HISLOVE STO MARIE VAN VORST TLLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

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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'Eselignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American beiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not aflowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sacred Trust.

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveli- tranquilly in the heat. ness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitchoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone.'

Pitchoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days dly in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close went on caravan explorations.

You are a great deal, but you really eyes returned to the page. don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves To guard it. Sabron they were as fragrant as flow-The peculiar incenselike odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most deticious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day woolly head bare. He stood as stiff had been hot and there came up the as a ramrod and as black. In his cool breeze that would give them a detieious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his play a game of carte in the meas lonely tent like a bridal flower in a tent?" veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and letter: from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him his stallion saddled and to ride away alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to every night of his life.

There had been much looting of carhis business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eye and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow. shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordon nance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarce ly more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in and put it in his pocket next his French and po'nted, for the man un- heart. derstood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitchoune by same time it makes me more so. This the nape of his neck up to his lap, and the two sat watching the caravan cannot understand." slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred vards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go." he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outwide of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the -- Squadron of Cavalry-

Sabron added mentally:

"-wherever it may happen to be!" He ordered bakshish given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work had some hardships. He felt a million miles away The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfristened the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post

Then, for the light was bad, bril-Hont though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. ly touched and loved Pitchoune more On his dressing table was a small il- than ever. She would have changed fumination consisting of a fat canule place with him gladly. It was an grinding his teeth. 'Keep it up. dad set in a glass case. The mosquitoes honor, a distinction to share a sol- I can stand it."

and flies were thick around it. Pitchoune followed him and lay down on a

he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my maid, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in

Sabron glanced over to the mat side, his forepaws wide, was breathing

We have heard rumors of a little dog

who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune Sabron nodded. "It was, however,

mon brave," he said to the terrier. Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the reto Sabron's man servant when they grets of my life that you cannot tell from your window on the Rhone Valley us about it How did you get the "Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not scent? How did you follow me?" alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's and you will think of Africa. Do so if

> do not think you will ever forgive go to sleep. us. You left us a trust and we did not

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as epony, his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his

a sacred trust." Half aloud he murmured: "I left a was profound. He had only to order very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no for a little distance in order to be one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare

thoughts with him and came back to . . . So I write you this letter to tell his tent more conscious of his solitude you about darling Pitchoune. I had grown every night of his life. miss him terribly. . . . My aunt asks There had been much looting of car- me to say that she hopes you had a fine avans in the region by brigands, and crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say . . .

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

I say I hope you will be success ful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours, JULIA REDMOND, When Sabron had read the letter

several times he kissed it fervently "That," he said to Pitchoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the

is a paradox, mon vieux, which you

CHAPTER XII.

The News From Africa.

It took the better part of three eve nings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he down to Dirbal, however, and they had did say stronger than if perhaps he

could have expressed it quite frankly. Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read She wiped away two

tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it. Mademoiselle, a little do following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend

Julia Redmond reflected, was great-

dier's exile and to be his companion Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many.

Mademoiselfe, in this life many things collow us; certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoise the tune you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere followed me to my barracks, folowed me across the sea, and here in my

tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me; I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still. I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the mu-

sic in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. it is, Mademoiselie, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions. are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing-music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible-appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot nd you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say, orrow, I understand from my men,

where Pitchoune, stretched on his we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slavedealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I be lieve we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who can tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that

it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoliselle. When you look and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful gardens, perhaps your mind will travel farther you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you

I am, Mademoiselle, Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DE SABRON. There was only one place for a let-



The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy: she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bees to Fight Troops. In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires.--London Mail

The Coming Spirit "This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousanddollar field hospital to the beligerents.

"This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie.

"Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said: "'Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you.' "'Then keep it up,' said little Willie

SUNK BY SUBMARINE

Destruction of Steamer Attributed to Torpedo.

SHOCK FATAL TO CAPTAIN

The Captain Of the Gulflight, Which Was Bound From Texas To Rouen, France, Dies Of Heart Failure As a Result Of Shock.

London.-The American oil tank steamer Gulflight, which sailed from Port Arthur, Tex., April 10, for Rouen, France, was torpedoed at noon off the Scilly Islands, according to a dispatch received by the Central News Agency. The captain of the Gulflight died of heart failure as a result of shock. Two seamen jumped overboard and were

drowned. The other members of the crew were taken off by a patrol-boat and landed. The vessel was towed into Crow Sound and beached.

The Gulflight was a steel vessel of 3,202 tons net and was built at Camden, N. J., in 1914. She was owned by the Gulf Refining Company. The vessel was 383 feet long, 51 feet beam and 30 feet deep. She was equipped with wireless telegraphy apparatus.

A Naval Battle.

In naval engagements in the North Sea Saturday between German torpedo boats, submarines and British destroyers two of the former and one of the latter were sunk, according to the British Admiralty report, which says:

"A series of small affairs took place in the neighborhood of the Galloper and North Hinder lightships on Satur-

"During the forenoon H. M. de stroyer Recruit was sunk by a submarine, 4 officers and 21 men being spend by the trawler Daisy.

"At 3 P. M. the trawler Colombia wa.acacu by .wo german torpedo boats, who aproached her from the westward and commenced an action without hoisting their colors. The Colombia was sunk by a torpedo, only one deckhand being saved by the other trawlers.

"A division of British destroyers, comprising the Leforey, Leonidas, Lawford and Lark, chased the two German vessels and after a brief running fight of about one hour sunk them

"The British destroyers sustained no casualties.

"Two German officers and 44 men were rescued from the sea and made prisoners of war."

Half Of Crew Lost.

The destroyer Recruit was on patrol duty Saturday morning when the submarine sank her. According to details received here, she was struck amidships by the torpedo.

5.000 IN SUFFRAGE PARADE.

Dr. Anna Howard Shaw Marches On Foot In Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.-The second annual equal suffrage parade, in which about 5,000 women, men and children marched here, was a colorful procession in which many features held the interest of the big crowds that saw it. The parade formed in the vicinity of Independence Hall and marched through the business section of the city to a large up-town auditorium, where a big massmeeting was held. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Association for Woman Suffrage, refused the proffer of an "'amobile and insisted on marching afoot.

"UNCLE JOE'S" TOWN DRY.

So Free Busses Carry Residents Five Miles To Liquor.

Danville, Ill.-Danville was voted dry by the City Council in special meeting for the first time in the history of the city. The Council was called in special meeting to act on the renewal of licenses of 73 saloons. The action of the Council means that Danville will be without saloons for at least a year, until another expression of the people is had.

\$18,500 IN HEM OF SKIRT.

Mrs. J. B. Francis Arrested On Charge Of Smuggling. San Francisco.-Jewels valued at

\$18,500 were taken from the hem of Mrs. J. B. Francis' skirt, Treasury officials said after her arrest in the Hotel Stewart. She is charged with smuggling. The jewels, according to the authorities, were cut and uncut opals and sapphires. Mrs. Francis arrived Thursday from Australia.

BERLIN USES OXEN.

Order Prohibiting Their Use Rescinded and a Yoke Appears.

Berlin, via London.-Oxen may soon take the places in this city of many of the truck horses which have been requisitioned for military purposes. The police have abrogated the ordinance which prohibited their use in the city and the first yoke seen in the streets in many years appeared Saturday.

STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

TCLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Reading Baptists Names Slatington For 1916 - Magazine Writer a Suicide-Bolt Kills Woman *Fighting Fire.

At the closing session of the annual convention of the Reading Association, comprising churches in eastern Pennsylvania, in the First Church, at Reading, it was decided to hold the 1916 convention at Slatington, Pa. The following officers were elected: Moderator, Rev. H. H. Spayd, Minersville, Pa.; reading clerk, Rev. E. R. Allen, Easton, Pa.; assistant clerk, Rev. H. S. Rice, Easton, Pa.; corresponding secretary, Rev. J. Franklin Cropp, Reading; treasurer, A. F.

Another receivership growing out of the failure of the First National Bank of Uniontown made its appearance in court there, when receivers were appointed for Francis N. Semans, Jr., former assistant cashier of the bank. Semans gave his liability as \$516,000 and his assets as \$1,600,000. Judge J. Q. Van Swearingen appointed A. P. Austin, John M. Core and W. A. Stone.

Forest county which has been dry since last November when a fire nearly wiped out the town and destroyed the only licensed hotel in the county. is to become wet again. At the annual session of the License Court, at Tionesta, licenses were granted to two hotels in Tionesta, one in West Hickory and to a hotel in Marionville.

Modern evangelism and Billy Sunday, as its leading exponent, were scored at the session of the fortythird semi-annual convention of the Danville Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsyl vania and Adjacent States, at their convention in Selinsgrove.

Detectives William S. Roth and Charles Weiss, of Allentown, after a search of two months, arrested Michael Kupfer, of Coplay, in New York, for complicity in vandalism on Fairview Cemetery, Catasauqua, in which John Wagner is already imprisoned.

George Morganroth, aged twontyeight years, a magazine writer, committed suicide by shooting himself through t'e heart in the woods near a | Rose Valley farmhouse, where he was staying in search of local color for his stories. Ill health was the cause.

Colonel Edward C. Shannon, the new commander of the Fourth Infantry, N. G. P., succeeding Colonel C. T. O'Nelll, promoted to brigadier general, has moved the regimental eadquarters from Allentown to his home town, Columbia.

The Sunbury business men warned the people of Sunbury of a counterfeit c'rculated by the hundreds in central Pennsylvania. It was a.o asserted that U. S. Secret Service men have been working on the matter. trying to ferret out toe counterfeits.

James R. Riddle, aged sixty-three, a farmer, of Clinton Township, died Sunday morning, and his wife, who was fifty-seven, died Monday. They were victims of pneumonia.

William L. Yingst, a young Allenown business man and musician, and Miss Florence Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hoffman, were married by Rev. George E. Bowerson

Judge Groman made an order attaching a large part of Whitehal! Township to the Hokendauqua election district which for years had 160 Republican voters and six Democrats.

The Allentown Trust Company added \$24,000 to its surplus fund, making it \$100.000, and elected E. E. Bastian, an active Lutheran layman, director.

While attempting to put out a brush fire in a field near her home, at Fisher, Mrs. Mary Gratuck, twenty-five, was struck by lightning and killed.

Amos H. Bassler, a carpenter, of Lancaster, ended his life by shooting. Ill health and inability to work prompted the deed.

Dorothea Backenstoe and Ruby Hirschman won the first and second prizes in the oratorical contest held by pupils of the Emaus High School. The Men's Bible Class Federation

of Allentown adopted resolutions favoring Sunday closing, and appointed a committee to enforce the Blue Laws. The barns of Phaon Fenstermacher. of Heidelberg, and Hiram Pereson, of

Charles Weinstein and Fdward Dugan are in the Allentown fall on a charge of having stolen an auto from Louis Silberstein

storm that swept Lehigh county.

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