Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

James Adams, graduate of West Point and European representative of American manufacturers, is in Paris at the outbreak of the French-German war. He engages in a balloon reconnoissance for the French, and narrowly escapes capture. His balloon is wrecked at the Chateau Lagunay in northern France. He is rescued and nursed by Count Lagunay's daughter, Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The German army advances and takes possession of the chateau. Adams fights a German colonel who has insulted Aimee, and is thrown to the floor by the Kaiser, with whom he is acquainted. He is impressed into the German army, engages in an ambush of a French column, and later kills the German colonel, Griesman, who has arrested Aimee for alleged complicity in the escape of a French spy. After terrific fighting against the French, Adams is picked up by a French air-ship and blown out to sea, where he observes the great naval battle in which both fleets are annihilated by strange and terrible implements of war. He then sets sail in his air-ship for Bethel, where Aimee has taken refuge with cousins during the war.

CHAPTER VIII.

As I have stated, now the great naval battle was over, my objective was Bethel, and my sweetheart Aimee. But it was not easy to sail at an elevation of a thousand yards over strange country and pick out from a hundred villages a particular one which has been visited but a single time. Bethel, as I remembered it, could be distinguished by its great monastery. Yet, even with a striking landmark to go by, darkness came upon me and I was still cruising about, using my glass in vain.

With morning I resumed my scrutiny of the panorama below me, and late in the forenoon discovered the monastery. I selected a broad field close by, and slowly settled to earth.

Having passed several times over the village I was the object of much attention, and when I landed the villagers and field-workers flocked to see the ship. They were a rough, heavy-browed class, and at sight of my German uniform there was much murmuring. I caught the word "spy" several times. They hemmed me in, the crowd increasing in numbers. Some became much excited, gesticulating, and babbling in provincial French. I was entirely unarmed, and could have stood for a minute against such a horde.

Apprehensive of injury from the angry Frenchmen, who were evidently not in love with the German soldiery, I thought to enter the ship and depart. But my first movement was interpreted. With a shout the crowd rushed in, brandishing pitchforks, scythes, and clubs, and in a frenzy of rage fell upon my fine ship and fairly tore her to pieces. So intent were they on completing this piece of destruction that attention was distracted from me, and I turned and ran across the field, followed a moment later by the whole mob, streaming after me and shouting "Spy, spy. Catch him."

I felt a coward, yet there was no alternative. It was flight, ignominious though it be, or death, and I dashed across the meadow, bounded over a low fence into the road, and fled for shelter—anywhere. Having a good start I had gained somewhat on my pursuers, and after running a few hundred yards I struck the main road at the very corner where stood the chateau in which lived Aimee's cousins. I recognized the place immediately, and with a desperate hope, like that of a hunted hare, darted into the gate and through the grounds, the rabble surging after me. Straight up the broad drive I ran, through the front door, which stood open, and into the drawing room, where I sank upon a couch. The next moment a woman entered the room I heard the swish of her skirts and her light footstep. I looked up. It was Aimee.

For a brief period she did not recognize me. With wide open eyes, her hand on her heart, breathing rapidly, she stood and listened to the jeers of the enraged assemblage. She was dressed in blue and white, the same gown she wore when I first saw her. Again she was my angel of comfort. I arose and held out my arms. "Aimee," I said.

That I was disheveled, shabby, hatless, unshaven, made no difference to this dear girl. With a little cry of recognition she ran to me, drew me down upon the couch, and put her face to mine. "Oh, my love," she whispered. "My lion-hearted Jamie. I heard that you were dead. I thought I had lost you forever."

For a brief minute I held her close to me. Then the cries of the angry crowd outside rang in my ears. They had stopped at the entrance. They feared to come further. "Spy, spy," they cried. "Let us have the German spy. Kill him. Kill him."

At this juncture a harsh masculine voice sounded in the hall, then at the outer door. "Away with you, varlets. How dare you enter my grounds? Back, I say. Away with you."

Through the window I saw the villagers slink away, like whipped curs. They feared the anger of their over-lord. I drew a long breath of relief.

Suddenly the curtain at the door was flung aside and a tall, stern-faced man strode in. He looked at me first and then at Aimee. "How now," he said harshly. "Villian, what would you have?" He came at me with clenched fists, and I arose to confront this new danger. But Aimee stepped in front of me and faced her uncle with her head erect and blazing eyes. "He is my lover," she said proudly. "He has come here for protection. I shall defend him as long as I have life in my body."

A sneer curled the uncle's lips. "Your lover," he said disdainfully. "Your lover indeed! A German spy, the eternal enemy. What do you mean, girl? Have you the effrontery to tell me this?" His eyes shot hate at me. "Out with you. Dutch scum. Out of my sight. I will not harbor you beneath my roof." He advanced and took Aimee roughly by the arm.

I saw that the occasion was one for diplomacy rather than force. The uncle was four inches my better in height, and I doubted not that he could summon a score of servants in as many seconds. I spoke gently and in my best French.

"Your law gives even a criminal a hearing. Sir, I am an American, though my uniform speaks to the contrary. I alighted from my air-ship but a few minutes since, and was immediately attacked by this mob in the apparent belief that I am a German spy. Consider for a moment what possible object a spy might have in landing in this region, where there are neither troops nor fortifications. Mademoiselle speaks truly—I am even more than her lover, I am her fiance, accepted by the Count Lagunay. Surely I may claim right to courtesy from his brother."

But my speech had little effect, unless to increase his anger. His eyes blazed up again. "Lies, lies all," he exclaimed. "I tell you I will not have you in my house." He came toward me threateningly.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Very good. I will go." I started toward the door, but Aimee clung to me, the tears running down her cheeks. Piteously she pleaded with her uncle, but to no avail. He stormed up and down the room, cursing the Germans and all their kin. Then Aimee's face set in that womanly determination she showed in critical moments. Taking my hand she led me into the hall, and thence to the rear door, where an extensive garden stretched away to a thickly wooded hill. Her uncle stood some distance behind, watching us curiously. "Across yonder hill you will find a road that will take you to the railroad station." Her voice rang out clearly. She was not afraid to show her colors. "Though you are shamefully treated here you are no less my own. Soon I shall be back at Lagunay, and my father and I will welcome you there. Good bye, my love." She put her lips to mine. Then in a quick whisper: "Hide in the woods until night. Come to the gate and you will find a suit of clothes and money. You can not travel in these." I pressed her hand, slipped away through the garden, out of the gate and so to the shelter of the woods.

Late that night, feeling like a kicked dog, I slunk through the darkness to the back gate. There on the ground I found a suit of clothes and a hat—probably taken from her cousin's closet (for she had two male cousins who were officers in the French army). I removed my soiled and worn uniform, and in a few minutes was a fairly decent French gentleman. In a pocket of the coat I found a purse containing money (which I did not need) and a folded paper, which I took to be a note from Aimee. I kissed it and put it next my heart. Then with renewed courage I struck out for the station. Two hours later I was on the midnight express for Paris.

At the first opportunity I took out Aimee's note. It was a tender little epistle, full of love and protestations of loyalty. She gave me the address of an intimate girl friend in Paris through whom I could send letters, an opportunity of which I took daily advantage during the next ten days.

Reaching Paris early in the morning I made my way to my old rooms, took a bath (the first in many days) and donned familiar and well-fitting clothes. The delight of being back in my old haunts, away from strife and danger, was inexpressible, though I longed to have Aimee with me. From the newspapers I found that an armistice had been declared close on the heels of the great land and sea battles. President Roosevelt and King Edward were making strenuous efforts toward peace, and prospects were favorable. The Germans had withdrawn into Lorraine. The Kaiser was in Berlin.

That night I returned to the club, and was cordially welcomed by my old associates. Brangers was at work on his famous statue—the dying Generalissimo, though no Generalissimo had been close enough to the fighting line to get even scratched; Ouvrard had loaned the Government ten million francs (at a fair interest); Mongerval professed to be in hourly expectation of a summons to membership in the Peace Commission. All tongues were clattering with the glorious success of the French arms, though for the life of me I could not see that either side had gained the least advantage. I told the story of my reconnoissance, of the death of Martini and Rechere, of my capture by the Germans, and my compulsory service in the Hussars, omitting reference to my participation in the actual fighting. We talked for hours, ate, slept, and talked again.

I had been in Paris a week when Latour appeared, fresh from London, where the Peace Commissioners were wrangling over terms. He regarded me coldly at first, but warmed up when I told him how I had pleaded for his life, and how my sweetheart's carriage had been the means of his escape.

Latour also brought news of the arrival in Paris of a batch of German prisoners, captured at Montepelier. With a sudden hope in my heart I left the party as soon as possible and hunted up the barracks where the prisoners were quartered. As I had vaguely expected Fleischmann was among them, sullen and disheartened, but well. He was overjoyed to see me, thinking me dead. I found little difficulty in securing his release through my friend, Captain Maubourg, and took him to my rooms, where I summoned a tailor and made Fleischmann into a Frenchman as Lowenberg had long before turned me into a German hussar. Then I unfolded to him a plan in which he joined heartily. It was nothing less than an expedition to Bethel, and actually stealing Aimee from her uncle's house.

Late the next night we left Paris and in the morning were at Bethel. I had purposely grown a beard, and felt certain that I would not be recognized as the German "spy."

Before leaving Paris I had sent a letter to Aimee telling her of my plan. We secured a team—two half starved horses and a lumbering carriage, the best the town stable afforded—and at midnight, leaving the carriage in a nearby grove, went to the back gate of the chateau. The prearranged signal, the hoot of an owl thrice repeated, was answered by the appearance of a dim light in Aimee's room, and presently my sweetheart appeared at the gate, followed by her maid bearing a bundle of clothes. I took my dear one in my arms, covering her lovely face with kisses. Then we hurried to the carriage.

But though love will always find a way, as runs the old song, the cherub is sometimes balked. Before we could enter our carriage we observed bright lights in the windows of the chateau, and heard shouts and the sound of wheels in the stable-yard. It was evident that the uncle had somehow learned of the elopement. Aimee was terrified. She informed me that her two cousins had but the day before returned from the army, and were loud in their abuse of the German officer who had won her affections. Her life had been a burden since my visit.

We applied the whip, Fleischmann driving, with me at his side, while Aimee and the maid sat behind. The road was smooth and for some miles we pushed on without sign of pursuit. The night had been dark, but now the heavy clouds broke away, and we went on through the brilliant moonlight.

It was nearing dawn when I heard the sound of hoof-beats behind us, and later the shouts of our pursuers, urging their horses. Our team was no match for theirs. I saw that we must face the music and have it out on the road. Fleischmann had his own plans, however. As the pursuing team drew closer he gave me the lines. "I will attend to the garlic-eaters," he said quietly. I may need your help; but be ready to drive on without me when I give the word.

The dashing team passed us and stopped. Three men leaped from the carriage. Aimee's uncle, whom I recognized by his height, grasped the bridles of our horses, while the two cousins ran toward us. As they came up Fleischmann stepped to the ground. Smash! Smash! I hear terrific impact of his great fists in their faces. They went down in a heap. One was stunned; the other scrambled to his feet and rushed wildly at Fleischmann with an oath, while the tall uncle, perceiving need of his assistance, advanced brandishing a huge sword. He was beside himself with rage. "Thieves! Robbers! Murderers!" he snarled.

At the time it was tragic; now, as I recall the incident, I laugh. Fleischmann was so cool, so resourceful, so mighty. He picked up the cousin, (a rather small man) with both hands, lifted him high in the air, and brought him down with terrible force upon the uncle's head. There was a shriek of pain, a heavy groan, and they went down together in the dust. "Drive on" roared Fleischmann, and I whipped the horses into a gallop. A minute later I heard the steady beat of hoofs behind us, and Fleischmann appeared, smiling good naturedly and mounted on one of the carriage horses. He had cut the traces, and turned the other horse loose, thus effectually stopping the pursuit.

Aimee had nearly fainted with fright; but under the care of her maid she soon regained her composure, and we drove on leisurely without fear of further interruption. Shortly after dawn we stopped at a small town, breakfasted, and after consultation decided to leave the team and take the train for Paris.

At the station another surprise awaited us. As the train from the south rolled in, a dignified and handsomely uniformed French officer came from one of the waiting rooms. Aimee rushed toward him with a cry of delight. It was her father, the Count Lagunay, whom we had not seen since the day before the invasion. He told us that peace had been declared. He was journeying north to Bethel, after Aimee, and had stopped overnight for a rest. He welcomed me cordially, and hearing the story of our elopement and my treatment at the hands of his brother, decided not to go to Bethel, but to return with us to Paris.

A week later the bells rang sweetly in the tower of the historic Church of the Madeleine, and in the presence of my good friends, with Fleischmann as best man, I led my Aimee to the altar.

The Chateau Lagunay, rehabilitated, stands in stately grace amid the trees on the banks of the Meuse. Aimee is sweeter and loveller than ever. Here we spend part of our leisure, taking occasional business trips to America. Fleischmann is with us always; Latour and my club friends come often to spend a holiday. Germany and France are friends through the influence of our great Roosevelt. In our abode of peace and happiness the beat of drums and the clash of swords is forgotten. Life is sweet indeed after the conflict.

THE END.

"I WAS THE OBJECT OF MUCH ATTENTION."

Mrs. Jennie C. Taylor.

The increase in the number of women engaged in the banking business is very noticeable, especially in the middle West, and, so far as known, not one woman entrusted with a responsible bank position has failed or betrayed the confidence reposed in her. One of the most successful of these banker women is Mrs. Jennie C. Taylor, principal owner and manager of the Bank of Melvin, Indian Territory. It is said that Mrs. Taylor, who, by the way, is a Cherokee Indian, holding some stock in the bank and not satisfied with the management, quietly bought up a majority of the stock and then took affairs in her own hands. How well she has succeeded is proved by the standing of the institution, not only in the vicinity, but in the territory.

JUNE FORETHOUGHTS.

Some Suggestions for Summer Dresses for Girls—The Graduating Frock.

By MARTHA DEAN.

With the "rare days" of June at hand, there are many questions concerning the wardrobe which interest both maid and matron. June is the month for school and college graduation as well as for numerous weddings and anniversaries. It is also the threshold of summer, and many lads and lasses are looking forward to the time when they will board the train for shore or countryside. June is sure to be a busy month, for there are frocks to be fashioned for both old and young, and everything must be thought out beforehand so as to answer for practical needs and summertime comfort.

The graduating frock is always a topic of interest to the girl, for this is the day of all days for her who is to leave her school life behind, and it must be quite the finest gown that the family can afford. Fashion has decreed that this dress must be white, and all white, with not even a sash or bow of color. It should also be simple, but this does not mean that a great deal of beautiful handwork may not be lavished upon it. In fact, in this day of exquisite effects, one could scarcely imagine a graduating frock which did not show a little elaboration of some kind. But these dresses are not elaborate on the scale of mother's gowns nor are they very fussy in design. The mulls and swisses were never more charming and sheer than this year, and even the batistes, lawns and mousseline de soies are very attractive and not expensive. Silks are little used for the young girl's wearing this year, but the simpler fabrics are far in the lead for popularity. The plain swiss resembles thin organdie but is much preferred to the latter as it wears better and launders well. If this is inset with a bit of fine lace it makes the daintiest frock imaginable.

A FAVORITE GRADUATING DRESS

The princess is the favorite style for the graduating dress and is usually made in a separate waist and skirt and joined when finished. The joining is quite inconspicuous and does not mar the beauty of the whole. The fullness about the waist is regulated by shirrs or tucks extending from hips to bust line or a bit below. Many dresses are made in the round waist and skirt style, as it is one always becoming and sure to be worn. The girdle is of wide louisine ribbon shirred in front and back to pieces of featherbone of the desired width. Some of the dresses have round yokes of insertion or all-over lace while others are embroidered in some simple design. The round and Dutch square necks are very popular and immensely becoming.

The skirts of these dresses are round and full, sometimes trimmed high with narrow ruffles edged with lace and again inset with a wide panel of embroidery or tucking and lace. The double flounce skirts are very youthful and pretty and especially so when made from wide embroidered flouncing. This is inexpensive and makes very attractive frocks. They are fitted about the waist by tucks or gathers. Sleeves are of elbow length or longer to suit the wearer and may be finished with a deep cuff or a narrow ruffle of lace.

While many of the thin summer dresses for girls and older people are being worn over a colored slip this year this is not allowable for the graduating frock, although it may be worn over the tinted slip after the eventful day is passed.

MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

Mousseline de soie is coming into popular use this year for gowns because of its soft texture and inexpensive quality. It wears well and launders passably. For these frocks the narrow Valenciennes laces are generally used, being inset into the waist, skirt and sleeves without stint. The mousseline is excellent for making simple afternoon dresses in princess style and many such are being worn by the elect of society.

In considering the summer wardrobe, by all means first in importance is the suit of linen, madras or pongee which gives so much pleasure and comfort to the wearer from the fact that it can be fresh and dainty for each wearing. This frock sometimes takes the form of the shirt waist suit and more frequently, this season, the coat suit.

LINEN ALWAYS POPULAR.

Linen is the most popular fabric for the summer suit and the little bolero will figure widely in the fashionable wardrobe. To one with any pretense of following the fashion, this little suit will be indispensable during the coming weeks. It is light and cool, easily washed and not expensive to make. Linen of good quality which will wear and look well may be had for 25 cents a yard, and that 2 inches wide. The skirts of these suits are gored or circular-gored—meaning that a straight edge meets a bias one at each of the four seams. This last named skirt will not sag like the circular one and yet has its advantages. The skirts are little trimmed save for a stitched fold or two though some of the more elaborate ones show bands of embroidery set in.

With this suit is worn the lingerie blouse or one matching the suit. A good supply of these thin blouses will be necessary this summer for they will appear upon every sort of occasion and will be worn incessantly. They are far more dainty than ever before and not more expensive. If desired they may be made at home of fine batiste or lawn and prove very dainty and fetching.

Where the Nickel Got Its Name.

The word came from the Swedish and is connected with Old Nick, an evil spirit. The reason it is applied to the metal we know as nickel is because its ore, which is copper-colored, deceived the miners, who expected to obtain copper from it.

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