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SYNOPSIS. ---6----

1-6-Le Comte de Sabron, captain of Frenen wand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and mandes it Plichoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Eaclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American helress, who wangs for him an English ballad that hagers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servanis or doss. Miss Redmand offers to ake care of the dog during his master's absence, but Plichoune, homesick for his meet and Sabron gets permission from the data way from her. The Mar-follows him to Algiers. Dog and master follows him to Algiers. Dog and the fu-follows him to Algiers. Dog and the fu-follows him to the plus dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pit-thome. 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. 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 with a dispatch to Tarascon. 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 who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoulders.

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 dis

guise. "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 Every one of your family has married relived again the arrival of the eveeyes ning 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 that beyond it and probably within very notes whose music in the little song had charmed Sabron-she burst into tears. The marquise rose and ing down upon him, with death in passed out of the room to send a man

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 hands touched the keys. Her aunt, in it. He awoke at the gray dawn. springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in Cowers and whose mind was busy with response to the sound of the reveille, did so, and the sun beat down upon and Sabron sprang up after him. Pitchoune in a few moments was in

the center of real disorder. All he him, and the spahi, ashen pale, his a result of the torpedoing of the Cun- that Germany would be held to a

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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 phantomlike 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 fare 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 sflent 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

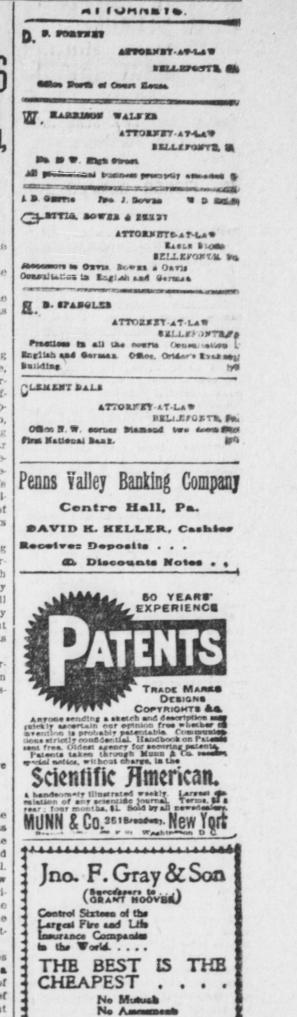
Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a film over it just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized, where he was and that to linger there was a horrible death. On each side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high and thickly grown with mimosa bush. This meant to him easy reach, there would be shade from the intense and dreadful glare beatevery 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.

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 move, he could crawl; he him. Pitchoune walked by his side. whining, talking to him, encouraging



British liner Lusitania, with the loss Washington .- A cable to the State of many lives, shocked officials of the Department from Consul Frost, at United States government and spread Queenstown, places the total survivors profound grief in the national capital. of the Lusitania at 645. Probably Although it was not known how many, if any, of those lost were Ameri-1.200 bodies have not been recovered. The persons not listed, the departcans, the view was general that the ment reports, are "almost to a cermost serious situation confronted the American government since the out break of the war in Europe The latest estimate of lives lost as

The warning of the United States "That seems to be," she said keenly, knew was that he followed his master bright gray uniform ripped and stained, and liner Lusitania by a German sub- "strict accountability" for the loss of



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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 oralson,

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 embroidery scissors, opened Le Temps from Paris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little tamp 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 carious one."

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond know what you mean."

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

"There has been an engagement." said the marquise gently, for in spite at Dirbal." She lifted the newspaper

the descrt, around about Dirbal. 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 authenic news. from Dirbal, but the last dispatches give the department of war to understand that Sabron himself is among the missing.

her arm around her. Miss Redmond muzzle in the very grin of death. covered her face with her hands:

mured.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, war. Sit down here, my child."

"I followed the fortunes, my dear, and things around him grew fewer, in making preparations for a child of my husband's cousin through the the smoke cleared and rolled away, welfare exhibition to be given in that engagement in Tonkin. I know a little there were a few feet of freedom city. Miss Moore was there ten days what it was" The girl was immov- around him in which he stood and before returning to her regular work.



Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

all day long. The dog's knowledge did hand on it. "As I said to you, my not comprehend the fact that not only child, the life of a soldier is a pre- had the native village, of which his chest; why did it not kill him? He master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabfrom where she stood. "Tell me what ron's regiment itself was menaced by was their melody? He knew it. Just the news is from Africa. I think I a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hotminded and as fierce as the

Pitchoune followed at the heels of

his master's horse. No one paid, any attention to him. Heaven knows why

he was not trampled to death, but he of her ambitions she loved her niece. was not. No one trod on him; no "There has been an engagement, Julia. horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and held it before her face and read: and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder,

There has been some hard fighting in he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at our common humanity, and the ideals

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put He snarled at the bullets that whis- stake .-- Edward T. Devine in the Surdown the paper, and rose quickly. She tled around his ears and, laying his vey. went to the young girl's side and put little ears back, he shook his black

Sabron's horse was shot under him. "Ma tante, ma tante!" she mur- and then Pitchoune saw his master.

sprang upon him, and his feelings were

all alone in the desert, with death marine off the Irish coast is 1,256. It crawled, dragged, hitched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given-ch, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have givenabout all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any renown. 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 hushes 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 sing in the bushes. Its torrid fever

struck on his brown, struck on his was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What 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 flerce dark faces, when he saw them. of our common aspirations, are all at

Child Research Work.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, who is a member of the children's bureau department of the government, not hurt that no attention was paid has returned to Saginaw. Mich., to "there is nothing more uncertain than him, that not even his name was continue her investigations in regard newspaper reports, especially those called, and as Sabron struggled on, to the women of the lumber camps that come from the African seat of Pitchoune followed. It was his day; and health of the children. Miss Julia he was fighting the natives; he was Lathrop, head of the children's bureau. The two women sat together on the part of a battle; he was a soldier's ordered Miss Moore to Indianapolis long piano stool. The marquise said: dog! Little by little the creatures shortly after the holidays to assist

above him and death on every hand. 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 consequently are believed

tainty dead."

to have perished, 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, al-

ready has been recovered and brought ashore at Queenstown. The hospitals of Queenstown are filled with the in jured 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-

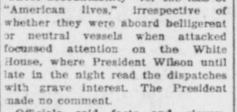
old baby. When the Lusitania left New York May 1, she had on board 1,901 souls, 1,251 passengers and 650 crew. The passengers were made up of 291 in the first cabin, 599 in the second and 361 in the steerage. The list of survivors, shows so far that about 90 first-class and 75 second-class passengers 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 be- ing yet cautious.

lieve the Lusitania would sink as quickly as she did. Consequently they of the great liner did not fear any did not join in the rush for the life- trouble from submarines upon the boats, but evidently preferred to trust Lusitania's present trip. They laughin their belief that the water-tight ed at the German warning and encompartments of the vessel would couraged the passengers, telling them keep her afloat until such time as help that the express steamer would be came out from the Irish shore less met in the Atlantic by British warthan 10 miles away. It is related t at ships and escorted safely into port. some of the passengers even disdained ! When Captain Turner's attention to put on life belts when these were was called to the German warning, he I said:

handed to them. Either two or three torpedoes struck "I wonder what the Germans will the Lusitania. One report says the be up to next? It doesn't look as if first projectile was followed by two they had scared many people with others striking in quick succession, their warning, according to the looks Another report has it that two sub- of things on the pier and our pas marines took part in the onslaught, senger list."



Officials said facts and eircumtances 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 Vovage.

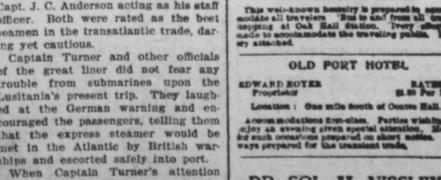
New York .-- Just prior to the sailng of the Lusitania the German Embassy had warned persons against going abroad, because of the dangers from submarines, and the following advertisement was inserted in American newspapers:

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 sommanded 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, dar-



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