HOW FRENCH BEHAVE ON EVE OF BATTLE

Tense Excitement, But No Flurry Marks Hour Preceding an Assault.

French Front.-(by mall).-Tense excitement, but no flurry, reigns along any sector of the French front just before an assault is to be delivered. The fore an assault is to be delivered. The men stand to arms coolly as though they were going on to the parade ground. They look to the breaches of their rifles, load their magazines, loosen their bayonets in their scabbards, fix the straps of their steel helmets or tighten their belts. Some of them sit down with their backs supported by the side of the trench writing what may be down with their backs supported by the side of the trench writing what may be their last message to their relatives while waiting for the word to "go over." There is no hesitation when this comes. The men, with every confidence in their leaders, all their nerves and muscles taut, clamber out and spring forward and in the recent offensive have always achieved the objective set

them by their commanders. The Associated Press correspondent had an opportunity, to be in the midst of one of these movements of prepara-tion at a certain point of the French line somewhere south of the Somme at

a time where south of the some at pushing forward with great vigor. In the sector visited by the Associ-ated Press representatives the French and German first line trenches are separated by a distance of from 200 to 300 yards. In between are wide barbed wire

arated by a distance of from 200 to 300 yards. In between are wide barbed wire entanglements, erected at nighttime after the French had driven, the Ger-mans from a village and a wood by surprise. With modern arms the cov-ering of such a distance across open ground by attacking infantry would mean a terrible casualty list. The French, however, were determined to advance. To do so they excavated with great rapidity approach trenches zig-zagging forward some 50 to 80 yards, where they were joined up by a paral-lel trench known as the "taking off parallel." From this running still fur-ther out saps were cut leading towards the German lines and these were oc-cupied by listening patrols and armored machine gun emplacements. From the bottom of the taking off parallel steps cut in the earth led up to the level ground. Up these the companies chos-en for the assault were to spring on en for the assault were to spring on the signal for the departure and spread

the signal for the departure and spread out in open formation, dashing forward in sections towards the Germany works, previously almost battered out of existence by the French artillery. The sector was not at all "healthy" when the correspondents visited it. German areoplanes cruised about over-head evidently scenting that some-thing was about to take place. Their activities were not to the liking of the infantrymen below, who, while not im-pressed by the dangers of artillery and machine gun fire, object strongly to the appearance on the scene of these aerial intruders.

Intruders. Artillery curtain fire had been

started by the Germans to prevent the arrival of French reinforcements, but its effect on the French troops was al-

The French general commanding the division, who had been promoted only recently for brilliant service on the Somme, had spoken with the corres-pondents before their departure for the front line. They had invaded his post of command on a particularly lively of command on a particularly lively sector of the French line for the time.



Lady Acheson.

Lady Acheson, a prominent figure in London society, was formerly Miss Mildred Carter of New York. Like so many other members of her set, she is enlisted in work for war sufferers.

ness of the firing to take refuge in the major's dugout. While there they could hear much more plainly than in the open the terrific bombardment by several hundred batteries then in progress in preparation for an attack by the British north of the Somme, the earth semingly acting as a more delicate conductor than the air. It was after-ward learned when the party returned under cover of night to the general's quarters that the British had taken 1,-000 prisoners and had made a further advance. advance.

Bragging Wee Wee.

Once upon a time five little rabbits lived with their mother in a nice clean pen. Wee Wee, the smallest one, thought himself very smart, much smarter than any other rabbit that had ever lived.

One day he said to his brothers: "I can-fly just like the birds if I want to." "Oh, no, you can't," said the oldest one. "You can't fly any more than we

one. can."

Wee Wee thought he could and said that the next day, when their mother went away, he would show them how high he could fly. The next morning Mrs. Rabbit started out with her basket for market and told the children to be very good and not to get into mischief while she was gone. Wee Wee winked to the other and said he would look out for them, for he was smarter

than they were. ' When Mrs. Rabbit was out of sight Wee Wee said: "Now I will show you that I can fly." He managed to climb up to the top of a fence and sat there just as he had seen the birds do be-form they spread their wings for

of command on a particularly fitting sector of the French line for the time, The general occupies a dugout exca-vated for a German batallion com-mander, who had remained in posses-sion for the better part of two years. It was dug deep down beneath the earth, nearly six solid yards of which guarded it from shell of ordinary cali-ber, and it was fitted up in a style which assured a considerable degree of comfort to its inmates. This caused the general to excuse himself to the cor-respondents who, he thought, might draw comparisons with his quarters and those of the soldiers. He said: "I I had had this made for myself it would in all probability have meant my being put on the retired list." to try to fly. Down he came, bump, bump, bump, As the correspondents left the gen-eral remarked: "You may go wherever you like, but I cannot guarantee you immunity from shells or torpedoes. I wish you good luck. See that you come back here and have tea with me." Shells ranging from two inch pound.

THE BEST MAN Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "Marcia Schuyler," "Dawn of the Morning," "Lc, Michael!" etc.

Philadelphia & London.

J. B. Lippincott Company. 1914.

CHAPTER VIII-(Continued.)

Softly, reverently, he stooped and brought his face close to the opening in the curtains. Celia felt his eyes upon her. Her own were closed, and by a superhuman effort she controlled her breathing, slowly, gently, as if she were asleep. He looked for a long moment, thrilled

by the delicate beauty of her sleeping face, filled with an intoxicating joy to

face, filled with an intoxicating joy to see that her lips were no longer white; then, turning reverently away, he un-locked the door and stepped forth. The other occupants of the car were still wrapped in slumber. Loud snores of various kinds and qualities testified to that. A dim light at the further end contended luridly and losingly, with the contended luridly, and losingly, with the daylight now flooding the outside world and creeping mischlevously into the

Gordon closed the door of the com-partment noiselessly and went down the aisle to the end of the car. A door was open, and he could hear voices outside. The conductor stood talking with two brakemen He heard

talking with two brakemen. He heard the words: "Three-quarters of an hour at least," and then the men walked off toward the engine. Gordon looked across the country

Gordon looked across the country, and for the first time since he started on his journey let himself remember that it was springtime and May. There had been a bitter wind the night before, with a hint of rain in the air. In fact, it had rained quite smartly during the ride to the hospital with the hurt child, but he had been so perturbed that he had taken little notice of the that he had taken little notice of the weather. But this was a radiant morn-

weather. But this was a radiant morn-ing. The sun was in one of its most charming moods, when it touches everything with a sort of unnatural glory after the long winter of darkness and cold. Every tree trunk in the dis-tance seemed to stand out clearly, every little grass-blade was set with a glow-ing jewel, and the winding stream across a narrow valley fairly blazed with brightness. The very road with its deep, clean wheel-grooves seemed like a well taken photograph. The air had an alluring softness mingled with its tang of winter that made one long to take a walk anywhere out into the world, just for the joy of being and doing. A meadow lark shot up from somewhere to a telegraph pole, let go its blithe note, and hurried on. It was glorious. The exhilaration filled Gordon's blood.

Gordon's blood. And here was the chance he craved to slip away from the train before it And here was the chance he charce he charce he slip slip away from the train before it reached a place where he could be dis-covered. If he had but thought to bring his suitcase! He could slip back now without being noticed and get it! He could even go without it! But-he could could even go without it: But—ne could he? Ought he? Perhaps he ought—But it would not do to leave his suit-case with her, for it contained letters ad-dressed to his real name. An explana-tion would of course be demanded, and tion would of course be demanded, and he could not satisfy a loving mother and brother for having left a helpless girl in such a situation—even if he could satisfy his own conscience, which he knew he never could. He simply could not leave her, and yet he must get away from that train as soon as pos-sible. Perhaps this was the only op-nortunity he would have before reach-

doors. Oh, if she but dared to run away from him! But that she might not do, for all his threats would then probably be made good by him upon her dear mother and brother. No, she her dear mother and brother. No, she must be patient and bear to the end all that was set down for her. But she would get out and breathe a little be-fore he returned. He had very likely gone into the smoker. She remem-bered that the George of old had been an inveterate smoker of cigarets. She would have time for a tasta of the

would have time for a taste of the morning while he had his smoke. And if he returned and found her gone what mattered it? The inevitable be-ginning of conversations which she so dreaded would be put off for a time. She never thought to come upon him standing thus alone, looking of, at the

beauty of the morning as if he en-joyed it. The sight of him held her still, watching, as his sleeping face joyed it. still, wat had held her gaze earlier in the morn-ing. How different he was from what she had expected! How the 10 years had changed him! One could almost fancy it might have changed his spirit also-but for those letters-those terri-ble letters! The writer of those let-

ters could not change, except for the And yet, he was handsome, intellec-

tual looking, kindly in his bearing, ap-preciative of the beauty about himshe could not deny it. It was most as-tonishing. He had lost that baggy look under his eyes, and the weak, selfish, cruel pout of lip she remembered so keenly

Then he turned, and a smile of de-light and welcome lit up his face. In spite of herself, she could not keep an answering smile from glimmering faintly in her own. "What! You up and out here?" he said, hastening closer to the step. "How are you feeling this morning? Better, I'm sure, or you would not be here so

early. "Oh, I had to get out to the air," she id. "I couldn't stand the car another said. minute. I wish we could walk the rest

"Do you?" he said, with a quick, surprised appreciation in his coice. "I was just wishing something like that myself. Do you see that beautiful straight road down there? I was longing to slide down this bank and walk over to that little village for breakfast. Then we could got an outer broken or the straight

we could get an auto, perhaps, or a carriage, to take us on to another train. If you hadn't been so ill last night, I might have proposed it." "Could we?" she asked earnestly. "I should like it so much;" and there was eagerness in her voice. "What a lovely

morning!" Her eyes were wistful, like the eyes of those who weep and wonder why they may not laugh, since sunshine is still yellow.

thing of yours I might be in danger of leaving behind?" "No, I put everything in my suit case tears' before I came out," she said, listlessly, as though she had already lost her desire to go "I'm afraid you are not able," he bies pausing solicitously as he scaled the steps. She was surprised at his interest in her welfare. "Why, of course I am," she said, insistently. "I have often taken longer walks than that looks to be, and I shall feel much better for being out. I really feel as if I couldn't stand it any longer in there." "Good! Then we'll try it!" He hurried in for the baggage and left her standing on the cinder roadbed beside the train looking off at the ter opening morning.

be discovered, and perhaps even prebe discovered, and perhaps even pre-vented. It certainly was better not to have it known where they got off. He had taken the precaution to close the stateroom door behind him, and so it might be some time before their ab-sence would be discovered. Perhaps there would be other stops before the train reached Buffale in which case train reached Buffalo, in which case their track would not easily be fol-lowed. He had no idea that the evil

eye of his pursuer was even then upon him. Celia was already on the ground, looking off toward the little village wistfully. Just how it was to make

cinder path, scanning the track either way. The conductor and brakemen were not in sight. Far in the distance a black speck was rushing down upon them. Gordon could hear the vibration

of the rail of the second track, upon which he placed his foot as he helped Celia across. In a moment more the train would pass. It was important that they should be down the embankment, out of sight. Would the delicate ment, out of sight. Would the delicate girl not be afraid of the steep incline? She hesitated for just an in-stant at the top, for it was very steep. Then, looking up at him, she saw that he expected her to go down with him. She gave a little frightened gasp, set her lips and started. He held her as well as he could with two suffcases and an umbralle clutches

two suitcases and an umbrella clutched in his other hand, and finally, as the grade grew steeper, he let go the bag-gage altogether, and it slid briskly down by itself, while he devoted him-self to steadying the girl's now inevita-ble and swift descent.

It certainly was not an ideal way of traveling, this new style of "gravity" road, but it landed them without delay, though much shaken and scratched and divested of every vestige of dignity. It was impossible not to laugh and Celia's voice rang out merrily, showing that she had not always wept and looked

"Are you hurt?" asked Gordon anx-lously, holding her hands ax2 looking down at her tenderly. Before she could reply, the express

train roared above them, drowning their voices and laughter; and when it was past they saw their own train take up its interrupted way grumbling-ly, and rapidly move off. If the passengers on those two trains had not been deeply wrapped in slumber, they might have been surprised to see two fashionably attired young persons, with hats awry and clasped hands, laugh-

ing in a country road at 5 o'clock of a May morning. But only one was awake, and by the time the two in the road below remembered to look up and take notice, the trains were rapidly disappearing.

pearing. The girl had been deeply impressed with Gordon's solicitude for her. It was so out of keeping with his letters. He had never seemed to care whether she suffered or not. In all the arrange-ments, he had said what he wanted, in-deed what he would have, with an im-plied threat in the framing of his sen-tence in case she dared demur. Never tence in case she dared demur. Never had there been the least expression of desire for her happiness. Therefore it was something of a surprise to find him so gentle and thoughtful of her.

Perhaps, after all, he would not prove so terrible to live with as she had feared. And yet—how could anyone who wrote those letters have any al-leviating qualities? It could not be. She must harden herself against him. Still, if he would be outwardly decent to her, it would make her lot easier, of course

But her course of mental reasoning was broken in upon by his stout de-nunciations of himself.

shine is still yellow. "Of course we could," he said, "if you were only able." "Oh, I'm able enough. I should much much rather do that than to go back into that stuffy car. But wouldn't they think it awfully queer of us to run cuear of us to run the subset of the state of the state

away from the train this way?" "They needn't know anything about it," he declared, like a boy about to play truant. "I'll slip back in the car and get our suit cases. Is there any-"I'm only a little shaken up," she went on as she saw a real anxiety in his brown eyes, "and I don't mind it in the least. I think it was rather fun, don't you? A faint glimmer of a smile wavered over the corners of her mouth, a Gordon experienced a sudden desire take her in his arms and kiss her. and was a strange new feeling. He had never had any such thought about Julia Bentley. "Why, I-why, yes, I guess so, if you "Not a bit," she said, and then, for some unexplained reason, they both be-gan to laugh. After that they felt betnot. "If your shoes are as full of thes miserable cinders as mine are, they need emptying," declared Gordon, shaking first one well shod foot and then the other, and looking ruefully at the little velvet boots of the lady. "Suppose you sit down"—he looked about for a seat, but the dewy grass was the only resting place visible. He pitched upon the suitcases and im-provised a chair. "Now, sit down and let me take them off for you." He knelt in the road at her feet as she obeyed, protesting that she could do it for herself. But he overruled her, and began clumsily to unbutton the tiny buttons, holding the timid little foot firmly, almost reverently, against his knee. He drew the velvet shoe softly off and, turning it upside down, shook out the intruding cinders, put a clumsy finger in to make sure they were all gone; then shyly, tenderly, passed his hand over the sole of the fine, silk stockinged foot that rested so lightly on his knee, to make sure no cinders clung to it. The sight and touch of that little foot stirred him deculy. He that little foot stirred him deeply. He had never before been called upon to render service so intimate to any wemand, and he did it now with half avert-ed gaze and the utmost respect in his manner. As he did it he tried to speak about the morning, the departing train, the annoying cinders, anything to make their unusual position seem natural and unstrained. He felt deeply embar-rassed, the more so because of his own double part in this queer masquerade. Celia sat watching him, strangely stirred. Her wonder over his kindness grew with each moment, and her prej-udices almost dissolved. She could not udices almost dissolved. understand it. There must be some-thing more he wanted of her, for George Hayne had never been kind in confusion. the past unless he wanted something of caress. She dreaded lest she should soon find it window pane! Yes, there they were down on the ground outside the train, both of them; man, woman, baggage and all slipping away from him while he slept peace-ifully and let them go! The language of his mind at that point was hot with invectives. har not have have air to breathe or she would suffocate. A wild desire filled her to go alone into the great out-of-

least, she would not spoll the kindness while it lasted. It was surely better than what she had feared.

while it lasted. It was shelp better
than what she had feared.
"You never can button those shoes
with your fingers," she laughed, as he redoubled his efforts to capture a_tiny
disc of pearl and set it into its small velvet socket. "Here! I have a button-hook in my hand-bag. Try this."
She produced a small silver instrument from a gold-link bag on her arm and handed it to him. He took it help-lessly, trying first one end and then
the other, and succeeding with neither.
"Here, let me show you," she laughed, pulling off one glove. Her white fingers grasped the silver button hook, and wistfully. Just how it was to make her lot any brighter to get out of the train and run away to a strange little village she did not quite explain to herself, but it scemed to be a relief to her pent up feelings. She was half afraid that George might raise some new objection when he returned. Gordon swung himself down on the cinder path scanning the track either he was and let ber leurch ring out mer-

the minute she forgot who and what he was, and let her laugh ring out mer-rily; and so with shy audacity he as-sayed to take off the other shoe. They really felt quite well acquainted and as if they were going on a day's picnic, when they finally gathered up their belongings and started down the road. Gordon summoned ail his ready wit and intellect to brighten the walk for her, though he found himself again and again on the brink of referring to and again on the brink of referring to his Washington life, or some other per-sonal matter that would have brought a wondering question to her lips. He had decided that he must not tell her

had decided that he must not tell her who he was until he could put her in an independent 'position, where she could get away from him at once if she chose. He was bound to look after her until he could place her in good hands, or at least where she could look after herself, and it was better to carry it out leaving her to think what she pleased until he could tell her everything. If all, went well, they might be able to catch a Pittsburgh train that night and be in Washington the next day. Then, his Washington the next day. Then, his message delivered, he would tell her the whole story. Until then he must

the whole story. Until then he must hold his peace. They went gaily down the road, the girl's pale checks beginning to flush with the morning and the exercise. She was not naturally delicate, and her faint the night before had been the result of a series of heavy strains on a heart burdened with terrible fear. The morning and his kindness had made her forget for the time that she was supposed to be walking into **a** world of dread and sacrifice. "The year's at the spring, The day's at the morn," quoted Gordon gaily, "Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearled—" He waved an umbrella off to where **a** hill flashed back a thousand lights from its jeweled grass-blades thickly set.

"The lark's on the wing; "The small's on the thorn," went on Cella suddenly catching his spirit, and pointing to a lark that darted up into the blue with a trill of the morning in his throat.

Gordon turned appreciative eyes upon her. It was good to have her take up his favorite poet in that tone of voice-a that showed she too knew and tone loved Browning. "God in His heaven,

All's right with the world," finished Gordon in a quieter voice, look-ing straight into her eyes. "That seems very true, today, doesn't it?" The blue eyes wavered with a hint of shadow in them as they looked back "Almost—perhaps,"

she faltered wistfully.

The young man wished he dared go behind that "almost—perhaps" and find out what she meant, but concluded it were better to bring back the smile and help her to forget for a little while at

help her to forget for a little while at least. Down by the brook they paused to rest, under a weeping willow, whose green-tinged plumes were dabbling in the brook. Gordon arranged the suit-cases for her to sit upon, then climbed down to the brookside and gathered a bunch of forget-me-nots, blue as her eyes, and brought them to her. She looked at them in wonder, to think they grew out here, wild, untend-ed. She had never seen them before, ex-cept in pots in the florist's windows. She touched them delicately with the tips of her fingers, as if they were too theored for earth: then fastened them ethereal for earth; then fastened them "They exactly match your eyes!" he exclaimed involuntarily, and then wished he had not spoken, for she flushhe then wished he had not spoken, for she flush-ed and paled under his glance, until he felt he had been unduly bold. He wondered why he had said that. He never had been in the habit of saying pretty things to girls, but this grl somehow called it from him. It was genuine. He sat a moment abashed, not knowing what to say next, as if he were a shy boy, and she did not help him, for her eyelashes dropped in a long becoming sweep over her cheeks, long becoming sweep over her checks, and she seemed for the moment not to be able to carry off the situation. He was not sure if she were displeased or Her heart had thrilled strangely as he spoke, and she was vexed with her-self that it should be so. A man who had bullied and threatened her for three terrible months and forced her to mar-ry him had no right to a thrill of her eart nor a look from her eyes, be he ever so kind for the moment. He cer-tainly was nice and pleasant when he chose to be; she must watch herself, for never, never, must she yield weakly to his smooth overtures. Well did she his smooth overtures. know him. He had some reason for all this pleasantness. It would surely revealed soon. She stiffened her lips and tried to look away from him to the purply green hills; but the echo of his words came upon her again, and again her heart thrilled at them. What if-oh what if he were all right, and she might accept the admiration in his voice? And yet how could that be possible? The sweet color came into her cheeks again, and the tears flew quickly to her eyes, till they looked all sky and dew, and she dared not turn back to him. The silence remained unbroken, un-til a lark in the willow copse behind the a bark in the whow copies behind them burst forth into song and broke the spell that was upon them. "Are you offended at what I said?" he asked earnestly. "I am sorry if you did not like it. The words said themselves without my stopping to think whether you might not like it. Wil "Oh," she said, lifting her forget-me-not eyes to his, "I am not offended. There is nothing to forgive. It was-beautiful!" Then his eyes spoke the compliment over again, and the thrill started anew in her heart, till her cheeks grew quite rosy, and she buried her face in the coolness of the tiny flowers to hide he "It was very true," he said in a low lover like voice that sounded like a "Oughtn't we to hurry on to catch our train?" said Celia, suddenly springing to her feet. "I'm quite rested now." She felt if she stayed there an-other moment she would yield to the spell he had cast upon her. With a dull thud of consciousness the man got himself to his feet and reminded himself that this was another man's promised wife to whom he had, been letting his soul go out.

As the correspondents left the gen-

come back here and have tea with me." Shells ranging from two-inch pom-poms to the big missiles from eight-inck howitzers fell intermittently all around at the time. A well kept, wide and deep communication trench with a floor of earth in most places trodden hard by thousands of feet led towards the front line some 4,000 yards away. To go through its intricate twistings and twinings meant a march of 10 miles. The officer appointed as guide, however, decided that for some distance at least it would be comparatively safe at least it would be comparatively safe for the party to proceed across the open, as a slight haze in the atmos-phere hindered the Germans seeing dis-tinctly any movements in the French

varced positions themselves came out of their dugouts to act as guides and led the way to the parallel of assault from which it was intended to start the attack from the allied line. Only a few men were on duty at the lookout posts, the others all having taken shelter in their "funkholes" while the artillery was firing heavily. In the most ad-vanced sap, whence every detail of the opposing German trenches could be seen, the young lieutenant in charge kept constant watch and reported to a telephone operator nearby the results of the French artillery fre. Just at the telephone operator nearby the results of the French artillery fire. Just at the moment the French trench mortars were busy and their great missiles, weighing 500 pounds, could be watched during their slow flight from the muz-zle of the gun to their destination. Each one fell directly in the German trenches one tell directly in the German trenches some 200 yards from where the corre-spondents stood, and the enormous black clouds of earth thrown up by the explosions indicated that at least great one fell directly in the German trenches

The return march was made for half mile along the parallel and was ren-ered very interesting from the fact hat the occupants of a German aerothat the occupants of a German aero-plane had noticed the movement in the ping several bombs, which, however, did no damage. Meanwhile several French flyers approached and a lively exchange of machine gun fire ensued what For. achange of machine gun fire ensued antil the Germans returned to their

Slump in Reading.

We haven't time for magazines nor patience with romances, for touring cars and limousines have altered cirtinctly any movements in the French lines. This progress, however, did not last long. Shells began to fall with great-er frequency and it was decided to adopt the more prudent course of en-tering the communication trench. A couple of miles' march in Indian file that burch of fellers. We read up Homer, Milton, Bill-old Bill, the bard of Avon, and strained our intellects until we had to rub some salve on. The bookstores got our extra change, when we went forth a-shopping; but now, alas--tis sad and strange-old customs we are dropping. Ere I went daft on gasoline, and tires and clutch and starter, I bought the works of Anna Green and Bertha Clay and Car-ter. I read all kinds of helpful tomes, indorsed by church and college, I read the splinters of bursting shells. cumstances. We used to sit before the while arthery fire becausy to crouch tense and it was necessary to crouch the splinters of bursting shells. In this way the front line was reached. The majors in command of the two battallons holding the ad-vanced positions themselves came out of their dugouts to act as guides and led the way to the parallel of assault from which it was intended to start the the allied line. Only a few

go gallivanting, in "sixes, "eights" or "fours;" oh, who would list to yawping, when autumn leaves are dropping, and sunshine's out of door? Let statesmen sprain the tissues of larynx, lung and we will not pause to hear them, we will not pause to hear them, for here's our choochoo boat. Who cares a prune or a prism for this or t'other ism since autumn zephyrs blow? Our prob-lems may be deeper—but gasoline is cheaper than 'twas a month ago. The statesmen talk and twitter, but where

the Germans returned to their lines. The interval the correspondents advised on account of the brirk-

portunity he would have before reach-ing Buffalo, and it was very risky, in-deed dangerous, to dare enter Buffalo. It was a foregone conclusion that there would be private detectives ready to meet the train in Buffalo with full deacriptions and particulars and only too ready to make way with him if they could do so without being found out. He looked nervously back at the door of the car. Dared he attempt to waken her and say that they had made a mis-take and must change cars? Was she well enough? And where could they go? He looked off toward the landscape

for answer to his question. They were decidedly in the country They were decidedly in the top of a high embankment of cinders, below which was a smooth country road running parallel to the railroad for some dis-tance till it met another road at right angles to it, which stretched away between thrifty meadow-lands to a nestling village. The glorified stream he had first noticed far up the valley glinted narrower here in the morning light, with a suggestion of water-cress and forget-me-nots in its fringes as it veered away under a bridge toward the village and hid itself in a tangle of willows and cat-tails.

How easy it would be to slide down that embankment, and walk out that road over the bridge to the village, where of course a conveyance of some sort could be hired to bear him to another railroad town and thence -Pittsburgh, perhaps, where he could easily get a train to Washington. How easily if only he were not held by some invisible hands to care for the sweet sleeper inside the car! And yet, for her sake as well as his own, he must do something, and that right speedily. He was standing thus in deep medi-tation, looking off at the little village which seemed so near and yet would be so far for her to walk, when he was pervaded with that strange sense of some one near. For an instant he re-sisted the desire to lift his eyes and prove to himself that no one was present in a doorway which a moment be-fore he knew had been unoccupied. Then, frowning at his own nervousness, he turned.

She stood there in all the beauty of her fresh young girlhood, a delicate pallor on her cheeks, and a deep sadness in her great dark eyes, which were fixed upon him intently, in a sort of puzzled study. She was fully dressed, even to her hat and gloves. Every wave of her golden hair lay exquisitely in place under the purple hat, as though she might have taken an hour or two at her toilet; yet she had made it with excited haste, and with trembling fin-gers, determined to have it accomplish-ed before the return of her dreaded liege lord.

She had sprung from her berth the instant he closed the door upon her, and fastened the little catch to bar him out. She had dashed cold water into her face, fastened her garments

CHAPTER IX.

It was just at that instant that the thick set man in his berth not 10 feet away became broadly conscious of the unwonted stillness of the train and the cessation of motion that had lulled him to such sound repose. So does a tiny, sharp sound strike upon our senses and bring them into life again from sleep, making us aware of a state of things that has been going on for some time perhaps without our reall-zation. The sound that roused him may have been the click of the stateroom latch as Gordon opened the door. The shades were down in the man's berth and the curtains drawn close. The daylight had not as yet penetrated through their thickness. But once

awake his senses were immediately on the alert. He yawned, stretched and suddenly arrested another yawn to analyze the utter stillness all about him. A sonorous snore suddenly emphasized the quiet of the car, and made him aware of all the occupants of all those curtained apartments. His mind went over a quick resume of the night be-fore, and detailed him at once to duty. Another soft clicking of the latch set him to listening and his bristly shocked head was stuck instantly out between the curtains into the aisle, eyes toward the stateroom door, just in time to see that a man was stealing quietly down the passageway out of the end door, carrying two suit cases

and an umbrella. It was his man. He was sure instantly, and his mind grew frantic with the thought. Almost he had outdone himself through foolish

He half sprang from his berth, then remembered that he was but partly dressed, and jerked back quickly to grab his clothes, stopping in the operation of putting them on to yank up his window shade with an impatient click and flatten his face against the

(Continued next week.)

Since the beginning of the war the output of Swiss asphalt mines has de-