

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...

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 loveliness of the melancholy waste.

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone." Pithoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it.

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers. The peculiar incense-like odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vicaire. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

He often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains.

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

So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pithoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pithoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vicaire, which you cannot understand."

The News From Africa. It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow.

"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 outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

and flies were thick around it. Pithoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsieur—I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pithoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

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 Pithoune.

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 regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pithoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive me. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

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 ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?" "No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

a sacred trust. "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about darling Pithoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine 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 successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pithoune, 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 and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pithoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vicaire, which you cannot understand."

Notwithstanding, the young American helmsman 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 Pithoune 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 did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly.

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

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pithoune more than ever. She would have changed place with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a soldier's exile and to be his companion.

AMERICAN TANKER 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 vessel 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.

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 Saturday. During the forenoon H. M. destroyer Recruit was sunk by a submarine, 4 officers and 21 men being reported by the trawler Daisy."

"At 3 P. M. the trawler Colombia was attacked by two German torpedo boats, who approached 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 Lefort, Leonidas, Lawford and Lark, chased the two German vessels and after a brief running fight of about one hour sunk them both.

"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 a fire 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.

"UNCLE JOE'S" TOWN DRY. So Free Buses 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.

\$18,500 IN HEW 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 place in this city of many of the truck horses which have been requisitioned for military purposes.

STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

TOLD 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. Peters.

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 \$516,900 and his assets as \$1,600,000. Judge J. 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 forty-third semi-annual convention of the Danville Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania 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, Cataaugua, in which John Wagner is already imprisoned.

George Morganroth, aged twenty-eight years, a magazine writer, committed suicide by shooting himself through the 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'Neill, promoted to brigadier general, has moved the regimental headquarters from Allentown to his home town, Columbia.

The Sunbury business men warned the people of Sunbury of a counterfeit currency circulated by the hundreds in central Pennsylvania. It was also asserted that U. S. Secret Service men have been working on the matter, trying to ferret out the counterfeiters.

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 Allentown business man and musician, and Miss Florence Hoffman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hoffman, were married by Rev. George E. Bowersox.

Judge Groman made an order attaching a large part of Whitehall 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 Gratak, 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 Emmaus High School.

The Men's Bible Class Federation of Allentown adopted resolutions favoring Sunday closing, and appointed a committee to enforce the Blue Laws.

Penns Valley Banking Company

Centre Hall, Pa. DAVID K. KELLER, Cashier RECEIVE DEPOSITS... G. Discounts Notes...

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OLD PORT HOTEL.

DR. SOU... The Men's Bible Class Federation of Allentown adopted resolutions favoring Sunday closing, and appointed a committee to enforce the Blue Laws. Charles Weinstein and Edward Dugan are in the Allentown jail on a charge of having stolen an auto from Louis Silberstein.



The Silence to Him Was Profound.