SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

James Adams, graduate of West Point, and European representative of American manufacturers, is in Paris at the opening of the war between France and Germany. He engages in an air ship reconnaissance for the French and narrowly escapes capture by the Germans. The air ship is wrecked at the Chateau Lagunay. Adams is rescued, and is nursed by the Count's daughter, Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance and take the Chateau for Headquarters. Adams defends Aimee against insult by Col. Griesman and is knocked down by the Kaiser. Fearing treatment as a French sympathizer he enters a regiment of Hussars, under his friend Col. Lowenberg. A spy is captured and turns out to be Latour, a Parisian club friend of Adams. Arrangements are made for Aimee to be taken away to the home of her cousin. The German army moves west, leaving Griesman in charge of the Chateau, while Adams and his regiment ambush a French column. Report reaches him that Aimee has left, taking with her Latour, the spy. Griesman goes in pursuit with orders to shoot. Adams and a Sergeant Fleischmann steal an automobile and go to defend Aimee.

CHAPTER IV.

I suddenly found myself riding among a great concourse of mounted officers. To left and to right, through the fields, the regiments were pushing ahead. At intervals groups of officers left the road and struck out toward the northwest, joining their troops. And as we settled down to a steady trot, Lowenberg explained to me the movement then under way.

The bulk of the German army lay at this time between the Meuse and the confluence of the Aire and the Aisne rivers. These two streams run in a generally northwest direction, and almost parallel, for some fifty miles, being nowhere more than ten miles apart. Between them, and extending for perhaps thirty miles, lies the Forest of Argonne, a rugged and densely wooded area, consisting mainly of a single line of irregular hills, varying in height, and ending at the river junction in a bold, precipitous headland. On the east the Aire, a rather small but deep stream, has, in the course of its centuries of flow, cut sharply into the hillside. On the west, the hills slope gradually to the Aisne, forming a pleasant valley, from one to three miles wide, and under a high state of cultivation. At the foot of the hills a fine road winds northward, following generally the course of the river.

According to the main plan of invasion, the Germans intended to skirt the northern end of he Argonne Forest, cross the Aisne at its junction with the Aire, and proceed west to Reims. The French were known to be moving slowly north from their great camp near Chalons-sur-Marne to bar the German advance, to assist in which operation a strong detachment, under General Messenier, was moving northwest from Bar-le-Duc, following the road through the Argonne Valley. This latter move was intended as a coup; but so perfect were the German sources of information that it became known on the second day. The Emperor issued orders for an immediate advance of the left wing, then resting south of the Chateau, and consisting entirely of heavy cavalry, to push directly west, cross the Argonne Forest, and fall upon the French column.

To Lowenberg, with his magnificent hussars, was assigned this important duty. In addition to his own command were three regiments of cuirassiers, three of mounted infantry, and two of lancers—in all about eight thousand men. These were well mounted and were armed with sabre, revolver, and a new magazine carbine, carrying sixteen shells of high power, each bullet being so constructed that upon leaving the barrel it split into five smaller bullets. The principal object of the attack, however, was panic and dispersal, rather than annihilation, as producing a more disastrous effect upon the main French army.

An hour after midnight we reached the Aisne river which had been bridged some hours before by a pontoon corps. In the shadow of high Argonne hills it was intensely dark. I could not but feel the seriousness of my situation as we scrambled up through the dense woods. I thought of Aimee, and for a time heartily wished myself back at the chateau looking into her beautiful eyes and listening to the music of her voice. I knew, however, that at daylight she would be on her way to her cousins at Bethel, and by the time we reached the top of the ridge my interest in the approaching fight drove all other thoughts from my mind.

Following the usual methods, every precaution was taken to avoid unnecessary noise, and lancer scouts were sent south. Talking was permitted only in whispers. Even the horses seemed to understand the importance of silence, and forbore whinnying and stamping.

The hill sloped sharply away in front, and Lowenberg and I, standing in advance of the line, had an unobstructed view. Far below us the serpentine Aisne wound its way north, showing here and there in the moonlight like a silver ribbon. How peaceful was the scene, how almost holy; yet, ere a few hours could pass, hell would be let loose in that quiet valley.

As we stood talking, someone stepped up beside us and laid a hand on my shoulder. I turned and looked up into the bearded face of a giant. It was Fleischmann. He said that the Emperor had ordered him after us, to serve as a personal guard. He was a powerful man, with massive chest and shoulders. Six foot six he stood; and I doubt not he could have picked us up, Lowenberg in one hand and me in the other, and heaved us over his head. Yet, heavily muscled as he was, he was quick of action. No one in the barracks could stand against him in a wrestling bout. I was glad to have him near.

Hardly had I greeted the big sergeant, when I became conscious of a faint, rumbling sound to the south. I held my hand to my ear, straining to hear and interpret the sound. Fleischmann heard it at the same moment. He gripped my arm. "Listen," he said, "it is the French cannon coming north."

For some time we stood in attitudes of keen suspense. A breeze blew lightly from the south, rustling the tree tops. The sound came again—a low, well-defined roll, as of heavy wheels on a hard road. For full a minute we heard it plainly; then it died away as the breeze fell.

"They are not less than five miles away," said Lowenberg. "God, how they creep! Well, let us move down."

We descended through the forest, and reaching the end of the woods worked south. After advancing a couple of miles the lines re-formed and awaited the approach of the unsuspecting Gauls. Scouts reported the road two hundred yards away. Later came the lancer skirmishers. They had seen the French—a division of cavalry, followed by infantry and field batteries—twenty thousand men, more or less. They were covering about six miles an hour.

It was a trying wait. Lowenberg conferred with his officers, and I could but stand there beside Fleischmann, quivering with excitement. I wondered what I should do when the crisis arrived. I was armed with revolver and sabre, but I did not wish to fight, for I was friendly to the French. Yet I knew that I could not now withdraw; that they would strike at me, and that I must strike back or go down.

Finally the clatter of hoofs sounded around a bend in the road, and a minute later the cavalry appeared. With helmets and trappings flashing in the pale moonlight they thundered by, a stream of horsemen a mile long, hurrying forward to select a camp, for it lacked but two hours of daylight, and the troops were hungry after their night march.

A long interval of silence—then the tramp of infantry, steady and regular, like the throbbing of a great engine. As the sky lightened to a sickly, grayish yellow, they came in sight, advancing in columns of four. We waited until they were well along in front of us. A mile of the column had passed. I saw Lowenberg draw his revolver—the critical moment had arrived.

Our front was easily half a mile long. We were in two lines, each line four men deep, with a space of ten yards between. The hussars formed the center, with Lowenberg, Fleischmann and myself close behind.

As the shot rang out our whole line moved into the open field, broke into a trot, then into a gallop. Eight thousand German voices joined in one mighty cry of battle: "Hurrah, Preussen!" And again: "Hurrah, Preussen, Vorwaerts!"

Down we swept with thunder of hoofs. Cheer after cheer echoed back from the high hills. Fifty yards—a hundred yards—the French were rallying around their standards, shouting and gesticulating in great confusion. Some leveled their rifles, and a patter of bullets angered the Germans, who opened with their carbines and let loose a hail of lead.

I can recall little of that mad rush. My horse was running away. I could not have held him if I would. The bullets flew thicker. The French were forming, kneeling at the roadside and firing as rapidly as they could work their guns. Others were running. Ah, it was no use either to run or to fire. That solid wall of men and horses slid like an avalanche down the grassy hill. It brushed the French back; it flattened them; it crushed them into a mass of shrieking, cursing humanity. My horse reared and came down in their midst, his great hoofs crushing the skulls of two who were struggling to their feet. My very soul sickened at the horrid smash of iron on skull. On we went, straight through the seething mass of men, and wheeling sharply in the field beyond the road came back in another mad charge.

Suddenly Lowenberg's horse stumbled, wavered, and went down with a bullet in his brain. Fleischmann was at the left, fighting like a demon, his long heavy sabre playing havoc—in the huddled groups of demoralized French. But as the Colonel sank with his steed Fleischmann closed in, seized him by the collar, dragged him out of the melee and passed on through, his burden fairly tucked under his arm. A moment later Lowenberg was in the saddle and Fleischmann, sliding easily to the ground, had bounded upon the back of a huge riderless horse and was once more cutting and slashing, right and left.

Our division now separated and drove the frightened infantrymen north and south. They had no chance to form nor even to load. They threw down their guns and fled, —a mob, a rabble, every man for himself.

The attack then degenerated into merely a pursuit. The cavalry at the head of the column and the artillery at the rear became inextricably involved with the fleeing infantrymen, and after a feeble attempt to stand joined in the flight to the river, which was wide and shallow. We pursued them for several miles in the direction of Chalons, not caring to overtake them, although our men did pepper them unmercifully with the new quintuple bullets. Their loss of life was not heavy; but the ground was strewn with wounded, and with guns, knapsacks, belts, and equipment of every description. Such an utter demoralization I could not have imagined. Our success was complete.

A detail of two regiments was left to care for the dead and wounded (of whom we had but few) and to gather up and to bring to camp the abandoned equipment. It was eight o'clock when we started north to join the army. The sun was just peeping over the Argonne hills, and as the first ray struck the helmets of our cuirassiers I thought of Latour. I could imagine him standing there in the woods of the chateau, his broad back against a tree, a firing squad in front of him. I saw the rifles spit their deadly venom. I saw him fall. Ah, my poor friend. Such is war!

We reached camp at noon, reported personally to the Emperor, receiving his congratulations, then retired to our tents for food and rest. But the surroundings were so novel and of such interest that I hunted up Fleischmann, the modest center of an enthusiastic group of admirers, and with him made a tour of the camp.

It was an enormous aggregation of men, and horses and apparatus of war. We rode for two hours, taking in the several lesser camps going to make up the greater. At every step I found evidences of organization and discipline in the highest degree of perfection. This was no haphazard invasion. Through his staff, the Emperor was in constant touch with his troops. It mattered not at what hour an inquiry might arise as to ammunition, rations, health, spirit, of any given number of his men; the answer, exact and accurate, was before him in an incredibly short space of time. The telephone was relied on for communication, and wires were always up and working where needed. The field hospitals, admirably equipped, were close behind. The engineers worked almost without orders, seeming to discern the need in advance.

The commissariat, too, was above criticism. Your German soldier is an enormous eater, caring more about quantity than quality. Nothing irritates him so much as hunger and thirst; in which circumstance he furnishes the most unpleasing contrast to the French soldier, who is always patient and commonly cheerful under such privations. But here no man could complain of a shortage of food or drink, nor of lack of variety. The countless wagons, loaded with supplies for men and animals, impressed me constantly. In truth, I thought, an army moves on its belly. Here is the proof.

Opposed to this discipline stood the French lack of preparation of which Latour had spoken that evening in the Club. It was common report that some fatal shortcoming would show out at the critical moment. Perhaps this French characteristic, so well known, was responsible for the German cock-sureness. At any rate, there was no apprehension of failure. Every man in that vast army felt certain of success.

We were just leaving the baloon-sheds when an orderly from headquarters rode up and gave me the Emperor's command to report to him at once. Fleischmann and I hurried back, wondering what was on foot. As we crossed the great Venlan road an automobile corps passed, just arrived from a scouting expedition south. The cars were large and heavy, of high speed and great radius of action. All the vulnerable parts were armored, and adjustable metal shields extended around sides and front. They were American machines of the new Vinton type.

The Emperor's eyes were very cold, and his face stern. He sat at a small table in a lower room of the stone road-house where he had established temporary headquarters. Before him were heaped maps and papers. He acknowledged my salute and spoke to me harshly:

"What do you know of the spy, Latour?"

I spoke cautiously. "Only that we were friendly in Paris, your majesty, and that he was sentenced to die this morning. I suppose he has paid the penalty."

For full half a minute the Emperor looked into my eyes. I knew he questioned my veracity.

"I have here a message from the chateau", he said finally. "It seems that your previous Mademoiselle Lagunay is playing tricks on us. She left this morning at daylight with her servants, and for a companion she carried—Latour. Griesman is after them with a squad of cavalry."

I stood there like one struck dumb. My astonishment and chagrin must have been evident, for the Emperor spoke less severely as he rose from his chair:

"For your sake," he said, "I have ordered that Madamoiselle be not harmed, though she has very flagrantly violated her parole; but I can not speak for what may happen if Griesman should encounter resistance. You may go."

Dismissed thus I could but stagger out into the sunlight where Fleischmann awaited me. God! What had she done? Latour aided to escape in her carriage! Griesman a pursuit—that scoundrel, Griesman, whom I had so nearly disemboweled for insulting Aimee! Short shrift might she expect from him. He was justified in shooting every member of her party.

I told Fleischmann the facts. He swore fiercely. He had already joined me in my hate of Griesman.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"Do? Why cut for the chateau as fast as I can," I replied.

"But how? You can not go without permission."

"Permission the devil. I ask permission of no man." I started for the corral, to get my horse. I was so blind with rage, that I nearly ran into a huge automobile standing in the road. Instantly I knew what to do.

I turned to the chauffeur-private. "This is the Vinton machine, I see. I am Berlin agent for its sale. Let me see how it runs."

The private saluted and stepped out. I leaped to the wheel seat. "Jump in, Fleischmann," I said. Let me show you a perfect automobile."

The big sergeant obeyed, but hesitatingly as though suspecting my ruse. I released the brake, opened the primary feed, and brought the lever back slowly. The big car moved off with a soft chug!. Back came the lever another notch, and another; and as we slid away down the smooth, white road I kicked open the secondary feed, threw on the speed clutch and drew the throttle wide open. The car leaped forward like an arrow from the bow. I settled firmly in the seat, took the wheel in both hands, and braced myself for the run to the chateau, twenty-five miles away. Every minute was to me an hour. Aimee first, I said; and after Aimee, Griesman; and woe upon him if he has injured one hair of her precious head.

(To be continued).

"OUR ADVANCE LINE MOVED INTO THE OPEN FIELD."

SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS.

A girl in Brooklyn (N. Y.) committed suicide because she was expelled from school. The average boy would simply have whooped with joy.

A London physician is said to have discovered that wood can be made into a nourishing diet. We're ahead of him by years. American breakfast food manufacturers were wise to this long ago.

When Chili is thinking about having a fight with Uncle Sam, she would do well to remember that his appetite is already good and he is not in the mood to take much chili sauce.

It is gratifying to learn that John D. Rockfeller has given a load of wood to a poor woman with whom he once had business dealings. It is presumed, however, that Mr. R. saved a few sticks for his own fire next winter.

SCOFFS AT WHITE SQUAWS.

Educated Indian Says They Are Like the Red Man, As They Paint and Wear Feathers.

Johnny Mine, a Kickapoo linguist and philosopher, whose real name is Mah-me-qua-che-mah-ch e-m a h-n e t, and who can speak ten different languages, was in Washington recently in the interest of the Mexican branch of his tribe. He is said to be the most accomplished Indian linguist in the world, and withal is a well educated man. He has some rather uncomplimentary opinions about the white man's governmental methods, but he thinks the white man's wife is a person entirely above criticism.

"Not much difference between the white squaw and the red man," explained Johnny. "They both paint, white squaw with white paint, red brave with red paint. They both have to wear feathers when they're dressed up; Indian he wears eagle feathers white squaw wears any kind of feathers she can get. White squaw's not much different from the Indian."

NEEDED NO PROTECTOR.

"Maggie" Kline and her celebrated song of "Throw Him Down McCloskey" established a character of aggressiveness which has been followed by many persons. Miss Margaret Jordan of Brooklyn, and by the way a niece of the masculine "Maggie," followed her Aunt's teachings when she encountered Joseph Sowalsky, a middle-aged Sicilian who became too familiar in a street car a few weeks ago. The blood of the family asserted itself and she smote the "masher" a sound rap on the jaw. He was left in such a dazed condition that he made but feeble resistance to arrest.

MISS MARGARET JORDAN.

When the case came up for trial the prisoner claimed that Miss Jordon and her companion had been flirting with him, which the ladies denied. The Judge who heard the case commented favorably upon the method of defense adopted by the lady, remarking that she was a brave girl to hit the masher the way she did.

USES FOR BAGS.

Don't throw away salt and flour bags when you have used or emptied from them the contents. Wash them out and tuck them in the drawer you consecrate to the thousand and one cloths needed for daily household tasks.

For dust cloths, or for polishing glass and silver—for all sorts of uses where a soft cloth is needed—they are as good as cloths especially bought and made up for the work, and much less trouble to prepare.

An occasional thrifty housewife finds more important uses for them, one woman, whose pennies are so scarce as to seem very few and far between, indeed, even using the larger sizes to make little rough-and-ready shirt waists for her two riotous boys. Being new stuff, it wears well.

But the saving of them for cloths and rags appeals to most of us who have the house purse to manage, and who know the immense drain that little things make.

INCREASE IN FALSE HAIR.

Where It Comes From and How It Is Handled—Great Care Required.

London is the point of distribution for most of the false hair which finds its way into the market. Within the last five years, it is stated, the wearing of false hair in one or other of the many artistic and clever forms in which it is now offered has advanced by leaps and bounds. A conversation with one of the leading artificers in this line elicited many interesting facts. He scorns hair from Chinese man or woman, deeming it fit only for the cheapest and most common of fringes, transformations, etc. The markets he and other good manufacturers of artificial hair frequent are mainly in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. The idea that girls selling their hair deprive themselves of all their tresses at once is, it seems, erroneous. A girl blessed with long, silky hair, and wishing to make money out of it, goes to the hair merchant and tells him exactly how much of it she will part with, or she divides the hair herself, and offers it to him, to be cut off. Sad to relate, the hair merchants, as a class, have the reputation of sharp, if not actually dishonest dealings, and they are so lacking in principle and sympathy that they invariably clip off more than their allowance, the girl having to submit. It is only from convents that the entire hair of a woman's head can be had, and the sale of the hair cut off a nun's head, when she takes the veil, is a valuable item in some convents' incomes.

Hair bought from the ordinary merchant of the class described is more often than not fraudulently weighted with grease and dirty matter, and frequently the purchaser loses about 30 per cent. before the hair is cleansed. The cost of thoroughly cleaning and working up this bought hair is enormous, and as only skilled workers can do it, the seller of the made up article must make about 50 per cent. on the price he gave to the merchant before he realizes any profit. It may ease the minds of ladies wearing artificial hair to know that the cleaning of the hair is thorough and effectually destroys any danger of disease from unhealthy germs. Every hair has to be fastened in, with the root up and the point down, as it grows on the head, or it will not lie smooth and even. The exact shade has to be matched from many different lots of hair and length and texture have also to be studied.

TURNS UP NOSE AT TITLES.

American Maid Disappoints Impecunious English Lords.—They had Awaited Miss Rhea Reed's Coming Eagerly.

By some mysterious agency, the coming of a great American heiress is always known among the many eligible and impecunious youth of London. So when Miss Rhea Reid, daughter of the "tin plate king," D. O. Reid, arrived at the Carlton Hotel, everyone was discussing the probability of the "tin plate king" being worth $60,000,000.

Miss Reid, however, made no attempt to know anyone, and confided to a friend that she had no hankering whatever after titles.

Her father, she says, is only anxious for her to marry the man of her choice. The few people who met her were fascinated with Miss Reid, who is tall, and has a lovely complexion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Calcutta is the most populous city in India.

The Codex Alexandrinus, a book in the British Museum, is estimated to be worth $1,500,000.

The Argentine Republic has a population of a little over five million and the exports from that country last year were $62 per capita. The per capita of exports from the United States is only $18.

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