asked:

"Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?"

Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping; when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure.

"What is the book, Julia?"

"Le Conte d'un Spahi."

"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."

Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.

"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."

"Ah, then, what does he think?"

Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lap-dog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescuing party in the least. Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were incased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.

"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, latish."

"After midnight?"

"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."

Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captain de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.

"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert . . . it would have been so perfect." She sighed.

"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.

"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him." She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mimi, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"

The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pitchoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty.

The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistening like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.

"I had to be very circumspect, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored. "The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose."

"Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read."

"Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here

— that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"

The girl extended her hand gratefully.

"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"

The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears.

"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumspection will have to be even greater still."

"Leave that to me, ma tante."

"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you. Julia."

Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed.

"Do you want to make me miserable?"

"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."

"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"

"We can do so if you will obey me."

The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.

"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . . ?"

"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."

"But I would never, never . . ."

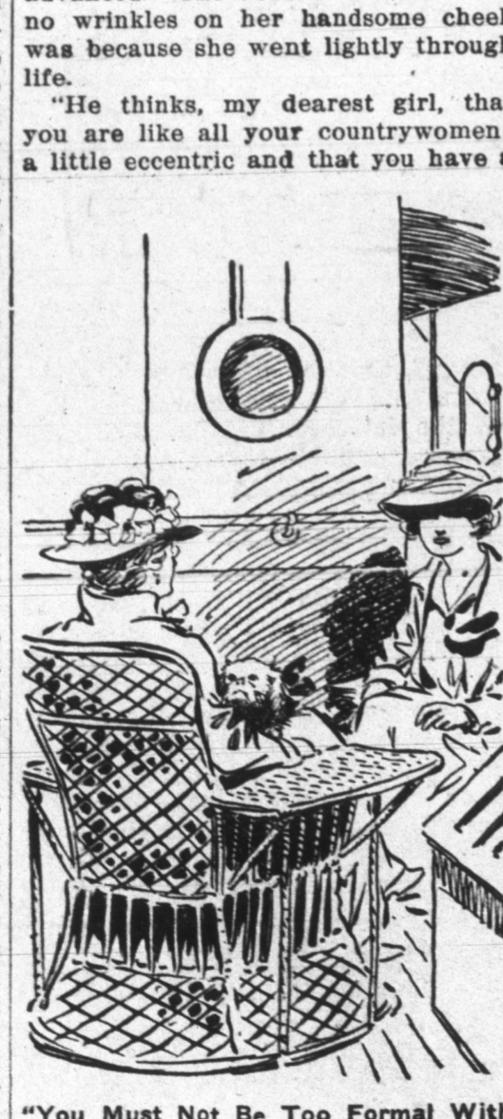
"Petite sotte," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."

Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:

"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"

Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."

"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a



"You Must Not Be Too Formal With Him."

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls."

"Ma tante, ma tante!"

"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."

"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."

"But, he will find out . . . he will know."

"No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people."

"How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved.

"I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child."

Julia trembled.

"Ma tante!"

"While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly."

"I am always polite to him, am I not?"

"You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different."

"I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel."

Looking at her gently, her aunt

said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions."

The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear."

Tremont was coming toward them. Julia raised her head and murmured:

"I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Duke in Doubt.

The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her and seemed to understand—was a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she said her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature.

Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable.

The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won.

Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been shared by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present.

The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible.

He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first.

From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont:

"Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered:

"Bien, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Esclignac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean.

"Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred."

"Very good, ma mere."

When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Esclignac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very common to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her.

One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hospital Barges.

Northern France is rich in waterways, and hospital barges are already running between Paris and the battle-front, under the auspices of the Union des Femmes de France. The boat is enameled white and fitted with 40 beds, and at the end is the nurse's retiring-room. The barge-master's cabin is converted into a living-room for two surgeons. There is an operating-room, too, with washing gear, an electric plant, and a perfect system of heating. To convert a Seine barge into a gondola of this kind costs a bare \$500, and the results are beyond praise—especially to fracture cases, to whom the jolting road is agony.

The wounded are hoisted in by means of small cranes, and the barge is then towed by steam or motor yachts lent by wealthy persons, who are more than glad not only to lend their boats free of charge, but to navigate them in person, thus sharing in the work of mercy.

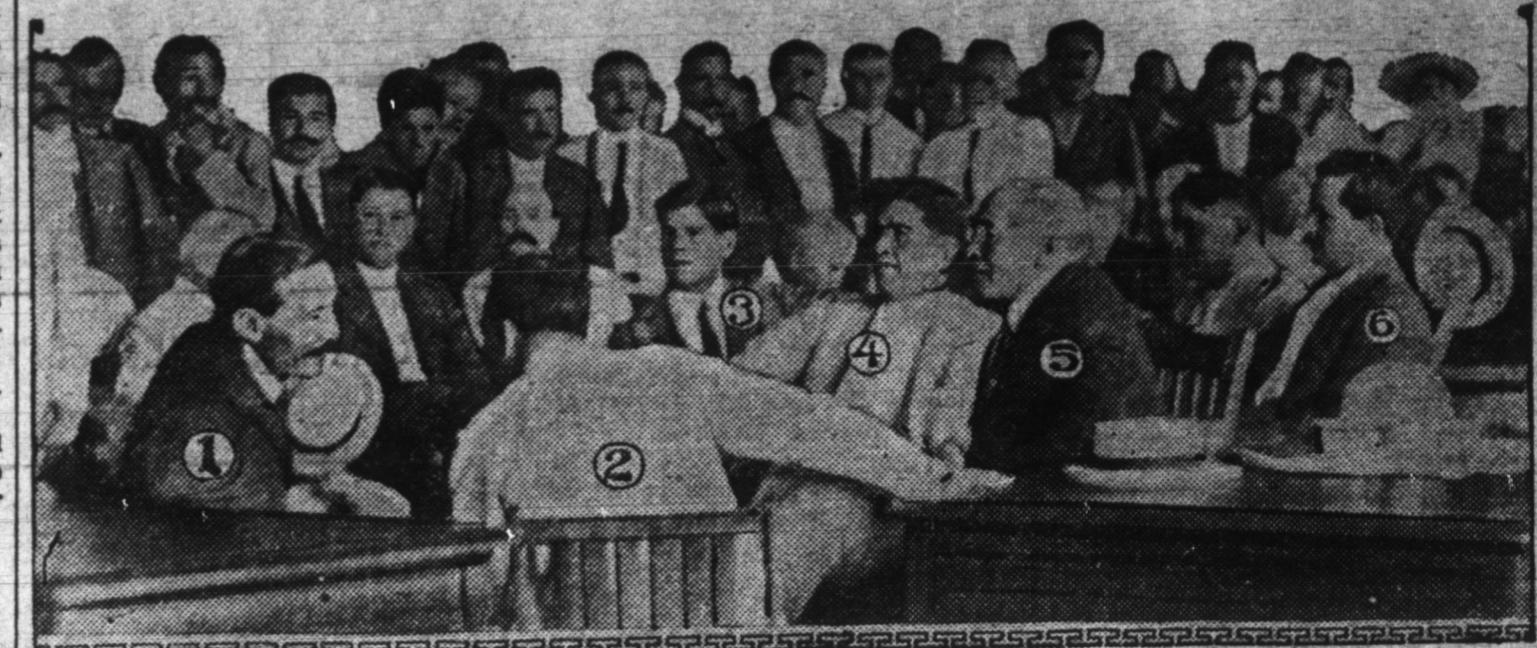
The Old and the New.

Inventions have a remarkable knack of repeating themselves. Among the more interesting patents for 1914 is a specification for a wheelless motor car, propulsion being by means of skids, which are alternately lowered and raised. In the early days of locomotive history many inventors did not believe that sufficient adhesion was to be attained by a smooth wheel operating on a smooth rail, and weird and wonderful were the devices for overcoming this supposed defect. One ingenious engineer went so far as to design a contrivance in which jointed metal bars worked up and down on the rails after the fashion of a horse's legs, and there seems to be a certain affinity between this device and the motor car referred to above.

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Looking at her gently, her aunt

HUERTA CHECKED BY FEDERAL AUTHORITIES



Despite his protests that he was contemplating nothing wrong, General Huerta was twice arrested by federal officers in Texas. The preliminary hearing in the federal building at El Paso is here pictured. Those seated include: (1) Pascual Orozco, (2) Jose Zoraya, (3) Frank Alderete, (4) I. Alderete, (5) Victoriano Huerta, (6) Marcelo Caraveo.

REALLY IS CRUISER

Latest German Submarine Is Formidable Fighter.

Carries 4-Inch Quick Firing Gun Which Fires 31-Pound Projectile Which Will Penetrate Ten Inches of Iron at Close Range.

London.—That the latest German submarines are practically submerged light cruisers and carry guns which make them fully as formidable in offensive as vessels of the latter class, is the statement made by a leading English authority on naval matters.

"When the war broke out," he said, "Germany, like the other sea powers, had a certain number of submarines that carried guns. These, however, were small weapons. The caliber of the piece and the way in which it was mounted made it ineffective for such purposes as sinking a ship. Really, these submarine weapons, whether placed outside the boat or on a rising carriage, were little more than experiments.

"Germany is now using much larger submarines, and these are armed with a four-inch quick-firing gun, which bears about the same relation to the earlier submarine weapons that the 17-inch howitzer does to the ordinary field pieces.

"In addition to introducing this big gun into their submarines, the Germans have mounted it in a very ingenious manner. Gun, platform, etc., are carried snugly inside the boat while she is cruising, and the method of bringing it into action is very quick and efficient. Two men take their gun on the elevator platform beside the gun. A pull on a lever and the platform shoots up, carrying the gun with it.

"As it rises from the boat the gun lifts off a hatchway, which automatically forms a protective shield for the gun and the men who work it. One of these men trains the weapon around to whatever direction is required, while the other elevates or depresses, and also fires it. Another pull of the lever, and down drops the gun again, the hatchway closes automatically above it, and the submarine is ready to dive.

"For attacking merchant vessels this four-inch gun comes much cheaper than torpedoes would, and in some ways it is more effective. A torpedo costs thousands of dollars, and it may miss its mark. Scores of German torpedoes

are lost in the water, while the gun is effective every time.

Since the removal of the gun, the gun has shown improvement.

GIRL OF 19 WEDS MAN OF 89

Then Happy Couple Start on Their Wedding Trip in an Automobile.

Greenfield, Mo.—"Uncle Matt" McPherson, eighty-nine years old and one of the pioneer citizens of Dade county, and Miss Clara Burns, nineteen years old, of Higginsville, Mo., were married at the courthouse here recently. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Shaw of this city.

The young bride arrived at Lockwood, where the bridegroom lives, on a train. "Uncle Matt" was at the station to meet her. Within a few hours "Uncle Matt" had donned a new suit of clothes and, engaging an automobile, set out for Greenfield. Consequently a stage life for the Chinese woman is never encouraged. So rare is the Chinese actress in China that men often play the roles of women. Miss O'Wing will be the only Chinese actress in the United States. Her three sisters are praying that she will meet with the success she deserves on her initial appearance in New York. She speaks Italian, Chinese, German and French as well as English, and she feels that an American of her ideal type will appreciate her more as a wife, than a Chinaman.

POLICE DOG MAKES ARREST

Gets Vagrant While on Nightly Stroll and Proves Right to Be on Patrol.