

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER I.

A Serious Event.
The Comte de Sabron, in the undress uniform of captain in the Cavalry, sat smoking and thinking. What is the use of being thirty years old with the brevet of captain and such distinction of family if you are a poor man—in short, what is the good of anything if you are alone in the world and no one cares what becomes of you?

He rang his bell, and when his ordonnance appeared, said sharply: "The diable is the noise in the stable, Brunet? Don't you know that when I smoke at this hour all Tarascon must be kept utterly silent?" "The noise, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "is rather melancholy."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed the young officer. "It's infernal. Stop it at once." The ordonnance held his kept in his hand. He had a round good-natured face and kind gray eyes that were wont to twinkle at his master's humor and caprices.

"I beg pardon, mon Capitaine, but a very serious event is taking place." "It will be more serious yet, Brunet, if you don't keep things quiet."

"I am sorry to tell, mon Capitaine, that Michette has just died." "Michette!" exclaimed the master. "What relation is she of yours, Brunet?"

"Ah, mon Capitaine," grinned the ordonnance, "relation! None! It is the little terrier that Monsieur le Capitaine may have remarked now and then in the garden."

"Sabron nodded and took his cigarette out of his mouth as though in respect for the deceased." "Ah, yes," he said, "that melancholy little dog! Well, Brunet!"

"The has just breathed her last, mon Capitaine, and she is leaving behind her rather a large family." "I am not surprised," said the officer. "There are six," vouchsafed Brunet, "of which, if mon Capitaine is willing, I should like to keep one."

"Nonsense," said Sabron, "on no account. You know perfectly well, Brunet, that I don't surround myself with things that can make me suffer. I have not kept a dog in ten years. I try not to care about my horses even. Everything to which I attach myself does or causes me regret and pain. And I won't have any miserable little puppy to complicate existence."

"Then, mon Capitaine," accepted the ordonnance tranquilly. "I have given you five. The sixth is in the stable; if Monsieur le Capitaine would come down and look at it . . ."

Sabron rose, threw his cigarette away and, following across the garden in the bland May light, went into the stable where Madame Michette, a small wire-haired Irish terrier had given birth to a fine family and herself gone the way of those who do their duty to a race. In the straw at his feet Sabron saw a ratlike, unprepossessing little object, crawling about feebly in search of warmth and nourishment, uttering pitiful little cries. So extreme loneliness and helplessness touched the big soldier, who said softly to his man:

"Wrap it up, and if you don't know how to feed it I should not be surprised if I could induce it to take a little warm milk from a quill. At all

events we shall have a try with it. Fetch it along to my rooms."

And as he retraced his steps, leaving his order to be executed, he thought to himself: The little beggar is not much more alone in the world than I am! As he said that he recalled a word in the meridional patois: Pitichoune, which means "poor little thing."

"I shall call it Pitichoune," he thought, "and we shall see if it can't do better than its name suggests."

He went slowly back to his rooms and busied himself at his table with his correspondence. Among the letters was an invitation from the Marquise d'Esclignac, an American married to a Frenchman, and the great lady of the country thereabouts.

"Will you not," she wrote, "come to dine with us on Sunday? I have my niece with me. She would be glad to see a French soldier. She has expressed such a wish. She comes from a country where soldiers are rare. We dine at eight."

Sabron looked at the letter and its fine clear handwriting. Its wording was less formal than a French invitation is likely to be, and it gave him a sense of cordiality. He had seen, during his rides, the beautiful lines of the Chateau d'Esclignac. Its turrets surely looked upon the Rhone. There would be a divine view from the terraces. It would be a pleasure to go there. He thought more of what



Sabron Looked at the Letter.

the place would be than of the people in it, for he was something of a hermit, rather a recluse, and very reserved.

He was writing a line of acceptance when Brunet came in, a tiny bundle in his hand.

"Put Pitichoune over there in the sunlight," ordered the officer, "and we shall see if we can bring him up by hand."

CHAPTER II.

Julia Redmond.

He remembered all his life the first dinner at the Chateau d'Esclignac, where from the terrace he saw the Rhone lying under the early moonlight and the shadows falling around the castle of good King Rene.

and not a hereditary disease. Only those catch the disease who are much exposed to it, and then only when both patient and those near him are careless about the infection. There is no reason for the dread of inheriting it, and no good reason for fearing its contagion if even a few reasonable precautions are taken.

Astonished the Good Lady.

A few years ago a fire occurred early one morning at a house in Liverpool, England, and as the staircase was well alight before it was discovered the occupants had to seek some other means of escape.

The companion to an elderly invalid lady was reading the newspaper report of the fire to her, which stated that one servant escaped down a water pipe at the back of the house.

At this statement the old lady exclaimed: "But how thin the poor man must have been!"

To prevent postage stamps from sticking together, rub them over the hair before putting them away.

As he passed in, his sword clanking—for he went in full dress uniform to dine with the Marquise d'Esclignac—he saw the picture the two ladies made in their drawing-room: the marquise in a very splendid dress (which he never could remember) and her niece, a young lady from a country whose name it took him long to learn to pronounce, in a dress so simple that of course he never could forget it! He remembered for a great many years the fall of the ribbon at her pretty waist, the bunch of sweet peas at her girdle, and he always remembered the face that made the charm of the picture.

Their welcome to him was gracious. The American girl spoke French with an accent that Sabron thought bewilderingly charming, and he put aside some of his reserve and laughed and talked at his ease. After dinner (this he remembered with peculiar distinctness) Miss Redmond sang for him, and although he understood none of the words of the English ballad, he learned the melody by heart and it followed with him when he left. It went with him as he crossed the terrace into the moonlight to mount his horse; it went home with him; he hummed it, and when he got up to his room he hummed it again as he bent over the little roll of flannel in the corner and fed the puppy hot milk from a quill.

This was a painstaking operation and required patience and delicacy, both of which the big man had at his finger-tips. The tune of Miss Redmond's song did for a lullaby and the puppy fell comfortably to sleep while Sabron kept the picture of his evening's outing contentedly in his mind. But later he discovered that he was not so contented, and yawned the hours when he might return.

He shortly made a call at the Chateau d'Esclignac with the result that he had a new picture to add to his collection. This time it was the picture of a lady alone; the Marquise d'Esclignac doing tapestry. While Sabron found that he had grown reticent again, he listened for another step and another voice and heard nothing; but before he took leave there was a hint of a second invitation to dinner.

The marquise was very handsome that afternoon and wore yet another bewildering dress. Sabron's simple taste was dazzled. Nevertheless, she made a graceful picture, one of beauty and refinement, and the young soldier took it away with him. As his horse began to trot, at the end of the alley, near the poplars at the lower end of the rose terrace he caught a glimpse of a white dress (undoubtedly a simpler dress than that worn by Madame d'Esclignac).

CHAPTER III.

A Second Invitation.

"I don't think, mon Capitaine, that it is any use," Brunet told his master. Sabron, in his shirt-sleeves, sat before a table on which, in a basket, lay Michette's only surviving puppy. It was a month old. Sabron already knew how bright its eyes were and how alluring its young ways.

"Be still, Brunet," commanded the officer. "You do not come from the south or you would be more sanguine. Pitichoune has got to live."

The puppy's clumsy adventuresome feet had taken him as far as the high-road, and on this day, as it were in order that he should understand the struggle for existence, a bicycle had cut him down in the prime of his youth, and now, according to Brunet, "there wasn't much use!"

Pitichoune was bandaged around his hind quarters and his adorable little head and forepaws came out of the handkerchief bandage.

"He won't eat anything from me, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, and Sabron ceremoniously opened the puppy's mouth and thrust down a dose. Pitichoune swallowed obediently.

Sabron had just returned from a long hard day with his troops, and tired out as he was, he forced himself to give his attention to Pitichoune. A

second invitation to dinner lay on his table; he had counted the days until this night. It seemed too good to be true, he thought, that another picture was to add itself to his collection! He had mentally enjoyed the others often, giving preference to the first, when he dined at the chateau; but there had been a thrill in the second caused by the fluttering of the white dress down by the poplar walk.

To-night he would have the pleasure of taking in Miss Redmond to dinner. "See, mon Capitaine," said Brunet, "the poor little fellow can't swallow it."

The water trickled out from either side of Pitichoune's mouth. The sturdy terrier refused milk in all forms, had done so since Sabron weaned him; but Sabron now returned to his nursery days, made Brunet fetch him warm milk and, taking the quill, dropped a few drops of the soothing liquid, into which he put a dash of brandy, down Pitichoune's throat. Pitichoune swallowed, got the drink down, gave a feeble yelp, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the glazed look had gone.

The officer hurried into his evening clothes and ordered Brunet, as he tied his cravat, to feed the puppy a little of the stimulant every hour until



"He Won't Eat Anything From Me."

he should return. Pitichoune's eyes, now open, followed his handsome master to the door. As Sabron opened it he gave a pathetic yelp which made the capitaine turn about.

"Believe me, mon Capitaine," said the ordonnance with melancholy fatality, "it is no use. If I am left with Pitichoune it will be to see him die. I know his spirit, mon Capitaine. He lives for you alone."

"Nonsense," said the young officer impatiently, drawing on his gloves. Pitichoune gave a plaintive wail from the bandages and tried to stir.

"As for feeding him, mon Capitaine," the ordonnance threw up his hands, "he will be stiff by the time . . ." But Sabron was half-way down the stairs. The door was open, and on the porch he heard distinctly a third tenderly pathetic wail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Motorcycle on Wall.

Going at a speed of from seventy-five to eighty-five miles an hour a motorcyclist succeeded in driving his machine around the perpendicular wall at the top of a motordrome. This is a regular amusement park feat for motor cars, but is seldom attempted with a motorcycle, since the machine must be driven at terrific speed and must stand out almost horizontally from the wall. It is a good example of the power of centrifugal force, as well as of the skill and nerve of the driver.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food supplies, these have been conveyed by motor wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves.—Charles L. Freeston in Scribner's Magazine.

Making News.

Reporter—Madam, you may recollect that we printed yesterday your denial of having retracted the contradiction of your original statement. Would you care to have us say that you were misquoted in regard to it?—Life.

Cause and Effect.

"I wonder why it is so damp and foggy in London?" "It's the fault of their government." "How do you make that out?" "They have such long reigns there."

You cannot buy experience on credit.



POULTRY

FEEDING WHEAT TO CHICKENS

Exercise Given Hens in Scratching Out Grain Is Conducive to Egg Laying at All Times.

(By H. H. SHEPARD)
Last year, being short of hay and having only a small wheat crop, we cut all our wheat with the mower and put it up for hay, harvesting it a few days before the regular wheat harvesting time.

Our wheat-hay stored in the barn was fed to the horses from the time it was harvested till late in the winter when it was all used up. Incidentally, it proved to be one of the best horse feeds we ever used. But the chickens had the run of the barn and lots, picking up and scratching out all scattered wheat.

As soon as our wheat was in the barn and its feeding began, the hens began immediately to lay more eggs than usual. They continued to lay unusually well all summer, fall and through the winter till the wheat-hay was all fed out and gone. Within less than a week after this wheat-hay was gone our hens dropped in their egg yield noticeably and they did not come back to a heavy yield in spring till we reluctantly purchased wheat at \$1.60 a bushel and began to feed this grain.



Pure-Bred Orpington.

Then they did come back to their former high yield.

The hens lay enough more eggs when fed on wheat to make the wheat bring even better than war prices for grain. They seem to do much better, too, when they are given wheat in the straw, or bundle, than when given the pure thrashed grain. It seems that the exercise they get in scratching it out is conducive to egg laying.

SOME TROUBLES OF TURKEYS

Common Cause of Disease Termed Chicken Pox Is Overfeeding With Corn—It Congests Liver.

Turkeys are sometimes infected with a disease which might be termed chicken pox—a condition in which the heads become covered with large yellow sores, which discharge a little and form scabs, giving the birds a most unwholesome appearance, writes I. B. Henderson in Farm, Stock and Home. This is a form of scrofula, and it seems to spread from one bird to another, so that it needs to be dealt with on definite lines.

We believe a common cause of this to be overfeeding with corn, which, in spite of advice to the contrary, still remains a favorite food for turkeys with many farmers; but it overheats the system, and, being of a starchy nature, tends to congest the liver even of young stock. The blood in this way becomes filled with impurities, for the simple reason that the digestive processes cannot be properly carried out, and these eruptions, especially if the birds get inoculated with the complaint from some other source, will appear and will work untold mischief.

The only way to deal with this is to separate the birds, bathe the sores as they appear with a fairly strong solution of permanganate of potash, paint with disinfectant, dose the bird with epsom salts, and keep on a fairly low diet. Such a treatment will give the bird a set-back so far as fleshing in concerned, but it is absolutely necessary to follow out such a treatment if the trouble is to be checked.

Money Well Spent.

Each year, as trap nesting is practiced, better returns will be obtained from fewer hens. It is important. The time spent in looking after these nests is the best expenditure on the poultry farm. It is money well spent. But, as already mentioned, it is equally important to use males, in mating, that came from hens that did good work.

LEARN FACTS OF HEREDITY

Spread of Scientific Knowledge Has Shown That Many Wrong Ideas Have Been Held.

It has been well said that ghosts and haunted houses decrease in frequency in a definite inverse ratio to the increase of our means of lighting. No self-respecting ghost will live in a house lighted with electricity, in which the person who should receive the ghostly visitant with due awe can lean quietly out of bed, touch a switch and flash the whole room full of light. The candle-light dwelling was the favorite ghostly haunt. The truth is true of the specter of the heredity of disease. The more light is thrown on the subject the less significance heredity has.

This is confirmed by a recent careful study in detail of the spread of tuberculosis in five counties in Minnesota made by an expert for the state department of health. Tuberculosis is proved once more by this study to be in the current public opinion, to be an infectious