

# 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 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. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed 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. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear . . ."

Miss Redmond was standing by the piano. She had lifted the cover and was about to sit down to play. She smiled slightly at her aunt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman.

"There are titles and titles, ma tante; the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

"The highest!" said her aunt without hesitation, "and the Duc de Tremont is undoubtedly one of the most famous partis in Europe."

"He will then find no difficulty in marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not love."

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt, who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

"That seems to be," she said keenly, "the only tune you know, Julia."

"It's a pretty song, ma tante."

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to dinner." The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or other you do not play it through."

"It has become a sort of oraison, ma tante."

"Sabron," said the marquise, "is a fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. Moreover, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song softly through.

The old butler came in with the evening mail and the papers. The Marquise d'Esclignac, with her embroidered scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said with a slightly softened voice:

"Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing. "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instrument.

"My dear Julia!" Madame d'Esclignac spread Le Temps out and put her hand on it. "As I said to you, my child, the life of a soldier is a precarious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean."

She could not trust herself to walk across the floor, for Julia Redmond in that moment of suspense found the room swimming.

"There has been an engagement," said the marquise gently, for in spite of her ambitions she loved her niece.

"There has been an engagement, Julia, at Dibal." She lifted the newspaper and held it before her face and read:

There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around about Dibal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron were routed by the natives at noon on Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and several of the regiment were also killed. There has been no late or authentic news from Dibal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing.

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put down the paper, and rose quickly. She went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands.

"Ma tante, ma tante!" she murmured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child."

able. Her aunt felt her rigid by her side. "I told you," she murmured, "that a soldier's life was a precarious one."

Miss Redmond threw away all disguise.

"Ma tante," she said in a hard voice. "I love him! You must have known it and seen it. I love him! He is becoming my life."

As the marquise looked at the girl's face and saw her trembling lips and her wide eyes, she renounced her ambitions for Julia Redmond. She renounced them with a sigh, but she was a woman of the world, and more than that, a true woman. She remained for a moment in silence, holding Julia's hands.

She had followed the campaign of her husband's cousin, a young man with an insignificant title whom she had not married. In this moment she relived again the arrival of the evening papers; the dispatches, her husband's news of his cousin. As she kissed Julia's cheeks a moisture passed over her own eyes, which for many years had shed no tears.

"Courage, my dear," she implored. "We will telegraph at once to the minister of war for news."

The girl drew a convulsive breath and turned, and leaning both elbows on the piano keys—perhaps in the very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron—she burst into tears. The marquise rose and passed out of the room to send a man with a dispatch to Tarascon.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day" is a significant one. It surely was for Pitchoune. He had his day. It was a glorious one, a terrible one, a memorable one, and he played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master

What there was before him to do was so stupendous an undertaking that it made him almost unconscious of the pain in his loins. He could not stand, could not thoroughly raise himself, but by great and painful effort, bleeding at every pore, he could crawl; he did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pitchoune walked by his side, whining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spahi, ashen pale, his bright gray uniform ripped and stained, all alone in the desert, with death above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hunched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—about all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any reward. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his daily work.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to him. "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sink in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brown, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What was their melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words: they were a prayer for safety.

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Civilization's Peril.

America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farmhouse it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in the Survey.

#### Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, has returned to Saginaw, Mich., to continue her investigations in regard to the women of the lumber camps and health of the children. Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau, ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis shortly after the holidays to assist in making preparations for a child welfare exhibition to be given in that city. Miss Moore was there ten days before returning to her regular work

barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then and there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had raced himself weary. Every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a dried-up river, one of those phantom channels of a desert stream whose course runs watery only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune smelled him from head to foot, addressed himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat sentinel at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatsoever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the silent plains.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, routed by the Arabs, had been driven into retreat. Finally the little dog, who knew by instinct that life remained in his master's body, set himself at work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he worried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakening to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening perhaps to the battle for life, to the attentions of his friend, the spahi opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized, where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare beating down upon him, with death in every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's voice answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog; did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must get out of the river bed or die there, rot there.

Washington—A cable to the State Department from Consul Frost, at Queenstown, places the total survivors of the Lusitania at 645. Probably 1,200 bodies have not been recovered. The persons not listed, the department reports, are "almost to a certainty dead."

The latest estimate of lives lost as a result of the torpedoing of the Cunard liner Lusitania by a German submarine off the Irish coast is 1,256. It is believed that almost all, if not all, the survivors have been brought ashore, and there is little hope of recovering any other passengers alive.

Among the well-known Americans whose bodies have not been recovered, and whose names are Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Charles Klein, the playwright, Justus Miles Forman and Elbert Hubbard and his wife.

The body of Charles Frohman, of New York, the theatrical producer, already has been recovered and brought ashore at Queenstown. The hospitals of Queenstown are filled with the injured among the survivors and the morgues with the dead recovered from the sea.

Bodies Of Women and Children Brought In.

Of the dead many are women. The stories from Queenstown describe the bringing in of the bodies of a great number of women, many of them still unidentified. The Queenstown docks are the temporary resting places also of the bodies of several children. One dead mother still is clasping in her rigid arms the body of her 3-month-old baby.

When the Lusitania left New York May 1, she had on board 1,901 souls, 1,251 passengers and 650 crew. The passengers were made up of 291 in the first cabin, 599 in the second and 361 in the steerage. The list of survivors shows so far that about 90 first-class and 75 second-class passengers were saved. The first cabin passengers were at lunch when the unheralded German attack sent the liner to the bottom. It is noticeable that comparatively few first-class passengers were saved.

Judging from the recitals of survivors there was comparatively little panic on board the Lusitania when she went down. Nor is there anything to show that the rule of the sea favoring women and children in the work of rescue was violated. Many of the liner's lifeboats were rendered useless by the fact that she listed so sharply that they could not be used.

Did Not Think She Could Sink.

Many of the passengers did not believe the Lusitania would sink as quickly as she did. Consequently they did not join in the rush for the lifeboats, but evidently preferred to trust in their belief that the water-tight compartments of the vessel would keep her afloat until such time as help came out from the Irish shore less than 10 miles away. It is related that some of the passengers even declined to put on life belts when these were handed to them.

Either two or three torpedoes struck the Lusitania. One report says the first projectile was followed by two others striking in quick succession. Another report has it that two submarines took part in the onslaught,

## LUSITANIA'S DEATH LIST, 1,256 115 OF THESE WERE AMERICANS

### Big Cunard Liner, With 2,067 Men And Women Aboard, Torpedoed Without Warning—Survivors Reach Shore—Some Landed At Queenstown Die In Hospitals.

#### FIRST TRANSATLANTIC VICTIM.

The Cunard liner Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland, ten miles south of Kinsale.

The vessel carried 1,253 passengers, of which 188 were American citizens.

Officials of the Cunard Line in London announced that the ship had been torpedoed without any warning.

Reports indicate that the Lusitania sank fifteen minutes after being struck.

It was the Lusitania, whose flying of the American flag last February on her way from Queenstown to Liverpool, in order to protect her against German submarines, that caused considerable astonishment on both sides of the ocean.

Washington is expected to make strong representations to Germany as a result of the torpedoing of the Lusitania without warning.

The Lusitania's cargo was valued at about \$750,000 and contained a large quantity of war supplies. Her manifest included 280,000 pounds of brass and copper wire, \$66,000 worth of military goods and 5,471 cases of ammunition valued at \$200,024, all of which was contraband of war. The ship itself, Cunard officials said, was covered by \$5,000,000 war risk insurance.

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one attacking from the port and the other from the starboard side.

The British Government made the following announcement:

"The statement appearing in some newspapers that the Lusitania was armed is wholly false."

#### Given No Warning.

The Lusitania was steaming along about 10 miles off Old Head Kinsale, on the last leg of her voyage to Liverpool, when, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a submarine suddenly appeared, and so far as all reports go, fired two torpedoes without warning at the steamer. One struck her near the bows and the other in the engine-room. The powerful agents of destruction tore through the vessel's side, causing terrific explosions. Almost immediately great volumes of water poured through the openings and the Lusitania listed.

Boats which were already swung out on the davits were dropped overboard and were speedily filled with passengers who had been appalled by the desperate attack. A wireless call for help was sent out and immediately rescue boats of all kinds were sent out both from the neighboring points along the coast and Queenstown.

But within 15 minutes, as one survivor estimated, and certainly within half an hour, the Lusitania had disappeared.

#### NEWS STARTLES WILSON.

Whether Any American Lives Were Lost, His First Concern—Secretary Bryan Awaits Facts.

Washington—Destruction of the British liner Lusitania, with the loss of many lives, shocked officials of the United States government and spread profound grief in the national capital.

Although it was not known how many, if any, of those lost were Americans, the view was general that the most serious situation confronted the American government since the outbreak of the war in Europe.

The warning of the United States that Germany would be held to a "strict accountability" for the loss of "American lives," irrespective of whether they were aboard belligerent or neutral vessels when attacked focussed attention on the White House, where President Wilson until late in the night read the dispatches with grave interest. The President made no comment.

Officials said facts and circumstances would have to be obtained by careful investigation during the next few days before any announcement could be made by the American government.

#### GERMANY GAVE TIMELY WARNING.

Advertisement That Showed They Had Planned This Would Be the Lusitania's Last Voyage.

New York—Just prior to the sailing of the Lusitania the German Embassy had warned persons against going abroad, because of the dangers from submarines, and the following advertisement was inserted in American newspapers:

#### NOTICE.

"Travelers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German government vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travelers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk. (Signed)

#### "IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY."

The big Cunard greyhound was commanded by Capt. W. T. Turner, of the British Royal Navy reserve, with Capt. J. C. Anderson acting as his staff officer. Both were rated as the best seamen in the transatlantic trade, daring yet cautious.

Captain Turner and other officials of the great liner did not fear any trouble from submarines upon the Lusitania's present trip. They laughed at the German warning and encouraged the passengers, telling them that the express steamer would be met in the Atlantic by British warships and escorted safely into port.

When Captain Turner's attention was called to the German warning, he said:

"I wonder what the Germans will be up to next? It doesn't look as if they had scared many people with their warning, according to the looks of things on the pier and our passenger list."

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