HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS By RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

—15—

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 for his 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 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 Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron. Pitchoune finds a village, twelve hours journey away, and somehow makes Fatou Anni understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two Love Stories.

If it had not been for her absorbing thought of Sabron, Julia would have reveled in the desert and the new experiences. As it was, its charm and magic and the fact that he traveled over it helped her to endure the interval.

In the deep impenetrable silence she seemed to hear her future speak to her. She believed that it would either be a wonderfully happy one, or a hopelessly withered life.

"Julia, I cannot ride any farther!" exclaimed the comtesse.

She was an excellent horsewoman and had ridden all her life, but her riding of late had consisted of a canter in the Bois de Boulogne at noon, and it was sometimes hard to follow Julia's tireless gallops toward an ever-disappearing goal.

"Forgive me," said Miss Redmond, and brought her horse up to her friend's side.

It was the cool of the day, of the fourteenth day since Tremont had left Algiers and the seventh day of Julia's excursion. A fresh wind blew from the west, lifting their veils from their helmets and bringing the fragrance of the mimosa into whose scanty forest they had ridden. The sky paled toward sunset, and the evening star, second in glory only to the moon, hung over the west.

Although both women knew perfectly well the reason for this excursion and its importance, not one word had been spoken between them of Sabron and Tremont other than a natural interest and anxiety.

They might have been two hospital nurses awaiting their patients.

They halted their horses, looking over toward the western horizon and its mystery. "The star shines over their caravan," mused Madame de la Maine (Julia had not thought Therese poetical), "as though to lead them home."

Madame de la Maine turned her face and Julia saw tears in her eyes. The Frenchwoman's control was usually perfect, she treated most things with mocking gayety. The bright softness of her eyes touched Julia.

"Therese!" exclaimed the American girl. "It is only fourteen days!"

Madame de la Maine laughed. There was a break in her voice. "Only fourteen days," she repeated, "and any one of those days may mean death!"

She threw back her head, touched her stallion, and flew away like light, and it was Julia who first drew rein.

"Therese! Therese! We cannot go any farther!"

"Lady!" said Azrael. He drew his big black horse up beside them. "We must go back to the tents."

Madame de la Maine pointed with her whip toward the horizon. "It is cruel! It ever recedes!"

* * * * * * *

"Tell me, Julia, of Monsieur de Sabron," asked Madame de la Maine abruptly.

"There is nothing to tell, Therese."

"You don't trust me?"

"Do you think that, really?"

In the tent where Azrael served them their meal, under the ceiling of Turkish red with its Arabic characters in clear white, Julia and Madame de la Maine sat while their coffee was served them by a Syrian servant.

"A girl does not come into the Sahara and watch like a sentinel, does not suffer as you have suffered, ma chere, without there being something to tell."

"It is true," said Miss Redmond, "and would you be with me, Therese, if I did not trust you? And what do you want me to tell?" she added naively.

The comtesse laughed.

"Vous etes charmante, Julia!"

"I met Monsieur de Sabron," said Julia slowly, "not many months ago in Tarascon. I saw him several times, and then he went away."

"And then?" urged Madame de la Maine eagerly.

"He left his little dog, Pitchoune, with me, and Pitchoune ran after his master, to Marseilles, flinging himself into the water, and was rescued by the sailors. I wrote about it to Monsieur de Sabron, and he answered me from the desert, the night before he went into battle."

"And that's all?" urged Madame de la Maine.

"That's all," said Miss Redmond. She drank her coffee.

"You tell a love story very badly, ma chere."

"Is it a love story?"

"Have you come to Africa for charity? Voyons!"

Julia was silent. A great reserve seemed to seize her heart, to stifle her as the poverty of her love story struck her. She sat turning her coffee-spoon between her fingers, her eyes downcast. She had very little to tell. She might never have any more to tell. Yet this was her love story. But the presence of Sabron was so real, and she saw his eyes clearly looking upon her as she had seen them often; heard the sound of his voice that meant but one thing—and the words of his letter came back to her. She remembered her letter to him, rescued from the field where he had fallen. She raised her eyes to the Comtesse de la Maine, and there was an appeal in them.

The Frenchwoman leaned over and kissed Julia. She asked nothing more. She had not learned her lessons in discretion to no purpose.

At night they sat out in the moonlight, white as day, and the radiance over the sands was like the snowflowers. Wrapped in their warm coverings, Julia and Therese de la Maine lay on the rugs before the door of their tent, and above their heads shone the stars so low that it seemed as though their hands could snatch them from the sky. At a little distance their servants sat around the dying fire, and there came to them the plaintive song of Azrael, as he led their singing:

> And who can give again the love of yesterday?
> Can a whirlwind replace the sand after it is scattered?
> What can heal the heart that Allah has smitten?
> Can the mirage form again when there are no eyes to see?

"I was married," said Madame de la Maine, "when I was sixteen."

Julia drew a little nearer and smiled to herself in the shadow.

This would be a real love story.

"I had just come out of the convent. We lived in an old chateau, older than the history of your country, ma chere, and I had no dot. Robert de Tremont and I used to play together in the allees of the park, on the terrace. When his mother brought him over when she called on my grandmother, he teased me horribly because the weeds grew between the

At Night They Sat Out in the Moonlight.

stones of our terrace. He was very rude.

"Throughout our childhood, until I was sixteen, we teased each other and fought and quarreled."

"This is not a love-affair, Therese," said Miss Redmond.

"There are all kinds, ma chere, as there are all temperaments," said Madame de la Maine. "At Assumption—that is our great feast, Julia—the Feast of Mary—it comes in August—at Assumption, Monsieur de la Maine came to talk with my grandmother. He was forty years old, and bald—Bob and I made fun of his few hairs, like the children in the Holy Bible."

Julia put out her hand and took the hand of Madame de la Maine gently. She was getting so far from a love affair.

"I married Monsieur de la Maine in six weeks," said Therese.

"Oh," breathed Miss Redmond, "horrible!"

Madame de la Maine pressed Julia's hand.

"When it was decided between my grandmother and the comte, I escaped at night, after they thought I had gone to bed, and I went down to the lower terrace where the weeds grew in plenty, and told Robert. Somehow, I did not expect him to make fun, although we always joked about everything until this night. It was after nine o'clock."

The comtesse swept one hand toward the desert. "A moon like this—only not like this—ma chere. There was never but that moon to me for many years.

"I thought at first that Bob would kill me—he grew so white and terrible. He seemed suddenly to have aged ten years. I will never forget his cry as it rang out in the night. 'You will marry that old man when we love each other?' I had never known it until then.

"We were only children, but he grew suddenly old. I knew it then," said Madame de la Maine intensely, "I knew it then."

She waited for a long time. Over the face of the desert there seemed to be nothing but one veil of light. The silence grew so intense, so deep; the Arabs had stopped singing, but the heart fairly echoed, and Julia grew meditative—before her eyes the caravan she waited for seemed to come out of the moonlit mist, rocking, rocking—the camels and the huddled figures of the riders, their shadows cast upon the sand.

And now Tremont would be forever changed in her mind. A man who had suffered from his youth, a warm-hearted boy, defrauded of his early love. It seemed to her that he was a charming figure to lead Sabron.

"Therese," she murmured, "won't you tell me?"

"They thought I had gone to bed," said the Comtesse de la Maine, "and I went back to my room by a little staircase, seldom used, and I found myself alone, and I knew what life was and what it meant to be poor."

"But," interrupted Julia, horrified, "girls are not sold in the twentieth century."

"They are sometimes in France, my dear. Robert was only seventeen. His father laughed at him, threatened to send him to South America. We were victims."

"It was the harvest moon," continued Madame de la Maine gently, "and it shone on us every night until my wedding day. Then the duke kept his threat and sent Robert out of France. He continued his studies in England and went into the army of Africa."

There was a silence again.

"I did not see him until last year," said Madame de la Maine, "after my husband died."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Meeting.

Under the sun, under the starry nights Tremont, with his burden, journeyed toward the north. The halts were distasteful to him, and although he was forced to rest he would rather have been cursed with sleeplessness and have journeyed on and on. He rode his camel like a Bedouin; he grew brown like the Bedouins and under the hot breezes, swaying on his desert ship, he sank into dreamy, moody and melancholy reveries, like the wandering men of the Sahara, and felt himself part of the desolation, as they were.

"What will be, will be!" Hammet Abou said to him a hundred times, and Tremont wondered: "Will Charles live to see Algiers?"

Sabron journeyed in a litter carried between six mules, and they traveled slowly, slowly. Tremont rode by the sick man's side day after day. Not once did the soldier for any length of time regain his reason. He would pass from coma to delirium, and many times Tremont thought he had ceased to breathe. Slender, emaciated under his covers, Sabron lay like the image of a soldier in wax—a wounded man carried as a votive offering to the altars of desert warfare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Things That Have Been Condemned.

If we banished from our tables all the commodities which—like potatoes—have been condemned in print our diet would be decidedly monotonous. "Food faddists are most aggressive persons," Henry Labouchere once complained. "In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries and bath buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waistcoats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woolen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours and lighting fires at the bottom."

Some Lost Motion.

A Philadelphia mathematician has figured it out that the telephone companies lose 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by all operators and patrons. Another has discovered that the froth on the beer pays the freight. But as yet no one has estimated the total horse power wasted in swallowing cigarette smoke and forcing it through the nose instead of blowing it from the mouth.—Newark News.

Scandinavian Housekeeping.

In Scandinavia the peasant women who worked all day in the fields, have had their fireless methods of cooking for a long time. While breakfast was cooking, the pot containing the stew for dinner was brought to a boil then placed inside a second pot, and the whole snugly ensconced between the feather beds, still warm from the night's occupancy. Some of these women had a loosened hearthstone and a hole beneath.

IN MUSLINS AND SILKS

PARISIENNES TURN TO DELICATE MATERIALS FOR RELIEF.

War Has Brought So Much Nursing and Needlework That Dainty Garments for Hours of Leisure Are Imperative.

We are becoming more and more infatuated with the delicate muslins and simple silks. A sort of reaction has set in. We have to occupy ourselves so much with nursing and needlework that it seems a relief to clothe our persons in dainty and lovely garments when we take a few hours' holiday, though it should not be said that a charity fete comes under the heading "holiday." These gigantic fetes call for an immense amount of hard work, and on the day itself one never finds a quiet moment, writes Idalia de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the Boston Globe.

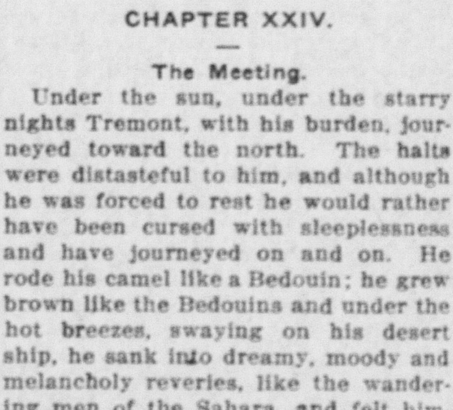
A dress which attracted my attention at the Ritz was made of black mousseline de soie bordered with black chiffon velvet and mounted over a plaited slip made of ivory white crepe de chine. This seemed to be a one-piece frock.

It is hung straight from the shoulders, and was confined at the waist by a ceinture of velvet. There was a picturesque coat in fine black chantilly and the bodice opened over a lovely little blouse made of flesh-pink chiffon and fine lace.

The lace sleeves of the coatee were semitransparent; that is to say, they were drawn on over the flesh-pink blouse. They were bishop in design and banded in at the wrists with bands of black velvet.

A flat-brimmed hat made of black chip was worn with this gown. There was a lining of dull blue mirror velvet and round the high crown a fold of chantilly, caught in by a handsome paste buckle in front.

Another coat and skirt, in Joffre blue linen, had raised embroideries carried out in japonica-pink, blue, black and white washing silks. There were wide revers on the coat



Smart three-cornered toque of white satin bound with navy blue silk ribbon. Navy blue mounts and bows.

and a high turnover collar, as well as deep gauntlet cuffs. All these were covered with embroidery.

I spoke in a recent article of the popularity of white linen suits enriched with open-work embroidery in the English style. Some of these dresses are veritable works of art, the skirts being worked in complicated designs almost to the knees, and the coats worked all over. It is rather the fashion to mount skirts of this order over pale-colored slips, heliotropes, or pale pastel blue.

This is a revival of an old fashion, and when subtle colors are chosen for the slips the result is excellent; nothing, however, could be more objectionable than an embroidered dress worn over a crude and ordinary shade of pink or blue.

Paquin has some fascinating summer mantles made of soft white linen which are lined with printed silk and trimmed on sleeves and cuffs with ermine. These mantles are charming when worn in conjunction with lace or muslin gowns. The touch of white fur makes the garment look picturesque and unexpected.

CHILD'S DRESS

Of striped blue taffeta with a wide satin girdle. The dress in made with the new smocking stitch, trimmed with four rows of shadow lace gathered around the neck with sleeves of the same material.

FOR THE THROAT AND NECK

Collars of Dutch and Eton Style in Order—Colored Boas Give Softening Effect to the Face.

Dutch and eton style collars in laundered and semilaundered designs are worn with silk or crepe windsor ties. Dainty ribbon and flowered garnitures are used on dressy designs of embroidery and lace, which are always V-shaped. Flaring collars and cuffs of black patent leather lined with white pique are smart for a tailored suit. Ribbons of the regimental stripe order are worn with the above and other neckwear sets.

Collar and cuff sets of colored handkerchief linen are worn with tailored suits and sport attire. Malines ruffs in black and white are popular. Short and long ostrich boas are in royal and navy blue, taupe, loam brown, silver gray, white, black and white and black. They are neck size, or to the knees, with ribbon bows or tassels on the ends. They are very softening to the face.

Lace Curtains Renewed.

To do up lace or net curtains and have them the same color as when new: When the starch has boiled and is still hot or boiling put yellow ocher in and stir it all through until you have the shade you want your curtains. Five cents' worth of ocher in the powder will be sufficient for a large number of curtains.

CUT FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE

Most Effective Form of Decoration, to Which Too Little Attention Is Usually Given.

No feature of household decoration can do more to render a room attractive than the use of flowers. But the proper arrangement of flowers is an art, demanding study. The Japanese spend years in acquiring this art; but the average person gives to the arrangement of cut flowers no more thought than is given to the most unesthetic of household tasks.

In the first place most people err in the matter of vases. A vase should be considered always in connection with flowers—not as an object of art by itself. Vases of distinctive colors should be used carefully; a neutral tint, green or glass vases are safest.

If you have vases of very positive shades use them only for flowers with which they will harmonize. Yellow pottery, for example, is lovely if filled with yellow flowers or with a combination of blue and yellow flowers. Low yellow or purple bowls filled with pansies are a delight to the eye. A gray ginger jar filled with dusty miller and sweet alyssum is a thing of beauty; the shimmering silver gray of the foliage and the white of the blossoms harmonize perfectly with the soft-gray jar.

Another common mistake in arranging flowers is to overcrowd the vase. Never bunch flowers. Each should be put in the water separately to insure a good effect. A long strip of lead coiled to fit the bottom of vases is the best device for keeping flowers upright. It is not so expensive as the china or wire arrangements that can be purchased for the same purpose, and it has the further advantage of being easily squeezed into a vase of any size.

A pretty device for flowers is the Aaron's rod to hang on the wall. This is merely a stick of bamboo with holes cut between the joints. Water is poured into each opening, and the flowers then set in. Trailing vines—clematic, honeysuckle, etc.—are exceedingly pretty in an Aaron's rod.

Hanging vases for the windows and corners of the room are very attractive, and are to be had in good colors and lines at small cost.

PROTECTION IN BAD WEATHER

The vacation girl will find the rubber rain smocks very convenient things, not only for the rainy day, but for use in clear weather on such occasions as she goes boating, fishing, motoring or golfing. It is suggested that everyone who owns a motor car should provide himself or herself with two or three of these handy garments for guests.

They are made of dull black leather in fairly light weight and are long and full skirted. The double panel of the front has snap fastening and the collar fastens close under the chin, while the wrists are drawn in with elastics to insure absolute protection. These smocks are done up in individual rubber bags.

Fashion's Whims.

Dimity and flowered organdie are very fashionable, and lavender, the color of colors in prim victorian days, is very much preferred.

ATTORNEYS.

D. F. FORTNEY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 19 W. High Street.
All professional business promptly attended to.

S. D. GETTIG   JNO. J. BOWER   W. D. ZERBY
GETTIG, BOWER & ZERBY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Successors to Orvis, Bower & Orvis
Consultation in English and German.

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

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

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

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to . . . GRANT HOOVER)
Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST . . .
No Mutuals
No Assessments
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
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.
H. G. STROHMEIER.
CENTRE HALL, ... PENN.
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
HIGH GRADE . . .
MONUMENTAL WORK
in all kinds of
Marble AND Granite. Don't fail to get my prices.

BOALSBURG TAVERN
BOALSBURG, PA.
AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR
This well-known hostelry is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from Oak Hall station. Every effort made to accommodate the traveling public. Livery attached.

OLD FORT HOTEL
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor
RATES: $1.50 Per Day
Location: One mile South of Centre Hall.
Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.
A graduate of the University of Penn'a. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones.