

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 he told Sabron is forgiven and invited to dinner again. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. He is invited to a musicale at the Chateau, where Miss Redmond, hearing that Sabron cannot take Pitcheoune with him, offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"My dear Julia, my godson, the Duc de Tremont." And Sabron bowed to both the ladies, to the duke, and went away.

This was the picture he might add to his collection: the older woman in her vivid dress, Julia in her simpler gown, and the titled Frenchman bowing over her hand.

When he went out to the front terrace Brunet was there with his horse, and Pitcheoune was there as well, stiffly waiting at attention.

"Brunet," said the officer to his man, "will you take Pitcheoune around to the servants' quarters and give him to Miss Redmond's maid? I am going to leave him here."

"Good, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance, and whistled to the dog.

Pitcheoune sprang toward his master with a short sharp bark. What he understood would be hard to say, but all that he wanted to do was to remain with Sabron. Sabron bent down and stroked him.

"Go, my friend, with Brunet. Go, mon vieux, go," he commanded sternly, and the little dog, trained to obedience as a soldier's dog should be, trotted reluctantly at the heels of the ordonnance, and the soldier threw his leg over the saddle and rode away. He rode regardless of anything but the fact that he was going.

CHAPTER VIII.

Homesick. Pitcheoune was a soldier's dog, born in a stable, of a mother who had been dear to the castron. Michette had been une vraie vivandiere, a real daughter of the regiment.

Pitcheoune was a worthy son. He adored the drums and trumpets. He adored the life. He adored the drills which he was accustomed to watch from a respectable distance. He liked Brunet, and the word had not yet been discovered which would express how he felt toward Monsieur le Capitaine, his master. His muscular little form expressed it in every fiber. His brown eyes looked it until their paths might have melted a heart of iron.

There was nothing picturesque to Pitcheoune in the Chateau d'Esclignac or in the charming room to which he was brought. The little dog took a flying tour around it, over sofas and chairs, landing on the window-seat, where he crouched. He was not wickered, but he was perfectly miserable, and the lovely wiles of Julia Redmond and her endearments left him unmoved. He refused meat and drink, was indifferent to the views from the window, to the beautiful view of King Rene's castle, to the tantalizing cat gazing herself against the wall. He flew about like mad, leaving destruction in his wake, tugged at the leash when they took him out for exercise. In short, Pitcheoune was a homesick, lovesick little dog, and thereby endeared himself more than ever to his new mistress. She tied a ribbon around his neck, which he promptly chewed off. She tried to feed him with her own fair hands; he held his head high, looked bored and grew thin in the flanks.

"I think Captain de Sabron's little dog is going to die, ma tante," she told her aunt.

"Fiddlesticks, my dear Julia! Keep him tied up until he is accustomed to the place. It won't hurt him to fast; he will eat when he is hungry. I have a note from Robert. He has gone to Monte Carlo."

"Ah!" breathed Miss Redmond indifferently.

She slowly went over to her piano and played a few measures of music that were a torture to Pitcheoune, who found these ladylike performances in strong contrast to drums and trumpets. He felt himself as a soldier degraded and could not understand why he should be relegated to a salon and to the mild society of two ladies who did not even know how to pull his ears or roll him over on the rug with their riding boots and spurs. He sat against the window as was his habit, looking watching, yearning.

"Vous avez tort, ma chere," said her aunt, who was working something less than a thousand flowers on her tapestry. "The chance to be a princess and a Tremont does not come twice in a young girl's life, and you know you have only to be reasonable, Julia."

Miss Redmond's fingers wandered, magnetically drawn by her thoughts, into a song which she played softly through. Pitcheoune heard and turned his beautiful head and his soft eyes to her. He knew that tune. Neither drums nor trumpets had played it, but there was no doubt about its being fit for soldiers. He had heard his master sing it, hum it, many times. It had soothed his nerves when he was a sick puppy and it went with many things of the intimate life with his master. He remembered it when he had dazed by the fire and dreamed of chasing cats and barking at Brunet and being a faithful dog all around; he heard again a beloved voice hum it to him. Pitcheoune whined and softly jumped down on his seat. He put his forepaws on Miss Redmond's lap. She stopped and caressed him, and he licked her hand.

"That is the first time I have seen that dog show a spark of human gratitude, Julia. He is probably begging you to open the door and let him take a run."

Indeed Pitcheoune did go to the door and waited appealingly.

"I think you might trust him out. I think he is tamed," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is a real little savage."

Miss Redmond opened the door and Pitcheoune shot out. She watched him tear like mad across the terrace, and scuttled into the woods, as she thought, after a rabbit. He was the color of the fallen leaves and she lost sight of him in the brown and golden brush.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fortunes of War. Sabron's departure had been delayed on account of a strike at the dockyards of Marseilles. He left Tarascon one lovely day toward the end of January and the old town with its sweetness and its sorrow, fell behind, as he rolled away to brighter suns. A friend from Paris took him to the port in his motor and there Sabron waited some forty-eight hours before he set sail. His boat lay out on the azure water, the brown rocks of the coast behind it. There was not a breeze to stir as he took the tug which was to convey him. He was inclined to dip his fingers in the indigo ocean, sure that he would find them blue. He climbed up the ladder alongside of the vessel, was welcomed by the captain, who knew him, and turned to go below, for he had been suffering from an attack of fever which now and then laid hold of him, ever since his campaign in Morocco.

Therefore, as he went into his cabin, which he did not leave until the steamer touched Algiers, he failed to see the baggage tender pull up and failed to see a sailor climb to the deck with a wet bedraggled thing in his hand that looked like an old fur cap except that it wriggled and was alive.

"This, mon commandant," said the sailor to the captain, "is the pluckiest little beast I ever saw."

He dropped a small terrier on the deck, who proceeded to shake himself vigorously and bark with apparent delight.

"No sooner had we pushed out from the quay than this little beggar sprang from the pier and began to swim after us. He was so funny that we let him swim for a bit and then we hauled him in. It is evidently a mascot, mon commandant, evidently a sailor dog who has run away to sea."

The captain looked with interest at Pitcheoune, who engaged himself in making his toilet and biting after a flea or two which had not been drowned.

"We sailors," said the man saluting, "would like to keep him for luck, mon commandant."

"Take him down then," his superior officer ordered, "and don't let him up among the passengers."

It was a rough voyage. Sabron passed his time saying good-by to France and trying to keep his mind away from the Chateau d'Esclignac, which persisted in haunting his uneasy slumber. In a blaze of sunlight, Algiers, the white city, shone upon them on the morning of the third day and Sabron tried to take a more cheerful view of a soldier's life and fortunes.

He was a soldierly figure and a handsome one as he walked down the gangplank to the shore to be welcomed by fellow officers who were eager to see him, and presently was lost in the little crowd that streamed away from the docks into the white city.

CHAPTER X.

Together Again. That night after dinner and a cigarette, he strode into the streets to distract his mind with the sight of the oriental city and to fill his ears with the eager cries of the crowd. The lamps flickered. The sky overhead was as blue nearly as in daytime. He walked leisurely toward the native quarter, jostled, as he passed, by men in their brilliant costumes and by a veiled woman or two.

He stopped indifferently before a little cafe, his eyes on a Turkish bazaar

where velvets and scarfs were being sold at double their worth under the light of a flaming yellow lamp. As he stood so, his back to the cafe where a number of the ship's crew were drinking, he heard a short sharp sound that had a sweet familiarity about it and whose individuality made him start with surprise. He could not believe his ears. He heard the bark again and then he was sprung upon by a little body that ran out from between the legs of a sailor who sat drinking his coffee and liquor.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sabron, thinking that he must be the victim of a hashish dream. "Pitcheoune!" The dog fawned on him and whined, crouched at his feet whining—like a child. Sabron bent and fondled him. The sailor from the table called the dog imperatively, but Pitcheoune had died at his master's feet rather than return. If his throat could have uttered words he would have spoken, but his eyes spoke. They looked as though they were tearful.

"Pitcheoune, mon vieux! No, it can't be Pitcheoune. But it is Pitcheoune! And Sabron took him up in his arms. The dog tried to lick his face.

"Voysons," said the officer to the marine, who came rolling over to them, "where did you get this dog?"

The young man's voice was imperative and he fixed stern eyes on the sailor, who pulled his forelock and explained.

"He was following me," said Sabron, not without a slight catch in his voice. The body of Pitcheoune quivered under his arm. "He is my dog. I think his manner proves it. If you have grown fond of him I am sorry for you, but I think you will have to give him up."

Sabron put his hand in his pocket and turned a little away to be free of the native crowd that, chattering and grinning, amused and curious and



Looking, Watching, Yearning.

eager to participate in any distribution of coin, was gathering around him. He found two gold pieces which he put into the hand of the sailor.

"Thank you for taking care of him. I am at the Royal Hotel." He nodded, and with Pitcheoune under his arm pushed his way through the crowd and out of the bazaar.

He could not interview the dog himself, although he listened, amused, to Pitcheoune's own manner of speech. He spent the latter part of the evening composing a letter to the minister of war, and although it was short, it must have possessed certain evident and telling qualities, for before he left Algiers proper for the desert, Sabron received a telegram much to the point:

You may keep your dog. I congratulate you on such a faithful companion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gauge for Measuring Sootfall. The Pittsburgher who resents the timeworn variations of the soft coal smoke gages now has his chance to prove that they are unjustified, or remain forever silent. By a new invention it is at present possible to measure the sootfall of any city as accurately as its rain or snowfall may be measured. Already this soot gauge, tried out in England, has proved what the tourist long suspected, that London, with all its yellow fog, has far purer air than the North of England factory cities of Birmingham, Manchester and the like. Not only have Pittsburgh and other slandered American cities the opportunity to whiten their sooted reputations, but the manufacturer, too, may now establish accurately the exact proportion of his contribution to the civic soot; for the new device judges the quality as well as the amount of sootfall, and is quite capable of distinguishing between the factory, furnace and kitchen range.—Literary Digest.

The Boy Who Dreams. It is a good thing for the farmer boy to have an imagination, says the Prairie Farmer. It is a good thing for him to "dream dreams and see visions." It takes a dreamer to see the transformation that intelligent effort will bring to pass on the old place. It takes a dreamer to see how much more desirable that place will be in ten years than a job in a dry goods store.—Emporia Gazette.

To Remove Paint. Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how hard or dry it is. Saturate spots two or three times, then wash in warm soapsuds.

POETRY OF THE CELT

FRENCH EXPERT TRACES ITS INFLUENCE IN LITERATURE.

Shows Possibility That the Institution of the Nomad Troubadour Had Its Origin in the Country of Wales.

Anatole le Braz of the University of Rennes, Brittany, in a lecture on the Celtic influence in literature, at the University of Cincinnati, distinguished between two classes of Celtic populations, those Celtic in origin, but with an intermingling of French and English blood, and those more purely Celtic. The second class, he said, is found in France, among the Bretons, and in England, among the Celts of Cornwall, the Welsh, and the Irish. To it we must look for any remains of the Celtic genius and for the means by which Celtic influence was brought to bear upon European literature. Ireland, which M. le Braz chose as his starting point, possessed, at the time of the Scandinavian invasion, an old civilization that had been little influenced by Rome or Germany. Christianity, however, left a profound imprint upon the Gaelic soul. It is in the religious domain that Ireland first influenced the European world. Her saints evangelized barbaric Europe; and it was at the time of her religious awakening that she produced her artists and philosophers. The influence of her epic poetry was no less felt than that of her evangelization.

The Celts of Cornwall and Wales, he continued, superior in culture at the time of the Saxon invasion, refused to be absorbed by their more savage conquerors. The two chief Celtic passions, love of country and love of independence, found expression in the legends of King Arthur, who, he believed, would reappear to free them from the Saxon yoke. Through poetry and music these legends were kept ever fresh in the Celtic mind. Music and song were an essential part of their education, and the bard was a privileged character among them, from the sixth century through the twelfth.

Gradually, as the Celts and Saxons united, the latter learned to appreciate the Celtic poetry, and the Celtic literary themes passed into Saxon possession. But, as the new social state evolved, formed of this alliance, the art of the bards ceased to be an official institution, and they were compelled to find a means of support. They became wandering singers, going to assemblies, feasts and abbeys. "I should not be surprised," he remarked M. le Braz, "if it should some day be discovered that the institution of the nomad troubadour, of the jongleur, so popular in Europe during the middle ages, had its first originators in the country of Wales." Through the nomad bard, then, Celtic poetry was disseminated, sung in the three languages—Celtic, Saxon, Roman.

Xerxes and the Hellespont. We can imagine our sailors applying alliterative epithets to the Dardanelles when one of the weather interruptions occurs, remarks the London Chronicle. But we cannot imagine Admiral Carden doing that sort of thing officially, as Xerxes did when a storm wrecked his bridge of boats from Abydos to Sestos. Not content with having the engineers decapitated, he ordered the infliction of 300 lashes upon the strait and the letting down into it of a set of fetters. Herodotus discredits the story that Xerxes also sent irons to brand the strait. But the historian does give the non-Hellenic and blasphemous terms which the scourgers were ordered to use: "Thou bitter water, this is the penalty which our master inflicts upon thee because thou hast wronged him though he has never wronged thee. King Xerxes will cross thee, whether thou wilt or not; but thou deservest not sacrifice from any man, because thou art a treacherous river of salt water."

She Gently Swore. One of the new skeleton-trimmed hats worn by women caused merriment in a New York subway train and cost one man the price of a new pair of eyeglasses. The wearer of the hat, a short, stylishly gowned, good-looking young woman, was seated between two tall men, both of whom wore eyeglasses with a cord attached. Every time the woman fidgeted around the trimming would catch the strings attached to the eyeglasses of the two men. Suddenly one of the men started for the door as the guard called his station. When he arose he jerked the girl's hat almost off her head, and as the hatpins pulled her hair she gave a little cry of pain. The man confusedly murmured an apology, at the same time clutching at his glasses, which had been loosened by the concussion and which fell to the floor and were broken. The young man beat a retreat for the door, while the young woman adjusted her headgear and gently swore beneath her breath.

Mistaken Influence. "Pop, why doesn't the anti-racety society get after Wall street?" "Why should it?" "Don't they have bull fights and bear pits there?"

Something of One. "Is your son anything of a sprinter since he went to college?" "Well, he holds the family record for running up a bill."

STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Jacob L. Weitzel Dies; Shot Self. Mystic Circle Of State and N. J. Ends Sessions—Cattle Plague Near Corry.

The Grand Ruling of the Fraternal Mystic Circle, embracing Pennsylvania and New Jersey, adjourned at Allentown after installing these new officers: Grand ruler, S. L. Schroeder, Greencastle; vice-grand ruler, Henry S. Roth, Jr., Philadelphia; grand chaplain, Victor E. Grim, Allentown; grand recording secretary, E. S. Miller, Allentown; grand treasurer, C. F. Kuhns, Waynesboro; grand warden, J. H. Joeller, Altoona; grand marshal, Dr. A. F. G. Paetzel, Erie; grand guard, Mrs. Elizabeth Appel, Pittston; grand sentry, H. S. Thatcher, Lancaster.

In connection with the third State encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Reading, there was a parade of all-the military organizations of the city. General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., retired, was a special guest of honor. At the convention of the order Adjutant General Tobias Wingard reported twenty-five posts in good standing. They have a membership of 3,000. The proposition to pension widows and orphans of foreign-born was indorsed.

At public vendue conducted by Sheriff David Jones, at his office in the courthouse, West Chester, several properties went under the hammer, among them the famous Devon Inn, in Easton Township. The four-story building, containing more than 200 rooms, was sold for a debt of \$108,150, and was knocked down to David C. Leech, the plaintiff in the execution, for \$70,000. There are about fourteen acres of land in the tract.

Martha Schultz, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do farmer, was attacked by two masked women near a coke plant in the outskirts of Conneville. One of the women held Miss Schultz while the other pressed on each cheek the uncorked neck of a bottle filled with acid. Her face was badly burned. Several weeks ago Miss Schultz received a letter ordering her to place \$1,000 and a gold watch in a secluded spot.

In his sermon on "Moral Cleansing" in the tabernacle at Chester, Rev. William Nicholson deplored the fact that Chester people could not be brought to a realization of their extreme need of salvation, declaring that his work had not only been denied the support it had received in other places, but had been subjected to ridicule, unjust criticism and condemnation from men and women who should have flocked to his aid.

Howard G. Dibble, head of the schools of Lambertville, N. J., was selected as the principal of the Harrisburg Central High School, to succeed the late Prof. W. S. Steele. He was the unanimous choice of the committee and was formerly head master at Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia, and had charge of schools in New England.

Seven cases of foot and mouth disease were discovered on the farm of Ernest Fitch, in Wayne Township, the entire herd will be destroyed by Federal and State officials. The cases were discovered by Dr. William Roswell, local inspector for the State Live Stock Sanitary Board.

Jacob L. Weitzel, well-known Reading baseball promoter and former business man, died in St. Joseph's Hospital there, having been unconscious since Tuesday afternoon, when he was found by strollers in Mineral Spring Park, where he had attempted suicide by shooting.

The barn of Paul Unger, of Coopersburg, was burned at a loss of \$1,500, and officers are looking for a tramp who is suspected because he became angry when Mrs. Unger offered him only cake and coffee when he demanded that a meal be cooked for him.

Despondent over the death of his wife, James Shaffer, fifty years old, of Allentown, slashed his wrists with a razor, and lost so much blood that his death is feared by the surgeons at the hospital.

Edward and Charles Uhler, in jail at Allentown, for looting a number of express offices in the Lehigh Valley, have applied for a pardon, being represented by State Senator Horace W. Schantz.

John Stiles, a page in the State House of Representative at Harrisburg who was accidentally shot by his father, Michael Stiles, at the family home in Cumbs, died in the Pottsville Hospital.

The farmers of Welsenberg Township, Lehigh county, met at Selbstown and organized a grange, the sixth for the county.

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