

HIS LOVE STORY

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 child, a little girl, and names it Pichoune. He dies with the Marquis de Esclignac and leaves Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants of color. Miss Redmond takes care of Pichoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Pichoune follows Sabron to Algeria, 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 Pichoune. After a horrible night and day Pichoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the marquis to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia sets 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. Pichoune finds a village, twelve hours journey away, and somehow makes Fatou, Arab understand his master's desire. Sabron is rescued by the village men but grows weaker without proper care.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Two Love Stories.

If it had not been for her absorbing thought of Sabron, Julia would have revealed in the desert and the new experiences. As it was, its charm and magic and the fact that he traveled over it helped her to endure the interval.

In the deep impenetrable silence she seemed to hear her future speak to her. She believed that it would either be a wonderfully happy one, or a hopelessly wretched life.

"Julia, I cannot ride any farther!" exclaimed the comtesse.

She was an excellent horsewoman and had ridden all her life, but her riding of late had consisted of a canter in the Bois de Boulogne at noon, and it was sometimes hard to follow Julia's tireless gallop toward an ever-disappearing goal.

"Forgive me," said Miss Redmond, and brought her horse up to her friend's side.

It was the cool of the day, of the fourteenth day since Tremont had left Algeria and the seventh day of Julia's excursion. A fresh wind blew from the west, lifting their veils from their helmets and bringing the fragrance of the mimosa into whose scanty forest they had ridden. The sky paled toward sunset, and the evening star, second in glory only to the moon, hung over the west.

Although both women knew perfectly well the reason for this excursion and its importance, not one word had been spoken between them of Sabron and Tremont other than a natural interest and anxiety.

They might have been two hospital nurses awaiting their patients.

They halted their horses, looking over toward the western horizon and its mystery. "The star shines over their caravan," mused Madame de la Maine (Julia had not thought Therese poetical), "as though to lead them home."

Madame de la Maine turned her face and Julia saw tears in her eyes. The Frenchwoman's control was usually perfect, she treated most things with mocking gaiety. The bright softness of her eyes touched Julia.

"Therese!" exclaimed the American girl. "It is only fourteen days!"

Madame de la Maine laughed. There was a break in her voice. "Only fourteen days," she repeated, "and any one of those days may mean death!"

She threw back her head, touched her stallion, and flew away like light, and it was Julia who first drew rein.

"Therese! Therese! We cannot go any farther!"

"Lady!" said Azrael. He drew his big black horse up beside them. "We must go back to the tents."

Madame de la Maine pointed with her whip toward the horizon. "It is cruel! It ever recedes!"

"Tell me, Julia, of Monsieur de Sabron," asked Madame de la Maine abruptly.

"There is nothing to tell, Therese."

"You don't trust me?"

"Do you think that, really?"

In the tent where Azrael served them their meal, under the ceiling of Turkish red with its Arabic characters in clear white, Julia and Madame de la Maine sat while their coffee was served them by a Syrian servant.

"A girl does not come into the Sahara and watch like a sentinel, does not suffer as you have suffered, ma chere, without there being something to tell."

"It is true," said Miss Redmond, "and would you be with me, Therese, if I did not trust you? And what do you want me to tell?" she added halveily.

The comtesse laughed.

"Vous etes charmante, Julia!"

"I met Monsieur de Sabron," said Julia slowly, "not many months ago in Tarascon. I saw him several times, and then he went away."

"And then?" urged Madame de la Maine eagerly.

"He left his little dog, Pichoune, with me and Pichoune ran after his master, to Marseilles, singing himself into the water, and was rescued by

the sailors. I wrote about it to Monsieur de Sabron, and he answered me from the desert, the night before he went into battle."

"And that's all?" urged Madame de la Maine.

"That's all," said Miss Redmond. She drank her coffee.

"You tell a love story very badly, ma chere."

"Is it a love story?"

"Have you come to Africa for charity? You won't!"

Julia was silent. A great reserve seemed to seize her heart, to stifle her as the poverty of her love story struck her. She sat turning her coffee-spoon between her fingers, her eyes downcast. She had very little to tell. She might never have any more to tell. Yet this was her love story. But the presence of Sabron was so real, and she saw his eyes clearly looking upon her as she had seen them often; heard the sound of his voice that meant but one thing—the words of his letter came back to her. She remembered her letter to him, rescued from the field where he had fallen. She raised her eyes to the Comtesse de la Maine, and there was an appeal in them.

The Frenchwoman leaned over and kissed Julia. She asked nothing more. She had not learned her lessons in discretion to no purpose.

At night they sat out in the moonlight, white as day, and the radiance over the sands was like the snow-flowers. Wrapped in their warm coverings, Julia and Therese de la Maine lay on the rugs before the door of their tent, and above their heads shone the stars so low that it seemed as though their hands could snatch them from the sky. At a little distance their servants sat around the dying fire, and there came to them the plaintive song of Azrael, as he led their singling:

And who can give again the love of yesterday?

Can a whirlwind replace the sand after it has scattered?

What can heal the heart that Allah has smitten?

Can the mirage form again when there are no eyes to see?

"I was married," said Madame de la Maine, "when I was sixteen."

Julia drew a little nearer and smiled to herself in the shadow.

This would be a real love story.

"I had just come out of the convent. We lived in an old chateau, older than the history of your country, ma chere, and I had no dot. Robert de Tremont and I used to play together in the allees of the park, on the terrace. When his mother brought him over when she called on my grandmother, he teased me horribly because the weeds grew between the

stones of our terrace. He was very rude.

"Throughout our childhood, until I was sixteen, we teased each other and fought and quarreled."

"This is not a love-affair, Therese," said Miss Redmond.

"There are all kinds, ma chere, as there are all temperaments," said Madame de la Maine. "At Assumption—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

more than twice as much.

Russell Sage insisted that the easiest way he knew to earn the income of a dollar for a whole year was to walk to his office once.

The man that suffers from insomnia often makes the mistake of seeing a doctor when he needs a preacher.—Peoria Journal.

A smile goes a mile, but a frown ends in "Ouch!"

Scandinavian Housekeeping.

In Scandinavia the peasant women who worked all day in the fields, have had their fireless methods of cooking for a long time. While breakfast was cooking, the pot containing the stew for dinner was brought to a boil then placed inside a second pot, and the whole snugly ensconced between the feather beds, still warm from the night's occupancy. Some of these women had a loosened hearthstone and a hole beneath.

Some Lost Motion.

A Philadelphia mathematician has figured it out that the telephone companies lose 125 hours' work every day through the use of the word "please" by all operators and patrons. Another has discovered that the froth on the beer pays the freight. But as yet no one has estimated the total horse power wasted in swallowing cigarette smoke and forcing it through the nose instead of blowing it from the mouth.

Newark News.

Daylight Saving in Canada.

Considerable attention is being given throughout Canada to a so-called daylight-saving scheme. The movement in Halifax is in accord with an effort all over the dominion to have the clock put back one hour on April 1 each year, continuing to some autumn month, in order to give more daylight for work and pleasure. Meetings are being held all over Canada with a view to bringing the matter to the attention of the federal parliament at its next session. The Halifax committee is composed of representatives of the city council, trades and labor council and wholesale and retail merchants.—Commerce Reports.

Disastrous Famines.

The worst famines of modern times were the famine in Ireland in 1846-7, in which 1,000,000 people perished; the Indian famine in 1876, which claimed 1,450,000 victims; the Indian famine in 1877, in which 500,000 people perished, and the great famine in China in 1873, in which 9,500,000 perished.

Make Flour From Bananas.

Experiments in Jamaica have converted the banana into flour, the wholesale price of which is said to yield a profit so fair that the making of the flour may soon be a regular enterprise. The late Sir Isaac Holden, who lived to be a centenarian, always used banana flour.—London Chronicle.

Society.

Society is like a burning house; a lot of people want to rush into it whether or not there is anybody they know inside.

AS TO FALLING IN LOVE

THERE ARE SO MANY, MANY WAYS OF DOING IT.

And So Great a Number Find When Too Late They Have Never Had the True Experience, Having Mistaken Symptoms.

Now of course there is no difficulty about falling in love. Anyone can do that. The difficulty is to know when the symptoms are true or false, says a Pittsburgh Post writer. So many people mistake the symptoms, and only discover when it is too late that they have never really had the true experience. Hence the importance of "caif love," which serves as a sort of apprenticeship to the mystery and enables you to discriminate between the substance and the shadows.

People laugh at "caif love," but one might as well laugh at the wonder of dawn or the coming of spring. When David Copperfield fell in love with the eldest Miss Larkins he was really in love with the opening universe, and the eldest Miss Larkins happened to be the only available lightning conductor for his emotion.

The important thing is that you should contract "caif love" while you are young. It is like the measles, which is harmless enough in childhood but apt to be dangerous when you are grown up. The "caif love" of an elderly man is always a disaster. Hence the saying, "There is no fool like an old fool." An elderly man should not fall in love. He should walk right into it. He should survey the ground carefully, as Mr. Markes did.

The mistake of "the northern farmer" was that he applied the same middle aged caution to youth. "Don't you marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is," he said to his son Sammy who wanted to marry the poor parson's daughter.

There is no harm, of course, in marrying money. George Borrow said that there were worse ways of making a fortune than marrying one. And perhaps it is true, though I don't think Borrow's experience was very convincing. I have known people who "have gone where money was" and have fallen honestly and rapturously in love, but you have to be very sure that money in such a case is not the motive. If it is, the penalty never fails to follow.

Those who believe in "love at first sight" take the view that marriages are made in Heaven and that we only come to earth to fulfill our destiny. Johnson, who was an excellent husband to the elderly Mrs. Porter, spoke with that view and held that love was only the accident of circumstance, but though that is a sensible view, there are cases like those of Dante and Beatrice and Abelard and Heloise, in which the passion doesn't seem to touch the skies. In those cases, however, it rarely ends happily.

A more humdrum way of falling in love seems better fitted for earthly conditions. The method of Sir Thomeas More was perhaps the most unromantic on record. He preferred the younger of two sisters and was about to marry her when it occurred to him that it would be very unpleasant for the elder sister to see her junior married before herself. Thereupon he proposed to the elder and married her, and as far as I can remember the experiment was thoroughly satisfactory.

Children Who Are Afraid of Night.

Writing of "Night Terrors," so common among children, Dr. Adolph Stern says in the New York Medical Journal that these have a deeper cause than those given in the text books, which are: Adenoids and enlarged tonsils, large or indigestible meals eaten shortly before going to bed, and the telling of harrowing or terrifying stories—like ghost stories.

According to Doctor Stern, children who sit up screaming "Mother, mother!" "The black man!" "The ghost!" or even those who constantly cry for a drink of water, are generally the offspring of neurotic mothers who have themselves been made neurotic by receiving too much attention, too much emotional affection, by being kept too dependent, not leaning on themselves but on others.

The cure for such children is to make them play with other children, to let them do things for themselves, such as dressing and bathing themselves and going to bed alone. Thus they will acquire a spirit of independence.

Things That Have Been Condemned.

If we banished from our tables all the commodities which—like potatoes—have been condemned in print, our diet would be decidedly monotonous. "Food faddists are most aggressive persons," Henry Labouchere once complained. "In my time I have known them preach that we should give up meat, tobacco, alcohol, soup, starch (including bread and potatoes), salt, tomatoes, bananas, strawberries and bath buns. I have also witnessed movements for giving up boots, waistcoats, hats, overcoats, carpets, feather beds, spring mattresses, cold baths, linen clothes, woolen clothes, sleeping more than six hours, sleeping less than nine hours and lighting fires at the bottom."

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Proverbs With Which Most Are Familiar Set Forth Cleared in New Language.

If upon the initiative attempt success eludes your efforts, repeat the operation ad infinitum.

It is an exceedingly lengthy byway that fails to produce some tangible evidence to prove that its natural tendencies point to an apparent longing to execute a right angle.

When the household feline has temporarily vacated the premises, the small rodents will undoubtedly take advantage of her absence to participate in unseemly gambols commensurate with the joyous occasion.

The operation of conveying a beast of burden in the general direction of the trough containing aqua distilla may prove to be one of comparative ease, but the process of inducing the quadruped to partake of the contents thereof is often a matter of conjecture, to be determined only by the avowed inclination of the animal in question.—Judge.

Preparing.

In one of the southern states the negroes are great patrons of a matrimonial agency. One darkey, anxious to find a wife for his son, went to this agent, who handed him his list of lady clients. Running through this the man came upon his own wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty.

"Forgetting about his son, the darky hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. She was not at all disturbed.

"Yes," she said, "I done give him my name. I puts it down when you was sick in de winter and de doctor says we must prepare for de worst."—Chicago Journal.

Homesick.

"Ever since you've been in town," said the city relative, "you've been having two or three lemon squashes every day."

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "A habit's a habit."

"But you don't drink them!"

"I don't want it. I am willing to pay the money so as to get a straw to chew."

Cheap.

"That is a story about elephants being used in some of those European battles."

"How do you know?"

"Elephants are far too valuable to risk getting them killed."

"Oh, that's the reason they use men, eh?"

To Be Sure.

"You seldom hear of a man after he enters prison."

"That isn't surprising."

"No?"

"Doing time is comparatively a noiseless performance."

When a lecture is free you are expected to buy a book or a shaving strop from the man who delivered it.

A close friend is one who won't lend you money.

In guarding his reputation every man should be his own watchman.

HAD THE LAUGH ON HIMSELF

Miser Got Away With the Oatmeal and Also Succeeded in Saving Precious Whisky.

J. F. Hartz of Detroit, the doyen of the American Surgical Trade association, said at the fiftieth annual convention in New York:

"The war has killed the price of carbolic acid up to \$1.65 a pound—it sold before the war at 9 cents a pound. The hospitals that use carbolic acid now have to be economical and sparing as old Josh Lee.

"Old Josh Lee was a miser, and he breakfasted every morning on oatmeal. To save fuel he cooked his week's supply of oatmeal on Sundays. This supply, by the time Saturday came around, was pretty stiff and tough and hard to down.

"One Saturday morning old Josh found his oatmeal particularly unappetizing. It had a crust on it like iron. He took a mouthful of the cold, stiff mixture—then he half rose, thinking he'd have to cook himself some eggs.

"But he hated to give in. He hated to waste that oatmeal. So he took out the whisky bottle, poured a generous glass and setting it before his plate, he said:

"Now, Josh, if you eat that oatmeal you'll get this whisky; and if you don't you won't."

"The oatmeal was hard to consume, but Josh, with his eye on the whisky, managed it. Then, when the last spoonful was gone, he grinned broadly, poured the whisky back into the bottle again, and said:

"Josh, my son, I fooled you that time, you old idiot!"—Washington Star.

Cool Request.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part from it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course, he had befriended her in some way, and she wished to test his love, but it is unnecessary to inquire how.

The answer to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late date to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 500, and would request that you return all except your own by passenger train at my expense."

Worth Listening To.

"Those two men over there are having a warm argument. It must be about the war."

"I think not. They are probably discussing a subject they know something about."

"Why so?"

"Half a dozen pedestrians and the policeman on this beat seem interested in what they are saying."

She Needs It.

"I hope you won't be angry, dear-est," said wife as she displayed her purchases, "but I simply could not resist buying this lovely wrap to wear over my bathing suit at the beach."

"It's a beauty," admitted her husband. "Why don't you buy another one to wear over your street costume?"

Wan't on the Map.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what state is Effigy in?

Paw—Effigy? Why, I don't believe I ever heard of such a town, son.

Little Lemuel—Well, I was just reading about a man who was hanged in Effigy, and I can't find it on the map.

A catalogue of the fishes of Maine shows that the state has 140 species, but only 25 are fit to eat, and only 17 are of commercial value.

Our Christian year 1915 corresponds to the year 5676 in the Jewish calendar.

Stoux City Directory

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If you find it difficult to tell twins apart, tell them together.

When the time is noon in London Berlin records 12:54 p. m.

Drink Denison's Coffee, For your health's sake.

There is always something coming to us that we should like to see side-tracked.

An average man breathes about 31 cubic feet of air into his lungs every hour.

The National library in Paris, contains the oldest map of the heavens, made in China