**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**

***James Adams, European representative for American manufacturers and graduate of West Point, is in Paris at the outbreak of the great war between France and Germany. He engages in a balloon reconnoissance for the French and barely escapes capture, being swept into northern France, where he is wrecked in the grounds of the Chateau Lagunay. He is rescued by the daughter of the Count Lagunay Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance; Adams defends Aimee from insult at the hands of Griesman, Colonel of Cavalry. Adams joins the Hussars, under Lowenberg, an old friend, and later assists in an ambush of the French. Word reaches him at camp that Aimee is again in the hands of Griesman. With Fleischmann, a gigantic sergeant of the Emperor's bodyguard, he impresses an automobile and goes to her rescue. In a terrific sword fight he kills Griesman and two others, and proceeds with Aimee to the home of her cousin at Ethel.***

Chapter VI.

For two delicious days I remained at Ethel with Aimee. Then early in the afternoon Fleischmann brought up the car we set out for camp, for obvious reasons taking a direct road that did not pass the Chateau Lagunay.

Reaching the outskirts of the camp we found a host of war balloons inflated and ready for ascent. Others were already soaring above us, and looking far to the south we saw the French balloons, high in air, observing the German movements. As we went farther south (for the camp covered an area some ten miles square) we found that a large part of the army had moved. It was evident that events were approaching a crisis.

At headquarters I sent in my name to the Emperor. Fleischmann pacing up and down outside in a fever of apprehension, for he dreaded his sovereign's wrath. As for myself, certain of my ability to make satisfactory explanation, I waited calmly. When I was finally ushered into the august presence I saluted and related my story. The Emperor waved his hand as though to dismiss me. But I persisted; and when I finally drew from my pocket the documents I had taken from Griesman's pocket, and told him of Grevoir, Griesman's supposed interpreter, his expression changed. He ran over the papers hurriedly; letters from a prominent French officer; brief notes of the German scheme of invasion; data concerning the German forces; and realizing that Griesman was really in league with the enemy he forgave me, though it was with a curt comment upon my abrupt departure from the camp, and a caution that I conduct myself more circumspectly in the future. I told him that I alone was responsible for Fleischmann's leave without permission—that I had really abducted the big sergeant against his will. A little smile flickered over his face at this. Then he frowned again.

"You will rejoin Lowenberg," he said in dismissing me. "There is work for you on the right wing. We will be in action tomorrow or the day after. You and Fleischmann can redeem yourselves at the front. Until you offend again I forgive you both."

When we had patiently endured Lowenberg's scolding (he had been very much afraid for us, learning that orders were out for my arrest) we discussed the plan for the advance. I learned that the enemy was assembled in force between our camp and the Marne River. The first contact had occurred the day before, when a German brigade of armored automobiles undertook to reconnoiter to the south. The French had sent out a similar brigade for the same purpose, and they had met near a small village. The two forces came together in a mad charge. The steel prows of the great cars rammed at high speed, crashing into and over one another and finishing in a tangle of wreckage from which but one German machine had emerged in condition to return to camp. An assault with such a force upon cavalry or infantry would be irresistible; but upon an enemy of its own kind it meant mutual annihilation. It was a striking example of the unfitness of such machines for general warfare.

At dark we were ready for the advance, moving under cover of night to avoid the prying eyes of the airships.

A brief statement of the military situation seems necessary in order that the reader may understand the nature of our undertaking. As has been stated, the French occupied the Marne River, from Chalons-sur-Marne to Bar-le-Duc. Between these towns the south bank of the Marne rises sharply from the water to a height of perhaps two hundred feet, falling away at the rear in a sunny slope covered with vineyards and orchards. On the edge of this cliff the French had constructed sunken fortifications, manned by great cannon mounted on disappearing carriages, alternating with mortars for hurling novel projectiles of which they had a choice collection, as we afterward learned. In all this precipitous bank there is no break save one, where a road comes down to the river, crosses a narrow stone bridge and turns toward Rheims.

On the north side of the river the bank is low and the land stretches away for miles to the north, east and west, forming the great Catalunian Field, an ideal place for military operations. Here, resting on the river and protected by the great guns on the fortified cliffs, the French had massed their second and third armies, and were working north with rifle pits and earthworks, expecting to overwhelm the German invaders.

The German advance had moved south some ten miles, the right resting on Silbery, the left on the Aisne River. It was planned to send strong detachments east and 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 Silbery 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 fins in place of 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.

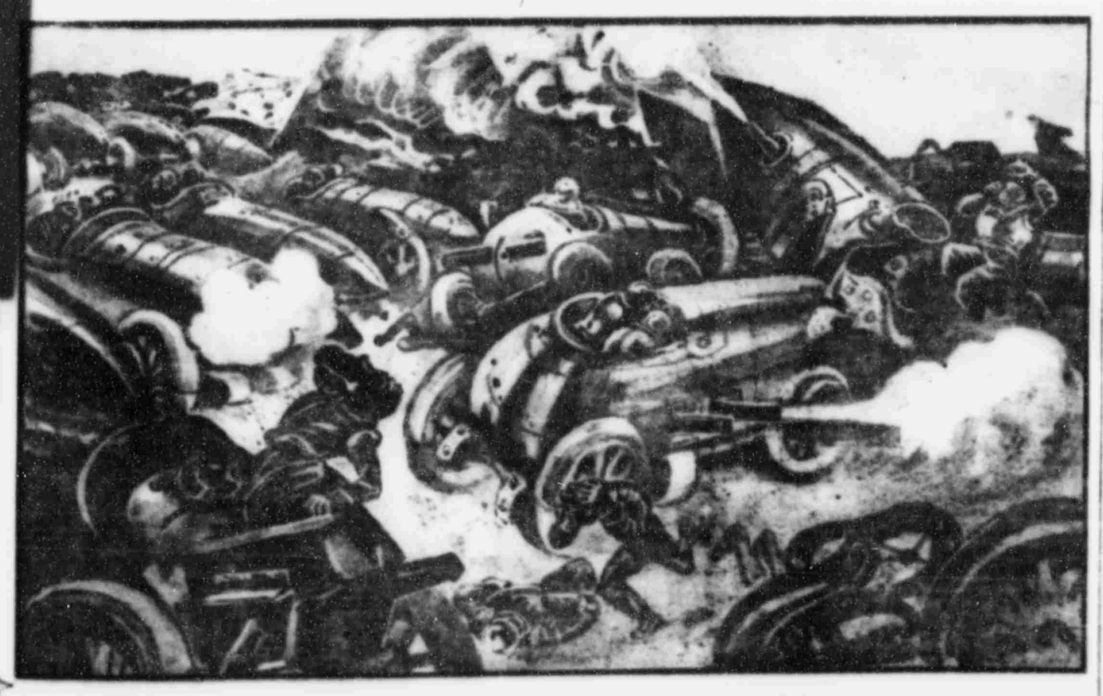
We took shelter under the little shed, depressed and silent. It was very dark. The wind blew fiercely. In spite of the rain, however, Fleischmann insisted on making a tour of the lines to see that the men were on guard. Faithful Fleischmann. Let me pay tribute here to your unwavering loyalty.

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 sympathize 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.

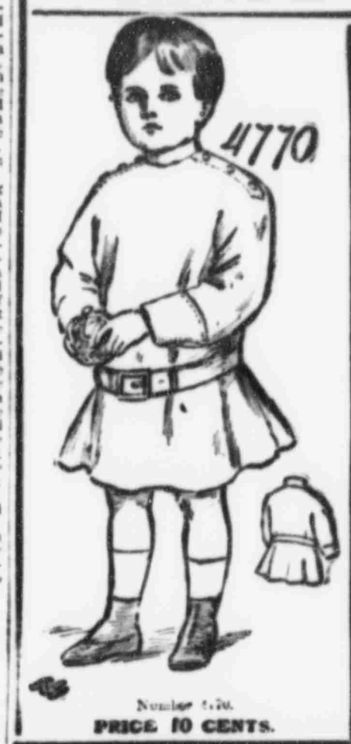
So the word which trembled on his lips when he saw her troubled was left unsaled.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### *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.


**PALISADE PATTERNS.**




Number 4770.
PRICE 10 CENTS.

**A MAJOR DRESS FOR THE BOY OR GIRL.**

Mother is always glad of new ideas in frocks for her young offspring and the one sketched here is excellent in style and practicability. The frock is in one piece and thus easily put off and on. It has the further advantage of closing on the shoulders, being slipped on over the head and buttoned along shoulder pieces which resemble epaulets and give a broadening effect. A pretty stitched cuff completes the sleeve and reinforces a place which is subject to much wear. The frock is belted in long waisted manner and leather is the best material for the belt. A crash or serge would serve as a resister of wear and soil, and with a belt and shoulder buttons of red, the frock would be quite fetching. For the medium size 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4770—sizes, 2 to 6 years.

PALISADE PATTERN CO.,
17 Battery Place, New York City.
For 10 cents enclosed please send pattern No. 4770 to the following address.
SIZE .....
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY and STATE .....
.....

**Gray Hair Restored.**

"WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN"
Restores Gray, Streaked or Bleached Hair or Moustache instantaneously. Gives any shade from Light Brown to Black. Does not wash or rub off. Contains no poisons and is not sticky nor greasy. Sold by all druggists, or we will send you a Trial Size for 25c., postpaid, large size (eight times as much) for $1. If your druggist don't sell it send direct to us. Send the yellow wrapper from two bottles purchased from a druggist and we will give you a full-size bottle for nothing.
WALNUTTA CO., 1405-B Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

**SONG-POEMS** and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize.
Popular Music Publishing Co. 229 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago

**AGENTS** wanted to sell Radiom Shoulder Brace. Exclusive territory, big money, easy sales. Also traveling salesmen. Write today for particulars. 161 Market St., Illinois Suspender Co., Dept. 33, Chicago, Ill.

**FRECKLES REMOVED**
We can positively remove any case of freckles with
SULLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM
This is a strong assertion but we will refund your money if not satisfied. Our remedy is prepared for those alone. Write for particulars.
Sullman Freckle Cream Co. Dept. "10," Aurora, Ill.

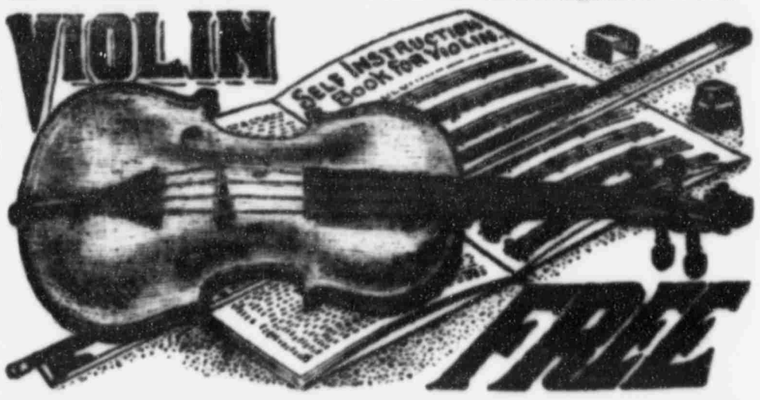
**THIS BOOK FREE**
How to select a good furnace. No. 6 Leader Steel Furnace costs $65, freight paid. Other sizes. Write, Hess Warm'g & Vent'g Co., 744 Tacoma Bldg., Chicago.

**FREE TO BOYS**

This Handsome complete Base Ball suits consisting of Flannel Shirt, Pants, College style Cap and strong Belt. These suits are handsomely gotten up regardless of cost and have had a large demand throughout the country and are selling. This is a grand opportunity for you to secure a high grade outfit and have the best suits for a few months if you work hard, selling 25 of our premium Fancy Base Ball Shirts at 10 cents each. These beautiful shirts are all the rage and selling rapidly. Everybody wants them and will buy several at 10 cents each, as the regular price is 25 cents. We sell only subscribers in America who handle them. Sometimes sold First, sold for money. Just send your name and address, satisfactory references. We Prepay All Charges on the goods and on our Pay Express Charges on the base ball suits. Reference: Any Bank, Address send you the shirts and complete outfit just as described. Write today. Address
DAVIS BROS.
Dept. 114, 6109 Sky St., CHICAGO.

**FREE A SIGNET RING**

To every one who sends us the names and addresses of three persons, male or female, who are or were agents or canvassers, with postage for postage and package, one of these beautiful Gold Signet Rings, elegantly closed and engraved with any initial without extra charge. Send strip of paper size of finger. This is the greatest value ever offered for the money. The picture does not show one half the ring's beauty. It passes for a $25 ring. These Signet Rings are all the rage in New York and are considered just the ring for either lady or gentleman. Do not miss this rare chance but send 25 cents at once as on and after May 20th the price of this ring will be $5.00. Send at once or any time before May 20th and receive this beautiful Signet Ring for only 25 cents. Address THE C. STANFORD CO., 156 Fifth ave., N. Y. City




THIS is not a toy violin, but a LARGE and BEAUTIFUL TONED instrument. It is made of highly polished, perfectly seasoned wood, beautifully varnished. The pegs, finger board and tail-piece are ebony finished. The violin is complete, with one silver and three gut strings, adjustable bow of white horsehair and box of resin. We also give you a VERY VALUABLE Self-Instruction Book Free. Write today for only two dozen pieces of our new Jewelry Novelties to sell at 10 cents each. These are GENUINE GOLD PLATED ARTICLES and everybody will be very glad to buy from you, as our goods are worn by the very best people. Return our $5.00 and we will immediately send you the violin and complete outfit just as described. Write today. Address
FRIEND SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 777, No. 1 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

**HOW TO GET THESE PREMIUMS FREE**

**Croquet Set.** Each set contains 4 Balls, 8 Nail sets, Heavy Arches, 2 large Fancy Stakes, 1 Book Rules, 1 dovetailed box, hinged cover, an elegant set. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

**BASE BALL OUTFIT.**

Each outfit contains 23 pieces. 9 B. Ball Caps, 9 B. B. Belts, 1 Base Ball, 1 Fld's Glove, 1 Catch Mitt, 1 Catch Mask, 1 B. B. Rules. BOYS, We give complete outfit Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cents. Every boy wants his club in uniform. Now is the chance. Good goods.

**SNAP SHOT CAMERA**

with complete Developing & Printing outfit for both instantaneous & time exposures. Morocco-ette Case. You can take pictures of landscapes, buildings, portraits of father and mother, friends, sweethearts and lovers, in fact anything the eye can see. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cts. each.

**THIS $6 LAWN SWING**

Pleasure for children, comfort for family. 9½ ft. high, 6 ft. wide, spread 10 ft. Weight 10 lbs. Made of hard wood, tested painted and finished, and after they are started, swinging is continued by pressing the feet on the footboard. Great fun for the children, and adults will find them quite comfortable and ornamental. Given Free for selling 50 articles at 10 cents each.

**FOR SELLING OUR FAST-SELLING ARTICLES AT 10 CENTS EACH.**
You can earn them in one day. No money required; we trust you. Send your name and address, we will send you the articles by mail, sell them at 10c. and return us the money. Then we will send you the Premium you choose. We take back goods not sold. Send your order now, a postal card will do.
TRUE BLUE CO., Dept. 834, Boston, Mass.

**Complete Base Ball Suit.**

Shirt, Pants, Cap and Belt, and B. B. Rule Book.
Shirt made of Handsome Flannel, League Pattern, yoke back, 2 sleeves inserted, 2 button cuff, reinforced collar, double neck band and button holes finely finished, and all seams double stitched.
Pants same material, made in strong, neat manner, last for years; 4 heavy belt straps, large size pocket, with chain garter at knee, fly front.
Cap to match suit; Finishing National style.
finely made, with 8 gores, fully lined, and double width sun visor.
Belt made of very strong webbing, patented buckle and adjustable slide.
Base Ball Rules.
This complete suit Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cents.

**REPEATING RIFLE.**

This is not a cheap, single shot rifle, but a genuine
REPEATING RIFLE
Shoots 250 times without reloading. Made of best steel, polished, walnut stock, strong, accurate and safe. We give you Free this fine rifle for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

**Gold Watch & Chain.**

A perfect beauty; Solid Gold Laid Engraved Case, American Movement, warranted correct time; equal in appearance to $25 Solid Gold Watch. Guaranteed 25 years. Given absolutely Free for boys or girls or anyone selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

**GENUINE INDIAN WIGWAM.**

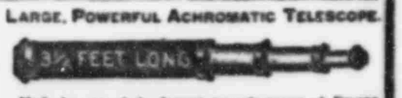
Every Boy should have one. You will have more fun with it than you have any place. Use it on your lawn and enjoy the out door air, going camping, shooting, hunting, or training. It's just the thing. It ties into all the games and sports the boys so dearly love. Playing Indian and Hunter is always dear to a boy's heart, and the additional fun derived from the possession of a real Wigwam can hardly be calculated. In 4 feet high, 5 ft. diameter, made of Heavy Sheeting, Colored Cap and Flag, Side Decorated—complete Indian Design. Supported by a Tripod. No Cross Pole. All Cost Years Inside.

**HERE IS A BARGAIN** Offered by the most remarkable ever offered to boys. These Wigwams are the latest novelties. Do not compare them with ordinary tents sold for $5.00 and $6.00. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

**UNEXCELLED HAMMOCK.**

Large size, very handsome. Keep cool; take comfort. Earn a hammock and be happy. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10c. The Greatest Value ever given by a reliable firm.

**LARGE, POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE.**




Made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, because closed it unfolds, and opens over it, lens is achromatic, Brass Bound, Brass Safety Cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with Powerful Lenses. Guaranteed by the Maker. Equal in power to the country or of equals equals should certainly procure one of these instruments. Objects miles away can be brought to view with astonishing clearness. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10 cents each.

You can have any of the above premiums absolutely free. Be sure and write at once. It is easy to sell our quick-selling articles. Now, dear reader, sit down and write a postal, NOW, and we will send you the articles post-paid AT ONCE.
Address all orders TRUE BLUE CO., Dept. 834, BOSTON, MASS.