

# HIS LOVE STORY

## MARIE VAN VORST

### ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBY HERRILL COMPANY

#### SYNOPSIS.

La Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to make by hand a mother's Irish terrier pup, and names it Pichoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Escignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress who sings for him an English ballad that sings 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 Pichoune, homelick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont, unknown to Sabron. Pichoune follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pichoune has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pichoune. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Escignac asked: "Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?"

Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping: when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure.

"What is the book, Julia?"

"Le Conte d'un Spahi."

"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."

Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.

"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."

"Ah, then, what does he think?"

Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lap-dog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescuing party in the least. Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were incased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.

"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, latish."

"After midnight?"

"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."

Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captain de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.

"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert. It would have been so perfect." She sighed.

"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.

"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him."

She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mimi, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"

The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pichoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty.

The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.

"I had to be very circumspect, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored. "The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose."

"Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read."

"Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here

—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"

The girl extended her hand gracefully.

"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"

The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears.

"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumstances will have to be even greater still."

"Leave that to me, ma tante."

"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you, Julia."

Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed.

"Do you want to make me miserable?"

"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."

"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"

"We can do so if you will obey me."

The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.

"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ."

"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."

"But I would never, never . . ."

"Petite sottise," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."

Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:

"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"

Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."

"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all our countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls."

"Ma tante, ma tante!"

"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."

"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."

"But, he will find out . . . he will know."

"No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people."

"How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved.

"I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child."

Julia trembled.

"Ma tante!"

"While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly."

"I am always polite to him, am I not?"

"You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different."

"I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel."

Looking at her gently, her aunt

said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions."

The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear."

Tremont was coming toward them. Julia raised her head and murmured: "I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### The Duke in Doubt.

The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her and seemed to understand—a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she called her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature.

Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable. The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won. Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been shared by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present.

The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible.

He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first.

From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont: "Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered: "Bien, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Escignac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean.

"Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred."

"Very good, ma mere."

When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Escignac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very common to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St-Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her.

One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

##### Hospital Barges.

Northern France is rich in waterways, and hospital barges are already running between Paris and the battlefront, under the auspices of the Union des Femmes de France. The hold is enameled white and fitted with 40 beds, and at the end is the nurse's retiring-room. The barge-master's cabin is converted into a living-room for two surgeons. There is an operating-room, too, with washing gear, an electric plant, and a perfect system of heating. To convert a Seine barge into a gondola of this kind costs a bare \$500, and the results are beyond praise—especially to fracture cases, to whom the jolting road is agony.

The wounded are hoisted in by means of small cranes, and the barge is then towed by steam or motor yachts lent by wealthy persons, who are more than glad not only to lend their boats free of charge, but to navigate them in person, thus sharing in the work of mercy.

##### The Old and the New.

Inventions have a remarkable knack of repeating themselves. Among the more interesting patents for 1914 is a specification for a wheelless motor car, propulsion being by means of skids, which are alternately lowered and raised. In the early days of locomotive history many inventors did not believe that sufficient adhesion was to be attained by a smooth wheel operating on a smooth rail, and weird and wonderful were the devices for overcoming this supposed defect. One ingenious engineer went so far as to design a contrivance in which jointed metal bars worked up and down on the rails after the fashion of a horse's legs, and there seems to be a certain affinity between this device and the motor car referred to above.

## IMMORTAL LEADERS OF THE BLUE AND GRAY



U. S. Grant. R. E. Lee

### The Swords of Grant and Lee

Metinks tonight I catch a gleam  
Of steel among the pines,  
And yonder by the blood stream  
Repose the foemen's lines:  
The ghostly guards who pace the ground  
Beneath the cedar tree  
If all is safe and still around  
The tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis but a dream; no armies camp  
Where once their bay'nets shone  
And Heepe's calm and lovely lamp  
Shines on the dead alone.  
A cricket chirps on yonder rise  
Beneath the cedar tree  
Where glinted 'neath the summer skies  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades  
That led the eager van!  
They shine no more among the glades  
Of valiant hills and gray:  
Today their battle work is done,  
Go draw them forth and see  
That not a stain appears upon  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

The gallant men who saw them flash  
In comradeship today  
Recall the wild, impetuous dash  
Of valiant hills and gray:  
And 'neath the flag that proudly waves  
Above a nation free,  
They oft recall the missing braves  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

They slumber 'neath the tender grass,  
Where once they met as foes,  
They're camping in the mountain pass  
Where crouched the serried lines:  
They rest where loud the tempests blow  
Destructive in their gloom,  
The men who followed long ago  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

Their graves are lying side by side  
Where once they met as foes,  
And where they in the wildwood died  
Springs up a blood-red rose:  
For 'neath the tree the golden wing  
Doth flit, and in yon tree  
A gentle robin seems to sing  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

Today no strife of sections rises,  
Today no shadows fall  
Upon our land, and 'neath the skies  
One flag waves over all:  
The Blue and Gray as comrades stand,  
As comrades bend the knee,  
And ask God's blessing on the land  
That gave us Grant and Lee.

So long as southward, wide and clear,  
Polonac's river runs  
Their deeds will live because they were  
Columbia's brave sons.  
So long as bend the northern pines,  
And bloom the golden wing  
The swords will shine that led the lines  
Of valiant Grant and Lee.

Metinks I hear a bugle blow,  
Metinks I hear a drum:  
And there, with martial step and slow,  
Who led the ranks of war:  
Two ghostly armies come  
They are the men that met as foes,  
For 'tis the dead I see, knee  
And side by side in peace repose  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave,  
And let each deathless star  
Forever shine upon the brave  
Who led the ranks of war:  
Their fame resounds from coast to coast,  
From mountain top to sea;  
No other land than ours can boast  
The swords of Grant and Lee.

—Author unknown.

## LEE'S SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX

Date Should Be Irrevocably Fixed in the Minds of the American People.

By J. A. WATROUS.

(Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A., Retired.)

I AM writing on Wednesday, April 8, but thinking of April 9, fifty years ago, when two powerful American armies came together for the last time to fight after having fought for nearly four years in a score or more great battles, not to mention many smaller ones; the day upon which one of these armies, that of the Army of Northern Virginia, which had been under the command of Gen. Robert E. Lee ever since June, 1862, surrendered to General U. S. Grant, commander of all the armed forces of the Union.

It was a great day for both armies, and, for that matter, the whole nation, the South as well as the North, though Lee's army and the South did not look upon it from that standpoint at the time. I am of those who have always maintained that the supremest kindness ever manifested toward a people was extended to the South when, under the leadership of Mr. Lincoln, the rest of the Union prevented the South from leaving the Union to build up a southern confederacy. That is why I say, fifty years after the momentous event, it was a great day for both armies and the nation.

Many things happened at Appomattox from the one overshadowing

event. One of them is the fact that Grant's soldiers and Lee's soldiers began to fraternize as soon as possible after the surrender.

For nearly four years they had made it their business to kill, maim and capture as many as possible of each other.

Look at them now, at Appomattox, at the end of the awful struggle. The one dining and trying to minimize the embarrassment and humiliation of the other.

They had marched thousands of miles hunting for or trying to get away from each other—they had met on the plains of Bull Run, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and on a score or more of other battlefields, and there they were at Appomattox, on friendly terms, respecting each other, the Yankee with the delight he did not try to express lest he wound his brother in the gloom of defeat, but making the best of it, and his fellow soldier in blue helping him to make the best of it.

Here is another happening at Appomattox which it is well for us to remember—for all classes: The broad humanity and timely generosity exhibited by our silent but great brave old leader, Grant. He who had been by far the most successful of the Union commanders, who had inflicted the severest blows the Confederacy had received, and had won the Union's crowning victory by compelling the surrender of the South's best general and its most powerful army, showed himself to be a statesman of unusual wisdom and penetration, and at the same time a man of great heart—the very best type of manhood. I do not feel that I can do justice to the painting, hence recall an interview Chaplain George W. Pepper had with General Lee in 1865, in which the Confederate commander pictured the old commander who died on Mount McGregor in 1855 in a way that touches the hearts of all who served under Grant. The chaplain said:

"Lee advertised the character of Grant, of whom he spoke at length in the most enthusiastic terms. He ascribed to him the possession of the grandest attributes of American manhood and said that he possessed the military talents requisite for the organization of armies. In the generous terms accorded to the impoverished South, of which he spoke several times, Grant had won for himself imperishable renown.

"I wish," said Lee, "to do simple justice to General Grant, when I say that his action toward my army is without parallel in the annals of nations. When my poor soldiers, with famished faces, having neither food nor raiment, hungry and footsore, came before him in the hour of surrender, it was then that General Grant immediately issued the humane order that 40,000 rations should be given them. And that was not all. I was giving orders to one of my subordinate officers, who was making out the list of things to be surrendered. I told him to include the horses. At that very moment General Grant, who seemed to be paying no attention to what was going on, quickly rose from the camp stool and said: "No, no, General Lee, no surrender of horses. Not one, not one. Keep them all. Your poor people will need them for the spring crops." It was a scene never to be forgotten."

"As Lee spoke he paced the room, and with tears streaming down his cheeks repeated two or three times the incident of the surrender.

"I asked him whom he thought to be the greatest of federal soldiers. 'Indeed, sir, judged by Napoleon's test of "Who did that?" General Grant is the greatest of living American or European soldiers."

Nearly twenty years ago, in a story for the Chicago Times-Herald, I expressed the hope that some day there would be a peace monument at Appomattox with four figures suitably displayed, those of General Grant and General Lee, and a soldier in blue and another in gray; and I hope the nation will not wait nearly one hundred years, as in the case of Yorktown, where another war ended.

## ATTORNEYS.

D. S. FORTNEY  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
No. 27 W. High Street.

All professional business promptly attended to.

J. B. CURTIS, Jas. J. BROWN, W. B. SMITH

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
EUGENE BLOOR  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
Successors to CURTIS, BROWN & CURTIS  
Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Bank Building.

CLEMENT DALE  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
Office E. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penns Valley Banking Company  
Centre Hall, Pa.  
DAVID K. KELLER, Cashier  
Receives Deposits . . .  
& Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will promptly receive our opinion free of charge. We advise how to secure a patent. Our service is reliable. We have secured patents for our clients in all countries. Patent Agents, New York, N. Y.

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of payment.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son  
(Successors to GRANT HOODS)

Control Sectors of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .

### THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Misdeeds  
No Annuities

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage

Office in Crider's Stone Building  
BELLEFOUNTE, PA.  
Telephone Connections

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.

H. C. STROHMEIER,  
CENTRE HALL, . . . . . PA.  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in HIGH GRADE . . . MONUMENTAL WORK in all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to call my price.

BOALSBURG TAVERN

BOALSBURG, PA.  
AMOS ECKH, PROPRIETOR

This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Free and friendly service. Stopping at Oak Hill Station, leaving early, made to accommodate the traveling public. Always attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL

EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor. BATHS: 25 Cts Per Day

Location: One mile south of Centre Hall.

A roomy modern five-story. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals and accommodations prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,  
VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Penn's Office at Falcon Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones. J. L. 1229.