

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

A Serious Event.

Le Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the Cavalry, sat smoking and thinking.

What is the use of being thirty years old with the brevet of captain and much distinction of family if you are a poor man—in short, what is the good of anything if you are alone in the world and no one cares what becomes of you?

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "Que diable is the noise in the stable, Brunet? Don't you know that when I smoke at this hour all Tarason must be kept stony silent?"

Tarason is never silent. No French meridional town is, especially in the warm sunlight of a glorious May day.

"The noise, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "is rather melancholy."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once."

The ordonnance held his kept in his hand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were apt to twinkle at his master's humor and caprices.

"I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event is taking place."

"It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

"I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine, that Michette has just died."

"Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Brunet?"

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the little terrier that Monsieur le Capitaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased.

"Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy little dog! Well, Brunet!"

"She has just breathed her last, mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family."

"I am not surprised," said the officer. "There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Capitaine is willing, I should like to keep one."

"Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself dies or causes me regret and pain. And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence."

"Bien, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given away five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it."

Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a

small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at his feet Sabron saw a rattling, unprepossessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. Its extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said curtly to his man:

"Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all events we shall have a try with it. Watch it along to my rooms."

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pichoune, which means "poor little thing."

"I shall call it Pichoune," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't do better than its name suggests."

He went slowly back to his rooms

and busied himself at his table with his correspondence. Among the letters was an invitation from the Marquise d'Esclignac, an American married to a Frenchman, and the great lady of the country thereabouts.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to dine with us on Sunday? I have my niece with me. She would be glad to see a French soldier. She has expressed such a wish. She comes from a country where soldiers are rare. We dine at eight."

Sabron looked at the letter and its fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invitation is likely to be, and it gave him a sense of cordiality. He had seen, during his rides, the beautiful lines of the Chateau d'Esclignac. Its towers surely looked upon the Rhone. There would be a divine view from the terraces. It would be a pleasure to go there. He thought more of what the place would be than of the people in it, for he was something of a hermit, rather a recluse, and very reserved.

He was writing a line of acceptance when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in his hand.

"Put Pichoune over there in the sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we shall see if we can bring him up by hand."

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

He remembered all his life the first dinner at the Chateau d'Esclignac, where from the terrace he saw the Rhone lying under the early moonlight and the shadows falling around the castle of good King Rene.

As he passed in, his sword clanking—for he went in full dress uniform to dine with the Marquise d'Esclignac—he saw the picture the two ladies made in their drawing-room: the marquise in a very splendid dress (which he never could remember) and her niece, a young lady from a country whose name it took him long to learn to pronounce, in a dress so simple that of course he never could forget it! He remembered for a great many years the fall of the ribbon at her pretty waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her girdle, and he always remembered the face that made the charm of the picture.

Their welcome to him was gracious. The American girl spoke French with an accent that Sabron thought bewilderingly charming, and he put aside some of his reserve and laughed and talked at his ease. After dinner (this he remembered with peculiar distinctness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and although he understood none of the words of the English ballad, he learned the melody by heart and it followed with him when he left. It went with him as he crossed the terrace into the moonlight to mount his horse; it went home with him; he hummed it, and when he got up to his room he hummed it again as he bent over the little roll of flannel in the corner and fed the puppy hot milk from a quill.

This was a painstaking operation and required patience and delicacy, both of which the big man had at his finger-tips. The tune of Miss Redmond's song did for a lullaby and the puppy fell comfortably to sleep while Sabron kept the picture of his evening's outing contentedly in his mind. But later he discovered that he was not so contented, and junted the hours when he might return.

He shortly made a call at the Chateau d'Esclignac with the result that he had a new picture to add to his collection. This time it was the picture of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Esclignac doing tapestry. While Sabron found that she had grown reticent again, he listened for another step and another voice and heard nothing; but before he took leave there was a hint of a second invitation to dinner.

The marquise was very handsome that afternoon and wore yet another bewildering dress. Sabron's simple taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she made a graceful picture, one of beauty and refinement, and the young soldier took it away with him. As his horse began to trot, at the end of the alley, near the poplars at the lower end of the rose terrace he caught a glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly a simpler dress than that worn by Madame d'Esclignac).

CHAPTER III.

A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master.

Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old. Sabron already knew how bright its eyes were and how alluring its young ways.

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pichoune has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome feet had taken him as far as the high-road, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the struggle for existence, a bicyclist had

cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!" Pichoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pichoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pichoune. A second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateaux; but there had been a thrill in the second caused by the fluttering of the white dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow it."

"The water trickled out from either side of Pichoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid into which he put a dash of brandy, down Pichoune's throat. Pichoune swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the glazed look had gone.

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until

FOR DANCING FLOOR
WHITE TAFFETA FROCKS WILL SUIT THE YOUNG GIRL.

Should Be Acceptable Both to the Wearer and Her Mother, Generally Rather Difficult Thing to Accomplish.

Fourteen and fifteen are sort of between-season ages for the growing girl. She is neither a little girl nor a big one, and her clothes must necessarily express a similar "half-and-half" aspect for consistency's sake. If they are too childish she herself won't like them, and if they are "grown-up" mother won't like them, so nothing remains but the usual happy medium, which, it must be admitted, is not always judiciously chosen.

In the matter of a dancing or party frock we feel confident in presenting in the accompanying cut, the very delectable little white taffeta frock, which seems in all respects possessed of the several features that will commend themselves both to the youthful wearer and the motherly board of censors—thus killing the usual number of birds in the usual way.

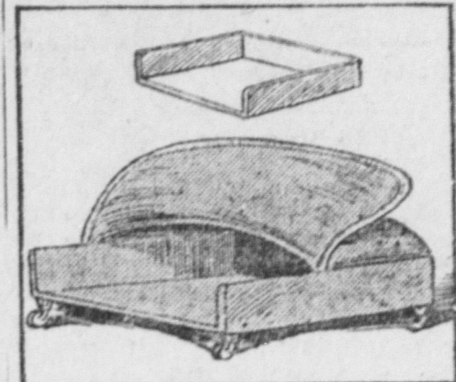
It has a simple little guimpe blouse of white chiffon or net with tiny self-ruffles to finish the sleeve end and V-neck. Over this is worn a straight shallow bodice of the taffeta with shoulder straps cut in one and corded on the edges. At the waist—a high one—it is held in under a line of white and yellow marguerites.

The skirt is gathered full and trimmed with ruffles set on in festoons, one about the hips, another below the knees, and a deep one to complete the skirt length. All are applied under a covered cording which makes

COMFORT IN FOOT-WARMER

Designed for Days When Rain Creates a Chill Even in Hot Weather of Summer.

On a rainy, chilly day a foot-warmer is a great comfort to anyone whose occupation necessitates sitting still for a long while, and for an invalid who cannot move about it is especially useful. Here we give a sketch of an article of this nature that can very easily be made with a shallow wooden box of a suitable size and shape. In constructing it, the lid and front of the box are removed and the interior lined with any kind of soft, warm material or, better still, should be handy, an old piece of fur.



Foot Warmer.

The exterior of the box is smoothly covered with dark green art serge, turned over at the edges and underneath and fastened on with tacks, and this, by the way, should be done prior to lining the box. The cover is fastened on at the back and rather more than half way along each side and there is a large loose flap, bound at the edge with braid that may be pulled well over the ankles after the feet have been placed in the warmer.

Castors screwed on at each corner underneath the box will enable the foot-warmer to be easily moved about the floor without lifting it up. The small sketch on the right of the illustration shows the woodwork prior to being lined and covered, and indicates the shape and size of the box that should be used for this purpose. In the larger sketch, the lining of the foot-warmer is not shown and this has been done in order that the way in which it may be constructed can be clearly seen.

The cover should, of course, be made of some of the dark art serge and lined with fur if possible; for the use of an invalid, it is an added comfort if it can be made large enough to hold a small hot water bottle or even a muff-heater.

CASTORS

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"He Won't Eat Anything From Me."

he should return. Pichoune's eyes, now open, followed his handsome master to the door. As Sabron opened it he gave a pathetic yelp which made the captain turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "it is no use. If I am left with Pichoune it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He lives for you alone."

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves.

Pichoune gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," the ordonnance threw up his hands, "he will be still by the time . . ."

But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third tenderly pathetic wail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FACTOR IN MODERN WARFARE

Commanding Generals Could Not Handle Present Enormous Armies Without the Motor.

With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of 300 miles, and one of 270 miles in the east—figures which not only convey some indication of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the commanders in chief.

Nevertheless, although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under control; in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defense or supply, the keynote of the operation has been effectiveness of the completest kind.

The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been conveyed by motor wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves.—Charles L. Preston in Scribner's Magazine.

WILL NOT Stick.

To prevent postage stamps from sticking together, rub them over the hair before putting them away.



Youthful Dancing Frock.

a pretty finish. A cluster of marguerites trims one side of the skirt.

Another very dainty version of this design can be evolved through the use of palest pink taffeta with velvet pasties for a belt and skirt trimming.

To Be in Vogue.

To be in vogue in our skirts we must have a smooth, flat hip look, with a decided flare at the hem and, if the figure permits, the fullness should be accentuated at the sides and flattened at front and back. To distinguish this skirt from the one you wore seven years ago the dressmaker will probably accentuate the way look at the edge by a shallow scallop or a slight lifting at front or sides.

STRAIGHT GIRDLER IS HERE

Tendency Marked in All the Latest Designs That Have Been Sent From Paris.

The newest designs sent over from Paris as forerunners of the spring and summer styles show a marked tendency to straight girdles passed around the figure directly at the line where the old waist used to be before we allowed the natural largeness of the figure to have its fullest development there. These belts could not be worn, with the frock or skirt and separate blouse that shows a small decrease of size between the bust and the hips.

White or light muslin frocks have a belt of three-inch black velvet ribbon which is a decided return to the days when small waists were in fashion. The empire line is also accentuated in evening frocks and short jackets, but one does not yet see it on day frocks. The individualist may try it out, but the average dressmaker is content to work out the return to the normal waist, which is no slight problem in itself.

You may think that the problem of the women who must get a small waist is the most difficult one, as flesh has a way of remaining where it has gained a strong hold, but after all, the corsetiers faces the worst of the work. Unless she knows how skillfully to handle the shaping of a corset and can contrive to give it a flexible appearance at the normal waist line, the work of the dressmaker is in vain and the task of the woman who wants a small waist is almost impossible. Again has a body blow been dealt the

POINTS ABOUT EMPIRE FROCK

Age of Wearer and Lissomeness of Figure Are Two Things to Be Considered.

There are two weighty things to consider before accepting the fashion for the empire effects in evening frocks. One is the age of the wearer and the other the lissomeness of the figure.

Josephine, the woman who created the style in order to show off her perfect figure, was certainly no longer young when she became the glass of fashion for not only France, but the world. She believed that the empire lines hid whatever marks the years had traced upon her physique, but somehow the woman of today, and especially of America, does not grow old in the same manner as Josephine did.

For the young and slender all things are possible. One does not even have to suggest that truth in a dress epoch when every new style seems to be especially created for fortunate youth. But the women who have passed the thirty mark must be clothed also, and it is the women of forty or over who seem to dominate the world today, socially, and even sentimentally, so clothing for her must be taken into reckoning.

Woman who is stout. The large waist line was her hope to be fashionable, and if it is taken away what will she do to be rightly dressed?

SILK STRIPES FOR WAISTS

Some of the Most Attractive Spring Blouses Are Made Up of That Material.

Silks with stripes that fairly make your mouth water are being made into waists that admit of much originality of line and trimming. These blouses come in the regulation wash silks and in the newer crepe de chine, with the stripes of satin and of very daring combinations. Dull tan grounds are enlivened with purple, green and black striping, and pink and black and green is a favorite combination on a white ground. One blouse in a broad black-and-white stripe is made with the stripes running vertically in the upper part of the kimono waist, while the lower part has the stripes running horizontally. A crepe de chine blouse with up-and-down stripes of pink in varying widths—shades of winter-green and teaberry sticks—has a front vest section made of the crosswise goods, while the collar and cuffs are treated in the same manner. Stripes are here with the spring breezes, so you had better make friends with them.

Tulle.

Tulle is as much used as ever. It has made itself a fabric of necessity, and it is difficult to imagine a change in styles great enough to change the position of tulle.

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