

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

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SYNOPSIS.

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Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes up his quarters to raise by his motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Escagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take personal service dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron lets Pitchoune to keep him company. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day, Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia, Pitchoune leaves him 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. Hammett Abou, a boy from the Marques, where Pitchoune thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammett Abou to find Sabron. Pitchoune finds a village, twelve hours journey away, and somehow makes Fatou Ann understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two Love Stories.

If it had not been for her absorbing thought of Sabron, Julia would have reveled in the desert and the new experiences. As it was, its charm and magic and the fact that he traveled over it helped her to endure the interval.

In the deep impenetrable silence she seemed to hear her future speak to her. She believed that it would either be a wonderfully happy one, or a hopelessly withered life.

"Julia, I cannot ride any farther!" exclaimed the comtesse.

She was an excellent horsewoman and had ridden all her life, but her riding of late had consisted of a canter in the Bois de Boulogne at noon, and it was sometimes hard to follow Julia's tireless gallops toward an ever-disappearing goal.

"Forgive me," said Miss Redmond, and brought her horse up to her friend's side.

It was the cool of the day, of the fourteenth day since Tremont had left Algiers and the seventh day of Julia's excursion. A fresh wind blew from the west, lifting their veils from their helmets and bringing the fragrance of the mimosa into whose scanty forest they had ridden. The sky paled toward sunset, and the evening star, second in glory only to the moon, hung over the west.

Although both women knew perfectly well the reason for this excursion and its importance, not one word had been spoken between them of Sabron and Tremont other than a natural interest and anxiety.

They might have been two hospital nurses awaiting their patients.

They halted their horses, looking over toward the western horizon and its mystery. "The star shines over their caravan," mused Madame de la Maine (Julia had not thought Therese poetical), "as though to lead them home."

Madame de la Maine turned her face and Julia saw tears in her eyes. The Frenchwoman's control was usually perfect, she treated most things with mocking gayety. The bright softness of her eyes touched Julia.

"Therese!" exclaimed the American girl. "It is only fourteen days!"

Madame de la Maine laughed. There was a break in her voice. "Only fourteen days," she repeated, "and any one of those days may mean death!"

She threw back her head, touched her stallion, and flew away like light, and it was Julia who first drew rein.

"Therese! Therese! We cannot go any farther!"

"Lady!" said Azrael. He drew his big black horse up beside them. "We must go back to the tents."

Madame de la Maine pointed with her whip toward the horizon. "It is cruel! It ever recedes!"

"Tell me, Julia, of Monsieur de Sabron," asked Madame de la Maine abruptly.

"There is nothing to tell, Therese."

"You don't trust me?"

"Do you think that, really?"

In the tent where Azrael served them their meal, under the ceiling of Turkish red with its Arabic characters in clear white, Julia and Madame de la Maine sat while their coffee was served them by a Syrian servant.

"A girl does not come into the Sahara and watch like a sentinel, does not suffer as you have suffered, ma chere, without there being something to tell."

"It is true," said Miss Redmond, "and would you be with me, Therese, if I did not trust you? And what do you want me to tell?" she added naively.

The comtesse laughed.

"Vous êtes charmante, Julia!"

"I met Monsieur de Sabron," said Julia slowly, "not many months ago in Tarascon. I saw him several times, and then he went away."

"And then?" urged Madame de la Maine eagerly.

"He left his little dog, Pitchoune, with me, and Pitchoune ran after his master, to Marseilles, flinging himself into the water, and was rescued by

the sailors. I wrote about it to Monsieur de Sabron, and he answered me from the desert, the night before he went into battle."

"And that's all?" urged Madame de la Maine.

"That's all," said Miss Redmond. She drank her coffee.

"You tell a love story very badly, ma chere."

"Is it a love story?"

"Have you come to Africa for charity? Voyons!"

Julia was silent. A great reserve seemed to seize her heart, to stifle her as the poverty of her love story struck her. She sat turning her coffee-spoon between her fingers, her eyes downcast. She had very little to tell. She might never have any more to tell. Yet this was her love story. But the presence of Sabron was so real, and she saw his eyes clearly looking upon her as she had seen them often; heard the sound of his voice that meant but one thing—and the words of his letter came back to her. She remembered her letter to him, rescued from the field where he had fallen. She raised her eyes to the Comtesse de la Maine, and there was an appeal in them.

The Frenchwoman leaned over and kissed Julia. She asked nothing more. She had not learned her lessons in discretion to no purpose.

At night they sat out in the moonlight, white as day, and the radiance over the sands was like the snow-flowers. Wrapped in their warm coverings, Julia and Therese de la Maine lay on the rugs before the door of their tent, and above their heads shone the stars so low that it seemed as though their hands could snatch them from the sky. At a little distance their servants sat around the dying fire, and there came to them the plaintive song of Azrael, as he led their singing:

And who can give again the love of yesterday?

A wild wind replace the sand after it scattered?

What can heal the heart that Allah has smitten?

Can the mirage form again when there are no eyes to see?

"I was married," said Madame de la Maine, "when I was sixteen."

Julia drew a little nearer and smiled to herself in the shadow.

This would be a real love story.

"I had just come out of the convent. We lived in an old chateau, older than the history of your country, ma chere, and I had no dot. Robert de Tremont and I used to play together in the allees of the park, on the terrace. When his mother brought him over when she called on my grandmother, he teased me horribly because the weeds grew between the

stones of our terrace. He was very rude.

"Throughout our childhood, until I was sixteen, we teased each other and fought and quarreled."

"This is not a love-affair, Therese," said Miss Redmond.

"There are all kinds, ma chere, as there are all temperaments," said Madame de la Maine. "At Assumption—that is our great feast, Julia—the Feast of Mary—it comes in August—at Assumption, Monsieur de la Maine came to talk with my grandmother. He was forty years old, and bald—Bob and I made fun of his few hairs, like the children in the Holy Bible."

Julia put out her hand and took the hand of Madame de la Maine gently. She was getting so far from a love affair.

"I married Monsieur de la Maine in six weeks," said Therese.

"Oh," breathed Miss Redmond, "horrible!"

Madame de la Maine pressed Julia's hand.

"When it was decided between my grandmother and the comte, I escaped at night, after they thought I had gone

to bed, and I went down to the lower terrace where the weeds grew in plenty, and told Robert. Somehow, I did not expect him to make fun, although we always joked about everything until this night. It was after nine o'clock."

The comtesse swept one hand toward the desert. "A moon like this—not like this—ma chere. There was never but that moon to me for many years."

"I thought at first that Bob would kill me—he grew so white and terrible. He seemed suddenly to have aged ten years. I will never forget his cry as it rang out in the night. 'You will marry that old man when we love each other.' I had never known it until then."

"We were only children, but he grew suddenly old. I knew it then," said Madame de la Maine intensely. "I knew it then."

She waited for a long time. Over the face of the desert there seemed to be nothing but one veil of light. The silence grew so intense, so deep; the Arabs had stopped singing, but the heart fairly echoed, and Julia grew meditative—before her eyes the caravan waited for seemed to come out of the moonlit mist, rocking, rocking—the camels and the huddled figures of the riders, their shadows cast upon the sand.

And now Tremont would be forever changed in her mind. A man who had suffered from his youth, a warm-hearted boy, defrauded of his early love. It seemed to her that he was a charming figure to lead Sabron.

"Therese," she murmured, "won't you tell me?"

"They thought I had gone to bed," said the Comtesse de la Maine, "and I went back to my room by a little staircase, seldom used, and I found myself alone, and I knew what life was and what it meant to be poor."

"But," interrupted Julia, horrified, "girls are not sold in the twentieth century."

"They are sometimes in France, my dear. Robert was only seventeen. His father laughed at him, threatened to send him to South America. We were victims."

"It was the harvest moon," continued Madame de la Maine gently, "and it shone on us every night until my wedding day. Then the duke kept his threat and sent Robert out of France. He continued his studies in England and went into the army of Africa."

There was a silence again.

"I did not see him until last year," said Madame de la Maine, "after my husband died."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Meeting.

Under the sun, under the starry nights Tremont, with his burden, journeyed toward the north. The halts were distasteful to him, and although he was forced to rest he would rather have been cursed with sleeplessness and have journeyed on and on. He rode his camel like a Bedouin; he grew brown like the Bedouins and under the hot breezes, swaying on his desert ship, he sank into dreamy, moody and melancholy reveries, like the wandering men of the Sahara, and felt himself part of the desolation, as they were.

"What will be, will be!" Hammett Abou said to him a hundred times, and Tremont wondered: "Will Charles live to see Algiers?"

Sabron journeyed in a litter carried between six mules, and they traveled slowly, slowly. Tremont rode by the sick man's side day after day. Not once did the soldier for any length of time regain his reason. He would pass from coma to delirium, and many times Tremont thought he had ceased to breathe. Slender, emaciated under his covers, Sabron lay like the image of a soldier in wax—a wounded man carried as a votive offering to the altars of desert warfare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Things That Have Been Condemned.

If we banished from our tables all the commodities which—like potatoes—have been condemned in print our diet would be decidedly monotonous. "Food faddists are most aggressive persons," Henry Labouchere once complained. "In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries and bath buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waistcoats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woolen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours and lighting fires at the bottom."

Some Lost Motion.

A Philadelphia mathematician has figured it out that the telephone companies lose 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by all operators and patrons. Another has discovered that the froth on the beer pays the freight. But as yet no one has estimated the total horse power wasted in swallowing cigarette smoke and forcing it through the nose instead of blowing it from the mouth—Newark News.

Scandinavian Housekeeping.

In Scandinavia the peasant women who worked all day in the fields, have had their fireless methods of cooking for a long time. While breakfast was cooking, the pot containing the stew for dinner was brought to a boil, then placed inside a second pot, and the whole snugly encased between the feather beds, still warm from the night's occupancy. Some of these women had a loosened heart stone and a hole beneath.

TAKING 'N' FROM DAMN

DOES NOT TAKE THE CURSE OFF BY ANY MEANS.

When One Doesn't Care a—Well, Even "Tinker's Dam" is Bad Language to Say the Best About It.

RAVENNA, A DYING CITY

OVERS of the most beautiful things have had one great piece of good fortune in that Ravenna does not lie on the route of the mass of ordinary tourists who avoid it; so do the personally conducted flocks. It is, moreover, externally a dull town, and its streets and near surroundings are flat and uninteresting, writes Sir Martin Conway in Country Life.

A few miles away, indeed, there is the beautiful pine forest sung by Dante, a wild stretch of broken ground along the Adriatic coast, with charming glades and hollows, bushy below and overarched by rugged and pathetically dignified trees, where those who do not suffer from fear of snakes can wander in romantic surroundings. The neighborhood of Ravenna is, moreover, fever-stricken. I shall never forget a visit paid to the church of Santa Maria in Porto Furo. It stands in a hamlet of decaying houses, itself also far gone in decay—the pavement broken, plaster falling from the walls, and all the usual signs of dilapidation. A woman who brought the keys of the church told us how the few peasants about were all broken down with fever, how the priest was away as much as possible, how the folk were mostly atheistic and anarchistic, and why the minimum of work was done by anyone about. There were recking quagmires and damp places and stagnant pools on all sides, and the old church itself seemed to be sinking into the swamp.

It is not profane, but it has the sound of being profane, and that is all that is needed. An individual who would not for the world have used blasphemous language used to relieve his feelings by pronouncing the name of one of Wagner's operas in a tone that caused neighboring windows to fall in, and "Götterdämmerung" gave him as much satisfaction as if he had violated a commandment. And who was the man who always swore by Charles G. D. Roberts and Josephine Dodge Daskam because they sounded so profane? There is an excellent Methodist in this town who severely reprimands profanity whenever he hears it, but who produces all the effect of shocking blasphemy by the im-bittered emphasis he lays on the exclamation, "For government's sake!" Colonel Roosevelt plumed himself on his abstinence from profanity, but none of the unregenerates ever got such satisfaction out of a real curse word as he does out of "By Godfrey!" No, tinker's dam belongs in the comfort-giving galaxy of profane refuges for the emotions; and that is the worst you can say of the other damn.

It is now known as a historical fact that Frederick the Great on August 17, 1760, won the battle of Liegnitz because the Austrian generals Dunn and Lassen asserted that they had not heard the sound of cannons. It was supposed at that time that the statement of the Austrian commanders was an untruth, but it is now believed that a zone of silence existed. Similar phenomena have been observed recently. In 1908, when the Jungfrau railroad was being built in Switzerland, a fearful detonation took place, caused by the explosion of 25,000 kilograms of dynamite. The noise was heard at a distance of 30 kilometers, but not at 140 kilometers. Strange to say, however, the noise was heard 50 kilometers from the last named zone.

The Bible in Russia.

The holy synod at Petrograd has been busily engaged in the work of producing popular editions of the Bible. These are being widely distributed by the Orthodox church among soldiers on the battle field as well as to the sick and wounded. Various Russian Red Cross aid associations are including Bibles and Testaments in their parcels of "comforts" for troops at the front, and as the available stock of the British and Foreign Bible Society has become exhausted, the holy synod is undertaking the work of printing fresh editions. Should this wave of enthusiasm for the propagation of the Holy Scriptures prove more than a passing phase we may look forward to a revival of intelligent religious instruction in Russia.

Novel Porch Light.

A porch lamp of a new type, just placed on the market, is made to be installed inside the building so that it is not only protected from the weather, but serves to illuminate the hall or front room as well as the porch. The lamp is mounted inside the wall adjacent to the porch. Part of the light is diffused through the room, while a part of the horizontal rays are transmitted through a 1 1/4-inch tube to a globe mounted on the outside of the wall, where, with the aid of a reflector, it is uniformly distributed over the porch.—*Popular Mechanics*.

dug out and surrounded by a kind of walled moat; but all this only postpones the inevitable ultimate end. Ravenna is, in fact, a dying city, and has been dying slowly ever since the Lombards came and drove out the arches of the emperor of Byzantium a century or so before Charlemagne liberated the pope from Lombard oppression.

Tomb of the Great Ostrogoth.

One other monument of great importance cannot be passed over without a brief mention. This is the mausoleum of Theodoric himself. It is not large, a little larger than Galla Placidia's, but it is imposing by the strength of its massive stone construction. Polygonal in plan, two-story, with external staircases leading to a gallery round the empty upper chamber—that is all. For roof it is covered by one huge hollowed block of stone, like an inverted saucer in form, with an external protuberance in the center, on which a bronze ornament once stood. The bronze doors, the bronze parapet of the gallery, and perhaps other ornaments, were carried away by Charlemagne and built into his palatine chapel at Aix-la-Chapelle, where some of them can still be seen.

Nothing of Theodoric himself remains in his grave. His body was thrown out when orthodoxy supplanted Arianism. The mausoleum is now a mere empty shell, well protected by a salaried guardian, who in the hot season, when I was last there, accompanied me with a broom to sweep away the harmless snakes which are now the sole occupants of the pile. Enemies could throw out Theodoric's bones, but his memory they could not obliterate—the memory of one of the few really great men who snatched from falling Rome the torch of civilization she had borne so high, and availed for a short span to