

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

small eyes. He thrust into his inner pocket a packet of papers that were in his hand; his features relaxed in a faint, sickly smile, and he saluted. "Monsieur startled me," he said, in bourgeois French. "I am arranging the Count's daughter, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance and toke the Chateau for headquarters. falls in love. The Germans advance and take the Chateau for headquarters. Griesman, a German Colonel, afterward in charge of the Chateau, insults Aimee and is attacked by Adams, the fight being stopped by the Kaiser, with whom Adams is personally acquainted. Adams joins the German Hussars, under Col. Lowenberg, an old friend, and becomes acquainted with Fleischmann, a signific sergeant, who later proves to a gigantic sergeant, who later proves to them.' be a friend in need. The army moves
to meet the French. Adams,
Lowenberg and Fleischmann lead an self: "Who is the man within?"
"He is Colonel Criesman's interpreombush, defeating a French column, ter," he replied. Returning to camp, Adams is informed that Aimee has assisted in the escape of a French spy, Latour, taking him away in her carriage. Griesman and cavalry are in pursuit. With Fleischmann, Adams impresses a German war automobile and rushes to Aimee's aid.

CHAPTER V.

I was not familiar with the road over which we were traveling, and could not afford to be reckless with its many turns. Better that I arrive a few min-ates late than not at all. Yet the pace the giant automobile made seemed fu-rious to Fleischmann, for presently I

rious to Fleischmann, for presently I heard his heavy voice in my ear:
"Gott und Himmell! It is too fast."
"There is no danger," I shouted back. know the machine as you know

your horse. Presently he spoke again:
"We shall be arrested at the chateau. They will telephone from headquar-

disagreeable thought. Should a suspicion arise at camp as to my intention, the rear guard at the chateau would be ordered by wire to arrest us. But Fleischmann rose to the eccasion, as he did so often in times of trouble. Once more I heard his voice at

I glanced upward where, at the side of the road, two strands of wire were supported on iron poles or on convenient trees. I had seen the signal corps at work and knew the system. The apper wire, of heavy copper, was the through line, extending back across the Meuse, into Lorraine, and thence, by established lines, south into the Vosges Mountains, where it connected with the army of the Crown Prince, operating on the southeastern border. The other wire, or iron, was a "local," running only from the chateau to the headquarters on the Alsne River.

It was a daring act—deliberately to sever this line of communication. Yet we were well into the affair now and must see it through.

I slackened speed and Fleischmann

I slackened speed and Fleischmann sprang from the car. The wires were here fastened to a tall poplar. He "shinned" up the tree, and, taking hold of the "local" with both hands, swung out upon it. The slender strand broke clean at the insulator and Fleischmann stretched a row of small tables, at one

wore the uniform of a Prussian private James Adams, American business man and graduate of West Point, is in Paris at the opening of the great war between France and Germany. He engages in a balloon reconnoissance for

"He is Colonel Griesman's interpre-

"His name?" 'Jacques Grevoir." "Ah, a Frenchman?"
"No, a Belgian."

I hurried down the steps. Fleisch-mann was already in the car. "To the north," he said, as I took my seat. And to the north we went on the wing. Grevoir—Jacques Grevoir. The name, the face, haunted me. Then I remembered. Jacques, the servile garçon, at the club! Why I had seen him only the night before I left Paris. And what did he here? Griesman's interpreter,

Before I could pursue the peculiar sit-uation further we reached a fork of the road and stopped in a quandary. Fleischmann left the car to examine for tracks. There was no dearth of these, but they covered either road, showing that horsemen had gone in

both directions.
Fleischmann hastened to a small farm house near by, and returned leading a sorry-looking plough horse.
"Tis no great affair compared with your iron steed," he said, with a grim smile; "but I will manage. You keep ahead and I will turn to the left. The

roads run parallel for some miles. you do not find her, cut across and join me. If I do not, I will join you." He swung to the saddle and rode off at a smart gait,

ouble. Once more I heard als voice at year:

"Slack up and I will break the wire."

I glanced upward where, at the side the road, two strands of wire were the road, two strands of wire were the road.

this thrust. I was gritting my teeth, hardly able to keep myself within bounds. Yet I would hear him to the

"I will tell you briefly, that you may report the facts to His Majesty. As you know, Latour was to be shot at sunrise yesterday morning. We decided to wait a day, hoping to extract from him valuable information. Mademoiselle and her party, in three carriages, left yesterday morning before dawn. Latour, who was confined in one of the cellars, must have bribed one of the servants, and somehow slipped past the guard and entered the forward carriage, where he hid beneath a bundle of rugs. guard and entered the forward carriage, where he hid beneath a bundle of rugs. The guard discovered at breakfast time that Latour was gone, but, in fear of punishment, omitted to report until this morning, giving the spy twenty-four hours in which to get away. Unfortunately for your friends, mademoiselle decided to stop en route for a visit with a accounting and we had no with an acquaintance, and we had no difficulty in overtaking them. Of course, the spy is gone; but we drew a con-fession from the servants, and had the extreme pleasure of shooting them instead of Latour. Those are the facts, and you will pardon my suggestion that you return immediately and communi-

you. I request you to show me to Mademoiselle Lagunay." I really believe that Griesman under-

We carried the regulation German eavalry sabre, rather heavy and slightly curved. It was built on the American curved. It was built on the American model, and as I met his savage lunges I began to feel at home. I fell naturally into the old position of defense. The muscles of wrist and arm came easily into play. In memory I saw the great tan-bark circle of the academy where we had our daily drills. I was again in the ring, defending my title of the best swordsman of the class. And so, without tremor or apprehension, I stood there and fought, for Aimee's sake and for my own life, parrying his mighty strokes with little difficulty, though the shock as I caught his heavy blade told on my arm so long ways.

The orderly rushed to the door shouting for help. Weary and trembling though I was, I kneit by Griesman's side, and, thrusting my hand into the timer pocket of his coat, drew out a flat pocketbook and a bundle of letters. As I rose to my feet the six troopers burst into the room with drawn sabres. burst into the room with drawn sabres. I was not ready for a fight at such odds, but I appeared to be in for it. At the back of the room a narrow, enclosed stairway led to the upper story. A heavy door barred the entrance, the lower step jutting into the room. It was the only place for a stand, and I made for it on

Bracing my back against the door I awaited their rush. The first I split down through the skull, and his brains splattered over the men behind, whereat they retreated, staring sullenly at their dead comrade. They were heavily built, and powerful, with smoothshaven, determined faces. I knew that I could not hold out against them. But that they might not even suspect my fear I shouted at them in derision:

"Come on, come on, cowards."

Another made at me, sparring cautiously. I caught the point of his sabre with my own and sent it whirling over his head. But my arm was tired. My

I really believe that Griesman underrated me as a fighter. How should have known my training?

So, without fear, and, as a cat dallies with a mouse, thinking to give me another playful bite, he ascended to the last degree of insult.

"I have told you that mademoiselle is my prisoner. As such she may not see my lips, I felt that it was the end."

last degree of insult.

"I have told you that mademoiselle is my prisoner. As such she may not see you. She is also my companion, and as such she does not wish to see you. Why, monsieur, it was but an hour ago that she sat upon my lap, all smiles and blushes and—"

I sprang at him with an oath. My sword came from its scabbard with an angry hiss. Had I followed my first impulse his craven skull had been split that instant. But I merely smacked his face with the flat of the blade. "Say it again, if you dare. You lie, dog."

Both men jumped to their feet. The Colonel had his sabre in the air when his orderly rushed between us. "Remember the Emperor's orders," he cried. "You will lose your commission. Let him go. He is helpless."

But Griesman, traitor though he proved to be, was no coward. Thoroughly enraged by my challenge he threw the man aside and came at me with all his two hundred pounds weight. I stepped back a little to get room, and caught his blade on my guard. He swore beneath his breath and struck again with terrific forcs. Again I stopped him.

I gripped my sword and set my teeth for a final effort. Atimee's name was on my lips. I felt that it was the end. At that instant the front door was smashed in, and, God be thanked! Fleischmann's great bulk loomed up before us. I shouted to him and he rushed forward, bellowing like an angry bull.

That I was in peril was the end. At that instant the front door was smashed in, and, God be thanked! Fleischmann's great bulk loomed up before us. I shouted to him and he rushed forward, bellowing like an angry bull.

That I was in peril was the main thus he was unarmed made no difference to this stout-hearted giant. That I was in peril was the main thus he was in angry bull.

That I gripped my sword and set my defor. At that instant the front door was smashed in, and, God be thanked! Fleischmann's great bulk loomed up before us. I shouted to him and he rushed forward, bellowing like an angry bull.

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At tha guard. He swore beneath his breath and struck again with terrific forcs. Again I stopped him.

"A little less brawn and more skill, baby," I said, derisively. "You will be wearied."

"A struck it head-on with a crack like that of a pistol shot, and fell limp, with a broken neck. The others lay where

they had fallen, unconscious.

I descended from my narrow refuge and took my brave friend by the hand.
"You have saved my life," I said. "I

shall not forget."
Outside there was a clatter of hoofs Through the open door we saw the ter-rified orderly gallop past, bound south. I knew that he would spread the alarm and that we must get away as soon

I found Aimee in an upper room, with her maid, as I had expected. I called to her and she came to me with a sob. "Oh, my Jaime, my lion-hearted, take me away from that beast," she cried, and fell fainting in my arms.

mighty strokes with little difficulty, though the shock as I caught his heavy blade told on my arm, so long unused to sword play. I made no effort to strike. So swift was his attack and so vicious that I preferred the defensive, well knowing that eventually he would tire. At intervals I taunted him, using all the German terms of scorn and contumely that I could call to mind. His anger was terrible. Great beads of aweat formed on his brow and rolled down his cheeks. His eyes protruded, his mouth opened, his breath state. We moved around the room, advancing, retreating, sidestepping, neither obtaining any advantage, though I was certain that my play was superior to his.

The innkeeper fied in terror at the

sent to arrest me and, upon resistance, to shoot me on the spot, (To be continued next week.)

WOMAN OPPOSING EX-TENSION OF SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN.

Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin of Chicago, has served notice on Chairman Lessing Rosenthal of the city's new chart er convention committee on municipal elections, that there are women who are opposed to the extension of the franchise to women. Mrs. Corbin is president of the Illinois Association opposed to the Extension of Sufferage women. She has published many books, most of them upon social questions, and is a contributor to many



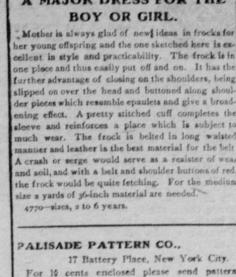
MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

magazines. Her first important work as a leader of her sex, was, in the foundation of the Association for the Advancement of Women. The most recent book which she has brought out is "A Women's Philosophy of Love," published in 1892. Mrs Corbin opposes woman's sufferage, on the ground that it threatens home life and is an adjunct to Socialism.



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"HE STAGGERED BACK AND FELL."

But forty minutes had passed when-I

saw, far away to the southeast, a flutter of white high in the trees. It was the balloon case—the remnants of La Jaune—and I knew we were near the "I have come for Mademoiselle La-

came down on hands and feet, like a of which sat Griesman and his orderly, watching each other like hawks; there cat. A moment later we were off again, at full speed.

But forty minutes had passed when I waved him aside and turned to Griesup and at it again, back and forth, cut and slash, thrust and parry, until it seemed to me that all my life long I had been doing this thing, and that I should continue until the end of time. At last my anger rose again. I

man, who looked up with a sneer.

"Ah, Herr Adams, so you have come the high in the trees. It was the balloon case—the remnants of La Jaune—and I knew we were near the end of our run.

The infantry guard at the gate recognized my uniform and saluted as we swept through the gates. At the portecchere I set the brake, leaped from the car and rushed into the chateau, my sword clanking ominously behind me. There was no change in the appearance of the rooms, save that they were deserted. The tables were still littered with papers. Bliankets lay upon the cots just as they had been thrown back when the sleepers arose. It seemed a dead place; yet with a great hope in my heart that I might find Aimee there I passed quietly through the carpeted parlors and on to the small family dining-room beyond, which had been reserved for the Emperor's private apartment.

I threw back the heavy curtain at the doorway. A man stood within. He had from the fishen suddenly to his feet from a chair by a small table on which lay papers and maps left by the Emperor. He