

# HIS LOVE STORY

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### SYNOPSIS.

The Conte de Sabron, captain of French troops, takes to his quarters to raise by a mysterious Irish terrier pup, and a dog named Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Redmond, American heiress, who has just returned from her trip to the East. She tells him an English lady had that dog in his memory. Sabron is ordered to take the dog to his quarters. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence. Pitchoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master Sabron gets permission from the minister to keep his dog with him. He writes Julia of Pitchoune's presence. The Duc de Tremont finds the dog. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she has seen Sabron, wounded in an engagement, fall into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoune. Sabron is reported missing.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Esclagnac asked: "Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?" Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she held it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, reading or sleeping; when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? Was he not dead, of that she was sure. "What is the book, Julia?" "Le Conte d'un Spahl." "Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont." Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request. "He knows nothing whatever of our friend, Julia." "Ah, then, what does he think?" Miss Redmond on the arm of her chair wore a band of white. She was in the center of which gleamed the red cross. The marquise, wrapped in a white rug, held a small Pekinese lap dog curled under her arm, and had the appearance of a lady of leisure on a pleasure excursion. She suggested a rescuing party in the East. Her jaunty hat was enveloped in a delicate veil; her hands were in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece to take this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she could in the voyage. "When we came on board last night, you remember that I sat with Sabron in the salon until . . . well, until midnight?" "Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him." Miss Redmond listened politely. She was extremely indifferent as to what Sabron had been told. This was Sabron's; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her hand the last dispatch from the Marquise de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the substance of a Spahl, in which she was taken captive! She could

not let herself think what that might mean. "Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert. It would have been so perfect." She sighed. "Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice. "Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him." She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mimi, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!" The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pitchoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty. The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking. "I had to be very circumspect, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored. "The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose." "Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read." "Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?" The girl extended her hand gratefully. "And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?" The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears. "Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumspection will have to be even greater still." "Leave that to me, ma tante." "You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you Julia." Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed. "Do you want to make me miserable?" "I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts." "How can we prevent it, ma tante?" "We can do so if you will obey me." The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them. "Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ." "Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire." "But I would never, never . . ." "Petite sottise," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht." Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone: "For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell

me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!" Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life. "He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a



"You Must Not Be Too Formal With Him."

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls." "Ma tante, ma tante!" "He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals." "But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad." "Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia." "But, he will find out . . . he will know." "No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people." "How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved. "I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child." Julia trembled. "Ma tante!" "While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly." "I am always polite to him, am I not?" "You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different." "I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel." Looking at her gently, her aunt said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions." The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear." Tremont was coming toward them. Julia raised her head and murmured:

"I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

### CHAPTER XVI.

The Duke in Doubt. The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her and seemed to understand—was a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she called her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature. Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable. The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won. Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been said by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present. The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible. He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first. From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont: "Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered: "Bien, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Esclagnac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean. "Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred." "Very good, ma mere." When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Esclagnac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very comme il faut to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St-Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her. One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille. (TO BE CONTINUED)

### CORN BREAD WAS A FAILURE

But Husband Tried to Be Discreet in His Remarks, to the Discomfiture of the Guest.

They were a newly-married couple. The wife, though a fair cook, did not know how to make things his mother had prepared. And this vexed the husband, although he was disposed to be indulgent for the sake of harmony. But there was one point upon which he sorrowed not a little. His wife could not make edible corn bread, and corn bread was the food upon which he was reared. One day a girlhood friend of the wife visited her and, after assisting in the preparation of luncheon, accepted an invitation to stay and eat it with the newlyweds. The husband arrived and the guest and he took their places at the table while the wife went to the kitchen to bring some forgotten dish. Before his plate was the husband's corn bread, but it was a miserable failure, sickly yellow, flat and heavy. He became confidential. "There is one of the trials of a husband whose wife can't cook," he said apologetically to the guest. "Just have a look at that corn bread. But you mustn't let the wife know what I said, for it would hurt her feelings." When the wife entered the room a few moments later she noticed that a deep blush suffused the guest's face. "Why what is the matter, dear?" she asked. "It's nothing," the guest replied hurriedly. An hour later, after the husband had gone to the office the chorus of two laughing women's voices merrily resounded through the household of the newlyweds. But the wife has not yet told the husband that her guest made the corn bread on that day she stayed for luncheon; in fact, asked the privilege because she considered herself an adept at making corn bread. Buy Junk, Get Famous Bell. One of the most historic bells of the South American churches was discovered and brought to San Francisco by two Oakland junk dealers, William Rosenthal and Lewis Rothenberg, who have just arrived from South America on the steamer Cuzco. They have been on a buying trip in Peru and Chile for two years. The bell is 325 years old and hung in the cathedral of San Agustino in Lima for more than two centuries. In the revolution of 1895 the cathedral was wrecked and the bell disappeared. The two Oaklanders bought the debris of the cathedral and in excavating among the ruins found the bell. It was thought in Lima that it had been stolen twenty years before. Peruvian wished to buy the bell, but the new owners thought it would be worth more in this country and refused to sell. The relic weighs 500 pounds and is of bronze, with inscriptions in gold.—San Francisco Chronicle. Building Great Warship. The new dreadnaught California, to be completed in February, will measure 642 feet in length and for a few months will be the largest craft in the world. England is building one 800 feet long. The California is the first American naval vessel to be built with its bow curved aft below the water. The bows of the older boats curved forward below the water, so that they formed rams, which were formidable weapons. They are obsolete now because the high power of the modern naval guns makes it impossible for war vessels to come close enough together to ram each other. The armature of the California is thicker than that of any other boat in the world. She will have a speed of 21 knots an hour and can carry 1,055 men. The cost of the boat alone is \$7,000,000, but her equipment of guns and ammunition will increase the value to \$15,000,000. Teddy's Good Shot. One of Colonel Roosevelt's first hunting instructors was old Bill Sewall, a Maine guide, whom, when president, the colonel rewarded for years of friendship and advice by an office. When he was a boy the colonel went into camp with Sewall. Deer season came along, and they went out to give the youthful Nimrod his first chance for a shot. After a time, the colonel says, they saw a stag. "Shoot!" shouted Sewall, and the future president let go with his rifle. The stag ran a little way and dropped. "You've got him! You've got him!" shouted Sewall, as he ran forward to investigate. "How did it happen?" "Why," replied young Roosevelt, drawing himself up proudly, "I aimed for his breast." "You don't well," said Bill. "You done well. You hit him in the eye." Their Status. "The girls refused to have anything to do with the military landed from the ships." "I suppose they belong to the snobbish marine corps."

### INVENTION TO WAR'S HORRORS

Claims to Have Invented a Shell Capable of Scattering Molten Steel. A new type of projectile which scatters a white-hot mixture of steel over the object of attack at the same time permeates the atmosphere with a deadly gas, which makes it impossible for fire to approach, has been invented by John Hays Hammond, Jr., according to a statement made by him. Hammond, he says, may soon be in the European war. The projectile is designed for use in gas guns, as an aid in destroying dirigible balloons. Mr. Hammond explained that the projectile, after being fired, would turn the atmosphere into a white-hot mixture at 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit. When the projectile hits the target, it explodes, its contents setting fire to whatever combustible material it strikes.

### Wild Muscovy Duck.

The muscovy duck is found wild in South America. To avoid the possibility of quenching the flames, Mr. Hammond said he had equipped the projectile with a chamber filled with hydrocyanic acid, the fumes of which are deadly. The inventor is a son of the famous engineer, John Hays Hammond. He invented wireless control of submarine torpedoes. Why Shave? The Crimean war brought a revolution. "Why shave?" asked Household Words, and shortly after 1855 the razor was given the cut direct. At this period the only public man of note to wear a mustache was George Muntz, M. P. for Birmingham, and his pluck offended his constituents. In 1859, however, the police stepped in. Hull took the lead. The watch committee there passed a resolution permitting the local force to "wear a beard and mustache if they think fit." The Mustache had won the day! Wild Muscovy Duck. The muscovy duck is found wild in South America.

### IMPRESSIONS OF A HINDU

Learned Eastern Visitor Frankly Confesses That He is Unable to Understand Americans. Not seldom I feel among Americans as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries. Yet it is not exactly that Americans strike one as young in spirit; rather they strike one as undeveloped. It is as though they had never faced life and asked themselves what it is; as though they were so occupied in running that it has never occurred to them to inquire where they started and whither they are going. They seem to be always doing and never experiencing. A dimension of life, one would say, is lacking, and they live in a plane instead of in a solid. That missing dimension I shall call religion. Not that Americans do not, for aught I know, "believe" as much as or more than Europeans; but they appear neither to believe nor to disbelieve religiously. . . . But even in Europe—and far more in India—there has always been, and still is, a minority who open windows to the stars; and through these windows, in passing, the plain man sometimes looks.—Rabindranath Tagore. The Old and the New. Inventions have a remarkable knack of repeating themselves. Among the more interesting patents for 1914 is a specification for a wheelless motor car, propulsion being by means of skids, which are alternately lowered and raised. In the early days of locomotive history many inventors did not believe that sufficient adhesion was to be attained by a smooth wheel operating on a smooth rail, and weird and wonderful were the devices for overcoming this supposed defect. One ingenious engineer went so far as to design a contrivance in which jointed metal bars worked up and down on the rails after the fashion of a horse's legs, and there seems to be a certain affinity between this device and the motor car referred to above.