

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitcheoune. 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 Pitcheoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pitcheoune 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 capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitcheoune. After a horrible night and day Pitcheoune 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. Hammet Abou tells the Marquis where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition foresaw danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?"

"The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you are only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and rave against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oases under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

"Fatou Anni is nearly one hundred years old. She has borne twenty children, she has had fifty grandchildren; she has seen many wives, many brides and many mothers. She does not believe the sick man has the Evil Eye. She is not afraid of your fifty armed men. Fatou Anni is not give up the Frenchman because of fear, nor will she give him up to any man. She gives him to the women of his people."

CHAPTER XXII.

Into the Desert.

A week after the caravan of the Duc de Tremont left Algiers, Julia Redmond came unexpectedly to the villa of Madame de la Maine at an early morning hour. Madame de la Maine saw her standing on the threshold of her bedroom door.

"Chere Madame," Julia said, "I am leaving today with a dragoman and twenty servants to go into the desert."

Madame de la Maine was still in bed. At nine o'clock she read her papers and her correspondence.

"Into the desert—alone!"

Julia, with her cravache in her gloved hands, smiled sweetly though she was very pale. "I had not thought of going alone, Madame," she replied with charming assurance, "I knew you would go with me."

On a chair by her bed was a wrapper of blue silk and lace. The comtesse sprang up and then thrust her feet into her slippers and stared at Julia.

"What are you going to do in the desert?"

"Watch!"

"Yes, yes," nodded Madame de la Maine. "And your aunt?"

"Deep in a bazaar for the hospital," smiled Miss Redmond.

Madame de la Maine regarded her slender friend with admiration and envy. "Why hadn't I thought of it?" she rang for her maid.

"Because your great-grandfather was not a pioneer!" Miss Redmond answered.

The sun which, all day long, held the desert in its burning embrace, went westward in his own brilliant caravan.

"The desert blossoms like a rose, Therese."

"Like a rose?" questioned Madame de la Maine.

She was sitting in the door of her tent; her white dress and her white

hat gleamed like a touch of snow upon the desert's face. Julia Redmond, on a rug at her feet, and in her khaki riding-habit the color of the sand, blended with the desert as though part of it. She sat up as she spoke.

"How divine! See!" She pointed to the stretches of the Sahara before her. On every side they spread away as far as the eye could reach, suave, mellow, black, undulating finally to small hillocks with corrugated sides, as a group of little sandhills rose softly out of the sealike plain. "Look, Therese!"

Slowly, from ochre and gold the color changed; a faint wavelike blush crept over the sands, which reddened, paled, faded, warmed again, took depth and grew intense like flame.

"The heart of a rose! N'est-ce pas, Therese?"

"I understand now what you mean," said Madame. The comtesse was not a dreamer. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. Therese had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but our-

selves. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exquisitely courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquise d'Esclignac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for her dragoman and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You as well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it waned before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the airs of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume,
It comes, it escapes,
When it's present, it intoxicates;
When it's a memory, it brings tears.
Love is like a sweet breath,
It comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her severe riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, look affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her, by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever, for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW PARISIAN MODELS

UMBRELLA OUTLINE NOTICED ON THE LATEST SKIRTS.

May Signify Change in Forthcoming Styles—Lemon-Yellow Linen Promises to Be Popular—Smart Little Cherry-Red Coat.

Redfern is making some practical and attractive white serge suits for seaside wear. He has always been in favor of platted skirts, but on some of these white suits I noticed the umbrella outline, and I found it admirable, writes Idalla de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the London Globe.

One model which pleased me especially had an umbrella skirt which buttoned up the front and which had large side pockets. The coat was half-length, with a shaped basque and a waist belt which buttoned on at the side seams. There was a plain roll-over collar and wide turn-back cuffs. Both collar and cuffs were caught down by ivory buttons and the coat was lined with chintz silk which showed pale blue and pink flowers on a white background.

Some of the more elaborate Redfern suits have pipings and buttons made of glove kid. This idea was successfully carried out on a large suit in hedgesparrow-egg blue, which was accompanied by a shirtwaist made of fine white organdie muslin. All the pipings on the coat and skirt were done in hedgesparrow-blue glove kid and there were rows of tiny blue kid buttons on the front of the high-necked blouse.

Redfern seems fond of lemon-yellow lines, one of the most popular novelties of the present season. The Parisiennes are charmed with lemon-yellow linen and muslin and they have the costumes made of these materials finished with ashes in ivory-white or Belgian blue taffeta.

Lemon-yellow may be said to be the color of the season, for dresses and for hats. It is especially in demand for dinner gowns and for picturesque wraps which are thrown on over old-

ered with very fine black braiddings. The coat opened over a white linen waistcoat which was fastened with ball buttons made of cherry-red enamel and there was an effective touch of dull blue in the lining.

Colored linen coats are the rage of the hour. They are worn over linen, serge, cloth and silk skirts, and in all circumstances they are decorative and novel. Pansy-purple linen, lined with black and white striped silk, makes a beautiful coat for wearing with white skirts. The same may be said for loose garments made of Joffe-blue or rose Dubarry-pink linen.

ONLY A HINT OF MILITARISM

American Women Have Refused to Go to Extremes in Styles—New Turban Models.

Though there was, before the Paris opening, much talk of the military influence in hats and clothes, it has been accepted, especially in suits, only in a conservative way. Today, the smartest tailored suit is much plainer than it has been for many seasons, for it has borrowed line rather than trimming of the military coats. The pocket and the belt have been adopted, to be sure, but in their simplest form.

Among the first spring offerings in millinery were small dark turbans trimmed with white wings in a rather daring manner and turbans with a light or white top, accented by a bow. The well-gowned woman has chosen these two models in preference to the more somber ones. Flowers are certainly worn and so are cockades of all kinds, but the bow on a dark hat is usually white or beige and the wings are almost invariably white.—Vogue.

HOLDS THE BATHING DRESS

Bag for Conveyance of Costume Necessary for the Open-Air Ablutions of the Season.

With the warm weather, open-air bathing once again becomes possible, and in anticipation of holidays it is well to prepare a bag for carrying a bathing dress. It should, if possible, be made of some waterproof fabric. It is cut out in two pieces which are

The handles of the bag are made of cord securely tied to the pieces of cane and it will be noticed that there is one long handle and one short handle. The long handle is slipped through the short handle in the manner shown in diagram A at the top of the illustration, and when the bag is so closed, it can be carried by the long handle and cannot possibly come open.

Initials of the owner or the words "Bathing Dress" can be roughly embroidered upon one side of the bag.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Hat brims are of various sizes, but they are increasing in size.

Finish the bottom of the full skirt with one row of puffing.

The latest bolero sleeve seems to be cut in one with the bolero.

Parisiennes are embroidering their handkerchiefs with soldiers.

White crochet ball fringe appears on both hats and summer gowns.

Nothing has ever replaced the knitted golf coat for golf players.

Sashes with flower-appliqued ends are among the prettiest novelties.

The Eton collar of sheer organdie is a feature of the new blouses.

Multicolored plaid edges to white ribbons are among the prettiest.

SEWING WITH TWO NEEDLES AT ONCE.

It will facilitate sewing to use two needles at the same time. In shirring two rows can be run in almost the same time as one, and in sewing a braid flat on the bottom of a skirt a saving both of the skirt (which is handled less) and of time will be accomplished by the use of two needles.

USEFUL BAG FOR BATHING DRESS.

sowed together at the base and half-way up the sides; above this the material is bound at the edges with braid.

The opening of the bag is stiffened on either side with pieces of cane, the material being turned over and hemmed down and the cane run through.

AFTERNOON DRESS



Afternoon dress of white net with a hand-embroidered border. Long sleeves of plain white net. Novel saah of knitted silk and different colored beads set off the dress.

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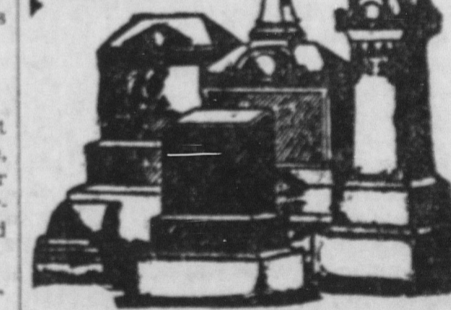
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