

# HIS LOVE STORY

## MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

Later, when the others had left them to themselves in the music room, Sabron sat in a big chair by the open window and Julia Redmond played to him. The day was warm. There was a smell of spring flowers in the air and the vases were filled with geraniums and sweet peas. But Sabron smelled only the violets in Julia's girdle. Her hands gently wandered over the keys, finding the tune that Sabron longed to hear. She played the air through, and it seemed as though she were about to sing the first verse. She could not do so, nor could she speak.

Sabron rose and came over to where she sat. There was a low chair near the piano and he took it, leaning forward, his hands clasped about his knees. It had been the life-long dream of this simple-hearted officer that one day he would speak out his soul to the woman he loved. The time had come. She sat before him in her unpretentious dress. He was not worldly enough to know it cost a great price, nor to appreciate that she wore no jewels—nothing except the flowers he had sent. Her dark hair was clustered about her ears and her beautiful eyes lost their fire in tenderness.

"When a man has been very close to death, Mademoiselle, he looks about for the reason of his resurrection. When he returns to the world, he looks to see what there is in this life to make it worth living. I am young—at the beginning of my career. I may have before me a long life in which, with health and friends, I may find much happiness. These things certainly have their worth to a normal man—but I cannot make them real before my eyes just yet. As I look upon the world to which I have returned, I see nothing but a woman and her love. If I cannot win her for my wife, if I cannot have her love—He made an expressive gesture which more impressively than words implied how completely he laid down everything else to her love and his.

He said, not without a certain dignity: "I am quite poor; I have only my soldier's pay. In Normandy I own a little property. It is upon a hill and looks over the sea, with apple orchards and wheat fields. There is a house. These are my landed estates. My manhood and my love are my fortune. If you cannot return my love I shall not thank Tremont for bringing me back from Africa."

The American girl listened to him with profound emotion. She discovered every second how well she understood him, and he had much to say, because it was the first time he had ever spoken to her of his love. She had put out both her hands and, looking at him fully, said simply: "Why it seems to me you must know how I feel—how can you help knowing how I feel?"

After a little he told her of Normandy, and how he had spent his childhood and boyhood in the chateau overlooking the wide sea, told her how he had watched the ships and used to dream of the countries beyond the horizon, and how the apple blossoms filled the orchards in the spring. He told her how he longed to go back, and that his wandering life had made it impossible for years.

Julia whispered: "We shall go there in the spring, my friend." He was charming as he sat there holding her hands closely, his fine eyes bent upon her. Sabron told her things that had been deep in his heart and mind, waiting for her here so many months. Finally, everything merged into his present life, and the beauty of what he said dazed her like an enchanted sea. He was a soldier, a man of action, yet a dreamer. The fact that his hopes were about to be realized made him tremble, and as he talked, everything took light from this victory. Even his house in Normandy began to seem a fitting setting for the beautiful American.

"It is only a Louis XIII chateau; it stands very high, surrounded by orchards, which in the spring are white as snow."

"We shall go there in the spring," she whispered.

Sabron stopped speaking, his reverie was done, and he was silent as the intensity of his love for her surged over him. He lifted her delicate hands to his lips. "It is April now," he said, and his voice shook, "it is spring now, my love."

At Julia's side was a slight touch. She cried: "Pitchoine!" He put his paw on her knees and looked up into her face.

"Brunet has brought him here," said Sabron, "and that means the good chap is attending to his own love-making."

Julia laid her hand on Pitchoine's head. "He will love the Normandy beach, Charles."

"He will love the forests," said Sabron; "there are rabbits there." On the little dog's head the two

hands met and clasped. "Pitchoine is the only one in the world who is not de trop," said Julia gently.

Sabron, lifting her hand again to his lips, kissed it long, looking into her eyes. Between that great mystery of the awakening to be fulfilled, they drew near to each other—nearer.

Pitchoine sat before them, waiting. He wagged his tail and waited. No one noticed him. He gave a short bark that apparently disturbed no one.

Pitchoine had become de trop. He was discreet. With sympathetic eyes he gazed on his beloved master and new mistress, then turned and quietly trotted across the room to the hearth-rug, sitting there meditatively for a few minutes blinking at the empty grate, where on the warm spring day there was no fire.

Pitchoine lay down before the fireless hearth, his head forward on his paws, his beautiful eyes still discreetly turned away from the lovers. He drew a long contented breath as dogs do before settling into repose. His

thrilling adventures had come to an end. Before fires on the friendly hearth of the Louis XIII chateau, where hunting dogs were carved in the stone above the chimney, Pitchoine might continue to dream in the days to come. He would hunt rabbits in the still forests above the wheat fields, and live again in the freight his great adventures on the desert, the long runs across the sands of his journey back to France.

Now he closed his eyes. As a faithful friend he rested in the atmosphere of happiness about him. He had been the sole companion of a lonely man, now he had become part of a family.

THE END.

Explaining His One Little Lapse.

"Brudren and sistas," in triumphant tones announced Brother Bogus, during the recent revival in Ebenezer chapel, "since I was converted and washed whiter dan snow, two mont's ago, I has been widout sin, bless de Lawd! I's sanctified, and couldn't commit sin if I wanted to! I—"

"Hold on a minute, muh brudder!" interrupted good old Parson Bagater. "Yo' mought uh-been washed totable white, but I's 'bleeged to say dat dar 'pears to be a spot or two dat wasn't touched wid de soap o' salvation. How 'bout dat time Cuhnel White filled yo' pussanality full o' shot in his hen-house?"

"W'y—w'y, sah, lemme tell yo'! Dis is how 'twuz: Yo' knows how absent minded de Cuhnel allus was. Well, sah, dat was one o' dem times—he was studyin' 'bout suppin or nudder, and dees 'magine I was dar!"—Kansas City Star.

Woman Destroys Bomb.

What might have been a disastrous explosion was prevented when Mrs. Pauline Siegel picked a bomb, with a lighted fuse attached, from the doorstep of the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Salvatore Corso, 1621 South Franklin street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Siegel hurried it into the street. This broke the crudely constructed bomb, and only a section exploded.

Mrs. Siegel saw two men place a queer-looking package on the step, apply a match, and run away. She grasped the package and hurried it into the street.

It contained six sticks of dynamite and a large quantity of gunpowder. The copper wires, which had been wrapped around the package, broke. The contents of the powerful bomb were scattered in all directions.

Mrs. Corso said her family has no enemies.

Answer in Reasonable Time.

The undersigned expect a reply to this communication within a reasonable time; and consider that such a time would be 10 days after the communication is delivered, subject to prorogation for cause.

ROBERT LANSING, Secretary of State of the United States.

Does Not Contain Any Threat Of Force—Suggests A Conference On Neutral Land And Offers Services Of Brothers Of America.

Washington.—Upstomped in soft words, and bearing all the earmarks of having been dictated by a Latin-American diplomat Pan-American appeal to Mexico was made public.

Only in the concluding paragraph is there anything which the rival factions in the war-torn, anarchy-ridden republic could interpret as an ultimatum. And even this is modified.

"The undersigned," reads this paragraph, "expect a reply to this communication within a reasonable time, and consider that such a time would be 10 days after the communication is delivered subject to prorogation for cause."

Signed By All Conferees.

Written in Spanish and signed by all the Latin-American diplomats who attended the Pan-American conferences, the communication is addressed to military and civil leaders in all parts of Mexico, including the Governors of all states, Mayors of cities and other authorities. For the purpose of reaching all classes of noncombatants, it is planned to have the appeal circularized throughout the country with the following superscription:

"The Mexican people are informed that the following communication has been sent to many prominent persons in Mexico who possess political authority or military power within the republic."

The text of the appeal itself is as follows:

The undersigned, the Secretary of State of the United States, the Ambassadors extraordinary and plenipotentiary of Brazil, Chile and Argentina and the envoys extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala, accredited to the Government of the United States of America, acting severally and independently, unanimously send to you the following communication:

Inspired by the most sincere spirit of American fraternity and convinced that they rightly interpret the earnest wish of the entire continent, have met informally at the suggestion of the Secretary of State of the United States to consider the Mexican situation to ascertain whether their friendly and disinterested help could be successfully employed to re-establish peace and constitutional order in our sister republic.

War's Effects Reviewed.

In the heat of the frightful struggle which for so long has steeped in blood the Mexican soil doubtless all may well have lost sight of the dissolving effects of the strife upon the most vital conditions of the national existence, not only upon the life and liberty of the inhabitants, but on the prestige and security of the country. We cannot doubt, however—one can doubt—that in the presence of a sympathetic appeal from their brothers of America, recalling to them these disastrous effects, asking them to save their mother land from an abyss—no one can doubt, we repeat—that the patriotism of the men who lead or aid in any way the bloody strife will not remain unmoved; that in measuring in his own conscience his share in the responsibilities of past misfortune and looking forward to his share in the glory of the pacification and reconstruction of the country, will respond nobly and resolutely to this friendly appeal and give their best efforts to opening the way to same saving action.

We, the undersigned, believe that if the men directing the armed movements in Mexico—whether political or military chiefs—should agree to meet, either in person or by delegates, far from the sound of cannon and with no other inspiration save the thought of their afflicted land, there to exchange ideas and to determine the fate of the country, from such action would undoubtedly result the strong and unyielding agreement requisite to the creation of a provisional government, which should adopt the first steps necessary to the constitutional reconstruction of the country—and to issue the first and most essential of them all, the immediate call to general elections.

An adequate place within the Mexican frontiers, which for the purpose might be neutralized, should serve as the seat of the conference, and in order to bring about a conference of this nature the undersigned, or any of them, will willingly, upon invitation, act as intermediaries to arrange the time, place and other details of such conference if this action can in any way aid the Mexican people.

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## PAN-AMERICAN APPEAL ISSUED

### Urges the Mexicans to Hold Peace Conference.

#### IT IS A BROTHERLY PLEA

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D da GAMA, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Brazil.

EDO SUAREZ-MUJICA, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Chile.

R. S. NAON, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Argentina.

L. CALDERON, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Bolivia.

CARLOS MARIA de PENA, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Uruguay.

JOAQUIN MENDEZ, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Guatemala.

Embargo As First Step.

In support of government not representing all the factions probably it would become necessary to extend the plans of the Pan-American Conference. An embargo on arms against forces which might oppose the new government probably would be the first step.

BROKEN BACK; WORKS.

Minor Minus Leg And Three Fingers Fills Man's Place.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—With his back broken, left leg cut off near the knee, two fingers of the right hand and one finger of the left hand gone, W. H. Satterfield shovels coal and earns a good living for a family of six children at the mine of the McGraw Coal Company at Simpson, near this city.

Fifteen years ago he fell over a cliff at a stone quarry and broke his back. Physicians said he couldn't get well. His left leg has been cut off four times. The bone is diseased and is said to be slowly decaying. It is necessary to amputate often.

Straps arranged diagonally across both shoulders keep the broken back in place and serve to hold the wooden leg to the stub of the live limb. Satterfield operates a fan in the mines. He shovels about four tons of coal a day and in addition keeps the boiler of the fan engine going.

BLEW OFF SISTER'S HEAD.

Six-Year-Old Boy Was Playing With Father's Gun.

Luray, Va.—Returning from an early hunting trip in the Blue Ridge, David Smelser, who lives in the Kimball neighborhood, five miles east of Luray, handed his wife his gun, telling her to put it away. For some reason Mrs. Smelser failed to carry out her husband's request. The Smelser children were left alone in the room where a six-year-old boy playfully picked up the gun and pointed it toward his sister. When the weapon was discharged her head was blown away.

2,000 MILITIA IN CAMP.

West Virginia National Guard To Engage In War Game.

Parkersburg, W. Va.—The state encampment of the West Virginia National Guard began here Monday. Tents were pitched and 2,000 men went into camp for 10 days. The camp is in charge of Brig. Gen. John C. Bond, with a number of officials of the United States Army present as instructors. An interesting feature of the encampment will be a citizens' rifle championship, in which citizens generally of the State will be invited to participate.

NEED NO COTTON FOR POWDER.

Germans Can Make Explosives Without Staple.

London.—Announcement that Germany is now able to dispense with cotton in the manufacture of military supplies is made by the Frankfurter Zeitung, as quoted by Reuter's correspondent at Amsterdam. This newspaper asserts that the designation of cotton as contraband of war would not solve Anglo-American difficulties, and adds: "In the present condition of our technical science no cotton what ever is any longer used for war purposes."

GAS MOVIES—WHAT?

New York Will Photograph Meters To Get Bills.

New York.—Gas meters in New York hereafter will be read by photograph. The gas company believes that this will insure absolute accuracy. Meter readers employed by the company will be equipped with a small camera which fits over the indicator on the gas meter. By pressing a button light is thrown on the dial and exposure made showing the amount of gas burned.

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF HAITI.

General Dargueneve Gets Majority Of 72.

Port au Prince.—General Dargueneve was elected President of the Haitian republic by the National Assembly.

He received a majority of 72 out of the 116 votes cast.

The voting for the various Presidential candidates was as follows: General Dargueneve, 94; Luxembourg Cauvin, 14; Emmanuel Thezas, 4; Dr. Rosalvo Bobo, 3, and blank, 1.

LAST OF A FAMOUS FIRM GONE.

John W. Harper, Last Survivor Of Harper Brothers.

Biddeford, Maine.—John W. Harper, of New York, last survivor of the Harper Bros., magazine publishers, died at Biddeford Pool. He was 84 years of age.

## TAKING 'N' FROM DAMN

### DOES NOT TAKE THE CURSE OFF BY ANY MEANS.

When One Doesn't Care a— Well, Even "Tinker's Dam" Is Bad Language to Say the Best About It.

A contributor to the Sun grieves over the ignorance of those who assume that "tinker's dam" is a "profane expression." A tinker's dam, says he, was a chunk of dough or batter used before the days of muriatic acid to keep the solder from spreading; and as the solder commonly did spread nevertheless, the tinker's dam was as nearly worthless as the common expression of disesteem for it implies. He differentiates it from the common or garden damn and says: "There is no profanity about it."

But not to care a tinker's dam is just as profane as not to care a maverick damn, unbranded with ownership by tinkers or others. Taking the "n" out of damn does not take the curse off. If it is profane not to care a damn, it is just as profane not to care a whiffer, a jabberwock, a goop, or any other illegitimate and unsanctioned word. When one stentoriously enunciates his refusal to appraise the article under discussion at the value of a damn, he is not swearing or cursing; he is literally using bad language, for, in the sense he means, there is no such noun as damn. We know what a tinker's dam is, but what is a damn? When one says he does not care a whoop, he is far more definite, for there is such a thing as a whoop. Whence arose the idea that not caring a damn was being profane, and why do persons who do not care one plume themselves on their devilishness?

It is not profane, but it has the sound of being profane, and that is all that is needed. An individual who would not for the world have used blasphemous language used to relieve his feelings by pronouncing the name of one of Wagner's operas in a tone that caused neighboring windows to fall in, and "Gotterdammerung" gave him as much satisfaction as if he had violated a commandment. And who was the man who always swore by Charles G. D. Roberts and Josephine Dodge Daskam because they sounded so profane? There is an excellent Methodist in this town who severely reprehends profanity whenever he hears it, but who produces all the effect of shocking blasphemy by the imbibed emphasis he lays on the exclamation, "For government's sake!" Colonel Roosevelt plumes himself on his abstinence from profanity, but none of the unregenerate ever got such satisfaction out of a real cuss word as he does out of "By Godfrey!" No, tinker's dam belongs in the comfort-giving galaxy of profane refuges for the emotions; and that is the worst you can say of the other damn.

—New York Times.

Mysterious Zones of Silence.

A meteorologist of Zurich, Dr. A. de Quervan, directs attention to a new theory which he calls a zone of silence. He says that strong noises like explosions or the sound of cannons, while heard in a normal way in their immediate neighborhood, are not heard in a distant zone even when most intense.

It is now known as a historical fact that Frederick the Great on August 17, 1760, won the battle of Liegnitz because the Austrian generals Daun and Lasen asserted that they had not heard the sound of cannons. It was supposed at that time that the statement of the Austrian commanders was an untruth, but it is now believed that a zone of silence existed. Similar phenomena have been observed recently. In 1908, when the Jungfrau railroad was being built in Switzerland, a fearful detonation took place, caused by the explosion of 25,000 kilograms of dynamite. The noise was heard at a distance of 30 kilometers, but not at 140 kilometers. Strange to say, however, the noise was heard 50 kilometers from the last named zone.

The Bible in Russia.

The holy synd at Petrograd has been busily engaged in the work of producing popular editions of the Bible. These are being widely distributed by the Orthodox church among soldiers on the battle field as well as to the sick and wounded. Various Russian Red Cross aid associations are including Bibles and Testaments in their parcels of "comforts" for troops at the front, and as the available stock of the British and Foreign Bible society has become exhausted, the holy synd is undertaking the work of printing fresh editions. Should this wave of enthusiasm for the propagation of the Holy Scriptures prove more than a passing phase we may look forward to a revival of intelligent religious instruction in Russia.

Novel Porch Light.

A porch lamp of a new type, just placed on the market, is made to be installed inside the building so that it is not only protected from the weather, but serves to illuminate the hall or front room as well as the porch. The lamp is mounted inside the wall adjacent to the porch. Part of the light is diffused through the room, while a part of the horizontal rays are transmitted through a 1 1/4-inch tube to a globe mounted on the outside of the wall, where, with the aid of a reflector, it is uniformly distributed over the porch.—Popular Mechanics.

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