

# 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 Pitcheoune. 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. Trying to save Pitcheoune's life, he declines a second invitation to dinner because of a "very sick friend." No more invitations come from the Chateau d'Esclignac. Pitcheoune, though lame from his accident, thrives and is devoted to his master. Sabron and Pitcheoune meet the Marquise and Miss Redmond and after the story of Pitcheoune is told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algiers.

### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Pitcheoune, whose eyes had followed the cat out of sight, sprang upon his master and seemed quite ready for the new departure.

"I shall at least have you," Sabron said. "It will be your first campaign. We shall have some famous runs and I shall introduce you to a camel and make you acquainted with several donkeys, not to speak of the historic Arab steeds. You will see, my friend, that there are other animals besides yourself in creation."

"A telegram for mon capitaine." Brunet came in with the blue envelope which Sabron tore open.

You will take with you neither horses nor dogs.

It was an order from the minister of war, just such a one as was sent to some half-dozen other young officers, all of whom, no doubt, felt more or less discomfited.

Sabron twisted the telegram, put it in the fireplace and lighted his cigarette with it, watching Pitcheoune who, finding himself a comfortable corner in the armchair, had settled down for a nap.

"So," nodded the young man aloud. "I shall not even have Pitcheoune."

He smoked, musing. In the rigid discipline of his soldier's life he was used to obedience. His softened eyes, however, and his nervous fingers as they pulled at his mustache, showed that the command had touched him.

"What shall I do with you, old fellow?"

Although Sabron's voice was low, the dog, whose head was down upon his paws, turned his bright brown eyes on his master with so much confidence and affection that it completed the work. Sabron walked across the floor, smoking, the spurs on his heels clanking, the light shining on his brilliant boots and on his uniform. He was a splendid-looking man with race and breeding, and he combined with his masculine force the gentleness of a woman.

"They want me to be lonely," he thought. "All that the chiefs consider is the soldier—not the man—even the companionship of my dog is denied me. What do they think I am going to do out there in the long eastern evenings?" He reflected. "What does the world expect an unaccompanied wanderer to do?" There are many things and the less thought about them, the better.

"A letter for Monsieur le Capitaine." Brunet returned with a note which he presented stiffly, and Pitcheoune, who chose in his little brain to imagine Brunet an intruder, sprang from the chair like lightning, rushed at the servant, seized the leg of his pantaloons and began to worry them, growling, Brunet regarding him with admiration. Sabron had not thought aloud the last words of the telegram, which he had used to light his cigarette.

Nor will it be necessary to take a personal servant. The indigenes are capable ordonnances.

As he took the letter from Brunet's salver he said curtly: "I am ordered to Algiers and I shall not take horses nor Pitcheoune."

The dog, at mention of his name, set Brunet's leg free and stood quiet, his head lifted.

"Nor you either, mon brave Brunet." Sabron put his hand on his servant's shoulder, the first familiarity he had ever shown a man who served him with devotion, and who would have given his life to save his master's. "Those," said the officer curtly, "are the orders from headquarters, and the least said about them the better." The ruddy cheek of the servant turned pale. He mechanically touched his forehead.

"Bien, mon Capitaine," he murmured, with a little catch in his voice. He stood at attention, then wheeled and without being dismissed, stalked out of the room.

Pitcheoune did not follow. He remained immovable like a little dog cut from bronze; he understood—who shall say—how much of the conversation? Sabron threw away his cigarette, then read his letter by the mantlepiece, leaning his arm upon it. He read slowly. He had broken the seal slowly. It was the first letter he had ever seen in this handwriting. It was written in French and ran thus:

Monseigneur—My aunt wishes me to ask you if you will come to us for a little excursion tomorrow afternoon. We hope you will be free, and I hope, she added, that you will bring Pitcheoune. Not that

I think he will care for the music, but afterward perhaps he will run with us as we walk to the gate. My aunt wishes me to say that she has learned from the colonel that you have been ordered to Algiers. In this way she says that we shall have an opportunity of wishing you bon voyage, and I say I hope Pitcheoune will be a comfort to you.

The letter ended in the usual formal French fashion. Sabron, turning the letter and rereading it, found that it completed the work that had been going on in his lonely heart. He stood long, musing.

Pitcheoune laid himself down on the rug, his bright little head between his paws, his affectionate eyes on his master. The firelight shone on them both, the musing young officer and the almost human-hearted little beast. So Brunet found them when he came in with the lamp shortly, and as he set it down on the table and its light shone on him, Sabron, glancing at the ordonnance, saw that his eyes were red, and liked him none the less for it.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Soldier's Dog.

"It is just as I thought," he told Pitcheoune. "I took you into my life, you little rascal, against my will, and now, although it's not your fault, you are making me regret it. I shall end Pitcheoune, by being a cynic and misogynist, and learn to make idols of my career and my troops alone. After all, they may be tiresome, but they don't hurt as you do, and some other things as well."

Pitcheoune, being invited to the musicale at the Chateau d'Esclignac, went along with his master, running behind the captain's horse. It was a heavenly January day, soft and mild, full of sunlight and delicious odors, and over the towers of King Rene's castle the sky banners were made of celestial blue.

The officer found the house full of people. He thought it hard that he might not have had one more intimate picture to add to his collection. When he entered the room a young man was playing a violoncello. There was a group at the piano, and among the people the only one he clearly saw were the hostess, Madame d'Esclignac in a gorgeous velvet frock, then Miss Redmond, who stood by the window, listening to the music. She saw him come in and smiled to him, and from that moment his eyes hardly left her.

What the music was that afternoon the Count de Sabron could not have quickly:



He Stood Long Musing.

He stood very intelligently. Much of it was sweet, all of it was touching, but when Miss Redmond stood to sing and chose the little song of which he had made a lullaby, and sang it divinely, Sabron his hands clasped behind his back and his head a little bent, still looking at her, thought that his heart would break. It was horrible to go away and not tell her. It was cowardly to feel so much and not be able to speak it. And he felt that he might be equal to some wild deed, such as crossing the room violently, putting his hand over her slender one and saying: "I am a soldier; I have nothing but a soldier's life. I am going to Africa tomorrow. Come with me; I want you come!"

All of which, slightly impossible and quite out of the question, nevertheless charmed and soothed him. The words of her English song, almost barbaric to him because incomprehensible, fell on his ears. Its melody was already part of him.

"Monsieur de Sabron," said Madame d'Esclignac, "you are going away tomorrow?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I expect you will be engaged in some awful native skirmishes. Perhaps you will even be able to send back a tiger skin."

"There are no tigers in that part of Africa, Madame."

The young soldier's dark eyes rest-

ed almost hostilely on the gorgeous marquise in her red gown. He felt that she was glad to have him go. He wanted to say: "I shall come back, however; I shall come back and when I return" . . . but he knew that such a boast, or even such a hope was fruitless.

His colonel had told him only the day before that Miss Redmond was one of the richest American heiresses, and there was a question of a duke or a prince and heaven only knew what in the way of titles. As the marquise moved away her progress was something like the rolling of an elegant velvet chair, and while his feelings were still disturbed Miss Redmond crossed the room to him. Before Sabron quite knew how they had been able to escape the others or leave the room, he was standing with her in the winter garden where the sunlight came in through trellises and the perfume of the warmed plants was heavy and sweet. Before them flowed the Rhone, golden in the winter's light. The blue river swept its waves around old Tarascon and the battlements of King Rene's towers.

"You are going to Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur de Sabron?" Miss Redmond smiled, and how was Sabron to realize that she could not very well have wept there and then, had she wished to do so?

"Yes," he said. "I adore my regiment. I love my work. I have always wanted to see colonial service."

"Have you? It is delightful to find one's ambitions and desires satisfied," said Miss Redmond. "I have always longed to see the desert. It must be beautiful. Of course you are going to take Pitcheoune?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sabron, "that is just what I am not going to do."

"What!" she cried. "You are never going to leave that darling dog behind you?"

"I must, unfortunately. My superior officers do not allow me to take horses or dogs, or even my servant."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "What brutes they are! Why, Pitcheoune will die of a broken heart." Then she said: "You are leaving him with your man servant?"

Sabron shook his head.

"Brunet would not be able to keep him."

"Ah!" she breathed. "He is looking for a home? Is he? If so, would you . . . might I take care of Pitcheoune?"

The Frenchman impulsively put out his hand, and she laid her own in it. "You are too good," he murmured. "Thank you. Pitcheoune will thank you."

He kissed her hand. That was all. From within the salon came the noise of voices, and the bow of the violoncellist was beginning a new concerto. They stood looking at each other. No condition could have prevented it although the Marquise d'Esclignac was rolling toward them across the polished floor of the music-room. As though Sabron realized that he might never see this lovely young woman again, probably never would see her, and wanted before he left to have something made clear, he asked quickly:

"Could you, Mademoiselle, in a word or two tell me the meaning of the English song you sang?"

She flushed and laughed slightly.

"Well, it is not very easy to put it in prose," she hesitated. "Things sound so differently in music and poetry; but it means," she said in French, bravely, "why, it is a sort of prayer that someone you love very much should be kept safe night and day. That's about all. There is a little sadness in it, as though," and her cheeks glowed, "as if there was a sort of separation. It means . . ."

"Ah!" breathed the officer deeply. "I understand. Thank you."

And just then Madame d'Esclignac rolled up between them and with an unmistakable satisfaction presented to her niece the gentleman she had secured.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Your Own Home.

William L. Price in "The House of the Democrat," gave us a description of his ideal dwelling in words so general and simple, and full of such picturesque feeling, that they seem a fitting preface to an article on the planning of a home. "The rooms," he said, "shall be ample and low; wide-windowed, deep-seated, spacious, cool by reason of shadows in summer warmed by the ruddy glow of fire-sides in winter; open to wistful summer airs, tight closed against the winter blasts: a house, a home, a shrine."

One cannot but wish that every homebuilder and architect would learn these words by heart and hold them as a constant reminder—for in that one propitious sentence seems to be condensed the very spirit of a home.

The atmosphere of comfort and restfulness cannot be attained, however, without much wise and thoughtful planning. Its roots are in the practical, the seemingly commonplace—which rightly treated, result in lasting homelike charm.—The Craftsman

#### Chinese Currency.

Currency in China has had all sorts of surprises for the layman, but the present situation is simply extraordinary. There is now found to be an actual plethora of dollars and small coins and since last August the Chinese have been melting them and converting them into silver. The reason why dollars are being melted is that large issues of the provincial mints have found no use in the market, and as all Chinese accounts are in taels the present price of the dollar is not very conducive to its existence and circulation.

## NEW SHADE OF BLUE

POPULAR SPRING COLOR IS REMARKABLY PRETTY.

Probably Seen at Its Best in the Taffetas—Illustration Shows One of the Most Effective of the Recent Gowns.

The newest and smartest shade of blue is designated "bleu soldat" or soldier blue, and really is remarkably pleasing. It rather borders on a violet tone, but is not so dark and probably resembles the blue of gentians as nearly as any other known shade.

This is a modish spring color and is particularly good in taffetas, of which the illustrated dress is fashioned. It will be necessary to have a white China silk waist lining, sleeveless, of course, and just serving as a foundation to which the skirt and little shirred neck yoke may be attached. The shirred yoke is merely added



above the round décolletage of the lining and shows inside the wide V of over-blosure.

The top of the skirt is evenly gathered all round, and an added section above is shirred and corded in three or four more rows. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with two bands of self material, the first a trifle narrower than the second, and both slightly frilled under a finishing cord. The lower edge of these bands is cut in little square tabs to correspond with the lower edge of the blouse.

In front the short unconfined edge of the blouse runs up at the center. The sides and back are held in a little, about four inches above the waist under a cording. The long sleeves show three encircling bands of self material all slashed to form square tabs.

Over either hip and below the center of the V neck a bit of dull silver embroidery is introduced, taking the form of long, narrow points that are extremely attractive as a trimming.

#### Patent Leather Trimmings.

Patent leather trimmings are very effective and decidedly new. Most of the dresses thus ornamented are in modified empire style, the skirts very short. One in blue serge has on each side of the skirt four narrow bias ruffles edged with patent leather.

## ALL HAVE MILITARY EFFECT

Cut and Trimming of New Blouses Are Alike in This Respect in the Season's Styles.

The military effect of trimness and trimness is carried out not only on the cut of the new blouses but also in their trimmings. Edges are bound with narrow braid, buttons are used in close ranks and bows and all sorts of silk loops and ornaments simulate military frogs. A stunning blouse of coffee-colored golden-rod satin—the supple, soft satin so liked for blouse wear—has a buttoned-up collar in choker style and link cuffs fastened with white pearl buttons. Four "frogs" of white silk cord, with loops caught over immense ball buttons covered with the coffee satin, appear to fasten the blouse fronts, but underneath are hidden snap fasteners, a safer and saner closing than the widely separated frogs. A blouse of dutch blue georgette crepe is trimmed with black edge binding braid and small eagle brass buttons in true military style.

One of the most striking new imported blouses, fresh from Paris, is a charming model of sheerest white voile, embroidered with big yellow-centered daisies, and a smart black tie, pinked and hemstitching and small motifs of hand-embroidery add their quota of prettiness to the new spring blouses, which are so soft in material and so delectable in color.

Simple Lines in Frocks. More material and simple lines will be the important points of the new frocks.

Roses of serge and patent leather form an effective trimming for the bodice. Another frock, with a full skirt cut in large scallops at the bottom, is faced in red patent leather. There is also a half collar of patent leather.

## NEW IDEA IN DECORATION

People Have Learned the Value of Black and White as Means of Securing Color Effect.

Black and white have taken the world of interior decorations by storm. And the combination isn't only a fad; it promises to last, now that we have discovered how much character to articles and rooms can be given by this color effect. Even the bedroom has not been spared—or it has been honored, whichever way you look at it—with the attention of black and white, and we find black rugs on white floors, and white beds and furniture and woodwork, and sometimes black curtains, and now there have been introduced the most charming lingerie sets for the bed, dressing-table, dresser and chiffonier, the set sometimes including from one to half a dozen boudoir pillows. That part of the lingerie used for the bed includes a spread, bolster slip and pillows or shams. If a bolster throw is used, then only the bolster throw is needed, doing away with the necessity of the bolster slips and shams.

The black-and-white lingerie bedroom set may be embroidered in any design that you would use for the all-white embroidery set. The material used is rather heavy white linen. The design is worked in black mercerized cotton. It must be very carefully worked on the wrong side, few, if any, connecting threads being used when passing from one design to another.

If you do not wish to use black curtains at the window, lawn curtains with black figures are good substitutes. If shades are used with the curtains, they should be either all black or white. A black-and-white carpet may be used instead of all white or all black. Black carpet with white rugs, or vice versa, is also effective. The boudoir pillows should be of white embroidered in black. They should not, however, be placed over black pillows, as in the case of pink or blue pillows. White pillows must be used for the purpose or the pillow slips will look soiled. A black-and-white room would prove pleasing to a man.

## BLACK STOCK IS BECOMING

Properly Arranged, It Should Give Just the Right Touch to the Tailored Costume.

For a tailored waist there is nothing quite so trig as a black satin stock, high in proportions and livened by a white frill of some sort sticking out under the chin. A decidedly good-looking one of this order is made in this way: Buy half a yard of heavy black satin or grosgrain ribbon. Make this the exact size of the neck, boning it so that it will not sag loosely about the throat. The ribbon should be very wide so that it can be laid over in flat plaits around the throat. These are tacked down in place. Do not fasten in the center back, but on one side, where a row of tiny white, flat pearl buttons is placed. These run up and down; a similar row being placed at the side opposite. The row of buttons should come directly under each ear.

Now comes the piece de resistance of the entire stock. These are square tabs of white faille which unfold, petal-like, beneath the chin. One square comes directly under the chin, one on either side of the face, another directly behind each ear and a last one in the back of the collar. These square pieces are wired to stand out like a Pierrot ruff and are a very chic and pretty finish to the somber stock.

## LATEST THING IN FOOTWEAR

Military Boots Similar to Those Worn by Russian Cossacks Are a New York Fad.

Military boots, made to imitate the boots worn by Russian Cossacks, are now being introduced in New York city, says an exchange, and furnish the latest surprise in feminine foot-



These Boots Are Made of Suede to Match the Costume, With Vamps, Heels and Trimmings of Patent Leather.

wear. These boots are made of suede, with vamps, heels, and trimmings of patent leather, and are to be worn with a tailored suit of a military type. They come in all colors to match the costume, but are invariably trimmed in patent leather.

Flowered Lawn Dresses. Flowered lawns will be made up into afternoon dresses for summer days.

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