

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Sabron could not reply. Her ribbons and flowers and jewels shook in his eyes like a kaleidoscope. His flush had made him more natural. In his invalid state, with his hair brushed back from his fine brow, there was something spiritual and beautiful about him. The Marquise d'Esclignac looked on a man who had been far and who had determined of his own accord to come back. She said more gently, putting her hand affectionately over his:

"Get strong, monsieur—get well. Eat all the good things we are making for you. I dare say that the army cannot spare you. It needs brave hearts."

Sabron was so agitated after her departure that the nurse said he must receive no more visits for several days, and he meditated and longed and thought and wondered, and nearly cursed the life that had brought him back to a world which must be lonely for him henceforth.

When he sat up in bed he was a shadow. He had a book to read and read a few lines of it, but he put it down as the letters blurred. He was sitting so, dreaming and wondering how true or how false it was that he had seen Julia Redmond come several times to his bedside during the early days of his illness here in the hospital. Then across his troubled mind suddenly came the words that he had heard her sing, and he tried to recall them. The Red Cross nurse who so charitably sang in the hospital came to the wards and began her mission. One after another she sang familiar songs.

"How the poor devils must love it!" Sabron thought, and he blessed her for charity.

How familiar was her voice! But that was only because he was so ill. But he began to wonder and to doubt, and across the distance came the notes of the tune, the melody of the song that had haunted him for many months:

God keep you safe, my love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good night! God keep you in his care
Always.

Think shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the
window-bars,
A silver-sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong,
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet,
The night is long.
I say with sobbing breath the old fond
prayer,
Good night! Sweet dreams! God keep
you everywhere!"

When she had finished singing there were tears on the soldier's cheeks and he was not ashamed. Pfitzoune, who remembered the tune as well, crept up to him and laid his head on his master's hand. Sabron had just time to wipe away the tears when the Duc de Tremont came in.

"Old fellow, do you feel up to seeing Miss Redmond for a few moments?"

When she came in he did not know whether he most clearly saw her simple summer dress with the single jewel at her throat, her large hat that framed her face, or the gentle lovely face all sweetness and sympathy. He believed her to be the future Duchesse de Tremont.

"Monsieur de Sabron, we are all so glad you are getting well."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

He seemed to look at her from a great distance, from the distance to the end of which he had so wearily been traveling. She was lovelier than he had dreamed, more rarely sweet and adorable.

"Did you recognize the little song, Monsieur?"

"It was good of you to sing it."

"This is not the first time I have seen you, Monsieur de Sabron. I came when you were too ill to know of it."

"Then I did not dream," said the officer simply.

He was as proud as he was poor. He could only suppose her engaged to the Duc de Tremont. It explained her presence here. In his wildest dreams he could not suppose that she had followed him to Africa. Julia, on her part, having done an extraordinary and wonderful thing, like every brave woman, was seized with terror and a sudden cowardice. Sabron, after all, was a stranger. How could she know his feelings for her? She spent a miserable day. He was out of all danger; in a fortnight he might leave the hospital. She did not feel that she could see him again as things were. The Comtesse de la Maine had returned to Paris as soon as Tremont came in from the desert.

"Ma tante," said Julia Redmond to the Marquise d'Esclignac, "can we go back to France immediately?"

"My dear Julia!" exclaimed her

aunt, in surprise and delight. "Robert will be enchanted, but he would not be able to leave his friend so soon."

"He need not," said the girl, "nor need you leave unless you wish."

The Marquise d'Esclignac entertained a thousand thoughts. She had not studied young girl's minds for a long time. She had heard that the modern American girl was very extreme and she held her in rather light esteem. Julia Redmond she had considered to be out of the general rule. "Was it possible," she wondered, "that Julia, in comparing Tremont with the invalid, found Robert more attractive?"

"Julia," she said severely, as though her niece were a child, pointing to a chair, "sit down."

Slightly smiling, the young girl obeyed her aunt.

"My dear, I have followed your caprices from France to Africa. Only by pleading heart-failure and mortal illness could I dissuade you from going into the desert with the caravan. Now, without any apparent reason, you wish to return to France."

"The reason for coming here has been accomplished, ma tante. Monsieur de Sabron has been found."

"And now that you have found him," said the marquise reproachfully, "and you discover that he is not all your romantic fancy imagined, you are going to run away from him. In short, you mean to throw him over."

"Throw him over, ma tante!" murmured the girl. "I have never had the chance. Between Monsieur de Sabron and myself there is only friendship."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "I have no understanding of the modern young

girl. She makes her own marriages and her subsequent divorces. I am our aunt, my dear, your mother's sister, and a woman of at least twenty-five years' more experience than you have."

Julia was not following her aunt's train of thought, but her own. She felt the hint of authority and bondage in her aunt's tone and repeated: "I wish to leave Algiers tomorrow."

"You shall do so," said her aunt. "I am rejoiced to get out of the Orient. It is late to order my dresses for Trouville, but I can manage. Before we go, however, my dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise, ma tante?" The girl's tone implied that she did not think she would give it.

"You have played the part of fate in the life of this young man, who, I find, is a charming and brave man. Now you must stand by your guns, my dear Julia."

"Why, how do you mean, ma tante?"

"You will go to Paris and the Capitaine de Sabron will get well rapidly. He will follow you, and if it were not for Tremont, myself, your Red Cross Society and the presence here of Madame de la Maine, you would have been very much compromised. But never mind," said the Marquise d'Esclignac magnificently, "my name is sufficient protection for my niece. I am thinking solely of the poor young man."

"Of Monsieur de Sabron?"

"Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac tartly, "did you think I meant Robert? You have so well arranged his life for him, my dear."

"Ma tante," pleaded the girl. The marquise was merciless.

"I want you to promise me, Julia, before you sail for home, that if Sabron follows us and makes you understand that he loves you, as he will, that you will accept him."

Julia Redmond looked at the Marquise d'Esclignac in astonishment. She half laughed and she half cried.

"You want me to promise?"

"I do," said her aunt firmly, regarding her niece through her lorgnon. "In the first place the affair is en-

tirely unconventional and has been since we left France. It is I who should speak to the Capitaine de Sabron. You are so extremely rich that it will be a difficult matter for a poor and honorable young man. . . . Indeed, my dear, I may as well tell you that I shall do so when we reach home."

"Oh," said the girl, turning perfectly pale and stepping forward toward her aunt, "if you consider such a thing I shall leave for America at once."

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a petulant sigh.

"How impossible you are, Julia. Understand me, my dear, I do not want a woman of my family to be a coquette. I do not want it said that you are an American flirt—it is in bad taste and entirely misunderstood in the Faubourg St-Germain."

The girl, bewildered by her aunt's attitude and extremely troubled by the threat of the marriage convention, said:

"Don't you understand? In this case it is peculiarly delicate. He might ask me from a sense of honor."

"Not in any sense," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "It has not occurred to the poor young officer to suppose for a moment that a young woman with millions, as you are so fortunate to be, would derange herself like this to follow him. If I thought so I would not have brought you, Julia. What I have done, I have done solely for your peace of mind, my child. This young man loves you. He believes that you love him, no doubt. You have given him sufficient reason, heaven knows! Now," said her aunt emphatically, "I do not intend that you should break his heart."

FIFTY MILLIONS A DAY FOR WAR

Startling Review From Financial Standpoint

EFFECT ON WARRING NATIONS

The National City Bank, Which Issues the Review, Sees in the War the Need of Greater Economy Here.

New York.—How the world stands from a financial viewpoint after a year of war is ably set forth in a review issued by the National City Bank:

"The war expenditures have equalled the most extravagant predictions," says the review, "the fighting has been continuous and the casualties appalling, but the results signify practically nothing as to when the conflict will end. There are no signs that either side is running out of men or money, or that the people of any of the warring countries are weakening in resolution or confidence."

The review continues:

"The developments of the war itself have shown the futility of annexing hostile populations; they cannot be dispossessed of the territory or compelled to be loyal citizens, and while they swell the volume of domestic trade and pay taxes, they cost at least as much as they contribute."

"If all the responsible industries had known as much a year ago as they know now it is safe to say that the peace would not have broken, and if they could know now as much as they will a year hence it is probable that a peace conference would not be long deferred. It is safe to say that the national debts, which must be earned by taxation, have more than doubled."

Accepting as a fact that Great Britain's cash expenditures, recently stated to be \$15,000,000 a day, are larger than those of any other country, the review says:

"The expenditures of the German government are probable next to those of Great Britain. The government has realized \$3,450,000,000 by means of two loans, which it is understood will carry the war into the coming fall, but as its expenditures have been growing it is probable that they are now as much as \$10,000,000 per day. Altogether the estimate of \$50,000,000 per day for the outlays of all the governments is seen not to be improbable."

"The London Economist gives the rate of daily pay for a private soldier as one shilling two pence for Great Britain, one-half pence for France and two and one-half pence for Germany."

Summing up the war's effect upon the world's commerce the review estimates the total efficiency at about 75 per cent. of normal. About 1,000,000 tons of shipping have been destroyed. Although this is only 2 per cent. of the total, the entire loss to commercial service, including ships interned and commandeered for war service, is approximately 15 per cent.

"Great Britain, under the circumstances, has maintained her foreign trade very well. Her exports of domestic production in the month of June amounted to \$166,000,000, which compares with \$199,000,000 in June, 1914, or a falling off of about 15 1/2 per cent."

The war is teaching the people of Europe economy. The most important lesson for this country which the National City Bank sees in the war is the need of greater economy here.

SIX LOST ON IBERIAN.

Three Americans Among Victims Of German Submarine.

Queenstown.—The official list of the dead on the British steamer Iberian, shelled by a German submarine, accounts for six men—three Americans and three Englishmen. The Americans were Mark Wiley's, of Boston; John Carroll and — Sheridan; Englishmen, Proudfoot, Applby and O'Keefe. The wounded Americans are Henry Welsh, Charles Hansbury and John Brawell. The British wounded are: James McGuigan, J. Berry and L. Bolton.

ADVENTISTS DENY REPORT.

Do Not Expect End Of World When Constantinople Falls.

Fort Worth, Texas.—Seventh Day Adventists denied reports circulated recently saying that the Adventists encamped at Dalworth, Texas, expect the second coming of Christ when the Allies capture Constantinople. Adventists said the report grew out of an Adventist belief that Christ's second coming will take place when the Turks make their final stand as a nation at Jerusalem.

AMERICAN HOSPITAL HIT.

German Bomb Goes Through Dining Room; One Man Killed.

Pont-a-Mousson, France.—A German shell fell into the messroom of the field hospital of the American ambulance of Paris while the staff was at dinner. The missile penetrated the floor and burst in the cellar. A French orderly was killed and one American was slightly scratched by a fragment of the shell.

THE LEELANAW DID TRY TO ESCAPE

But Captain Stopped When Warning Shots Came.

HER CASE LIKE THE FRYE'S

Captain Of the Leelanaw Declares He and His Men Were Well Treated and He Makes No Complaint.

Washington.—With the receipt of a practically complete report of the torpedoing of the American steamer Leelanaw by a German submarine, State Department officials began the preparation of a note to Germany requesting the payment of damages, on the ground that the Prussian-American treaty of 1828 had been violated.

A report from American Consul Dennison, at Dundee, Scotland, brought to light the fact that the captain of the Leelanaw attempted to escape, but submitted to visit and search after warning shots were fired. The right to escape, officials declared, is conceded by international law, only repeated attempts to evade capture or forcible resistance being regarded as affecting the case.

Unofficial reports that the German submarine commander was unwilling to jettison the cargo of the Leelanaw and to allow her to proceed as the treaty of 1828 provides, cleared up doubts here on this point. The material necessary for the presentation of a claim similar to that made in the case of the William P. Frye was therefore practically ready.

The complete report of Consul Dennison was as follows:

"Leelanaw's crew here. All safe. Sail Saturday on St. Paul. Master under oath states sighted German submarine July 25, 60 miles north of Orkneys. Endeavored to escape. Fired on at distance of two miles, shot falling short. Hove to and stopped. Submarine signalled for ship's papers, which were sent. After examining them, submarine signalled abandon ship. Ample time given crew to leave ship. Five shots then fired at Leelanaw without effect followed by torpedo. Crew then taken on submarine with life boats in tow, after which two more shots were fired, last one setting fire to ship. Submarine headed towards Orkneys. Leelanaw was seen to sink, one hour and 20 minutes later. At 8.30 P. M. another steamer being seen approaching, crew ordered to boats in which they proceeded remainder distance to Kirkwall, arriving 6.30 following morning. Leelanaw laden with flax and tow only. Before leaving submarine, master demanded ship's papers, request refused, his register, customs manifest and bills of lading being retained. Master had no complaint treatment on submarine."

PREPARES FOR WINTER WAR.

General Joffre Plans To Wear Down Germans By Attrition.

Paris.—France is fully prepared for a winter campaign. It is understood General Joffre is unwilling to force a decisive battle on the ground that Germany must give way under long-drawn-out pressure, and by such tactics he can save France thousands of men. He is said to be an exponent of defeating Germany by attrition, no matter how long it takes, France and her Allies being in a better position to play a waiting game than the Central European Powers.

Unless Germany strikes a decisive blow this summer, which captured prisoners say she will endeavor to do, in three months she will be on the toboggan, according not only to French authorities, but to the captured Germans of the Heidelberg professor type.

French mills are busy turning out uniforms and other winter equipment. French public opinion is beginning to accustom itself to the idea of another winter in the trenches and some 18 months more of war. Although Joffre is criticized not infrequently for not hurrying matters more, some of his leading generals are known to stand with him on the policy of conserving the army so as to have a large and well-conditioned force when the other side is thinned out and groggy.

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