## AISIOVE ST MARIE VAN VORST RLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

once?

lency.

to find your way?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"It would cost a great deal, Excel-

"You shall have all the money you

need. Do you think you would be able

The Duc de Tremont watched the

American girl. She was bartering

with an Arabian for the salvation of

a poor officer. What an enthusiast!

He had no idea she had ever seen

Sabron more than once or twice in

"Let me talk to this man," he said

In a tone different from the light

used to the Arab, Tremont began to

had just been fed, came in tinkling

her little bells and fawned at the

with these men and leave the city

"He is an impostor, of course,"

"Further he will not disclose to us.

There was a pause. Hammet Abou.

"But, mes amis, there is a man's

talking in the antechamber? Evident-

tions.

fellow is crazy or not, he has a won-

"Ah, she's got the heart!" she said

"Has Monsieur de Sabron no near

"No," said the Marquise d'Esclig-

Her tone was not unkind. It was

"Now, my good man," she said to

incomprehensible to him, "money is

if you find him? He may be an in-

The Comtesse de la Maine felt the

Abou answered none of these ques-

"The caravan starts tomorrow at

sundown and there is much to do."

to herself. "I knew it." She crossed

derful hypothesis."

He has evidently some carefully laid

mont said to his friends:

able man.

'Come here, Mimi."

Tremont went on:

plan for rescuing Sabron."

her pretty voice, asked quickly:

with authority, and Julia Redmond

her life. He came forward.

did not dispute him.

SYNOPSIS.

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lout to find Monsieur de Sabron at 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. He is ordered to Algiers but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing forbis master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algiers, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquise to Algiers in his yacht but has doubt's about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. -12-

#### CHAPTER XX-Continued.

ask a dozen questions severely, and in his answers to the young French-After a moment, in which the Marman, Hammet Abou began to make a quise d'Esclignac gazed at the bougainfavorable impression on every one villea and wondered how anyone could save the Marquise d'Esclignac, who admire its crude and vulgar color, Miss did not understand him. There was Redmond asked: a huge bamboo chair on a dais un-"Did you ever think that the Duc de der a Chinese pagoda, and the Marquise d'Esclignac took the chair and Turning shortly about to her niece, sat upright as on a throne. Mimi. who

Tremont was in love?"

her aunt stared at her. "In love, my dear!"

"With Madame de la Maine."

The arrival of Macame de la Maine had been a bitter blow to the Marquise d'Esclignac. The young woman was, however, much loved in Paris and quite in the eye of the world. There was no possible reason why the Marquise d'Esclignac should avoid her.

"You have been hearing gossip, Julia "

"I have been watching a lovely woman," said the girl simply, "and a man. That's all. You wouldn't want Tremont, "an impostor or a remarkme to marry a man who loves another woman, ma tante, when the woman loves him and when I love another man?"

She laughed and kissed her aunt's cheek.

"Let us think of the soldier." she murmured, "let us think just of him. ma tante, will you not?"

The Marquise d'Esclignac struck her colors.

In the hallway of the villa, in snowy gibbeh (and his clean-washed

appearance was much in his favor), Hammet Abou waited to talk with the life at stake! Why do we stand here "grandmother" and the excellency. He pressed both his hands to his forehead and his breast as the ladies

entered the vestibule. There was a stagnant odor of myrrh and sandalwood in the air. The marble vestibule was cool and dark, the walls hung with high-colored stuffs, the windows drawn to keep out the heat. The Duc de Tremont and Madame

de la Maine came out of the salon together. Tremont nodded to the Arab

"I hope you are a little less,-" and he touched his forehead smiling, "today, my friend."

"I am as God made me, Monsieur." "What have you got today?" asked Julia Redmond anxiously, fixing her eager eyes upon Hammet.

It seemed terrible to her that this man should stand there with a vital secret and that they should not all be at his feet. He glanced boldly around at them. "There are no soldiers here?"

"No, no, you may speak freely." The man went forward to Tremont and put a paper in his hands, unfolding it like a chart.

"This is what monsieur asked me for-a plan of the battlefield. This is the battlefield, and this is the desert."

Tremont took the chart. On the Tremont Began to Ask a Dozen Quespage was simply a round circle, drawn in red ink, with a few Arabian characters and nothing else. Hammet Abou traced the circle with his fingers tipped with henna.

"That was the battle, Monsieur." "But this is no chart, Hammet

Abou. The other continued, unmoved: "And all the rest is a desert, like at the Comtesse de la Maine.

Tremont, over the man's snowy turban, glanced at the others and the hall to the Comtesse de la Maine shrugged. Every one but Julia Red- and slipped her arm in hers. mond thought he was insane. She came up to him where he stood close family?" to Tremont. She said very slowly in French, compelling the man's dark nac from her throne. "He is one of eves to meet hers:

Abou, anything more. Am I not are all the dearer because of their their return by an ingenious labyrinth right? You don't wish us to know the orphaned state."

Now it was the American pitted affectionate. against the Oriental. The Arab, with deference, touched his forehead be-Hammet Abou, in a language totally

"If I made a true plan," he said no object in this question, but what coolly, "your excellency could give it will you do with Monsieur de Sabron ing woman cornered him.

tomorrow to the government." "Just what should be done, Julia," valid, and the ransom will be fabusaid the Marquise d'Esclignac, in Englous. lish, "This man should be arrested at once."

"Ma tante," pleaded Julia Redmond. She felt as though a slender thread tions, for he did not understand them. was between her fingers, a thread He said quietly to Tremont: which led her to the door of a labyrinth and which a rude touch might

cause her to loze forever. 'If you had money would you start tache. He looked boyish and charm- do."

corner where the two women stood to-"I intend to go with you, Hammet

ing, withat serious beyond his usual

habit. His eyes wandered over to the

Abou," said he slowly, "If it can be arranged. Otherwise this expedition does not interest me."

Two women said:

"Oh, heavens!" at once. Robert de Tremont heard the note of anxiety in the younger voice alone. He glanced at the Comtesse de la Maine.

"You are quite right, Madame," he said, "a man's life is at stake and we stand chaffing here. I know some thing of what the desert is and what the natives are. Sabron would be the first to go if it were a question of a brother officer."

The Marquise d'Esclignac got down from her throne, trembling. Her eyes were fixed upon her niece.

"Julia," she began, and stopped. Madame de la Maine said nothing. "Robert, you are my godson, and I

forbid it. Your mother-" "-is one of the bravest women I ever knew," said her godson. "My father was a soldier."

Julia withdrew her arm from the

Comtesse de la Maine as though to leave her free. "Then you two girls," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, thoroughly American for a moment, "must forbid him

and mocking one that he had hitherto to go." She fixed her eyes sternly upon her niece, with a glance of entreaty and reproach. Miss Redmond said in a firm voice:

"In Monsieur de Tremont's case I should do exactly what he proposes." "But he is risking his life," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "He is not even an intimate friend of Monsieur de Sa-

Tremont said, smiling: "You tell us that he has no brother, marraine. Eh bien, I will pass as his brother.

sandals on Hammet Abou's bare feet. A thrill touched Julia Redmond's After talking with the native. Treheart. She almost loved him. If, as her aunt had said, Sabron had been "This man says that if he joins a out of the question Jewish caravan, which leaves here to-

"Madame de la Maine," said the morrow at sundown, he will be taken Marquise d'Esclignac, her hands shaking. "I appeal to you to divert this without suspicion, but he must share headstrong young man from his purthe expenses of the whole caravan. posc.' The expedition will not be without

The Comtesse de la Maine was the danger; it must be entered into with palest of the three women. She had great subtlety. He is either," said been quietly looking at Tremont and now a smile crossed her lips that had tears back of it-one of those beautiful smiles that mean so much on murmured the Marquise d'Esclignac. a woman's face. She was the only one of the three who had not yet confinement. spoken. Tremont was waiting for her. Hammet Abou, with whom he had been in earnest conversation, was answering his further questions. The his hands folded peacefully across his up her hands as though she gave up breast, waited. Julia Redmond wait. all questions of romance, rescue and lege, and all-around athlete. ed. The Comtesse de la Maine, in disappointed love and fooligh girls, and walked out thoroughly wretched. Mimi tinkling at her heels. The Com- of Miss Lavina Weiser, a direct detesse de la Maine said to Julia:

'Ma chere, what were the words of prayer. Tell me the words slowly, Church, Sunbury.

They walked out of the vestibule together, leaving Hammet Abou and Tremont alone.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Master and Friend. Pitchoune, who might have been considered as one of the infinitesimal atoms in the economy of the universe. ran over the sands away from his master. He was an infinitesimal dot on the desert's face. He was only a small Irish terrier in the heart of the Sahara. His little wiry body and his color seemed to blend with the dust. His eyes were dimmed by hunger and thirst and exhaustion, but there was the blood of a fighter in him and he was a thoroughbred. Nevertheless, he was running away. It looked very much like it. There was no one to comment on his treachery; had there been, Pitchoune would not have run

It was not an ordinary sight to see on the Sahara-a small Irish terrier going as fast as he could. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rome's Colossal Fish Pond.

The duke of Sermoneta who is acting as president of the committee formed ly the war office has done all it can in Rome to promote the independence for the Capitaine de Sabron. But they of Poland, ranks among the greatest have not found him. Whether this landowners in Italy, Fogliano, his estate near the Pontine marshes, extending to 80,000 acres, mainly under A brilliant look of gratitude crossed grass, for the duke owns vast herds of Julia Redmond's face. She glanced cattle. The most productive portion of the estate, however, is a lake several miles long and about a mile in breadth, which, from the time of the Roman empire downward, has supplied fish for the market in Rome. Whenever there is a flood by rain on the hills the lake overflows through a narrow channel into the sea. The sea fish find their way through tato those unfamilied beings who, when the lake, and remain to fatten in the "You don't wish to tell us, Hammet they are once taken into other hearts fresh water, and then are captured on constructed of reeds into which they swim. They are of the best kindchiefly gray mullet.

And That Spoiled It. Pouglas Fairbanks went to a social affair the other night and an admir-

"Oh, Mr. Fairbanks," she said, "your acting is wonderful." "Thank you," he replied.

"It's marvelous how you bring out girl's arm in hers tremble. Hammet the different emotions." "I'm glad you appreciate my work." "Yes, indeed, you are a great actor."

"You are indeed complimentary." "And do you know," the woman rattled on, "I have a little five-year-old Tremont stood pulling his mus- son at home who acts exactly like you

# **BRIEFLY TOLD**

Latest Doings in Various Parts of the State.

#### PREPAREDFORQUICKREADING

Wife Kills Man As Children Look On. One Killed, Two Hurt In School House Crash-Coremaker Succumbs To Heat.

Mrs. Thomas G. Williams, of Catasauqua, overcome while ironing, broke her arm in falling on the floor.

George Hill, aged fifty, a coremaker at the Reading Coal & Iron repair shops, died at the Pottsville Hospital from the effects of the intense heat.

Charles Wayne, who murdered Mrs Steiner three years ago, died in East ern Penitentiary where he was serving fifteen years. Lincoln M. Luft, fifty-two years old.

while patrolling his beat. Frank L. Cloud has resigned as superintendent of schools, Norristown, to become a teacher of languages in the Southern High School of Philadel-

As a result of being kicked in the stomach by a horse at his home at Tuckerton, John Stoner, sixty-one years old, died at the Reading Hospital. He was removing a nail from the horse's hoof when he was kicked.

The Bowertown and Snyder's Reformed Churches have elected Rev. G. L. Laubach, of Butztown, recently graduated from the Lancaster Reformed Theological Seminary, as pastor of the joint congregations.

guilty to a serious charge preferred by a seven-year-old girl of Lehighton, and was sentenced to serve in the Eastern Penitentiary three years at solitary Prof. Arthur P. Mylin will succeed

James Tolen, of Dunsmore, pleaded

Prof. E. C. Roudabush as supervising principal of the Mt. Joy schools, and Marquise d'Esclignac shrugged, threw principal of the high school. He is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall Col-According to the terms of the will

scendant of Conrad Weiser, of Colonial fame, probated at Sunbury, the bulk the English song you sang last night of an estate estimated to be worth the song you told me was a sort of \$25,000 is given to Zion Lutheran Roger P. Laudenslager, for seven

years health officer of Emaus, and for twenty-five years a draftsman in the office of the Emaus Pipe Mill, died of dropsy, aged sixty-four. He is said to have been the youngest great-grandfather in the State.

Dr. Kalbfus, State Game Commissioner, accompanied Colonel Harry C. Trexler to Hickory Run to come to an agreement for the establishment of a State game preserve. Colonel Trexler is head of an association of sportsmen, owning one thousand acres of land.

John McGregor, of Lancaster, was killed and John McDaniels and Winfred Zimmerman, of Harrisburg, seriously hurt when a school house at Hockville, which they had started to demolish for a contractor, collapsed. McGregor was instantly killed by the roof timbers.

A hermit since his wife was burned to death two years ago, John H. Shutti. fifty-five years old, was found dead at his home, five miles from York. He had evidently been struck by lightning during a terrific storm last Sunday. The body, which lay beside a fence near the house, was badly disfigured, the clothing was in shreds and the shoes had been torn off. The lightning had plowed a furrow nine feet long in the ground.

John F. Burke, a track foreman for the Pennsylvania Railroad, was shot and instantly killed by his wife in the presence of their five little children, the shooting taking place in the diningroom of their home at Chester. The slaying was the culmination of a series of abuses to which the woman had been subjected for a long time, the police say, and they are inclined to believe the statement of Mrs. Burke that she shot in self-defense. A double barrel shot gun that she grabbed from a corner of the room was the weapon that dealt the death wound.

Patrick Murphy, a Central Railroad of New Jersey trackwalker for the past forty-five years, prevented a passenger train wreck at Glen Onoko by flagging it immediately before it struck a tree which had been blown across the tracks.

J. E. Elliott, of Newville, was painfully injured while riding in an automobile near Waynesboro. The automobile went over a culvert and Mr. Elliott was thrown into the top of the machine with such force that his nose

**Bathers and Rescuers Drowned** at Atlantic City.

HORRIFIED CROWDS WATCH

Several Lose Their Lives Trying To Save Others-A Young Girl's Pathetic Death-Most Of the Victims Were Philadelphians.

Atlantic' City.-Lashed and beaten into helplessness by merciless waves and powerless in the grip of an undertow against which human might was puny and futile, eight persons met their deaths on the beach Sunday, while heroes, red-shirted beach guards and bathers who took their lives into their own hands battled desperately against tremendous odds to save them.

Thousands lined the boardwalk and beach, women ringing their hands and weeping bitterly, as a tragedy, heartbreaking in its intensity, was enacted nember of the police department of before their eyes. Birdsboro, fell dead of hemorrhages

For the space of more than 30 minutes more than 200 lives were placed in direct peril by the pounding surf herding them into a deep "slue" run ning seaward from the strand at Chelsea avenue. Three others, one of them a young woman, are missing, and may have met the same fate.

#### FIGHT AT 10,500 FEET.

French Aviator Attacks German At That Height-Latter Falls Like Stone.

Paris.-The following official account of an engagement between a French and a German aeroplane was given out in Paris:

"An enemy aeroplane having been observed over our lines at Aspach, near Thann, in upper Alsace, one of our aviator sergeants took wing and mounted in 30 minutes to a height of 10,500 feet. At this altitude he engaged his enemy with a machine gun.

"To this fire the German replied with his machine gun, and one of his bullets struck the motor of the French machine. The sergeant again ascended to a position above his adversary and fired three bands of cartridges. During the third round the German aviator was seen by the Frenchman suddenly to throw his arms into the air. His acinne then began to fall, and it came down like a stone inside of our line

"The French aviator came down under control. Once on the ground he examined his machine. He found that bullets fired by his antagonist had perforated his cylinder, penetrated the steel shield at the back of the motor. and riddled his sails. The Frenchman himself was slightly wounded in the

KAISER QUOTED FOR PEACE.

But Wants It "Profitable" For Germany, Alleged Letter Says.

Paris.-Extracts from a letter said to have been sent by Emperor William to a personage connected with the Bayarian court, and published in Spain, are reproduced by the Matin. The Emperor is quoted as saying, in part: "Our only object is a peace profit able for the German states. This peace may be concluded sooner than thought. If it gave for the time being only an incomplete result it would at least serve as a preparation for the future.

wished. "When my august grandfather placed the empire on its present basis he did not pretend to have realized a completed work. The empire always is susceptible of growth. What cannot be achieved today will be achieved later."

It could be signed tomorrow if

### TO AID BLIND SOLDIERS.

Keeper Of the "Lighthouse" Sails For French City.

New York .- Miss Winifred Holt, keeper of the "Lighthouse," the institution of the New York Association for the Blind, sailed on the steamer Roch ambeau, to organize a corps of workers abroad who will look after the victims of the European war who have lost their sight. Assistance in teaching them to become self-supporting will be the object of the work, and regular courses of training will be begun where practicable. Many prominent persons have interested them selves in the financing of the effort.

RECRUITING IN U. S. CHARGED. Government Probing Alleged Activity

Of England. San Francisco.-Agents of the De

partment of Justice are investigating alleged recruiting in California for the Allies in the European war. The main office of the supposed recruiting agents ts in San Francisco. Franz Bopp. Consul-General for Germany in San Francisco, was said to have supplied information upon which the investigat ing is based, but he denied this. On good authority, it was stated that some of the investigators had found no trouble in enlisting.

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