

# HIS LOVE STORY

## MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

Copyright by The Gibbs-Herrill Company

### SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a molasses 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 Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress curiously. 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 marquis to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts 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. Hammett Abu tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found.

### CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

Pitchoune ran with his nose to the ground. There were several trails for a dog to follow on that apparently untrodden page of desert history. Which one would he choose? Without a scent a dog does nothing. His nostrils are his instinct. His devotion, his faithfulness, his intelligence, his heart—all come through his nose. A man's heart, they say, is in his stomach—or in his pocket. A dog's is in his nostrils. If Pitchoune had chosen the wrong direction, this story would never have been written. Michette did not give birth to the sixth puppy, in the stables of the garrison, for nothing. Nor had Sabron saved him on the night of the memorable dinner for nothing.

With his nose flat to the sands Pitchoune smelt to east and to west, to north and south, took a scent to the east, decided on it—for what reason will never be told—and followed it. Fatigue and hunger were forgotten as hour after hour Pitchoune ran across the Sahara. Meticulously, the sun had been clouded by the precursor of a windstorm. The air was almost cool. Meticulously, the wind did not arise until the little terrier had pursued his course to the end.

There are occasions when an animal's intelligence surpasses the human. When, toward evening of the twelve hours that it had taken him to reach a certain point, he came to a settlement of mud huts on the borders of an oasis, he was pretty nearly at the end of his strength. The oasis was the only sign of life in five hundred miles. There was very little left in his small body. He lay down, panting, but his bright spirit was unwilling just then to leave his form and hovered near him. In the religion of Tattman dogs alone have souls.

Pitchoune panted and dragged himself to a pool of water around which the green palms grew, and he drank and drank. Then the little desert wayfarer hid himself in the bushes and slept till morning. All night he was racked with convulsive twitches, but he slept and in his dreams he killed a young chicken and ate it. In the morning he took a bath in the pool, and the sun rose while he swam in the water.

If Sabron or Miss Redmond could have seen him he would have seen: if the epitome of heartless egotism. He was the epitome of wisdom. Instinct and wisdom sometimes go closely together. Solomon was only instinctive when he asked for wisdom. The egyptian Lucullus, when dying, asked for a certain Nile fish cooked in wine.

Pitchoune shook out his short hairy body and came out of the oasis pool into the sunlight and trotted into the Arabian village.

Fatou Anni parched corn in a brazier before her house. Her house was a mud hut with yellow walls. It had no roof and was open to the sky. Fatou Anni was ninety years old, straight as a lance—straight as one of the lances the men of the village carried when they went to dispute with white people. These lances with which the young men had fought, had won them the last battle. They had been victorious on the field.

Fatou Anni was the grandmother of many men. She had been the mother of many men. Now she parched corn tranquilly, prayerfully.

"Allah! that the corn should not burn; Allah! that it should be sweet; Allah! that her men should be always successful."

She was the fetish of the settlement. In a single blue garment, her black scrawny breast uncovered, the thin veil that the Fellahs wear pushed back from her face, her fine eyes were revealed and she might have been a priestess as she bent over her corn!

"Allah! Allah Akbar!"

Rather than anything should happen to Fatou Anni, the settlement would have roared its enemies alive, torn them in shreds. Some of them said that she was two hundred years old. There was a charmed ring drawn around her house. People supposed that if any creature crossed it uninvited, it would fall dead.

The sun had risen for an hour and the air was still cool. Overhead, the

sky, unstained by a single cloud, was blue as a turquoise floor, and against it, black and portentous, flew the vultures. Here and there the sun-touched pools gave life and reason to the oasis.

Fatou Anni parched her corn. Her barbaric chant was interrupted by a sharp bark and a low pleading whine.

She had never heard sounds just like that. The dogs of the village were great wolflike creatures. Pitchoune's bark was angelic compared with theirs. He crossed the charmed circle drawn around her house, and did not fall dead, and stood before her, whining. Fatou Anni left her corn, stood upright and looked at Pitchoune. To her the Irish terrier was an apparition. The fact that he had not fallen dead proved that he was beloved of Allah. He was, perhaps, a genie, an ahrif.

Pitchoune fawned at her feet. She murmured a line of the Koran. It did not seem to affect his demonstrative affection. The woman bent down to him after making a pass against the Evil Eye, and touched him, and Pitchoune licked her hand.

Fatou Anni screamed, dropped him, went into the house and made her ablutions. When she came out Pitchoune sat patiently before the parched corn, and he again came crawling to her.

The Arabian woman lived in the last hut of the village. She could satisfy her curiosity without shocking her neighbors. She bent down to scrutinize Pitchoune's collar. There was a sacred medal on it with sacred inscriptions which she could not read.

As soon as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to

scribble as she had freed him this time, Pitchoune tore himself away from her, flew out of the sacred ring and disappeared. The he ran back, barking appealingly; he took the hem of her dress in his mouth and pulled her. He repeatedly did this and the superstitious Arabian believed herself to be called divinely. She cautiously left the doorstep, her veil falling before her face, came out of the sacred ring, followed to the edge of the berry field. From there Pitchoune sped over the desert; when he stopped and looked back at her. Fatou Anni did not follow, and he returned to renew his entreaties. When she tried to touch him he escaped, keeping at a safe distance. The village began to



Hour After Hour Pitchoune Ran Across the Sahara.

str. Blue and yellow garments fluttered in the streets.

"Allah Akbar," Fatou Anni murmured, "these are days of victory, of recompense."

She gathered her robe around her and, stately and impressively, started toward the huts of her grandsons. When she returned, eight young warriors, fully armed, accompanied her. Pitchoune sat beside the parched corn, watching the brazier and her meal. Fatou Anni pointed to the desert.

She said to the young men, "Go with this genie. There is something he wishes to show us. Allah is great. Go."

When the Capitaine de Sabron opened his eyes in consciousness, they encountered a square of blazing blue heaven. He weakly put up his hand to shade his sight, and a cotton awning, supported by four bamboo poles, was swiftly raised over his head. He saw objects and took cognizance of them. On the floor in the low doorway of a mud hut sat three little naked children covered with flies and dirt. He was the guest of Fatou Anni. These were three of her hundred great-great-grandchildren.

The babies were playing with a little dog. Sabron knew the dog but could not articulate his name. By his side sat the woman to whom he owed his life. Her veil fell over her face. She was braiding straw. He looked at her intelligently. She brought him a drink of cool water in an earthen vessel, with the drops oozing from its porous sides. The hut reeked with odors which met his nostrils at every

breath he drew. He asked in Arabic: "Where am I?"

"In the hut of victory," said Fatou Anni.

Pitchoune overheard the voice and came to Sabron's side. His master murmured: "Where are we, my friend?"

The dog leaped on his bed and licked his face. Fatou Anni, with a whisk of straw, swept the flies from him. A great weakness spread its wings above him and he fell asleep.

Days are all alike to those who lie in mortal sickness. The hours are intensely colorless and they slip and slip into painful wakefulness, into fever, into drowsiness finally, and then into weakness.

The Capitaine de Sabron, although he had no family to speak of, did possess, unknown to the Marquise d'Esclignac, an old aunt in the provinces, and a handful of heartless cousins who were indifferent to him. Nevertheless he clung to life and in the hut of Fatou Anni fought for existence. Every time that he was conscious he struggled anew to hold to the thread of life. Whenever he grasped the thread he vanquished, and whenever he lost it, he went down, down.

Fatou Anni cherished him. He was a soldier who had fallen in the battle against her sons and grandsons. He was a man and a strong one, and she despised women. He was her prey and he was her reward and she cared for him; as she did so, she became maternal.

His eyes which, when he was conscious, thanked her; his thin hands that moved on the rough blue robe thrown over him, the devotion of the dog—found a responsive chord in the great-grandmother's heart. Once he smiled at one of the naked, big-bellied great-great-grandchildren. Beni Hassan, three years old, came up to Sabron with his fingers in his mouth and chattered like a bird. This proved to Fatou Anni that Sabron had not the Evil Eye. No one but the children were admitted to the hut, but the sun and the flies and the cries of the village came in without permission, and now and then, when the winds arose, he could hear the stirring of the palm trees.

Sabron was reduced to skin and bone. His nourishment was insufficient, and the absence of all decent care was slowly taking him to death. It will never be known why he did not die.

Pitchoune took to making long excursions. He would be absent for days, and in his clouded mind Sabron thought the dog was reconnoitering for him over the vast pink sea without there—which, if one could sail across as in a ship, one would sail to France, through the walls of mellow old Tarazon, to the chateau of good King Rene; one would sail as the moon sails, and through an open window one might hear the sound of a woman's voice singing. The song, ever illusive and irritating in its persistency, tantalized his sick ears.

Sabron did not know that he would have found the chateau shut had he sailed there in the moon. It was as well that he did not know, for his wandering thought would not have known where to follow, and there was repose in thinking of the Chateau d'Esclignac.

It grew terribly hot. Fatou Anni, by his side, fanned him with a fan she had woven. The great-great-grandchildren on the floor in the mud fought together. They quarreled over bits of colored glass. Sabron's breath came panting. Without, he heard the cries of the warriors, the lance-bearers—he heard the cries of Fatou Anni's sons who were going out to battle. The French soldiers were in a distant part of the Sahara and Fatou Anni's grand-children were going out to pillage and destroy. The old woman by his side cried out and beat her breast. Now and then she looked at him curiously, as if she saw death on his pale face.

Now that all her sons and grandsons had gone, he was the only man left in the village, as even boys of sixteen had joined the raid. She wiped his forehead and gave him a potion that had been pierced with arrows. It was all she could do for a captive.

Toward sundown, for the first time Sabron felt a little better, and after twenty-four hours' absence, Pitchoune whined at the hut door, but would not come in. Fatou Anni called on Allah, left her patient and went out to see what was the matter with the dog. At the door, in the shade of a palm, stood two Bedouins.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Why Some Are Color Blind.**  
It is known that color blind people cannot distinguish colors, but the reason for this is not generally known. They cannot distinguish many colors, and most of them usually give the appearance of being gray. The cause lies in the constitution of the retina, which microscopically consists of rods and cones. If a certain part of the cones is wanting the sensation they arouse is also wanting. A blind man who does not see at all is not much more deceived by his sight than the color blind man. Even the normal eye has not cones fine enough to detect ultra violet rays and electric rays.

**Soldiers' Winter Clothing.**  
The soldiers of Japan have learned the value of paper clothing for winter wear. The paper, which is made from mulberry bark, has little sizing in it, and is soft and warm. Between two sheets of the paper they place a thin layer of silk wadding, and then quilt the whole. It is something of a drawback that clothing so made is not washable, but in a winter campaign a soldier has other things to think of than the dirt on his uniform.—Youth's Companion.

## GEN. HUERTA HELD UP ON THE BORDER

### Charged With Conspiracy to Incite a Revolution.

### IS RELEASED UNDER BAIL

### Former Dictator Alleged To Be Concerned In Plot Backed By Americans To Seize Control Of Mexican Government.

El Paso, Texas.—Charges of conspiring to incite a revolution against a friendly country were filed against General Victoriano Huerta, former President of Mexico, who was placed under arrest at Newman, N. M., by Federal officers.

Similar charges were filed against General Pascual Orozco, who was arrested at the same time. Huerta was released on \$15,000 bond. Orozco's bail was fixed at \$7,500 and he also was released.

El Paso, Texas.—Instead of being given an enthusiastic welcome by his supporters, many of whom had gathered at the border, General Huerta reached El Paso in the custody of Federal officers and under guard of 25 United States troops.

The former Mexican Executive and General Orozco were taken to the custom house here and later removed to Fort Bliss, where they were held until their bonds had been provided. General Huerta in answer to a question denied he had intended to re-enter Mexico at this time.

### Met By Cavalrymen.

General Huerta had planned to leave the train at Newman and motor 20 miles to El Paso accompanied by Major Luis Fuentes, his son-in-law, and General Orozco, who had been one of his most active commanders in the fighting against the Constitutionalists. That portion of his plan was carried out, but his party was augmented by the addition of the Federal officials and a detachment of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry.

The coming of General Huerta to El Paso had been predicted here, but news of his detention came as a surprise to the public.

Federal officers learned that General Huerta was traveling toward El Paso on El Paso and Southwestern train No. 1. Zack L. Cobb, Collector of Customs at El Paso, acting for the State Department, assisted by Clifford Beckham, of Fort Worth, special agent for the Department of Justice, arranged to meet the train at Newman, New Mexico, accompanied by a small force of Federal officers and 25 cavalrymen from Fort Bliss under Colonel George Morgan, the troops being used as an escort and guard against disorders on the drive through the city.

### JAPS COMMIT SUICIDE.

### Hari Kari Preferred To Life When Germans Took Lemberg.

Tokio.—Major Nakajima and Captain Hashimoto, Japanese officers fighting with the Russian Army at Lemberg, committed hari kari when the Gallician capital fell, rather than suffer what they considered the dishonor of being made prisoners of war, according to official advices received from Petrograd.

### FIRE DESTROYS S. C. & A. SHOP.

### Does \$15,000 Damage To Railway At Salisbury.

Salisbury, Md.—Fire, the origin of which is unknown, destroyed the entire car shop of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Railway Company here with a lot of rail, \$5,000 worth of car material, and one coach. The total loss amounted to \$15,000, partly covered by insurance.

### 300,000 FOR THE NAVY.

### British Naval Estimate Provides For 50,000 Additional Men.

London.—The supplementary naval estimate, just issued, provides for the addition of another 50,000 officers and men to the navy. This would bring the total personnel for this year up to 300,000 officers and men. The last vote, of 250,000 men, was made in February.

### RUSS WAR MINISTER OUT.

### General Soukhomlinoff Will Be Succeeded By Assistant.

London.—General W. A. Soukhomlinoff, the Russian Minister of War, has resigned, according to a dispatch from Petrograd to Reuters' Telegram Company. It is understood that General Polivanoff, a former Assistant Minister of War, will succeed General Soukhomlinoff.

### BOMB KILLS FIFTY GERMANS.

### London Hears Airman Hit Ammunition Depot In Belgium.

London.—Bombs dropped by British aviators near Roulers, Belgium, caused the explosion of a large ammunition depot and also resulted in the killing of 50 German soldiers who were loading an ammunition train, says a Central News dispatch from Rotterdam.

## STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

### Latest Doings in Various Parts of the State.

### PREPARED FOR QUICK READING

### Ambler Man Held As Spy By Italians. Dog Saves Family From Death.

### Frick's Fire 400 More Ovens.

Suit in which \$20,000 is claimed as damages on charges of alienation of the affections of Mrs. Harvey Allen has been instituted against Theodore M. Streeter, sixty-eight years old, deacon in the church for years and prominent in Tunkhannock. Mrs. Allen drank poison on June 22, 1912, dying in the arms of her husband after writing a note in which she blamed Streeter. Allen charges that Streeter and Mrs. Allen had planned to poison him; that Streeter was hiding in the woods to be called to take charge of the body as undertaker, but at the last minute Mrs. Allen took the poison herself.

According to figures obtained, the Bethlehem Steel Company now is employing at its Saucun and Lehigh plants 13,173 men, besides 1,000 at the war munitions plant at Redington. When the new \$60,000 additional shell loading plant at Redington is built, 1,000 more persons will be employed there, and when the merchant mill at the local plant is put in operation next August, 3,000 additional men will be given work, making a total of between 18,000 and 20,000, who will draw out monthly in wages in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

While taking measurements of an old castle in Italy, where he is pursuing the study of art and architecture, William Hough, son of Dr. S. H. Hough, of Ambler, was arrested as a spy and held in custody for three days, by the Italian authorities, according to a letter which his father has received from him. He was released through the intervention of the American Embassy.

Captain Cleon N. Berntheisel, of Columbia, Assemblyman from Lancaster county, who upon the election of Colonel Shannon as commander of the Fourth Infantry, N. G. P., was appointed adjutant, was named by General C. T. O'Neill, commander of the Fourth Brigade, as major and judge advocate on the brigade staff.

The H. C. Frick Coke Company have issued orders for the firing of 400 additional coke ovens in the Conestoga district. The order includes fifteen plants, a number of which have been idle for months. The company now has 15,215 ovens out of 20,000 in operation.

Members of the Lancaster City and County Pastoral Association were entertained at Accomac, the guests of Rev. J. H. Streng, of Lebanon, formerly of Lancaster, and Rev. George Gensler, of St. John's Lutheran Church, Columbia.

Aroused by the barking of his dog, William Reiss, a Germantown farmer, just had time enough to get out of his house with his family before the roof fell in from a fire, the origin of which is unknown.

Five generations attended a triple birthday party in honor of former County Commissioner Willoughby Guth, of Allentown, who is seventy-nine; his wife, aged seventy-seven, and a niece, Miss Annie Witt, aged fifteen.

The Easton High School held its fifty-ninth annual commencement, a class of eighty-one being graduated. An interesting literary and musical program preceded the announcement of prizes and scholarships.

Melancholy on account of ill health, it is said, Margaret, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Minister, of York, took poison and may die. She had brooded over her ill health.

One of the largest classes in its history, numbering 44, was graduated from the Bethlehem High School. Judge Russel C. Stewart, of Easton, delivered the address to the graduates.

Isaac Fromme, a well-known citizen, of Pottsville, committed suicide by taking poison while in a telephone booth. No cause is given for his action.

Johnny Wyatt, six years old, of Krebs Station, in attempting to jump a freight train, had his left leg cut off and was internally injured.

When the home of William Reiff, of Mt. Carmel, was destroyed by fire, Reiff, wife and several children escaped by bed clothes from a second story window.

Walter F. Wink, crack auto driver, in a new Buick light six, made the run from Buffalo, N. Y., to Allentown, in a little more than twelve hours.

The commencement exercises of the Mauch Chunk High School were held in the Opera House, when a class of seventeen received diplomas.

## ATTORNEYS.

**D. A. PURSLEY**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office North of Court House.

**W. HARRISON WALKER**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
No. 10 W. High Street.  
All professional business promptly attended to.

**J. B. GIBBS**    **Z. J. BROWN**    **W. B. BROWN**  
**RENEA, BROWN & BERRY**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
According to GUYER, BROWN & GUYER  
Commissioners in English and German.

**H. B. SPANGLER**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Practice in all the courts. Conferences in English and German. Office, Office's Building Building.

**CLEMENT BALE**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Office N. W. corner Second and Chestnut  
First National Bank.

## Penns Valley Banking Company

Centre Hall, Pa.  
**DAVID E. KELLER, Cashier**  
Receives Deposits . . .  
Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Across sending a sketch and description we advise you whether or not your invention is probably patentable. Confidentiality strictly maintained. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken throughout the world. No special notice, without charge, in the

## Scientific American.

A half-century illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.

**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**

## Jno. F. Gray & Son

(Successors to GRANT HOOPER)

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

### THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mislead  
No Assurances

Before insuring your life on 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 City's Store Building  
BELLEFONTE, PA.  
Telephone Connection

## MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



## H. G. STROHMEIER.

Centre Hall, . . . . . Pa.  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
HIGH GRADE . . .  
MONUMENTAL WORK  
in all kinds of  
Marble and  
Granite. Don't fail to call my prices

## ROALSBURG TAYLOR

ROALSBURG, PA.  
AMOS LOCK, PROPRIETOR

This well-known history is prepared in concise outline all travelers. But in hand from the original source at Oak Hill Station, Pa. For more made to accommodate the traveling public. See any attached.

## OLD PORT HOTEL.

**EDWARD RYKER**    **BATES**  
Proprietor    S. E. By Day

Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.  
Accommodations: Reasonable. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. All ways prepared for the transient trade.

## DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,

VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Penn's Office at Paines Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones.