

From Notes and Observations

Compiled by Wm. Mackrill.

(Synopsis of preceding chapter.)
James Adams, West Point Graduate, and European representative of American manufacturers in the Paris and the breaking out of the great war between France and Germany. His undertakes for the French a war-balloons reconnaissance in Lorraine. The balloon is discovered by the German troops, who place the gas bag with a shell from a field gun. The basket is shot away and Adams' companions fall; but Adams climbs into the rigging and hangs on to the netting in the eastern France. The balloon comes down in the trees of the Chateau Lognon. Adams is rescued, and is married by Almee, daughter of Count Lognon, with whom he goes to live. The Germans advance and take possession of the Chateau for use as headquarters. A Colonel of cavalry (Almee's father) sends him through with a sword, and is immediately shot from behind by the Kaiser, who has been in unnoted, and thrown to the floor. Adams is well equipped with the Kaiser's recognition as mutual. The Kaiser calls for Almee.

Chapter III.
(Continued from last week.)
It was evident that I had not seriously wounded the Colonel, for he stood at attention without difficulty, supported by his aide, who explained briefly that they had entered the Chateau to demand accommodation for the Emperor and his staff; that I had opposed entrance; and that without prescription had viciously attacked the Colonel. To this version the Colonel weakly agreed. The Kaiser turned to me.

"You say my Colonel insulted the lady?" including in his glance Almee, who stood at the doorway, overcome with the embarrassment of her position and the presence of the German ruler.
"He put his arm about her," I replied, my anger rising again, and endeavored to kiss her. "Ask the lady herself."
"Is it true, Mademoiselle?"
Almee bowed with assent, the color sweeping over her beautiful face and neck.
The Kaiser's features became set in contempt. "I demand an explanation of this," he said sternly, addressing the Colonel, who cringed before this rebuke.

"I have issued specific orders to avoid such improprieties," he said, "and your great sir. You will retire to your quarters and await further orders." Then to the aide—"See that he is attended by the surgeon."
As they passed through the great doorway the Kaiser addressed Almee, looking gracefully, "I apologize to you, Mademoiselle, for the actions of my officers. I also applaud the gallantry of your—your—defender, Mr. Adams, whom I have met under various circumstances. It will be necessary for me and my staff to occupy a portion of your Chateau during the next few days. You may rest assured, however, that the upper floors shall be reserved entirely for your own use, and that there will be no unseemly or unnecessary interference with your personal comfort. I shall see that you are protected day and night, but what you will not be regarded as under restraint, I ask that you make no attempt to leave without permission. He bowed again to Almee and strode into his study, followed by his orderly, who had been standing at the door.

"I ran to Almee and took her in my arms, comforting her in the way that a lover, but she seemed not to be afraid. On the contrary she was quite serene, expressing confidence in the Kaiser's assurances.
"Is he not a grand man?" she asked, "such dignity, such magnificent bearing; what fire shone in his eyes! And oh, my brave sweetheart," patting my cheeks lovingly, "how like a lion you were, I shall never be afraid with you near me." I went on for a delicious half hour, when a detachment of the Emperor's bodyguard, under command of a sergeant of magnificent proportions, observed Almee and took up their positions around the house. Then Almee retired to her rooms on the second floor, and I walked forth to learn something of the military situation.
I have said that I was well acquainted in Berlin, so it was not surprising that I should run across familiar faces. Hardly had I left the Chateau when I came face to face with a portly, red-headed officer, leaning against a tree and contentedly smoking a long-stemmed pipe. I held out my hand, smiling my recognition.
"Lorenberg!" I exclaimed in delight. "It is really you!" He was a Colonel of Hussars, and I had eaten him at chess many and many a time.

For full a minute he stared me in the face. Gradually his features relaxed. "Then a roar of laughter shook his launch. He matched my outstretched hand and clasped it in, both his own. Tears ran down his cheeks.
"Oh, my dear Adams, my dear Adams," he cried between sobs of laughter. "What manner of fancy doll is this? I see you in Berlin, attired in evening, gravely discussing tariff and values, and hurrying to front to fight, and find you strutting about the grounds of a French Chateau, clad in velvet and lace, like a medieval fashion plate. Oh, you patriotic Americans! What next, what next?
"Ah, my brave Lorenberg! he was ever a fine friend. How my heart ached when a few weeks since, I saw him stretched upon a heap of straw, both legs shot away in that descent into the hell of Montepeller, and dying as a German warrior can die, with a prayer for his country and a smile for his friends.
In a few minutes I told Lorenberg of the events of the past few days, hinting, however, that I had started from my quarters in an airship, bent on a pleasure trip. I learned that the German forces were forming to the west of us, and that a col-

lumn was certain to take place within a week. He insisted that I remain with them. "It will be a great fight," he said, his blue eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "But what of that? You shall have a uniform. You shall ride with me, Ho! Grossman." He called to a subordinate officer, gave him brief instructions, and sent him away. An hour later, at the Chateau, after a session with the regimental tailor, I was remade, converted at once into a German Lieutenant of Hussars; but to Almee's great disgust.
"Oh, shame, shame," she cried, making a wry face. You are now my enemy, I do not know you at all, and so I bid to begin all over again with my love making, in which delightful proceeding I was eminently successful, though it took me a full hour, and required, in addition to my wits, a solemn promise that I would dispense with the odious uniform at the earliest possible moment.
Early in the evening the Emperor and his staff came to the Chateau, and arrangements for their accommodation. Every precaution was taken to avoid injury to the building, and its contents, I was deeply impressed with his Majesty's consideration in this matter. Cavalry

WOMAN DIPLOMAT IN JAPAN.

Wife of First Russian Ambassador to Japan is Daughter of American General.

Russia has resumed diplomatic relations with Japan and the first woman diplomat there, from the court of the Czar, is the daughter of a prominent

in the German Lieutenant of Hussars his American friend, Adams. A circumstance arose about the fourth day of his presence, however, that illustrates in a striking manner his keen remembrance, his attention to details, and his belief in discipline. Reports had come in of the presence of a French scouting party in a striking manner some distance to the south. A company of cavalry was sent out, and Lowenberg was ordered to observe and report. We arrived just in time to see the French put to rout, though the action was sharp and arduous. It was the first real fighting, and the excitement set our nerves to tingling. On the return a man was seen skulking in the edge of the woods fringing the road. Our troops captured him and brought him along when we reached headquarters he was summoned for examination.
I glanced at him casually as Lowenberg put the usual questions. Then I rose to my feet with a gasp. I could not be mistaken. The large, clear-cut features, the heavy beard, the speaking eyes; there was no doubt of his identity. It was Latour, the correspondent of "La Vie," from whom I had received report of the declaration of war at the Club in Paris. Recognition was mutual, but neither of us uttered a word. Latour declared in provincial French that he came from a rural district near by; that he was on his way to the village when he heard the shots, and fearing injury left the road. His story, coupled with his peasant dress, might have sufficed to clear him, but when they came to search him I knew that he was doomed. A book of notes in shorthand which none of us could read proved that he was not a peasant; a wallet containing a considerable sum in gold further complicated the situation; and a carefully drawn map of the German positions, found in the hand of his drawers, proclaimed his mission. He was a spy.

"What is the next step?" I asked of Lowenberg, as the two corporals led Latour away.
"Report to the Emperor; execution," he spoke without feeling; as was natural. But my heart was heavy. "He looks like a spy man."
"On the contrary," he replied sharply. "It is good. They shot two of our scouts yesterday. Why not retaliate? A fine man! Yes, perhaps, but it is the fortune of war—he has made the mistake of being captured."
It chanced that as I entered the Chateau late that night I met the Kaiser. He stood at the door, looking gravely out into the glorious moonlight. He was alone, and I thought I caught a glimpse of his head before he saw the face of a man. He asked after Almee. I replied that she was well, but that I thought it best to send her north to her cousin. I had made arrangements for carriages for herself and servants. He said that he would give me an order of safe conduct, calling a secretary had one written out.

Mrs. Senator Knox Makes Butter.

Far out of the common run of persons is the kind of girl Mrs. P. C. Knox makes now and then to certain of her closest friends. Books? No. Pictures? Pah. Jewels? Never? Just dainty little cases, holding each five pounds of butter.

No grocery stuff this, but from the Knox dairy, and immensely proud of it is the wife of the Senator from Pennsylvania. About three years ago her eldest son, Reed Knox, elected to be a farmer, and his parents established him on a rich stretch of land near the famous Valley Forge. The Senator and Mrs. Knox are delighted with rustic life and spend much time on the farm.

Last winter Mrs. Knox suffered from nervous trouble, so she canceled her social engagements and retired to Valley Forge. She spent the summer and autumn in the dairy, superintending the milking and churning, and at odd times she read advanced works on the subject.

She is as proud of her butter as any model farmer's wives in old-fashioned English novels, and during the fall and winter she has been distributing the proofs of her proficiency in the butter-making line.

Unique Music Box.

The charming daughter of Mr. Patrick Mulooly was within a few weeks of her twenty-first birthday, and her proud father decided that he would buy her a music stool, one of those that can be lowered or raised by twisting the seat around. A few hours after he had brought his purchase home his wife discovered him with his coat off and great drops of perspiration pouring from his face, diligently screwing the seat up and down. "Arrah, Pat," said she, "what have ye got there?"
"It's a little present for Kathleen," he explained between his gasps. "Ye know she has a liking for music. Sorra a bit of good this will be to her at all, at all. Sure I've been winding the blissful machine up for the last two hours and never a tune has it played yet. The thing won't even squeak."

Singers Who Diet.

Nearly all singers have some curious fads about their voices and what aids or injures them. Melba alone being free. She eats whatever she pleases, talks the day of the evening she is to sing, and says her voice is not affected. But she has an uncommonly strong physique. Mme. Albani never touches tea, which is supposed to harden the vocal cords, and avoids nuts and rich foods. Between the acts she sips a glass of claret.

Patti eats only the simplest things and little of them. The day before she sings she dines at 3:30 on roast beef with potatoes and baked apples. She eats nothing more, and between the acts takes tiny doses of phosphorus and capsicum. If she is much fatigued she sips a cup of bouillon.

Jean de Reszke cycles a great deal and diets sedulously. Sims Reeves sucks a lozenge of home-made manufacture before singing. It contains lemon juice, gum arabic, and glycerine.

Bank Stocks Valuable.

A recent list of New York City's eighty-one commercial banks, with the latest prices bid for the 100 shares of each, shows that only one stock is offered at par. All the other eighty stocks are bid for at a premium, the prices offered ranging from \$110 for three or four, to \$4,200 for one stock. Other very high prices are \$3,600, \$1,050, \$1,600 and \$1,500, one of each. Only twenty-one of the eighty-one stocks are bid for at prices below \$200. Forty-one range from \$200 to \$500 and twelve from \$500 to \$1,000.

This is striking testimony to American banking success and also to the rapidly growing importance of New York as a world money-center.

The Pie Belt Broadening.

New England is losing her lead in one of her most time honored industries. A factory factory in Maine shipped 4,000,000 pie plates last week. Two million of these went to Providence, R. I., which is within the old-time pie belt, but of the rest, 1,000,000 went to Baltimore and the fourth million to Seattle.

The Smoking Habit.

Granger—"How did he make all his money?"
Kimmins—"Smoking; he was the greatest smoker in America."
Granger—"Drove up, Kimmins, you can't make money by smoking."
Kimmins—"He did. He smoked hams."
Some men has de repertashun of beln mighty amah' jes' 'cass dey can wrap de plaines' fac' in such highfalutin' landwidwe' dat nobody kin tell what dey're drifin' at.

HOW TO GET THESE PREMIUMS FREE

FOR SELLING OUR FAST-SELLING ARTICLES AT 10 CENTS EACH

You can earn them in one day. No money required; we treat you. Send your name and address, we will send you the articles by mail. Sell them at 10c, and return us the money. Then we will send you the Premium you choose. We take back goods not sold. Send your order now, a postal card will do.

TRUE BLUE CO., Dept. 834, Boston, Mass.

CRUQUET SET.

Each set contains 22 pieces: 1. 12 Balls, 2. 1 Ball, 3. 1 Mallet, 4. 1 Bag, 5. 1 Bag, 6. 1 Bag, 7. 1 Bag, 8. 1 Bag, 9. 1 Bag, 10. 1 Bag, 11. 1 Bag, 12. 1 Bag.

BASE BALL OUTFIT.

Each outfit contains 12 pieces: 1. 12 Balls, 2. 1 Bat, 3. 1 Glove, 4. 1 Glove, 5. 1 Glove, 6. 1 Glove, 7. 1 Glove, 8. 1 Glove, 9. 1 Glove, 10. 1 Glove, 11. 1 Glove, 12. 1 Glove.

SNAP SHOT CAMERA.

with complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome.

THIS IS A LAWN SWING.

Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome.

UNEQUALLED HAMMOCK.

Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome. Complete outfit. Very handsome. Large size, very handsome.

LARGE, POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE.

3 1/2 FEET LONG

Made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe. Measures 3 1/2 feet in length, and opens over 10 feet in diameter. Brass barrel, Brass body, set on each end to revolve. With Patent Lens, guaranteed by the maker. No. 100. A journey in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments. It is a beautiful necessity to match. E. R. Curran & Co., Dept. 834, Boston, Mass.

FREE THIS MANILA GRACELET

from the Philippine Islands, green or white mounting. Free for selling 10c articles. Send your name and address, we will send you the Gracelet. It is a beautiful necessity to match. E. R. Curran & Co., Dept. 834, Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS CURED

FREE 64-PAGE BOOK which explains how to cure deafness at home! It's free! Write for it. DR. W. O. COFFEY, 104 Central Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

MERCHANTS USING TRADING STAMPS CAN SAVE THE COST OF THEM BY OUR PLAN.

It increases business faster, and costs you nothing. Chicago Copy Co., Dept. F, 418-424 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

"Modern Furnace Heating" tells how to select and run a good furnace—how to set it up yourself and how you can buy THE LEADER

No. 45 Steel Furnace for \$49. It heats a room, a store, school or small church—burns six feet of brick, fire box and is strong and durable. (Other sizes for other work.) Write today for our book—it will pay you. (Hear Warming & Ventilating Company, 714 Tacoma Building, Chicago)

486 F. P. MILITARY FORM.

Made of superior quality of Batiste, medium high bust, long on hips, full bias gore; hose supporters attached, price, \$1.00 per pair. If not for sale at your dealers, sent upon receipt of price by

BIRDSEY SOMERS CO.,
3 W. 19th St.,
New York, N. Y.
DEPT. 25.

PALISADE PATTERNS.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR SHIRT WAIST MODELS.

There are always a certain few designs which win for themselves widespread favor because of their practical attractiveness. Here is sketched one of the most popular models and one universally liked by those who have used it. The narrow tucks on the shoulders—or gathers if preferred—are just right for a modish fullness, and excellent set while the yoke which points down a bit in the centre of the back extends over the shoulders far enough to suggest shoulder straps and hence, breadth of line. The sleeve is the real shirt sleeve with the narrow cuff fastened with links. This is the sleeve par excellence among the new shirt blouse models. Any reasonable material may serve for the waist which is well adapted to tubbing. In the medium size 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. 6482—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

PALISADE PATTERN CO.,
17 Battery Place, New York City.
For 10 cents enclosed please send pattern No. 6482 to the following address.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY AND STATE.....

Number 6482.
PRICE 10 CENTS.