HARRISBURG STAR-INDEPENDENT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1915.

sinned Signity at ner annt, and seemed in the moment to be the older woman

"There are titles and titles, ma tante: the only question is what kind do you value the most?"

The highest!" said her aunt with-

out hesitation, "and the Duc de Tre-mont is undoubtedly one of the most

famous partis in Europe." "He will then find no difficulty in

marrying," said the young girl, "and I do not wish to marry a man I do not

She sat down at the piano and her hands touched the keys. Her aunt,

who was doing some dainty tapestry, whose fingers were creating silken flowers and whose mind was busy with

fancies and ambitions very like the work she created, shrugged her shoul-

"the only tune you know, Julia

"It's a pretty song, ma tante.

other you do not play it through.'

"It has become a sort of oraiso

"Sabron," said the marquise. "is fine young man, my child, but he has nothing but his officer's pay. More-

over, a soldier's life is a precarious one."

Julia Redmond played the song soft-

ning mail and the papers. The Mar-quise d'Esclignac, with her embroid-ery scissors, opened Le Temps from

Paris and began to read with her usual

interest. She approached the little lamp on the table near her, unfolded

the paper and looked over at her niece, and after a few moments, said

hand on it. "As I said to you, my

"Ma tante," breathed Miss Redmond

"There has been an engagement."

"There has been an engagement, Julia at Dirbal." She lifted the newspaper

The Marquise d'Esclignac slowly put

child, the life of a soldier is a pr

"That seems to be," she said keenly,

"I remember that you played and sang it the first night Sabron came to

The girl continued to finger among the chords. "And since then never a day passes that sometime or

love.'

ders.

dinner."

ma tante.'

ly through

carious one.



HSIQV HOUSEHOLD **TALKS** Henrietta D. Grauel

Pins, Pins-Trouble Begins

Prins, Prins—I rouble Begins The participation of the part poor in the part or lacking altogether they in the part of the part poor in the part of lacking altogether they is the part of the part poor in the part of lacking altogether they probably we shall be compelled to de part of the part of t

luck will stay away all day," shows how they valued them. And in our coun-try's early days every good housewife carried a neatly made flat pin cushion at her girdle or let it dangle from her belt with her seissors, keys and other every minute necessities. When her sharp eyes spied a pin, presto, and it was in the little cushion ready for need. At two shillings a case full, no wonder she treasured them! But we make our own pins now from both

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Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and vallant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a botter scent.

Question.---We are moving into a new house with a large, light kitchen, but nb cupboards, would you advise pur-chasing a kitchen cabinet or a case with shelves above and drawers be-neath? Reply.--As your kitchen is large you I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

neath? Reply.—As your kitchen is large you would have room for both, but if you must choose one take the cabinet if it is a modern one. You ean utilize the wall space of the kitchen for shelves and have sliding glass doors made to fit. If you ever leave this house you can take these conveniences with you. If you cannot have shelves covered keep all supplies in glass jars with fitted tops. A shelf near the stove for coffee boiler, teapot, coffee and tea canisters, salt, pepper and flour dredges is also good. He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick orighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said: "Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter: a sacred trust."

mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there be no question of guarding it, I dare say.

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

. . I say I hope you will be success-ful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitchoune, you will find some-one to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours, JULIA REDMOND. When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart "That," he said to Pitchoune, mak-

"that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of

in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond

did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly. Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitchoune's following his

he read. She wiped away to

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS MARRILL COMPANY CONTINUED We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitchoune. tears at the end, where Sabro

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RAY WALTERS

will

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty. from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend! Sabron nodded. "It was, however,

Julia Redmond reflected, was great y touched and loved Pitchoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a sol Sabron said: "It is one of the redier's exile and to be his companion Sabron said: It is one of the re-grets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the seent? How did you follow me?" Pitchoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page. Sabron wrote, in closing which she read and reread many many times.

many times. Mademoisell.. In this life many things follow us: certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My hitle dog followed me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a liv-ing thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the mo-ment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion to mc and has followed me everywhere . . followed me to my barracks. fol-lowed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me: I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same ali haunts me still. T am glad you toid me what the words mean for I find them beautifuit; the mu:

with a slightly softened voice: "Julia!" Miss Redmond stopped playing. "Julia!" The girl rose from the piano stool and stood with her hand on the instmument. "My dear Julia!" Madame d'Escli-gnac spread Le Temps out and put ner

stars, the same air haunts me still. I am glad you told me what the words mean, for 1 find them beautiful: the mu-sic in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. Sc it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions, are like muzic. They are great and beau-tiful: they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing-music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible-appealing not to our senser alone but to our souls! And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune: the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say. Tomorrow. I understand from my men. Wo shall nave some nively work to do.

from where she stood. "Tell me what the news is from Africa. I think I know what you mean.

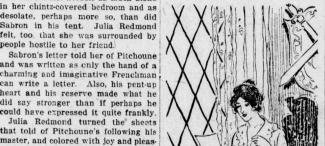
said the marquise gently, for in spite

Tomorow I understand from my men. Wo shall have some iively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of thear of through the papers. There is a little town mear here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I be-live we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who cas tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close. Adieu, Madamoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful gardens, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the vords only of the song before you of her ambitions she loved her niece. at Dirbal." There has been some hard fighting in the desert, around about Dirbal. The troops commanded by Captain de Sabron troops commanded by Captain de Sabro were routed by the nativés at noon or Thursday. They did not rally and were forced to retreat. There was a great loss of life among the natives and sevy eral of the regiment were also killed There has been no late or authenic news from Dirbal, but the last dispatches giv the department of war to understand tha Sabron himself is among the missing. down the paper, and rose quickly. She

went to the young girl's side and put her arm around her. Miss Redmond covered her face with her hands: you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep. I am, Mademoizelle, Faith aithfully yours, CHARLES DE SABRON. mured

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested on that gentle pillow for many days It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at

rest. She was troubled and unhappy she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitchoune had pined, and





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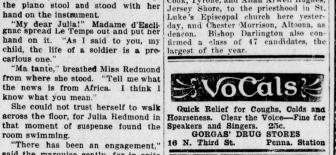
# SLANDER CASE ON TRIAL

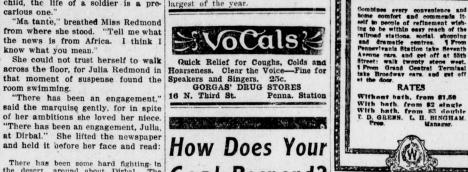
Suit Results From Political Speech at Darby in 1913

Media, Pa., March 31.-An echo the political fight of 1913 was he e political fight of 1913 was heard court here yesterday, when Thomas Osbourne, of Media, was tried on a arge of shorder J. Osbourne, of Media, was tried on a charge of slander preferred by Sheriff the section is a precarious ne."
Julia Redmond played the song soft generations and the papers. The Marris and began to read with her embroid.
The old butter came in with the event of Edsching and the papers. The Marris and began to read with her usual interest. She approached the little
J. Osbourne, of Media, was tried on a charge of slander preferred by Sheriff the data of the paper section at that time. Oshourne was stumping the county for George J. Johnson, the Democratic candidate. The charge resulted from a speech he made at Darby. The case will go to the jury today. Democratic Leader Frank B. Rodes and another prominent Democrat, A. B. Geary, are representing Oshourne. W. C. Alexander is attorney for Heyburn.

for Heyburn.

Three Ordained at Altoona Altoona, Pa., March 31.—Bishop Darlington, of the Harrisburg diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, or-dained the Revs. Frederick Andrew Cook, Tyrone; and Allan Arwell Hughes, Lorson Shora to the pristbood in St





**Coal Respond?** Does it burn evenly or spasmodically? Some sizes are too small for certain grates, the bed of fire becom-

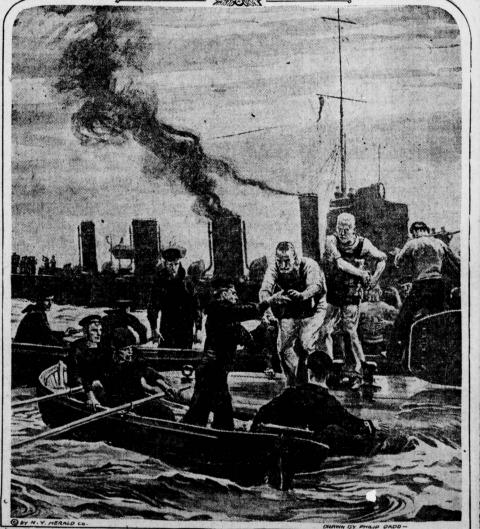
ing a solid mass of flame choking off the draft. First be sure of the qual-

ity of your coal - next the "Ma tante, ma tante!" she murproper size, or better still-"My dear Julia." said the old lady. burn Kelley's Coal.

"there is nothing more uncertain than newspaper reports, especially those H. M. KELLEY & CO. that come from the African seat of war. Sit down here, my child." 1 N. Third Street The two women sat together on the Tenth and State Streets

long piano stool. The marquise said: TO BE CONTINUED Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.







ty prison for a year.

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good. Other conveniences that every kitchen should have are a thick, washable rug to place where you stand most, a waste paper basket to hold debris and a large sized light tray, as well as a bookcase to hold cookery books, a clock, a memorandum pad and a roll of paper towel-

Question.—My husband has bought a side of bacon that is very strong and salty and now, since it has been hang-ing in the buttery, it has tiny globules of salt on the flesh side. Does this hurt it and is there any way to make it less salt tasting.—Inexperienced.

Reply.—The bacon was evidently too long in the brine or improperly cured; the salt on it does no harm. After slic-ing it put the cuts in a sieve and pour ooiling boiling water over them, or let them stand in hot water a few minutes, then cook in the oven by placing the sieve over a dripping pan to catch the fat. If the oven is hot the rashers will be brown and crisp in a few minutes and not too salt. You can cut the bacon fine and soak if and use it for flavoring beans and for use in beef loaf. Or you can fry the fat from it and diseard the remainder. water over them, or let them

Surrenders and Goes to Jail Lancaster, Pa., March 31.—C. H. A. Dissinger, manufacturer of engines, convicted of stealing a promissory note and for whom a bench warrant was ising the dog an unusual confidence, sued by the Court, has surrendered to the sheriff and been taken to the coun-

# CHAPTER XII.

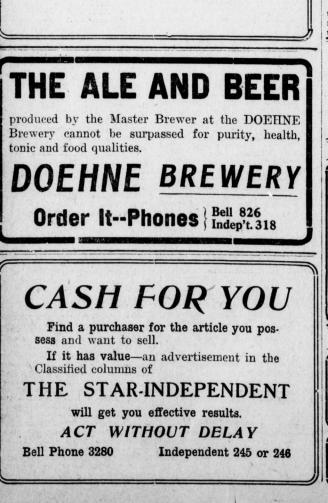
The News From Africa.

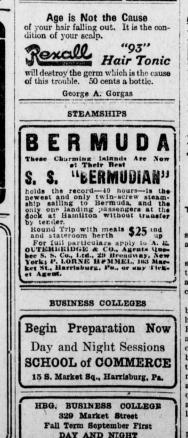
It took the better part of three eve nings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone

France.

felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend. Sabron's letter told her of Pitchoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he







she, alas! could not break her chains and run away. The Duc de Tremont was a con-

stant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece. "My dear Julia," she said to the beautiful girl, looking at her through her lorgnon; "I don't understand you. Every one of your family has married a title. We have not thought that we could do better with our money than build up fortunes already started; than in preserving noble races and noble names. There has never been a divorce in our family. I am a marquise, your cousin is a countess, your aunt is one of the peeresses of England, and as for you, my dear . Miss Redmond was standing by the biano. She had lifted the cover and piano vas about to sit down to play. She

NKING OF THE 'UB' OFF DOVER - THE RESCUE OF HER CREW BY BRITISH DESTROYERS.

This drawing, made especially for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, show attending the sinking of the German submarine U-B, off the coast of Dover, England, by British destroyers. The crew was rescued as shown in the accompanying picture The scene was one of the most novel which the war. The crew of the ill fated undersea craft were the first submarine prisoners of war to be brought to Dover. The German seamen are seen just stepping off the stern of their vessel into the destroyer's dinghies.