

HIS LOVE STORY

By **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 Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely devastated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his hands at their feet and kissed their hands.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."
"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"
"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend,'" "Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise. Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him?"
The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his cousin, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for her niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her aunt, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank."
Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"
"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary idleness by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfiled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him. He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it, every hair and point asserted it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night

"There was never another invitation!" "Voyons, mon cher," his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.
"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly Irish, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclignac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewed it with red and golden speckles. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk, Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor at that mo-



Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him.

ment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"
"Had he ever forgotten them?" He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"
"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"
Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hauled up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.
"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the

breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of 'life and death,' wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron.
"Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"
He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love,
All through the night;
Fast close in his encircling arms
Till the light.

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life, a wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a parti for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gaze joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteins, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wobbled into a restaurant.
"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"
The waiter didn't know.
"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"
The waiter couldn't say.
"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

LACE FOR THE NECK

NEW STYLES ARE EFFECTIVE IN THE EXTREME.

Aside From This Dainty Touch, All Lace Gowns Are Coming Back Into Favor—Something About the New Costume.

The tight bodice, with the square décolletage in front and elbow sleeves, has been introduced into afternoon and evening frocks, and it has



Model of White Serge Embroidered in Blue Soutache. Blouse of White Tulle Embroidered in Blue.

a touch of fine lace with a blue velvet bow to give softness to the neck. It allows many women a chance to appear their best in the evening, for it lends dignity, whereas the sleeveless bodices with the jeweled shoulder straps or the mist of illusion floating over the upper part of the body was not in keeping with certain figures of characters.

Another pictorial fashion which has been exploited by both Beer and Calot, and therefore will be extensively taken up, is the use of old and new lace frocks. It has been a long time since all-lace gowns were in the first fashion, although they never quite went out. This summer they will be revived with enthusiasm. It is not as strange that they should be introduced in a season of great lace-making depression as we thought when the first report of it came, for all the fabric places were limited this year in Europe, and large and rich houses in which fine materials are stored thought it wise to use what they had, trusting to the future to give them a wider variety of choice.

Splendid old lace flounces are used for skirts, beneath which there are placed finely shaded satin flowers. The revival of real lace has suggested the festooning of draperies on both the skirt and bodice, and flowers of silver gauze are used.

Along with such gowns as Irish-aise and Kitchener and Joffre has come a martial manner among the more versatile women. They walk with shoulders back, instead of a collapsed chest. They step along in a spirited way instead of sliding about. They are clean-cut and well put together.

It may be that this feature in the new way of dressing will do more to change the figure and the prevailing

BLOUSES MATCH BEIGE SUITS

Garments That Will Readily Be Seen to Have Many Points of Advantage.

To match the beige-colored suits are offered pongee silk blouses built on tailored lines with high, turn-over collar and rolling cuffs. The fronts of such blouses are usually box-plaited and fastened with ivory buttons in ball shape. The excellent point about these models, aside from their matching quality, is that they launder very easily.

To add variety to the line, there are pongee waists trimmed with dyed laces; and still others that are hand embroidered in floss the color of the blouse material. Like many other models of the period, certain of the models have the convertible collar, acceptable for either cool weather or warm weather wear.

The frilled blouse is back again. It is made of cotton voile, of georgette, crepe or of striped fllet marquisette. Its salient feature is the onerous side jabot, which is usually edged with lace. When there is a yoke it is apt to show a scalloped edge, sometimes piped with a contrasting color.

A lot of gold and soutache braiding is being tried out on blouses that start out to be plain and then seem to undergo a change and finish by being a semidress model. It is known that Paris is quite mad on the subject of braid trimmings; and this, of course, means an adoption of the same on this side of the Atlantic. American women have never been very particular in connection with daytime at-

idea underlying clothes than anything else. War is in the air and it is, therefore, bound to be reflected in some way in women's apparel. Possibly the reflection will not be in braid and buttons, in khaki coats and leather belts, but in a more upright carriage and less artificiality in a more direct outlook on everything, therefore on the way one dresses.

But leaping from philosophy to detail, there was never such a fashion for patent leather as now. It has been brought out in dark blue, an absolute innovation. Belts, collar and cuffs, hems to street suits, pockets and many other accessories are fashioned of it.

Khaki colored serge and gabardine are in favor, more so than the khaki itself. Short jackets that have huge pockets above and below the belt, fastened over with a pointed flap and a brass button, are made by all the tailors. And as for military buttons, there is no end to them. Many have some kind of insignia on them, though, of course, the proper one, used by the allied armies, is not permitted.

DAINTY MODEL FOR SPRING

Embodies All the Latest Effects That Have Come Into Recent Popularity.

The picture shows one of the daintiest of spring models. Spring weather has brought out the latest production of the Parisian and "made in America" fashion originators. After a walk in the New York shopping district, one could not help but think that a fashion show in which thousands of dainty manikins were participating was taking place on the avenue. The suit shown is of the favorite fawn-colored cravat cloth with the popular circular skirt. The jacket is three-quarter length pointed on the sides. A fawn-colored suede belt and a slightly standing collar complete the suit.



The tam o' shanter hat is of white corduroy velvet with two tassels on the side. The shoes are laced on the side and a little rosette at the top of the lacing sets off the white kid tops.

It may be, however, that the lure of gold as presented by French artists will prove more tempting this season than in times gone by.

Both shadow and heavy laces enter into the composition of recent blouses. There is nothing startlingly new about this, since laces of these types have been used off and on for many seasons.

When You Buy a Hat.

A millinery expert advises all women to wear a white dress or a white waist when trying on hats. She says: "The color of a dress may so greatly detract from the charm of what would be a becoming hat that the customer at once asserts the hat does not suit, whereas it is often becoming. We often drape a customer's bodice with white before even attempting to place a hat upon her head. It is merely a waste of time and patience to try one color after another for a woman who is wearing an off-color dress."

Normal Waist Line.

Short-waisted arrangements in suit coats and separate coats are not so much in evidence as they were in the midwinter and advance spring showing, the normal waist line being given preference, but occasional models with the high waist line are sponsored by the best designers, and these coats are more becoming to some figures than those of more sharply-defined waist curves.

The Side of the Skirt.

At the sides of the skirts the great changes have taken place. Gathers, plaits, circular insets and even pockets are introduced.

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