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* A THRILL OF WAR *
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By Mary Lyle Warner.

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In the most critical situation of her young life, Alma Waite gazed longingly at the engagement ring upon her finger and wondered if she would ever see its giver again.

"Where is he, and what is to be-



A Loud Summons From the End of a
Musket.

come of me?" was the constant burden of her thoughts.

A knight errant brave and true, Adrian Bond would have been speedily coming to the rescue of his lady love in distress, but that grim visaged war had presented its ugly menace and rude clamors shook the commonwealth.

Her father and mother were at

Paris. There, too, were the Bonds, making the European trip with their closest friends. It was a strange circumstance that had taken Alma away from them. It appeared that half-brother of Mrs. Waite lived in a little town in Belgium, near the German border. He had invited the family to pay him a visit, but their plans would not admit of it. Then he expressed a wish to see Alma, who had been named after his dead wife. He was fervent in his appeal and half-minded to give up his business and return to America, he said. The result was that Alma took a quick trip from Paris and found herself an honored guest in the splendid but lonely home of her half-uncle.

Zephern Dacre was a diamond merchant, conducting his business by traveling from country to country. Alma was enchanted with the kindly way in which he treated her. She was to have remained with her relative only three days, but Mr. Dacre made up his mind to close up his business, accompany her to Paris and take up a permanent residence there.

Directly upon the heels of this came a declaration of war. Mr. Dacre hastened his preparations to get out of the country. He urged Alma to remain indoors, for the community surrounding them was in a wild state of excitement.

The evening before the day set for their departure Mr. Dacre discharged all the servants. Just about dusk he came hurrying into the house in a great state of excitement.

"Why, what is the matter?" questioned Alma anxiously, as she noted his colorless face and trembling frame.

"Listen, my dear," said Mr. Dacre hurriedly. "You must leave here at once if a certain thing happens, and it may happen quickly. The war spirit is abroad. They are suspicious of me because of my business connections with other countries; I was just secretly advised that I am listed as one of the proscribed."