

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 mischievous Irish terrier pup, and names it Pichoune. 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 Algiers, 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 Algiers. 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 reports 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. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algiers in his yacht, not knowing their errand.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

With his godmother he was entirely at ease. Ever since she had paid his trifling debts when he was a young man, he had adored her. Tremont, always discreet and almost in love with his godmother, kept her in a state of great good humor always, and when she had suggested to him this little party he had been delighted. In speaking over the telephone the Marquise d'Esclignac had said very firmly:

"My dear Robert, you understand that this excursion engages you to nothing."

"Oh, of course, marraine."

"We both need a change, and between ourselves, Julia has a little mission on foot."

Tremont would be delighted to help Miss Redmond carry it out. Whom else should he ask?

"By all means, any one you like," said his godmother diplomatically. "We want to sail the day after tomorrow." She felt safe, knowing that no worldly people would accept an invitation on twenty-four hours' notice.

"So," the Duc de Tremont reflected, as he hung up the receiver, "Miss Redmond has a scheme, a mission! Young girls do not have schemes and missions in good French society."

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, as they walked up and down on the deck in the pale sunset, in front of the chair of the Marquise d'Esclignac, "I never saw an ornament more becoming to a woman than the one you wear."

"The ornament, Monsieur?"

"On your sleeve it is so beautiful. A string of pearls would not be more beautiful, although your pearls are lovely, too. Are all American girls Red Cross members?"

"But of course not, Monsieur. Are all girls anywhere one thing?"

"Yes," said the Duc de Tremont, "they are all charming, but there are gradations."

"Do you think that we shall reach Algiers tomorrow, Monsieur?"

"I hope not, Mademoiselle."

Miss Redmond turned her fine eyes on him.

"You hope not?"

"I should like this voyage to last forever, Mademoiselle."

"How ridiculous!"

Her look was so frank that he laughed in spite of himself, and instead of following up the politeness, he asked:

"Why do you think of Algiers as a field for nursing the sick, Mademoiselle?"

"There has been quite a deputation of the Red Cross women lately going from Paris to the East."

"But," said the young man, "there are poor in Tarascon, and sick, too. There is a great deal of poverty in Nice, and Paris is the nearest of all."

"The American girls are very imaginative," said Julia Redmond. "We must have some romance in all we do."

"I find the American girls very charming," said Tremont.

"Do you know many, Monsieur?"

"Only one," he said serenely.

Miss Redmond changed the subject quickly and cleverly, and before he knew it, Tremont was telling her stories about his own military service, which had been made in Africa. He talked well and entertained them both, and Julia Redmond listened when he told her of the desert, of its charm and its desolation, and of its dangers. As hour passed, the Marquise d'Esclignac took an antedramatic stroll, Mimi mimicking at her heels.

"Co pauvre Sabron!" said Tremont. "He has disappeared off the face of the earth. What a horrible thing it was, Mademoiselle! I knew him in Paris; I remember meeting him again the night before he left the MID. He was a fine fellow with a career before him, his friends say."

"What do you think has become of Monsieur de Sabron?"

Miss Redmond, so far, had only been able to ask this question of her aunt and of the stars. None of them

had been able to tell her. Tremont shrugged his shoulders thoughtfully. "He may have dragged himself away to die in some ambush that they have not discovered, or likely he has been taken captive, le pauvre diable!"

"France will do all it can, Monsieur."

"They will do all they can, which is to wait. An extraordinary measure, if taken just now, would probably result in Sabron being put to death by his captors. He may be found tomorrow—he may never be found."

A slight murmur from the young girl beside him made Tremont look at her. He saw that her hands were clasped and that her face was quite white, her eyes staring fixedly before her, out toward Africa. Tremont said:

"You are compassion itself, Mademoiselle; you have a tender heart. No wonder you wear the Red Cross. I am a soldier, Mademoiselle. I thank you for all soldiers. I thank you for Sabron . . . but, we must not talk of such things."

He thought her very charming, both romantic and idealistic. She would make a delightful friend. Would she not be too intense for a wife? However, many women of fashion joined the Red Cross. Tremont was a commonplace man, conventional in his heart and in his tastes.

"My children," said the marquise, coming up to them with Mimi in her arms, "you are as serious as though we were on a boat bound for the North Pole and expected to live on tinned things and salt fish. Aren't you hungry, Julia? Robert, take Mimi to my maid, will you? Julia," said her aunt as Tremont went away with the little dog, "you look dramatic, my dear; you're pale as death in spite of this divine air and this enchanting sea." She linked her arm through her niece's. "Take a brisk walk with me for five minutes and whip up your blood. I believe you were on the point of making Tremont some unwise confession."

"I assure you no, ma tante."

"Isn't Bob a darling, Julia?"

"Awfully," returned her niece absent-mindedly.

"He's the most eligible young man in Paris, Julia, and the most difficult to please."

"Ma tante," said the girl in a low tone, "he tells me that France at present can do practically nothing

about finding Monsieur de Sabron. Fancy a great army and a great nation helpless for the rescue of a single soldier, and his life at stake!"

"Julia," said the marquise, taking the trembling hand in her own, "you will make yourself ill, my darling, and you will be no use to anyone, you know."

"You're right," returned the girl. "I will be silent and I will only pray."

She turned from her aunt to stand for a few moments quiet, looking out at the sea, at the blue water through which the boat cut and flew. Along the horizon was a mist, rosy and translucent, and out of it white Algiers would shine before many hours.

When Tremont, at luncheon a little later, looked at his guests, he saw a new Julia. She had left her coat with the Red Cross in her cabin with her hat. In her pretty blouse, her pearls around her neck, the soft flush on her cheeks, she was apparently only a light-hearted woman of the world. She teased her aunt gently, she laughed very deliciously and lightly flirted with the Duc de Tremont, who opened a bottle of champagne. The Marquise d'Esclignac beamed upon her niece. Tremont found her more puzzling than ever. "She suggests the chameleon," he thought, "she has moods. Before, she was a tragic muse; at luncheon she is an adorable sybarite."

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CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Desert.

From a dreamy little villa, whose walls were streaming with bougainvillea, Miss Redmond looked over Algiers, over the tumult and hum of it, to the sea. Tremont, by her side, looked at her. From head to foot the girl was in white. On one side the bougainvillea laid its scarlet flowers against the stainless linen of her dress, and on her other arm was the Red Cross.

The American girl and the Frenchman had become the best of friends. She considered him a sincere companion and an unconscionable confederate. He had not yet decided what he thought of her, or how. His promise to remain on the yacht had been broken and he paid his godmother and Miss Redmond constant visits at their villa, which the marquise rented for the season.

There were times when Tremont thought Miss Redmond's exile a fanatical one, but he always found her fascinating and a lovely woman, and he wondered what it was that kept him from laying his title and his fortune at her feet. It had been understood between the godmother and himself that he was to court Miss Redmond a l'americaïne.

"She has been brought up in such a shocking fashion, Robert, that nothing but American love-making will

One Survivor At Sheerness.

The Admiralty's statement concerning the loss of the two vessels says: "An enemy submarine torpedoed and sank H. M. S. Majestic, Capt. H. F. C. Farbot, while it was supporting the army on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Nearly all the officers and men were saved."

"On the same date H. M. auxiliary ship Princess Irene was accidentally blown up in Sheerness Harbor. So far as is known only one survivor, a stoker named David Willis, was picked up. He sustained burns from the explosion."

The Princess Irene, a steel twin-crew steamer of 6,000 tons register, built last year for the Canadian Pacific British Columbia coast service and taken over by the Admiralty at the commencement of the war, was at anchor at Sheerness, where she was undergoing repairs. All her crew, numbering about 250, except one seaman, and, besides, 78 dockyard workmen, who were aboard at the time, lost their lives.

Following addresses by Mrs. Frank M. Roessing, president of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association; Mrs. Anne Orme, of Wayne county, organizer, and Della Potter, of Brooklyn, woman suffragists of Montgomery county organized at Norristown Young Women's Christian Association. Mrs. Brown, of Ardmore, was elected county leader; Mrs. George Carson, of Plymouth Meeting, vice-leader; Mrs. Morrell, secretary, and Mrs. Barnes, of Lansdale, treasurer. Headquarters will be opened in Norristown shortly. It was decided to raise \$10,000 to carry on the campaign for equal suffrage.

As Norman Kressly, seventeen years old, of Slatedale, in the upper end of Lehigh county, was showing a party of companions the working of an old army musket that had stood unused in a corner of his father's home for many years, his chum, Roy Lentz, also seventeen, came riding around the corner of the barn on his bicycle. Kressly pulled the trigger and the charge entered Lentz's heart, killing him almost instantly. Kressly is grief stricken and is being guarded for fear he will end his life.

The Board of Managers of the Glen Mills School for Boys decided that nothing would be done in the case of Thomas Joseph Long, of Philadelphia, who died at the school on Sunday, May 16, after a tussle with another boy. Long received a blow over the heart. His death was pronounced due to natural causes, and the blow was only incidental.

Dr. C. J. Marshall, State veterinarian, issued an order at Pittsburgh prohibiting the shipment into Pennsylvania of live stock from any point in Kentucky, specifying that this did not include horses. The quarantine was brought about by the receipt of several carloads of hogs shipped from Louisville and found to be infected with the foot and mouth disease.

As a result of a riot over the European war between Austrian and Russian residents at Bethlehem, the police have made ten arrests, but the hearing in the cases will not take place until several of the combatants have returned from the hospital where their injuries are being attended to.

The general committee in charge of raising \$150,000 for a new hospital building in Easton, which began its preliminary work, was started by receiving, entirely without solicitation, a gift of \$7,000 from Mrs. William E. Atwater, of West Hampton, L. I., daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Jacob Hay, of Easton.

Mrs. Bertha Nones, testifying in the divorce action against her husband, William I. Nones, Jr., of Overbrook, said that she was ordered to leave as the husband no longer loved her. A divorce was granted by Judge Wagner.

Rev. Dr. A. H. F. Fischer, of Easton, former pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, has accepted a call to the Central Lutheran Church, Phoenixville, and will take charge early in June.

The lives of five persons were endangered at Reading when the two-story dwelling which they occupied collapsed. The house was tenanted by Charles Manderbach and family.

Rev. Alexander Thompson, pastor of the Little Britain Presbyterian Church, at Westfield, New York. He is a graduate of Princeton University.

Members of Norristown Bar had an outdoor dinner at the Philadelphia Yacht Club at Eastington. Judges Swartz, Miller and Solly were present.

At the graduating exercises at Chester Hospital Training School, Harriet E. Sawyer was awarded the prize for highest average in practical training.

2 MORE WARSHIPS LOST BY BRITISH

Battleship Majestic Torpedoed in the Dardanelles.

PRINCESS IRENE BLOWN UP

Only One Man Of Crew Of Naval Auxiliary Vessel Survives Disaster In English Port—Most On Majestic Saved.

London.—Destruction of the British battleship Majestic by an enemy submarine in the Dardanelles and of the steamer Princess Irene, an auxiliary of the British Navy, by an accidental explosion in Sheerness Harbor was announced by the Admiralty.

In announcing the torpedoing of the Majestic, which follows closely upon the heels of the similar destruction of the battleship Triumph, the Admiralty states that most of those on board the vessel were rescued.

On the Princess Irene, however, 227 lives were lost.

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FRENCH ADVANCE MOVEMENT

Germans Driven From Position In Cemetery — French Take 400 Prisoners and Several Officers.

Paris.—The following official communication was issued by the War office: "In Belgian, along the Yser canal, intermittent artillery engagements have taken place. In the sector to the north of Arras the day has been marked by several actions of an intense character which gained for us a few successes."

"In the region of Angres, the enemy delivered two counter-attacks, but was twice repulsed. We remain masters of the positions conquered by us. The German losses were very heavy."

"Farther to the south, to the east of Ablain, a vigorous attack by the troops who had previously taken Carency and the greater part of Ablain resulted in the occupation of the German trenches in front of the cemetery of that village. Immediately afterward we carried the cemetery itself, where the enemy was strongly organized, and we then advanced beyond the cemetery. We took 400 prisoners, among whom were several officers."

"In the region of Ecurie and Roclin-court there has been a severe artillery combat. Between Arras and the Vosges the day was calm."

RAID GERMAN WAR PLANT

18 French Aviators Drop 83 Bombs On Ludwigshafen, Setting Factory On Fire.

Paris.—An official statement issued describes more fully the French raid on Ludwigshafen, where important munitions factories are reported to have been set on fire and partly destroyed. The statement reads as follows: "The aeroplanes which bombarded Ludwigshafen numbered 18. They took the air at 3 A. M. Thursday. The works of the Badische Anilin and Soda-Fabrik Company, the largest explosives factory in Germany, occupy an entire quarter of Ludwigshafen, near Mannheim, and an important annex was established near Oppau, a mile and a half from Ludwigshafen."

"The aeroplanes threw forty-seven 1-inch bombs and two 6-inch bombs on the main establishment, and thirty-six 1-inch bombs on Oppau. All the bombs reached the mark."

"Toward 6.15 three enormous columns of yellow flames could be seen at Ludwigshafen and at 6.30 the aviators saw Ludwigshafen and Oppau covered by vast volumes of smoke."

"The aeroplanes were fired at, but all returned except one. According to the pilots, the latter machine was obliged to land at Ludwigshafen and was seen to be in flames as soon as it landed. They believe that the landing, which was caused, no doubt, by the enemy's fire, was effected normally and that the pilots burned the machine to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Germans."



Sang for the Sick.



"The Ornament, Monsieur?"

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