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RENGO BELT FEATURE
ELASTIC WEBBING

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CONTINUED

"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.

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 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 baritone (no snatches of song he could remember, "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Il Trovatore," running then into more modern opera, "La Veuve Jorouse." 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.

Therese 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 girl's 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 felt like one dead, and the Arabs

CANT FIND DANDRUFF

Every bit of dandruff disappears after one or two applications of Danderrine rubbed well into the scalp with the finger tips. Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderrine at any drug store and save your hair. After a few applications you can't find a particle of dandruff or any falling hair, and the scalp will never itch.—Adv.

pulled off his boots and put him to bed like a child.

One sundown, as they traveled into the afterglow with the East behind them, when Tremont thought he could not endure another day of the voyage, when the pallor and waxiness



Threatened by the Engulfing Sand-storm.

of Sabron's face were like death itself, Hammet Abou, who rode ahead, cried out and pulled up his camel short. He waved his 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 Anni, 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?"

To Be Continued

Reporter—How much of an obituary do you want about the man with a rubber neck?
City Editor—Stretch it to half a column.—Philadelphia Ledger.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Food Fashions

Fashions in foods change with seasons just as styles in clothes do and it is quite as uncomfortable to use too heavy foods in spring time as to wear clothing that is too warm.

This month everyone experiences a natural craving for green vegetables. Tomatoes, lettuce, green onions, radishes, rhubarb, cucumbers and the rest of the attractive list which the jaded appetite for a keener relish of other foods.

They do even more than this for they save doctor's bills by helping Nature in her scheme of domestic economy. There is not much food value to stucculent vegetables for about eighty per cent of their bulk consists of water and pulp; it is their characteristic taste that makes them so enjoyable.

The point to remember in cooking them is that the flavor that gives them character must be preserved. To do this you must not cook them too long nor over-season them. It is a common fault to see cauliflower, spinach and similar early vegetables smothered in thick cream sauces or made very rich in other ways. There is justification for the cook who does this, for she has often been told that succulent vegetables need to be enriched to be nourishing. But they do not need this in springtime. This month we eat greens for the sake of the iron they are rich in, while lettuce, celery, cress and green onions are sedatives and rest and quiet our nerves.

Later in the year tomatoes will be used most in cooked dishes but now in

HOBBS OUST JAMES EADS HOW

I. W. W. Faction Controls Convention and Elects a New Yorker

Baltimore, April 14.—James Eads How, the "millionaire hobo," was ousted as boss of the hoboes at the convention of the Holiday Street Theatre yesterday by the Industrial Workers of the World faction.

John Murray, James Scott and Ben Fletcher, the last a negro, delegates of the Philadelphia local of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, members of the I. W. W. and exponents of the doctrine of physical force, just lifted the convention out of How's hands, brought about the election of a new chairman, Alexander Law of New York, "compromise" candidate, to succeed How and ran things to suit themselves.

A FINE TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

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If you have catarrh don't be misled or gulled into believing you can obtain a cure for your trouble by breathing a simple medicated air.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and inhalers, sprays and nose douches merely temporize with the disease and seldom, if ever, bring any lasting benefit. To effect a cure use a remedy that will drive the disease out of your system. Don't employ a remedy that will drive the disease down into your lungs and bronchial tubes. Such methods often lead to consumption, and frequently produce catarrhal deafness and head noises.

If you have catarrh in any form go to your druggist and get one ounce of Parment (Double Strength), take this home and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water and 4 ounces of granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose should begin to relieve the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal discharges, head noises and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrh and which may be overcome by the use of this simple treatment. Every person who has catarrh should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—Adv.

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Additional trains for Lewis and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 2.57, 6.30 p. m.
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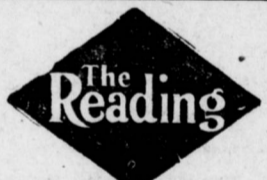
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