SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lance Adams, European representa for American manufacturers and duate of West Point, is in Paris at outbreak of the great war between ce and Germany. He engages in alloon reconnoitering for the ench and barely escapes capture, be swept into northern France, where s wrecked in the grounds of the eau Laguna. He is rescued by daughter of the Count Laguna, ce, with whom he falls in love. Germans advance; Adams defends ce from insult at the hands of sman, Colonel of Cavalry. Adams the Hussars, under Lowenberg, an friend, and later assists in an am of the French. Word reaches him amp that Aimee is again in the le of Griesman. With Fleisch n, a gigantic sergeant of the Em r's bodyguard, he impresses an mobile and goes to her rescue. In rific sword fight he kills Griesman two others, and proceeds with ee to the home of her cousin at el.

Chapter VI.

r two delicious days I remained at el with Aimee. Then early in the noon Fleischmann brought up the car we set out for camp, for ob s reasons taking a direct road that ot pass the Chateau Lagunay. ching the outskirts of the camp we d a host of war balloons inflated and r for ascent. Others were already ng above us, and looking far to the d we saw the French balloons, high in observing the German movements. re we went farther south (for the camp ed an area some ten miles square) ound that a large part of the army moved. It was evident that events approaching a crisis. headquarters I sent in my name to Emperor, Fleischmann paging up and outside in a fever of apprehension, e dreaded his sovereign's wrath. As nyself, certain of my ability to make factory explanation, I waited calmly n I was finally ushered into the au presence I saluted and related my y. The Emperor waved his hand as gh to dismiss me. But I persisted, when I finally drew from my pocket documents I had taken from Gries s pocket, and told him of Grevolr, man's supposed interpreter, his ex don changed. He ran over the papers iedly; letters from a prominent ich officer; brief notes of the German me of invasion; data concerning the an forces; and realizing that Gries was really in league with the enemy rgave me, though it was with a curt ment upon my abrupt departure from camp, and a caution that I conduct lf more circumspectly in the future. d him that I alone was responsible Fleischmann's leave without permis that I had really abducted the big ant against his will. A little smile ered over his face at this. Then he red again.

ou will relain Lowenberg," he said in lissing me. "There is work for you he right wing. We will be in action orrow or the day after. You and chmann can redeem yourselves at the . Until you offend again I forgive both."

en we had patiently endured Lowen s scolding the had been very much d for us, learning that orders were for any arrest) we discussed the plan he advance. I learned that the ene was assembled in force between our and the Marne River. The first act had occurred the day before, when erman brigade of armored automo undertook to reconnoiter to the . The French had sent out a similar de for the same purpose, and they near a small village. The two forces together in a mad charge. The steel al prows of the great cars rammed igh speed, crashing into and over one her and finishing in a tangle of kage from which but one German hine had emerged in condition to re to camp. An assault with such a upon cavalry or infantry would be dulsile; but upon an enemy of its own it meant mutual annihilation. It was riking example of the unfitness of machines for general warfare.

dawn we were ready for the advance, ing under cover of night to avoid the eeing eyes of the airships.

brief statement of the military situa seems necessary in order that the er may understand the nature of our rtaking. As has been stated, the ch occupied the Marne River, from lons-sur-Marne to Bar-le-Duc. Be n these towns the south bank of the ne rises sharply from the water to a ght of perhaps two hundred feet, fall away at the rear in a sunny slope ered with vineyards and orchards. On edge of this cliff the French had con ructed sunken fortifications, manned by at cannon mounted on disappearing ffages, alternating with mortars for ding novel projectiles of which they a chief collection, as we afterward ned. In all this precipitous bank re is no break save one, where a road ses down to the river, crosses a narrow ge bridge and turns toward Rheims. the north side of the river the bank low and the land stretches away for ns to the north, east and west, forming great Catalunian Field, an ideal place military operations. Here, resting on river and protected by the great guns the fortified cliffs, the French had ed their second and third armies, and ng working north with rifle pits and hworks, expecting to overwhelm the man invaders.

he German advance had moved south ne ten miles, the right resting on Sil y, the left on the Aisne River. It was nned to send strong detachments east west to hold the banks of the Marne.

The center would then attack, press the French back upon the river, and before they could get across strike them on both flanks, or drive them into the water. To Lowenberg fell the special task of moving further up the Marne to Monte Pelier, the only other point at which the French could cross. Here the south bank fell away and the north bank rose in three hills, the center of the trio being really a small mountain, with a flat top, which commanded the bridge below and the banks of the Marne for some distance. The French fortifications did not extend this far, and the main danger was in the possibility 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 encamped 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, snappy bark of the high-power field guns blended with the roll of rifles and the wierd howl of the new multiplex ribbon Gatlings, which sent out a continuous stream of explosive bullets, bursting on the slightest impact and tearing their victims horribly. Presently the great twelve-inch guns on the high banks came into play. Their booming reports echoed through the heavens, bespeaking enormous projectiles. The din was fearful. I thanked my stars that I was not within range.

As the darkness came on we could catch the flashes or light as the French guns belched out their tons of iron and the mortars their pots of acid fire and liquid gas. It was not until afterward that I learned the full extent of the devilishness of man's inventive ingenuity in providing means for the destruction of human life.

Then came our signal. High in the air, to the east, appeared a shower of golden sparks, and the mysterious echoing boom of an aerial projectile was borne to our ears. The sparks paled and fell, and from their midst floated three blue stars. "It means that the French are retreating to the river and that Monte Pelier must be taken," said Lowenberg. He gave an order and the word was passed on. The artillery had not come—it never came, as a matter of fact. Some one had blundered. But we waited not. Here was our task, and we moved toward it with alacrity.

The woods came to an end. In front of us the hill loomed up to the sky, a great, dark, rock-strewn mass, its shadows inky black in the starlight. Lowenberg, Fleischmann and I were in advance, and as we emerged from the woods, the troops pressing behind, there was a flash directly in front of us and a sharp report. A bullet whistled past my ear. Another flash and report, another and another, each farther up the hill. Silence fell, broken only by the tramp of thousands of feet. We saw that our advance was known to the French, but we pushed on. It was no time to stop.

We had covered half of the distance and were climbing steadily when the whole top of the hill lighted up and a hail of lead descended. The front row of cavalry went down, a struggling mass of men and horses. It was no place for cavalry. Again and again came that terrible flash. The crashing report as of thousands of rifles and the song of lead in our ears was terrible. The storm was too heavy. Officers and men alike threw themselves on the ground and sought shelter behind the boulders with which the hill was strewn, or in depressions in the ground. The fire became continuous. And now the French hoisted great searchlights that revealed our ranks. The sharp white rays dazzled our eyes and we could see nothing. Some eight thousand troops hugged the ground, sheltered and unsheltered. Men groaned and cursed and shrieked in agony. Horses, maddened with pain and fright, staggered to their feet and went galloping down the hill, killing and maiming many. At brief and regular intervals came that sheet of flame and the hail of bullets. It was death to retreat and death to remain. So we lay until daylight.

As the dawn broke and the sun lit the sky the French continued their destruction in a more diabolical fashion. From the top of the hill they rolled great balls of tough paper, which broke on the rocks and scattered burning acids and noxious gases. Directly above the point where we three lay there was a well-defined hummock which deflected these hideous implements of warfare, else I should not have survived that experience. Of those who were not so protected few escaped. The whole side of the hill, for half a mile, was covered with dead and dying.

During the night the firing on the east had diminished, but with the dawn it opened again, and the heavens were rent with the crash and roar of mighty guns, which continued all day without intermission. The firing above us ceased, however, and the horrible balls of acid came no longer. Lowenberg concluded that the French ammunition had given out and that an attack was again possible. A single regiment had been left behind as a reserve. An orderly was sent back, and presently we heard the bugle sound the advance.

It was a magnificent sight to see them come from the woods and climb the slope. They adopted the Indian style of advance, in open order, sneaking from rock to rock—there were no trees to give shelter. When they reached us we rose and led them. I kept near Fleischmann, who was jealously guarding Lowenberg. On we went, a few yards at a time. We were less than a hundred yards from the top when the bugler at Lowenberg's side gave the signal for a rush. As the clear note rang out the men straightened from their crouching positions and, drawing together, went up on the run, shouting their stirring war cry: "Vorwaerts, Preussen!"

As we reached the last yard of the ascent the very air over our heads burst into flame. Had we been a foot higher our whole line would have gone down as did the cavalry the night before. But the French aimed too high with this, their last volley, and the next moment we were upon them, clashing against a wall of bristling bayonets. Steel struck steel all 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 shriek of the wounded.

Farther around the hill top our men were falling 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 flail. "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 so; 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, wriggled up through the heap of dead, and with a desperate thrust sent his bayonet into Lowenberg's vitals. Ah, God, how it sickened me. My beloved friend sank with a gasp. A mist obscured my sight; for a moment I weakened and my sword wavered. Before I could recover, the butt of a musket appeared in the air immediately before me and descended upon my head. My ears rang like a foundry. The whole world seemed suddenly to be whirling like a Fourth of July pinwheel, with multitudes of sparks flying. I tottered backward and fell heavily upon the pile of dead in the trench. As I went down I looked at Fleischmann. He stood erect, with feet well spread, like some great war-god, a sabre in each hand, hewing, smashing, cutting, his lips compressed, his jaws set with determination. He had thrown away his coat long before; his hat was gone; a cut on his temple let the blood trickle down over his bronzed cheeks. Into my heart came a great love for this mighty fighter. Then my light went out and the horrid noise of war faded away into the great silence.

It was Fleischmann's voice in my ears that wakened me. I lay upon the grass in a small, open shed. He was bathing my head with cool water. Quickly recollection came back to me, and stung into activity by my supposed danger I rose to my feet. But the danger was past. Save for the dead and wounded there was not a Frenchman in sight. Fleischmann was as calm as before the fight began. He told me that just as he was about to give up, his comrades came to the rescue. We were in full possession, but at what a fearful cost. Out of ten thousand men barely five hundred to answer the call.

I found Lowenberg lying on a heap of straw, his light flickering, his mind wandering. At intervals he gave orders, cried out to his wife, or sang snatches of German ballads. One of his under officers, who was a physician, sat near. He shook his head in answer to my inquiry. There was no hope.

Presently my friend turned his head and looked at me with eyes suddenly grown clear. "Adams," he said, faintly, "tell the boys it was a good fight. They were true Prussians. And tell—tell his Majesty——" He half rose, and raised his arm with clenched fist. "For God and the Fatherland," he cried in ringing tones, and fell back dead.

We turned the French guns in the direction of the river and prepared to hold our little fort for the expected assault. For several hours there had been little or no firing to the east, where the main armies were engaged. It was late afternoon now. The sky was becoming overcast, and the wind was rising.

Presently the sound of firing rose again. All the guns in the world seemed to be going off at once. From our elevated position we could see far out on the plain. I picked up a glass from a dead officer and put it to my eyes. There lay the panorama of war. Like moving patches of dead grass appeared the opposing forces. The brown khaki of the Germans and the soft gray sea-island-cloth of the French gave distinction enough. There was no smoke, for this is the day of smokeless powder. The center of fighting appeared to be well down the bend of the Marne, and as I watched I could see that the water was full of black specks. The French were being forced into the river. A large body of the gray was hurrying up the river bank, making for the Monte Pelier crossing. And we with but half a thousand men to defend it!

The wind increased in force. The skies grew dark. And now, coming from the south, appeared a shoal of small airships, of a new, dirigible type, with fans and rudders. They circled above us, hardly a quarter of a mile away, and swung down toward the battlefield, heading into the gale in regular formation. And as I watched a strange thing happened. The ships were poised directly over the victorious Germans. Suddenly a series of peculiar popping reports came to my ears. I saw the Germans breaking, scattering, running away from the French. The ground beneath them, behind them, in front of them, sparkled, like the phosphorescent ocean. I saw the whole army moving north, a struggling, disorganized horde. They left behind them a brown track, and as the sky lightened for a moment I saw that the track was human—the bodies of men prone upon the earth. I called Fleischmann. "Look," I cried. "The army is retreating. See the sparks around them. What does it mean?"

He put the glasses to his eyes. "Ah, Himmel," he groaned. "It is dynamite, nitro-glycerine, some terrible explosive. They are sprinkling it from above. Our boys are being blown to pieces. We cannot escape." Before he could see more the sky became black with the approaching storm and the rain came down in sheets, shutting out the plain and the doomed army.

We took shelter under the little shed, depressed and silent. It was very dark. The wind blew fiercely. In spite of the rain, however, Fleischmann insisted on making a tour of the lines to see that the men were on guard. Faithful Fleischmann. Let me pay tribute here to your unwavering loyalty.

I had dropped into a doze, weary with the day's excitement, when there came a smash and the little shed tumbled about my ears. I heard a high-pitched humming in the air above me, like the drone of a bee's wings, many times intensified. Some enormous bulk hovered over me. I reached upward in involuntary defense, and my hands grasped what I knew instantly to be the basket of one of the dynamite ships. I was carried along with 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 unoccupied 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 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.)

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

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 him. He had grown up asking himself why no one loved 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 mind.

At school no one had understood him. Once, when he was disobedient, 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 companionship.

Once, when he 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. He 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 believe 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 accused, no one came to rejoice with him—and he cared but little, but realized anew how little the world cared to be just.

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 coldness.

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. She 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 admired.

"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 innocence, 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 bitterly.

"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 mistrust and bitterness."

"I do know; I do understand," he replied.

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, mistook her modesty for indifference.

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

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