

HIS LOVE STORY

By 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 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 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 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 marquis 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 Marquis 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 Ann understand his master's desperate plight. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care. Tremont goes into the desert with the caravan in search of Sabron. Julia follows with Madame de la Maine, whom Tremont loves.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

At night as he lay in his bed in his tent, Tremont and Hammet Abou cooled his temples with water from the earthen bottles, where the sweet ooze stood out humid and refreshing on the damp clay. They gave him acid and cooling drinks, and now and then Sabron would smile on Tremont, calling him "petit frere," and Tremont heard the words with moisture in his eyes, remembering what he had said to the Marquise d'Esclignac about being Sabron's brother. Once or twice the soldier murmured a woman's name, but Tremont could not catch it, and once he said to the duke:

"Sing! Sing!"

The Frenchman obeyed docilely, humming in an agreeable barytone the snatches of song he could remember. "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Il Trovatore," running them into more modern opera, "La Veuve Joyeuse." But the lines creased in Sabron's forehead indicated that the singer had not yet found the music which haunted the memory of the sick man.

"Sing!" he would repeat, fixing his hollow eyes on his companion, and Tremont complied faithfully. Finally, his own thoughts going back to early days, he hummed tunes that he and a certain little girl had sung at their games in the allees of an old chateau in the valley of the Indre.

"Sonnez les matines Ding-din-don," and other children's melodies.

In those nights, on that desolate way, alone, in a traveling tent, at the side of a man he scarcely knew, Robert de Tremont learned serious lessons. He had been a soldier himself, but his life had been an inconsequent one. He had lived as he liked, behind him always the bitterness of an early deception. But he had been too young to break his heart at seventeen. He had lived through much since the day his father exiled him to Africa.

These had become a dream, a memory around which he did not always let his thoughts linger. When he had seen her again after her husband's death and found her free, he was already absorbed in the worldly life of an ambitious young man. He had not known how much he loved her until in the Villa des Bougainvillies he had seen and contrasted her with Julia Redmond.

All the charm for him of the past returned, and he realized that, as money goes, he was poor—she was poorer.

The difficulties of the marriage made him all the more secure in his determination that nothing should separate him again from this woman.

By Sabron's bed he hummed his little insignificant tunes, and his heart longed for the woman. When once or twice on the return journey they had been threatened by the engulfing sand storm he had prayed not to die before he could again clasp her in his arms.

Sweet, tantalizing, exquisite with the passion of young love, there came to him the memories of the moonlight nights on the terrace of the old chateau. He saw her in the pretty girlish dresses of long ago, the melancholy droop of her quivering mouth, her bare young arms, and smelled the fragrance of her hair as he kissed her. So humming his soothing melodies to the sick man, with his voice softened by his memories, he soothed Sabron.

Sabron closed his eyes, the creases in his forehead disappeared as though brushed away by a tender hand. Perhaps the sleep was due to the fact that, unconsciously, Tremont slipped into humming a tune which Miss Redmond had sung in the Villa des Bougainvillies, and of whose English words De Tremont was quite ignorant.

"Will he last until Algiers, Hammet Abou?"

"What will be will be, monsieur!" Abou replied.

"He must," De Tremont answered fiercely. "He shall."

He became serious and meditative

on those silent days, and his blue eyes, where the very whites were burned, began to wear the far-away, mysterious look of the traveler across long distances. During the last sand storm he stood, with the camels, round Sabron's litter, a human shade and shield, and when the storm ceased he fell like one dead, and the Arabs pulled off his boots and put him to bed like a child.

One sundown, as they traveled into the aftermath with the East behind them, when Tremont thought he could not endure another day of the voyage, in the pallor and waxiness of Sabron's face were like death itself. Hammet Abou, who rode ahead, cried out and pulled up his camel short. He waved him arm.

"A caravan, monsieur."

In the distance they saw the tents, like lotus leaves, scattered on the pink sands, and the dark shadows of the Arabs and the couchant beasts, and the glow of the encampment fire.

"An encampment, monsieur!"

Tremont sighed. He drew the curtain of the litter and looked in upon Sabron, who was sleeping. His set features, the growth of his uncut beard, the long fringe of his eyes, his dark hair upon his forehead, his wan transparency—with the peace upon his face, he might have been a figure of Christ waiting for sepulture.

Tremont cried to him: "Sabron, mon vieux Charles, reveille-toi! We are in sight of human beings!"

But Sabron gave no sign that he heard or cared.

Throughout the journey across the desert, Pitchoune had ridden at his will and according to his taste, sometimes journeying for the entire day perched upon Tremont's camel. He sat like a little figurehead or a mascot, with ears pointed northward and his keen nose sniffing the desert air. Sometimes he would take the same position on one of the mules that carried Sabron's litter, at his master's feet. There he would lie hour after hour, with his soft eyes fixed with understanding sympathy upon Sabron's face.

He was, as he had been to Fatou Ann, a kind of fetish—the caravan adored him. Now from his position at Sabron's feet, he crawled up and licked his master's hand.

"Charles!" Tremont cried, and lifted the soldier's hand.

Sabron opened his eyes. He was sane. The glimmer of a smile touched his lips. He said Tremont's name, recognized him. "Are we home?" he asked weakly. "Is it France?"

Tremont turned and dashed away a tear.

He drew the curtains of the litter and now walked beside it, his legs feeling like cotton and his heart beating.

As they came up toward the encampment, two people rode out to meet them, two women in white riding habits, on stallions, and as the evening breeze fluttered the veils from their helmets, they seemed to be flags of welcome.

Under his helmet Tremont was red and burned. He had a short, rough growth of beard.

Therese de la Maine and Julia Redmond rode up. Tremont recognized them, and came forward, half staggering. He looked at Julia and smiled, and pointed with his left hand toward the litter; but he went directly up to Madame de la Maine, who sat immovable on her little stallion. Tremont seemed to gather her in his arms. He lifted her down to him.

Julia Redmond's eyes were on the litter, whose curtains were stirring in the breeze. Hammet Abou, with a profound salaam, came forward to her. "Mademoiselle," he said, respectfully, "he lives. I have kept my word."

Pitchoune sprang from the litter and ran over the sands to Julia Redmond. She dismounted from her horse alone and called him: "Pitchoune! Pitchoune!" Kneeling down on the desert, she stooped to caress him, and he crouched at her feet, licking her hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

As Handsome Does.

When Sabron next opened his eyes he fancied that he was at home in his old room in Rouen, in the house where he was born, in the little room in which, as a child, dressed in his dimity night gown, he had sat up in his bed by candle light to learn his letters from the cookery book.

The room was snowy white. Outside the window he heard a bird sing, and near by, he heard a dog's smothered bark. Then he knew that he was not at home or a child, for with the languor and weakness came his memory. A quiet nurse in a hospital dress was sitting by his bed, and Pitchoune rose from the foot of the bed and looked at him adoringly.

He was in a hospital in Algiers. "Pitchoune," he murmured, not knowing the name of his other companion, "where are we, old fellow?"

The nurse replied in an agreeable Anglo-Saxon French:

"You are in a French hospital in Algiers, sir, and doing well."
Tremont came up to him.
"I remember you," Sabron said. "You have been near me a dozen times lately."
"You must not talk, mon vieux."
"But I feel as though I must talk a great deal. Didn't you come for me into the desert?"

Tremont, healthy, vigorous, tanned, gay and cheerful, seemed good looking to poor Sabron, who gazed up at him with touching gratitude.

"I think I remember everything, I think I shall never forget it," he said, and lifted his hand feebly. Robert de Tremont took it. "Haven't we traveled far together, Tremont?"

"Yes," nodded the other, affected, "but you must sleep now. We will talk about it over our cigars and liquors soon."

Sabron smiled faintly. His clear mind was regaining its balance, and thoughts began to sweep over it cruelly fast. He looked at his rescuer, and to him the other's radiance meant simply that he was engaged to Miss Redmond. Of course that was natural. Sabron tried to accept it and to be glad for the happiness of the man who had rescued him. But as he thought this, he wondered why he had been rescued and shut his eyes so that Tremont might not see his weakness. He said hesitatingly:

"I am haunted by a melody, a tune. Could you help me? It won't come."
"It's not the 'Marsellaise'?" asked the other, sitting down by his side and pulling Pitchoune's ears.

"Oh, no!"

"There will be singing in the ward shortly. A Red Cross nurse comes to sing to the patients. She may help you to remember."

Sabron renounced in despair. Haunting, tantalizing in his brain and illusive, the notes began and stopped, began and stopped. He wanted to ask his friend a thousand questions. How he had come to him, why he had come to him, how he knew. . . . He gave it all up and dozed, and while he slept the sweet sleep of those who are to recover, he heard the sound of a woman's voice in the distance, singing, one after another, familiar melodies, and finally he heard the "Kyrie Eleison," and to its music Sabron again fell asleep.



Threatened by the Engulfing Sand-storm.

The next day he received a visitor. It was not an easy matter to introduce visitors to his bedside, for Pitchoune objected. Pitchoune received the Marquise d'Esclignac with great displeasure.

"Is he a thoroughbred?" asked the Marquise d'Esclignac.
"He has behaved like one," replied the officer.

There was a silence. The Marquise d'Esclignac was wondering what her niece saw in the pale man so near still to the borders of the other world.

"You will be leaving the army, of course," she murmured, looking at him interestedly.
"Madame!" said the Capitaine de Sabron, with his blood—all that was in him—rising to his cheeks.
"I mean that France has done nothing for you. France did not rescue you and you may feel like seeking a more—another career."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Bride of Ireland.
St. Bride, the patroness of Ireland and of Fleet street, whose feast falls in February, was the beautiful daughter of a bard who became the religious disciple of St. Patrick and abbess of Kildare. The story of St. Bride, or Bridget, fired the Celtic imagination, and in Ireland about twenty parishes bear the name of Kilbride. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been twice struck by lightning and much reduced from the original height, but is still one of the tallest steeples in London. It is supposed to have been designed by Wren's young daughter.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Have a Good Bed.
In Farm and Fireside a contributor, writing a practical article about mattresses and other provisions for beds, makes the following general comment: "In furnishing a home the housewife should give most careful thought to the beds and their equipment. We spend at least a third of our lives in bed, and it is worth while to make that third pleasant and refreshing. The best mattresses and springs are none too good when one is storing up strength for some work. Besides, as is the case with most household purchases, the best are really the cheapest in the end."

QUAINT, DAINTY FROCK

DESIGN ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR YOUNG GIRL.

White Net and Azure Blue Taffeta Selected for the Costume Illustrated. Though Other Materials May Be Employed.

There is always room in a girl's summer wardrobe for the quaint, dainty little frocks designed especially for her needs, of which the illustrated model is an exceptionally pretty example. It is fashioned from white net and azure blue taffeta, and also may be made up in other materials. One of the rose-sprigged pompadour taffetas would be very sweet combined with chiffon or net, or else the entire dress might be of taffeta.

In this case the pale blue taffeta makes the little peasant bodice and the deep shirred ruffle set in an undulating line around the hips. Very narrow bias strips of the same are used in the fashioning of the small bowknots and festooned loops that trim the bottom of the skirt above a succession of narrow net ruffles. Narrow ribbon can be used, if preferred, but it should be taffeta ribbon and match exactly the blue of the bodice.

The skirt is very full, with a close line of gathers all around the waist. It can have an underskirt of net, or simply be worn over a crepe de chine or net petticoat.

The bodice, too, is of net, gathered around the neck and sleeves, then given flaring "Priscilla" cuffs and collar of sheer mousseline de soie.

The bodice is rounded out quite expansively in front, but the curve across the back is shallow, with the upper edge flared on the shoulder seams to stand away from the figure as illustrated. It hooks directly in front, with a shirred heading run the



Youthfulness is Expressed Here in a Pretty Disposition of Net and Azure Taffeta.

FEWER WHITE WAISTS SEEN

Pale Tints More and More in Evidence as the Warm Weather Makes Its Presence Felt.

The vogue of the all-white waists is going out, for the new blouses are in pale tints, yellow predominating. White crepe de chine and the soft cotton crepe are first in favor as materials.

Another notable feature of these early blouses is the "outside" finish, most of the blouses being made so as to come down outside the skirt, sometimes forming a little buttoned vest, and sometimes merely ending in sashlike loops or fastening snugly with a single buckle covered with the material.

They are all far more elaborate than in former seasons, but the frill, both single and double, has been set aside. Its death knell was sounded by the introduction of the winter suits buttoning close up to the throat, and now with summer the little waistcoat is so popular that the frill has been definitely set aside.

With it has gone the deep sailor collar, the new blouses all showing either a high flaring collar or a flat, narrow one of soft material, and in some instances the neck is finished simply with a band of the material, with frill or net inside to lend a soft finish close to the skin.

Parisian Idea.
A Parisian idea is the bolero with its lower edges turned up and faced with striped silk. The bottom of the skirt is also faced with stripes.

SATIN TOQUE



An undyed satin toque trimmed with rabbit-ear bows of black velvet. Sorelli of Paris considers this one of the smartest creations of the season.

shirred with a finishing heading. The underarm shirring causes some graceful folds of drapery in the material across the back, but this only extends for a few inches above the waist.

BUTTONS NOW IN MOLD FORM

Do Away With Trouble of Sewing, Which Most of Us Have Occasion to Remember.

Have you ever said unladylike things when you were sewing a cloth-covered button to a gown and had trouble getting the needle through the material at the back of the button? Well, you need have no more difficulty along this line, for it is now possible to procure a button mold consisting of three parts. The first part is the regular button mold—a wooden disk—the second part is a flat aluminum back and the third part is a small steel screw eye, nickel plated.

The mold is covered in the usual way by first cutting a circular piece of cloth, or whatever material you desire to use, and running a drawingstring around the outer edge. The cloth is then placed over the wooden portion of the mold and the drawingstring gathered in. After adjusting the gathers the metal disk, which is provided with an opening, is placed over the back of the button mold and the screw eye is inserted as a shank. The extra thread of the drawingstring is then cut off and the button is complete.

DICTATES OF FASHION

Fine rep serge is a modish material. The small girl should wear jacket effects.

There are evening coats of white taffeta.

Scallops appear on colored linen dresses.

The dress of wash silk is cool and economical.

The all-white hat of cotton crepe is smart.

The hat with a touch of cretonne is distinctly quaint.

Tussor silk and tulle are one of the new combinations.

The loose unbelted smock makes a charming design for the small boy's suit.

Belts.

Belts are by no means the plain affairs of other seasons. Some of them show large polka dots of black patent leather on a soft white kid background, or a strap of plain black kid on a white kid background. Various combinations are shown which combine effectively with the striped materials of the season. As a rule these belts look rather better with a plain shirt and skirt than with a dress that is striped, although the striped belts look very pretty with the dotted dresses. Two with long narrow black stripes to run round and round the figure would be charming worn with dotted frocks. One with as many polka dots as its circumference allows, would be especially pretty with any sort of striped skirt.—Vogue.

Dolly Varden.

That colonial styles are returning is evident. There are the full skirts, flounces, yokes and high waist lines. Dolly Varden styles, which have not been seen for many seasons, appear with these styles of former days, and are considered as attractive as they ever were. In silks they are particularly charming and are becoming very popular. The reason given for the return of these old-fashioned styles is the increased use of American made goods and the working out of American styles to fit them.

When Washing Hair.

To prevent tangling, when washing the hair, at the last rinsing float the hair out straight in the water, then comb it out while dripping, and it will not tangle and pull out as it does when dried before combing.

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