

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

James Adams, European representative for American manufacturers and graduate of West Point, is in Paris at the outbreak of the great war between Frence and Germany. He engages in a balloon reconnoissance for the French and barely escapes capture, being swept into northern France, where he is wrecked in the grounds of the Chateau Lagunay. He is rescued by the daughter of the Count Lagunay, Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance; Adams defends Aimee from insult at the hands of Griesman, Colonel of Cavalry. Adams joins the Hussars, under Lovenberg, an old friend, and later assists in an ambush of the French. Word reaches him at camp that Aimee is again in the hands of Griesman. With Fleischmann, a gigantic sergeant of the Emperor's bodyguard, he impresses an automobile and goes to her rescue. In a terrific sword fight he kills Griesman and two others, and proceeds with Aimee to the home of her cousin at Bethel.

Chapter VI.

For two delicious days I remained at the fashes or light as the French fortifications did not extend this far, and the main danger was in the jossibility of an opposing force reaching the hill before we could get there. With a detachment of ten infantry regiments and one of cavalry we pushed on through the night, and before dawn reached the Sillery forest, which extended to the base of the Monte Pelier. Here we enamped to await the signal to advance and the arrival of a regiment of artillery. Early in the afternoon we heard firing away to the east. The battle had opened. Hourly it grew heavier. The sharp, shapp barks of the high banks came into play it grew heavier. The sharp, and the control of the french back upon the river, and before they could get across strike them on both dianks, or drive them into the water. To Lowenberg fell the spelar, the only other point at which the French banks of the morning the heaven belier, the only other point at which the French banks of the french banks of the french banks of the Marne for some distance. The a bailson recommissance for the first between the presence of the presence of

French officer; brief notes of the German scheme of invasion; data concerning the German forces; and realizing that Griesman was really in league with the enemy he forgave me, though it was with a curt comment upon my abrupt departure from the camp, and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. I told him that I alone was responsible for Fleischmann's leave without permission—that I had really abducted the big sergeant against his will. A little smile flickered over his face at this. Then he sobered again.

along the line. Fleischmann had fallen back, slipping on a loose stone. Now he fairly leaped ahead of us, his great sabre sweeping down a row of bayonets as a scythe in ripe wheat. The French stood in a pit dug around the brow of the hill and fought like demons. There seemed to be thousands of them. Our revolvers were emptied immediately, and it was then a primitive fight—hand to hand, face to face, shoulder to shoulder. I struck out to right and left with but one idea—self-preservation. As in a dream I heard the deadly clash of metal, the puffing and grunting of straining men; the blasphemy; the shrick of the wounded.

Farther around the hill top our men were failing back; and farther yet they were clear inside the line, driving the French before them. A few of our men gathered about us, and, almost surrounded by the infuriated French, we held our own, fighting with the absolute desperation that comes into a man's heart but once in a lifetime. We were fairly walled in with the dead; yet as fast as they went down others came forward. There seemed to be no end to the cut and slash, the spurting of red blood, the glare of angry eyes looking into our own with murderous hate. Lowenberg was on my right; at his right Fleischmann, wielding his sabre like a fiail. "Steady, boys," he cried, and again, "Steady. We'll have them on the run." But in my heart I knew that it could not be se; that we must go down in blood and dust, victims of a misguided principle.

Then an ugly, squat Frenchman, who had been felled some time before by one of Lowenberg's lightning strokes, wriggied

hurriedly. letters from a prominent french officer, briefn totes of the German frences; and realizing that Griesman was really in league with the enemy he forgave me, though it was with a form he camp, and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The conduction of the camp and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. The conduction of the future myself more circumspectly in the future myself more c

it, fearing to let go. My feet dragged over the ground, and the next moment I swung off into space, but I kept my wits, and, throwing a leg over the edge of the basket, clambered in. Though it was intensely dark I knew that I was rising. I felt around the basket. It was unoccupled save by myself. In one corner a small motor sparkled, going at high speed. I had been sufficiently associated with aeronauts to know that this controlled the steering fans, but that the ship would float without its operation. And with a shrewd suspicion that I might want the power later I switched off the current. The humming stopped and I floated as in a subterranean lake.

I was very tired. My head was aching and I realized that I had not eaten for a day and a night. Fumbling around I found another switch, and, turning it, was delighted by the illumination of the interior of the basket from several tiny incandescent lamps. In one corner stood a wicker hamper, labeled "Provisio." I

delighted by the illumination of the interior of the basket from several tiny incandescent lamps. In one corner stood a wicker hamper, labeled "Provisio." I opened it eagerly and found a supply of crackers, cheese, sardines, canned meat and sweet chocolate. A rack on the side held three tins of water. So, in reasonable comfort, I sat there in the basket and ate my lunch. The rain had ceased; the wind fell; far above me appeared a pale mist, through which the moon broke in mellow light. The mysterious silence, the absence of apparent motion as I sailed through that moonlit sea, brought peace to my mind. I thought quietly of Aimee; of Lowenberg, dead and gone; of brave Fleischmann left behind in the little fort; of all the happenings of that terrible fight. It seemed far away, as though in the dead past a thousand years ago.

And when I had thought until I was weary, I sent up to God a little prayer for courage, knowing that my life was in imminent danger, and then lay me down to sleep.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

AND THEY NEVER KNEW.

A Little Story of Real Life.

The great financier buried his face in his hands as a great flood of bitterness crowded his soul. He had locked the door of his private office and denied himself to every one all morning, just as years before he had shut the world and its people from his heart.

When but a child he had been branded as a "bad boy," and other children were forbidden to play with Save him. He had grown up asking himself why no one leved him. That he was bad he had learned as a parrot would, but the real meaning was too vague to be understood by his childish

> At school no one had understood Once, when he was disobedient, bim. a plan had been conceived to punish his favorite teacher. He was so grieved that he ran away for fear he might again cause pain or punishment to the one he loved. No one came and asked why he did so-he was expelled.

That to starve, to die, was better than to live without sympathy, had been his early conclusion, for truly was he being eaten up with a gnawing hunger for sympathy and companion-

Once, when be was a young business man, successful, indeed, because he gave his life—his whole energy—to work, some one started a report that he was dishonest in a deal.

He cried out against the injustice of a world which would not see. was tried, and the judge, who, no doubt, meant to be honest, decided against him, because circumstances were not in his favor.

Not one came to say, "I know, I be lieve you are honest." No wonder, like a haunted thing which would fly to shelter from the eyes of the world, he lived alone in his grief of being

misunderstood.
"Years after, when it was found that he was honest, that he had been falsely no one came to rejoice with him-and he cared but little, but real ized anew how little the world cared

His eyes were kind and seemed to appeal to you to respond, but his mouth was set and firm, and lines, which once expressed sweetness, had now deepened into furrows of care and

As he sat there dreaming his life over, he wondered who was ever denied sympathy as he.

A rap came on the door, and he admitted his bookkeeper, a woman. looked frightened, and there were traces of tears in her eyes.

He asked her to be seated. Any one in trouble was welcome, particularly this woman, whom he had more than

"I have come," she said, "to ask what you are going to do with me. There is money missing from the safe. There is no way to prove my inno cence, for I believe I alone have the combination, and I am too poor to return the money. Of course, you cannot know or understand that I would not steal"-and the woman wept bit-

"Why do you say I cannot understand?" he asked.

"I do not know," she said. "I only felt you would not-no one ever does, We are born in one sphere and forced to live in another, where it is all mis trust and bitterness."

"I do know; I do understand," he

The woman looked at him through her tears and saw two great eyes of kindness, yet she dared not believe. "You really do not think I took the money?" she asked.
"And if I didn't would you care

other than for the disgrace?" "Yes, oh yes! I should want you to think me honest, because I know how you hate dishonesty."

"Then I do believe in your innocence There are none who can so sympathise as those who have suffered, and I only hope you may never suffer as I have."

"But you, sir, are rich," she said.

"Yes, in money, but as for friends-I have none." How she wished to tell him how she admired and loved him! But she was a woman, and only a bookkeeper, so she thanked him for his trust in her, but forgot to offer him the word of sympathy, and he, thinking no one could love him, mistock her modesty

for indifference So the word which trembled on his lips when he saw her troubled was left unsaid.

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THE FENCE.

The fence it runs around the yard; It has a swinging gait; All day, all night, it stands on guard-Such is the picket's fate.

PALISADE PATTERNS.



A MAJOR DRESS FOR THE BOY OR GIRL.

Mother is always glad of new ideas in frocks for er young offspring and the one sketched here is ex llent in style and practicability. The frock is in se piece and thus easily put off and on. It has the further advantage of closing on the shoulders, being slipped on over the head and buttoned along shoulder pieces which resemble epaulets and give a broad ening effect. A pretty stitched cuff completes th sleeve and reinforces a place which is subject to much wear. The frock is belted in long waiste nanner and leather is the best material for the bel-A crash or serge would serve as a resister of wea and soil, and with a belt and shoulder buttons of red the frock would be quite fetching. For the medi size a yards of 36-inch material are needed. 4770 sizes, 2 to 6 years.

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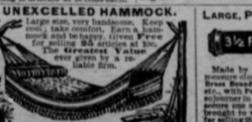
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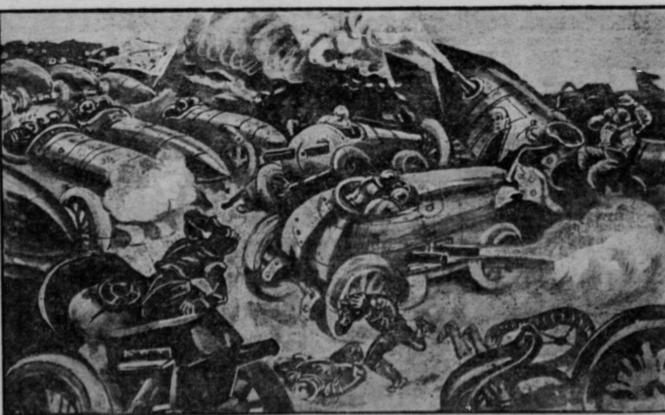


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"THE TWO FORCES CAME TOGETHER IN A TERRIFIC CHARGE."

height of perhaps two hundred feet, falling away at the rear in a sunny slope covered with vineyards and orchards. On the edge of this cliff the French had constructed sunken fortifications, manned by great cannon mounted on disappearing four full fill for the concentity we heard the bugie sound the advance. It was a mignificent sight to see them come from the woods and climb the slope carriages, alternating with mortars for hurling novel projectiles of which they had a choice collection, as we afterward learned. In all this precipitous bank there is no break save one, where a road comes down to the river, crosses a narrow stone bridge and turns toward Rheims.

On the north side of the river the bank is low and the land stretches away for miles to the north east and west, forming the great Catalunian Field, an ideal place for military operations. Here, resting on the fortified cliffs, the French had massed their second and third armies, and were working north with riffs pits and earthworks, expecting to overwheim the German invaders.

The German advance had moved south some ten miles, the right resting on Sillery, the left on the Aisne River. It was planned to send strong detachments east and west to hold the banks of the Marne.

A better servant it than most The fence it never leaves its post. -Saturday Evening Post.