THE LOST PROVINCES.

How Vansittart Came Back to France.

By LOUIS TRACY.

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Fate willed it that at 2:30 A. M. the different sections of the vast German host began the movement that was to culminate in the passage of the Meuse at 4 o'clock.

Fifteen minutes later came the first intimation of the unlooked-for French attack.

The Emperor and his staff dismissed the alarm as a trivial matter.

"A too zealous sentry firing at a stray cow," commented Von Waldersee.

"Who commands at that point?" said the Kaiser.

"Col. Breitstein of the Eighteenth Hanoverians. He wants an excuse to enable him to say that he led the first regiment over the Meuse."

"Possibly. What is it now?"

An aide-de-camp had entered unceremoniously, carrying a telegram.

The Emperor scanned it.

"French attack serious. Have lodged strong force on right bank from Pierrefitte. Breitstein heavily engaged. Am hurrying up supports, with two batteries.

"VON HOFER, Major-General."

"This is strange. What can it mean?" William II. resented any interference with his plans.

"Probably a reconnoissance. Paris is annoyed at Daubisson's inactivity. It is well. Von Hofer can easily hold them. Our attack will develop with the greater ease."

"I hope so. Yet I wish this coincidence were not so marked."

As they conversed the minutes passed. And each minute was worth an hour, for the German columns were moving with machine-like exactitude in the wrong direction. Like the hands of a clock they could now go forward, but if called upon to reverse, what would be the result?

Another aide burst into the royal presence, breathless, with a second message from Von Hofer.

"Position desperate. Breitstein and Eighteenth cut up. Twelve guns captured. French division crossing with extraordinary rapidity. Am offering desperate resistance, but hopelessly outnumbered."

And a third, from the chief of the Troyon column: "Commander of the Eleventh Brigade reports river held by artillery and infantry. Great difficulty and delay will be experienced in building pontoons. Two infantry regiments have forded the Meuse, but have been repulsed with much loss. Am about to attack in force."

From the northern army corps, stationed near Verdun:

"Had barely commenced operations for crossing Meuse when delayed by a strong assault from Verdun. Compelled to suspend original movement in order to meet this development. Everything points to a serious battle forthwith. KREUZNACH."

"Kreuznach is right, Von Waldersee," roared the Emperor. "Quick! Recall every division. Suspend the advance. Quick, I tell you, for heaven's sake! Vansittart has left Paris."

"Impossible, your Majesty." The chief of the staff knew something of the arrangements made by his imperial master's servants in the French capital.

"Nothing is impossible. This is his doing. Daubisson would never dare attempt it. Oh, hurry, hurry!"

Those few moments had sufficed to change William II.'s mood from dignified generalship into half hysterical frenzy. He railed at the fate which so cruelly blighted his best conceived project. He cursed Vansittart and his own staff with admirable impartiality, and finally rushed from the chateau into the cool morning air without. Above all else he felt the need of motion, the sense of doing something.

He had perforce to wait until a charger was saddled. The whole eastern horizon was now flushed with the delicate pink and green of advancing day. Nature, in sky, field and wood, wore the coloring of summer. The weather promised to be bright and pleasant—ample sunshine tempered by a cool breeze from the Ardennes.

But rude sounds jarred the ear and gave portent of other and less soothing scenes.

Heavy firing at Verdun, in the northwest, betokened the preliminary stage of a serious and extensive battle in that direction. From the whole line of the Meuse came the desultory boom of field ordnance and the crackle of rifle fire, while a growing volume of sustained conflict southwest of Troyon showed that a strong blow was being struck at the very heart of the German position.

Nearly a million of armed men were in motion. The lesser moiety of these, the French, were steadily pushing their way toward the German centre, while their opponents, though numerically superior, and fighting hard at the points of contact, were, for the most part, wandering aimlessly about the roads in pursuance of a plan which must be wholly altered when divisional and brigade commanders could be reached by the flying messengers and telegrams now being despatched in hot haste by Count von Waldersee.

The two great personalities in the field, Vansittart and Wilhelm, were distant from each other barely five miles.

The man of the nervous and excitable American temperament was quietly smoking a cigar and sipping a cup of hot coffee.

And the Teuton, representative of a race noted for stolidity and sober deportment, was stamping furiously in and out of the chateau at Troyon, eager to mount and gallop his horse somewhere, but unable to decide in what direction to gallop.

Such was the disposition of the forces, the attitude of the leaders, at the outbreak of the battle of Troyon.

CHAPTER XV.

A QUESTION OF GENERALSHIP.

Vansittart set out with the intention of crushing the German centre before the right and left wings could close in and assist the Emperor. He pursued his theory with merciless accuracy.

It has been seen that in the initial stage of events he not only preserved a strategic advantage, but that his idea was coherent. It was nearly 5 o'clock before Count von Waldersee, working with the rapid precision of a well-built machine, was able to finally divert the whole of his troops from the abandoned attack and throw them into something like settled order for defence.

By that time Daubisson's Verdun division was thrust like a wedge between Kreuznach's northern army and the Kaiser's command, while the latter's left flank had been turned, thus cutting him off from the southern wing.

Vansittart promptly arranged that the French divisions at Commercy and Rancy should attack the German left in such force as to render it impossible for Duke Albrecht of Prussia to march to the assistance of the hard-pressed Emperor.

Montsaloy, too, had been fortunate in discovering and destroying the field telegraph long before Von Waldersee could adequately devise a combined resistance on all sides. By the time that several aides-de-camp reached Duke Albrecht with peremptory orders to at once move northward with his army corps it was quite impossible to obey without converting the march into a rout, so closely was he pressed by the French.

At 6 o'clock the first French shells fell near the chateau at Troyon. A thoroughly stiff fight was now in full swing. The German forces were stubbornly contesting each road and wood and stream, only yielding sullenly to superior numbers and gaining more confidence as reserves poured up from the rear.

Nevertheless, the result was apparently a foregone conclusion, were it not that the fortune of war changes with the suddenness of April weather.

So far the magnitude of the struggle lay with the infantry arm on both sides. Neither of the combatants were able to get their full artillery force into play, for the very good reason that the guns were pounding each other in a useless duel at various points along the banks of the Meuse. The hostile cavalry were massed in the same localities, and when, at 8 o'clock, the Germans were peremptorily recalled, it took the French some time to cross and take part in the chief theatre of events near Troyon.

Vansittart, whose plain civilian attire was oddly at variance with the handsome uniforms worn by his staff, was watching through his glasses a beautiful attack in extended order by a mixed brigade of zouaves and chasseurs a pied.

As the active and gallant Frenchmen swept an opposing body of Bavarians up the slope and over the crest of a treeless cultivated ridge, Jerome turned with a smile to Le Breton.

"Things are going almost too well," he said.

"When my brave countrymen are well handled they are incomparable soldiers." Le Breton was already assured of the result.

"All the world knows that. But we must leave nothing to chance. I wonder how Daubisson is progressing."

In rapid answer to his thoughts came an officer spurring for dear life.

"The field telegraph is laid from Bar-le-Duc to the river. This message has just come to hand."

He produced an envelope from the pocket of his sabertache, and Jerome eagerly tore it open. He paled as he read:

"Am caught between Kreuznach and the German main body. Fear that position is untenable. Will hold out until 7 o'clock and then propose falling back on Verdun. Hope this will suit your plans. Cannot communicate direct, so have sent this via Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. DAUBISSON."

"Nom de Dieu! What is the matter?" cried Le Breton, who noticed Vansittart's agitation.

The millionaire's pallor was due to hopeless anger. He could not trust himself to speak, but silently handed the slip of paper to Le Breton and averted his stern, set face to watch the devoted troops of France pressing on to needless butchery.

For that was the meaning of Daubisson's short-sighted resolve.

Whatever the cost, the Verdun column should be interposed between the two great sections of the Emperor's army. If a junction were effected all would be lost. The French superiority in the main attack would be converted into hopeless disparity. Their very success in driving the Kaiser's army corps before them toward Fresnes and the frontier would supply the strongest element that made for defeat, as Kreuznach, marching along the line of the Meuse, must take them in flank shortly after 8 o'clock.

Nothing could save Vansittart's troops from wholesale disaster. In a couple of hours at the utmost the whole German army would be united and able to sweep away the French right wing at Commercy on the south, leaving Daubisson safely penned up in Verdun until they were inclined to deal with him.

It was a bitter rebuff in the moment of apparent triumph, and it was well that Jerome could not have immediate speech of the pompous but well-meaning little General. His words must have cut Daubisson to the quick.

Le Breton, too, was speechless with anger, and Arizona Jim, cantering leisurely up after securing a fresh mount, found their attitude so curious that he perforce asked Jerome "what was the trouble."

"Jim, tell me again. You handed my note to Gen. Daubisson personally?"

"Sure as death, gov'nor."

"And he left Bar-le-Duc at once?"

"He just said 'Sacre' kinder pleased like, shouted something to a chap in gold lace, an' quit that fast for Verdun that you couldn't see him for dust."

"You are quite certain he read my instructions carefully?"

"Every word, boss. He didn't skip a line. He said 'All-a-right' to me twice, an' it was only after he vamoosed that I scratched my head and thought as how he oughter gev me sometin' in writin' to bring back."

Le Breton, who guessed the purport of their conversation, broke in:

"It may still be possible to catch him with a message before it is too late."

Vansittart's face did not relax.

"It is too late," he said, "but you can go and try." He mechanically pulled out his watch and murmured "Six-thirty. Half an hour for a message to pass through the field telegraph, be transmitted from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun and thence to Daubisson. It is impossible. Oh, it is hard, hard!" and he clenched his hands together in the impotence of his despair.

Arizona Jim had never before seen his master give way in this manner. Up to the present he knew that all had gone well, and he was quite at a loss to guess the cause of Jerome's self-abandonment. In some way it was connected with Daubisson. If the latter could be reached before 7 o'clock the threatened danger might be averted. He realized fully the certainty there was that the complex route of the wires would not meet the difficulty.

"Guv'nor," he said, in a low voice, for Jim, to use his own phrase, was "skeered" by Vansittart's misery. "I figger it out that Gen. Daubisson is not more'n five miles from here as the crow flies."

"Well, what of it?"

"I've just swopped horses, an' I can reach him before 7."

"Impossible, Jim. There are thousands of the enemy between us and him."

"True bill, sir, but they could stop a regiment easier than one man who was in a hurry."

"My friend, do not tempt me. You would lose your life to no purpose."

"Now, look here, boss. Let me run this little show. You are powerful upset, an' you ain't up to your usual form. Scribble out another billy-doo to the old boy, an' I'll clap it into his fist in twenty-five minutes or know the reason why."

It was a gambler's chance, and the millionaire took it. This is what he wrote:

"You must hold back Kreuznach until the last man has fired the last cartridge. Pay no heed to operations by German main body. In your case, they result from chance. If you hold out until 10 o'clock and prevent junction, we will win a great victory. If you do not, the cause of France is lost."

Vansittart gave the precious little missive to his faithful follower with the words:

"Jim, if Daubisson does not get that message, the game is ended."

Bates smiled. "Cheer up, guv'nor," he cried. "This circus ain't done with yet."

Then he galloped down the hill on his northward ride.

No man ever yet undertook a more daring mission. Although he skirted the fighting line, he no sooner came within sight of the German position than half a dozen Uhlans rode out to cut him off. That was exactly what Bates wanted. His chief danger, to his own mind, lay in infantry fire. One well directed bullet would lay either himself or his charger low, and then farewell to his hopes of success. As it was, when pursued by horsemen, there was less probability of some German officer ordering a volley to be fired at him.

To the intense astonishment of the Uhlans, he rode straight toward them. Believing they had to deal with a lunatic, for, of course, he wore no uniform, they barely trotted on to meet him, and were hugely surprised when he swerved off at twenty paces distance and shot two of them in passing.

His object was to gain a small wood, apparently unoccupied, on the crest of the slope up which he was now travelling, and his four pursuers, enraged at the turn taken by events, pressed bit and spur in a furious chase after him.

With lances at rest and shouting fierce threats, awe-inspiring by mere reason of their polysyllabic profanity, the troopers thought they could hunt him down within 200 yards.

But he was better mounted than they, and could have distanced them had not a fanciful notion suddenly seized him. At first he rejected it with a sense of scorn. But the sight a mile away of an entire German division streaming back along the road leading from the Meuse to Troyon, made him sensible of the moral certainty of capture or death should he attempt to ride through its scattered columns in his present guise.

For Bates could fight in no other costume than the flannel shirt, riding breeches, boots and sombrero of a cowboy, and his strange personality was almost as famous all over the Continent as that of his master. Such a figure could not fail to attract attention, and the success of his mission was the all-important consideration.

So Jim checked his charger's stride, and being now close to the cover of trees, turned round in the saddle with the laudable intention of "plugging" his would-be captors.

He performed the operation on three of them. The fourth was not above taking a hint and tried to escape, but Bates never missed within practicable range.

Jim dismounted, divested the biggest Uhlan of his jacket and helmet, the man striving to resist the while, though his collar bone was smashed, and rapidly donned both articles, stuffing his wide-awake hat into a holster. Then he took the trooper's overall to throw across his knee, slung the lance over his left arm, and started at a swinging pace toward the German line of march.

"Reckon I lost three minutes by that deal," growled Jim to himself, "but I had no bloomin' cinch on passing this next crowd without playin' it a bit low down."

His ruse worked admirably. As he neared the retreating Germans he changed direction so as to approach them at a tangent. Few noticed him, and those who did thought him a messenger carrying instructions to some officer in front. He selected a crossing place in front of a temporary jam of ammunition wagons.

Here he unexpectedly came upon a staff officer gazing fixedly in the direction of the conflict raging outside Verdun. Fortunately the German was sitting motionless on his horse with his back to Bates. Quick as lightning Jim dropped his lance and gave the animal a sharp prod in the hindquarters. For the next minute the officer had other things to think about than the business and destination of the solitary rider who dashed away into the open.

Bates had now travelled nearly three miles. The pace he had come was telling on his mount, but the charger was a good one and up to an hour at hunting pace carrying his rider's twelve stone. Troops were scattered all over the country, and Jim kept a sharp lookout ahead in order to follow the most open path.

The volume of firing in front momentarily grew more distinct. The most risky, because most indefinite, part of his venture was now at hand.

Fortune had well aided him up to the present—would she continue to smile to the end?

Others rode forward like himself. Once, when he had just cleared a small body of infantry marching in the same direction, an officer, flying along with eager haste, inclined toward him, obviously with the intention of questioning him. Jim swore quietly, changed the lance to his right hand, and, when the other was near enough, hit him such a hearty whack on the back of the head that he tumbled in a heap to the ground.

Some Hamburgers witnessed the act and gave a great shout of amazement as they ran to pick up the officer. But none of them thought of firing at the supposed Uhlan.

At last Bates neared the fighting line. He had no trouble in riding through the German artillery, which was in position on a ridge. In front a large force of infantry was deployed, and 1,000 yards away, across some meadows and corn land, he could see the blue frock coats of the French troops dotted irregularly over an extended front.

When he approached the German infantry an officer roared something at him and waved his sword to the right, seemingly indicating that the commander of the brigade was in that direction. Jim promptly inclined to the right, and he at once resolved to imitate the actions of one whose horse has bolted with him.

Dropping the lance and spurring the willing steed vigorously, he leaned back in the saddle and feinted to pull hard at the reins.

No one paid heed to him for a few strides until he was clear in front of the extended troops. A German officer gallantly rode after him to help him, but desisted within a couple of hundred yards, trotting back to his own lines considerably puzzled by the tactics of the bolting Uhlan.

Bates had but one danger left. In the central zone he might be shot by either side, accidentally or otherwise. To help himself with the French he threw off the helmet, jacket and cloak, and plucking forth his hat, again resumed the characteristic attire by which he was known to the whole French army.

An absolute yell greeted him as he rode through the first companies of infantry that protected Daubisson's right flank. Heading straight for the Colonel of this regiment, the 110th of the line, Jim shouted:

"Where is Gen. Daubisson?"

The officer addressed fortunately understood him and pointed to a farmhouse nearly a mile away, surrounded by dense masses of troops and a strong division of cavalry.

Something in their disposition told Jim that Daubisson was already preparing for the retreat to Verdun. Glancing at his watch, he found that it was three minutes to 7, and he leaned forward in the saddle to press his faithful assistant for the last effort of that memorable ride.

The noble animal stumbled and fell, utterly spent, not by the distance, but by the pace, as Jim reached the farm inclosure.

Daubisson was there, surrounded by a number of staff officers, to whom he was giving voluble instructions. Some of them turned to go when Bates ran up, but his stentorian shout caused them to halt for a moment.

"Stop," he roared. "I bring orders from M. Vansittart."

The name caught every ear, and Daubisson snatched at the note with frantic haste.

As he read his plethoric face became purple. He crumpled it in his right hand and cried to his staff:

"Gentlemen, the retreat is countermanded. The German centre is crushed and on the point of annihilation. It is our pleasant duty to attack Kreuznach with every available man."

Not even military decorum could repress the cries of delight with which the assembled officers greeted this welcome intelligence. Daubisson, whose volatile temperament soon recovered from the implied rebuke of Vansittart's words, although fully conscious of the grave error from which he had been saved, was about to rush off impetuously to see personally to some details when Bates caught his horse by the bridle.

"No you don't, old cock," he said. "I want an answer in writing, voo savvy, General?"

"All-a-right, all-a-right," cried Daubisson, gleefully.

"No, it ain't. It's all-a-wrong. Papier, plume. Why the deuce can't you talk English or Spanish—any blessed jingo but one that you spell one way an' jaw another?"

Jim's manner conveyed more than his words, so the General found time to scribble a hasty acknowledgment of the millionaire's message. With this safe in his pocket the gentleman from Arizona went off to look after his horse.

He had given the animal a pail of water and was about to find it some provender when he suddenly burst forth:

"I've got bats in my belfry. I'm like a bloomin' bellpunch when the bell don't ring. I'm clean off my trolley in this sort of business."

Running into the house, he found some paper and a pencil, and wrote in a big, round hand:

"Telegraphe M. Vansittart que Gen. Daubisson has received his orders and carried them out."

"The kick-off is fine," mused Jim, "but the second half isn't very Frenchy. All the same they'll comprenny better that way than if I chin 'em."

He gave the document to the first officer he met. It happened to be one of the Commander-in-Chief's aides-de-camp, who spoke English.

"It is well thought of, monsieur," he said. "I will place it on the wire at once."

Bates smiled all over his face. "That's the rinky dink," he cried. "When a feller chips in with that sort of song and dance it takes the blur out of my lenses."

Long before noon Count von Waldersee informed his imperial master that if a wholesale disaster were to be avoided there must be an immediate retreat on Mars la Tour and Gravelotte.

The French infantry had nobly done their work, and the task of harrying the German rear was committed to cavalry and artillery.

Vansittart did not know he was safe until nearly 9 o'clock, so long did it take for Daubisson's answer to reach him. About 10 the right bank of the Meuse was cleared of the German troops and Arizona Jim had no difficulty in returning.

When the issue of the conflict was beyond the domain of doubt he wrote a telegram to the King, giving a brief sketch of the day's proceedings, and warmly eulogizing the army.

A second message to Evelyn asked her to bid the Queen be of good heart. All had gone well so far. If fortune vouchsafed them a few more such victories there would be an end to German aggressiveness for another generation.

For Vansittart, even in the fierce joy of the moment harbored no delusions as to the strategic difficulty of his position.

The Germans were but sullenly retiring on their well-equipped base, to form anew upon positions whence the French could scarce hope to drive them. The victors in that day's combat were separated from their supplies by very reason of the obstacles they had already opposed to the invader's progress. A swift-flowing river cut them off from reserve transport and commissariat, save where precarious pontoons and narrow country roads still took the place of the solid bridges and railway lines they had destroyed weeks earlier.

A determined rebuff by their opponents might precipitate a catastrophe. Every nerve must be strained to make good a desperate success.

If only this could be achieved, if, instead of being driven into the Meuse, they could press the Germans back toward Metz, then truly the frenzied jubilation of France at the glad tidings of victory would be justified. What a sight Paris must present at that moment as the telegrams poured in! By this time the papers had published his message to the King! The city of light would be a city of mad rejoicing. And how fondly would Evelyn carry his words to the Queen!

Vansittart reined in his horse as Daubisson approached and the two heartily shook hands.

"General," said the millionaire, "we have won a great battle."

Tears sprang into the impulsive Frenchman's eyes. He stammered with difficulty, so intense was his emotion: "You have, monsieur. But, believe me, if I cannot emulate you I will in future obey orders to the death."

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME PARIS SIDE LIGHTS.

Folliet asked his servant to bring him an *Echo de Paris*. A single glance at its staring headlines caused him to spring toward his coat and hat.

"Great battle, magnificent French victory, the Germans routed after five hours' fighting," these were the stirring phrases that threw light upon his soul.

As he drove to the prefecture he bought more papers and learned the full significance of the day's doings. A subordinate quickly informed him of the outcome of the raid at the warehouse.

In all eighty-seven German conspirators were safe in prison, ten were dead and six severely wounded.

"How? Ten killed? Did they fight, then?"

M. Carot hesitated. "Not exactly, but"—

"Out with it, man. Don't pick your phrases. Say that which first comes to your mind."

"Well, they defended their President and we had to use force."

"Did he escape, then?"

"Oh, no. No one escaped."

"Is he injured?"

"No. He gave them some order in German and they formed an unbreakable ring around him while he ate something—some paper, those of our men believe who were nearest."

"Do you mean that men were killed in order to prevent a document falling into our hands?"

"I am sure of it. He chewed the stuff and swallowed it—shouted a command—and in an instant all resistance was at an end."

"It must have been very valuable, this piece of paper?"

"Yes, sir, of the utmost value. I have searched every house, but have found nothing beyond evidence of this particular conspiracy."

"What? You suspect something else?"

"I do. With the President and the leading spirits of the organization in our hands, I fail to see why such a determined attempt should be made to keep from us any testimony affecting the Pigeon Feather Society."

"Confound it, man! Has some report of affairs crept into the press?"

"Yes. A correspondent wheedled it out of Jeanne Carhaix under pretence of marrying her for the dowry."

"A thousand thunders! Every rascal in France has been warned by this time. See to it, Carot, that the *Soir* correspondent is compelled to marry Jeanne. He will be more than punished."

"Yes, sir."

Although Folliet's tone was light, his mind trembled with forebodings.

He reasoned that the President of the German society, knowing full well the extent of the police capture and their tenancy of 11 Rue Pigalle, would credit them with complete knowledge of Hans Schwartz and his pigeon post to and from the frontier.

As he neared the palace he became aware that a grand reception was taking place. He quickly decided to seek the Queen or Mrs. Vansittart and learn the truth concerning the position on the Meuse. But in his present attire it was impossible. He must hasten to his residence and don a gorgeous uniform.

Hailing a cab, he rattled off toward the Rue de Maubeuge, and as it chanced, the sartorial peculiarities of court etiquette cost him and France many a troubled hour.

Had he sauntered fifty yards further he would have seen a private carriage, containing two men in evening dress, stop near the curb.

A blouse-wearing artisan, a tall, truculent fellow, darted from the shade of a column, received some message from one of the carriage folk, and hastened off toward the Seine, while the vehicle drove on in the direction of the Rue de la Paix.

Not much, this incident, but it would have yielded a whole volume of facts to Folliet.

He exchanged a few words with Evelyn, whose joy trembled on the verge of tears. Through all the frenzied jubilance she shivered at the screaming of shells and whistling of bullets, which ever thrilled the ears of her soul. These battles meant danger, danger to her husband.

"I would not care," she confessed to the man she regarded as the one friend in that glittering assemblage, "if only I were near him. If I shared the risk I would be happy—I think both of us would be even safer."

Folliet smiled reassuringly. He alone knew the full extent of the peril that environed Vansittart in Paris. The millionaire was a thousandfold more secure on the battlefield than in the Tuileries. So he comforted her and skilfully diverted her thoughts by praising her loved one.

Yet her womanly intuition was more accurate than his keen logic. Evelyn was right. Far better would it have been if she rested that night in the chateau at Troyon than in the seeming security of the royal palace.

Folliet remembered her words afterward.

It was impossible to gain private audience of the Queen. A bow and a smile were Honorine's recognition of his presence, so, in pursuance of an impulse, he hied him to 11 Rue Pigalle, which was now tenanted by police.

One of these, an intelligent young man, answered Folliet's questions.

"No, sir, no more birds have arrived. It is curious, as one fails to see how Schwartz knows that the house has been seized."

Then, with a cautious glance around, and sinking his voice, the policeman continued:

"May I venture to suggest a theory, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Some of these birds are trained to fly here from Lorraine, but others are trained to fly from Paris to the farm of Hans Schwartz."

"Well?"

"It seems to me quite evident, sir, that Schwartz can receive messages from other quarters of Paris by the same means. Now, the only way to find out the whole business is to visit Hans Schwartz's house."

"When the Sergeant comes tell him to convey this note to the prefecture."

Folliet scribbled and handed a torn leaf to the quaking officer, saying, "There, read it yourself," and rushed from the room.

The man with some difficulty deciphered the scrawl:

"Henri Pigot is promoted from this date to be assistant commissary. Place him in sole charge of 11 Rue Pigalle. Folliet."

The Prefect dashed toward his waiting carriage. "To think of it," he muttered. "The whole business awaiting solution in Lorraine—our troops even now marching on Gravelotte—and I in Paris. Confound it! Shall I get there in time?"

Summoning his deputy by telephone to his chambers, Folliet gave him instructions as to procedure during his absence. Precious hours had flown, but he caught an early train. The eastward lines were congested.

But if it took a week he must visit the farm of Hans Schwartz.

AT CANAAN FOUR CORNERS.

Country and People That Figure in Books, and a Roundabout Railroad.

CANAAN FOUR CORNERS, N. Y., Sept. 10.—This town has four hotels within a stone's throw of one another and it is on the direct route taken by coaching parties going into the Berkshire country during the fall months. There are more hotels here than stores, and the summer population could outvote the residents were it not for the fact that most of the sojourners are of the fair sex.

The railway people of the Boston and Albany road call it neither by its full name nor by the clipped Canaan, but when checking up the baggage list they refer to it as "Happy Land," and all seem to understand. A letter addressed to "Happy Land, N. Y.," has been known to reach its destination safely, but woe to the writer who addresses a letter to "Canaan," intending it for this place, for it will be sent three miles away from the railroad station to a hamlet known as Frisbee Street. The residents will not use the same names as the postal authorities. Canaan Four Corners is called Canaan and Canaan is called Frisbee Street.

Canaan (the one of the four corners) has its romances. Here it was that Miss Susan Warner lived in her youth and she pictured the scenery in her book, "Queechy." The sawmill where poor, sickly, struggling Hugh toiled is still standing, although it is fifty years since the story was published. It was turned into a gristmill and it now resembles a haunted house, but it is haunted only by squirrels. The marsh land which Fleda tried to reclaim and utilize as a pasture lies in front of the house where Miss Warner lived. Proceeding from the house up the winding hill for half a mile through the woods one comes to Queechy Lake, or Deepwater Lake, as Miss Warner styles it in her book. They say it has no bottom; hence the author gave it an appropriate name. At any rate it is sixty feet deep within twenty feet of the pier.

Three miles further, skirting the lake on the west and climbing a gradual ascent, one reaches the settlement of the Lebanon Shakers, having passed first the Burnham Industrial Farm, overlooking Queechy Lake, and then the deserted white buildings of the Canaan Shakers. The families at Lebanon were referred to by William Dean Howells in his story "A Parting and a Meeting."

But to return to Queechy and Canaan. The residents of the place did not like the book. It pictured them as being excessively ignorant. All the characters introduced were uneducated persons, and the inhabitants objected. One character especially, a forger, made them angry at both writer and book. They deny that it is a book of any importance, and Miss Warner was called upon before her death to deny that it referred to Canaan.

Canaan by rail is thirty-four miles from Albany. It is practically southeast from the capital city, and the distance is much less, perhaps one-fourth, taking a straight line. An explanation of the greater length by rail is made by one who surveyed it nearly fifty years ago. Fares being based upon the miles travelled, the engineer was told that a winding course would add materially to the revenues of the corporation. He carried the idea out perfectly. The road went around every hill that offered the slightest hindrance. In course of time the road was straightened somewhat. But it is not straight, even after the many improvements. On entering a car a passenger selects a seat in the shade. Presently it becomes the sunny side. The passenger changes over to the other side. The sun streams in there also. Again he moves. In a few minutes he appeals in desperation to the conductor.

"You are now on the shady side," says the railroad official.

"But I'm not," replies the passenger. "Any one with sense can see I'm boiling in this heat."

"I cannot tell you how to avoid the sun altogether, for you cannot keep out of the rays on either side for ten minutes," says the conductor, "but I can tell you that the average of the thirty miles is better on one side than the other. You are in the sun now, but during the hour you may gain the advantage by about fifteen minutes by sitting where you are."

Here is another actual occurrence: A man left Albany and had a ticket to Pittsfield, Mass. He was of a scientific turn of mind, and his wife was with him. He held a map in his hand and saw that the general direction of the run from Albany to Pittsfield was southeasterly. He reasoned that as it was late in the afternoon, the sun, if not running an unusual course, must be setting in the west. Looking out of the window he saw it on his left and even far ahead of him.

"That sun should be on our right," said he to his wife in alarm, "or I'm twisted. It cannot by any reason be ahead of me on my left, yet it is."

With that he threw down his map in desperation and swung himself along from seat to seat until he hailed the conductor.

"The sun's over there on my left," said he. "The sun sets in the west. I am facing the northwest as I ride. The map shows I should be travelling toward the southeast. Will you please tell me where I'm going? Am I on the wrong train and are we headed for Syracuse?"

The conductor explained that the road rarely took a southeasterly course, going over a route more like a flight of steps or a twisted rope after it passes east of Chatham.

OUR YEARLY FOOD SUPPLY.

WHAT IT COSTS TO FEED THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY ANNUALLY.

The United States Leads the World in Production—The Amount of Eatables Required to Feed Our Own Citizens—What We Export—Some Interesting Figures.

If the strength of a country be measured by the abundance and nutritive value of its food, then the United States stands easily at the head of the dominant nations of the world. Not only can the farms, the meadows, and the orchards supply the needs of our own citizens, but there is left an immense surplus to be shipped to other countries. During the past ten years the nation's wheat crop has averaged about 465,000,000 bushels, ranging from less than 400,000,000 bushels in 1893 to more than 600,000,000 two years earlier. The average yearly exports of this wheat for the same decade were 140,000,000 bushels, leaving 325,000,000 for home consumption.

Excluding the wheat used for seed and for purposes other than human food, the present consumption is estimated to be a little less than one barrel of flour per capita, or 70,000,000 barrels for the nearly 75,000,000 population. That means an annual consumption of 14,000,000,000 pounds of flour—a bulk which, put into a single receptacle, would require a barrel twice the height of Washington Monument and correspondingly big in circumference. Were all this flour made into bread it would yield 20,000,000,000 pound loaves. Reversing the metaphor of the Sermon on the Mount and "giving bread for a stone," these loaves would pave a roadway 36 feet wide and extending around the world. If bakery wagons were loaded each with a thousand of the loaves, 20,000,000 would be needed to move the bread. They would make a procession over 60,000 miles long or eighteen abreast from ocean to ocean. Of course, not all the flour is made into bread, since millions of pies, cakes and other products of the cook's art come from these 70,000,000 flour barrels.

Last year the farms of the country raised wheat sufficient to supply this enormous demand at home besides sending 143,000,000 bushels to other countries. Of this export two-thirds went to Great Britain and less than a tenth to the rest of Europe. Six bushels in a hundred went to our neighbors on the north and nine more to the other American countries. Australia and Asia took 10,000,000 bushels and Africa 4,000,000 bushels. But unless the nation's farms yield a larger wheat crop less will be exported in the future. At the present rate of consumption the increased population will demand the entire product in another decade.

Wheat, however, is far from being the only grain used for food by the American people. The corn crop is about four times as large as that of wheat, and some seventeen hundred millions of bushels remain for consumption in our own country. But only a fraction of this reaches the stomach of man direct. For the most part it is taken in the pork, beef, milk, butter, eggs, and other products of animals that fatten on its substance. In recent years, apparently, the direct use of corn for man's food is increasing with the "mixed" flour, the patent food preparations, the brown bread, corn dodgers and like cookery. Whole regions of the South use corn almost exclusively in preference to wheat flour.

Then there is the oat crop, averaging 700,000,000 bushels, most of which remains in this country. Americans are rapidly following the Scotch in the use of oats as a table food, still only a small fraction of the total crop is consumed in the home. The average barley crop is 70,000,000 bushels, all but 5,000,000 bushels of which remains within the country. The usual yield of rye is 28,000,000 bushels, very little of which is exported. But the barley and rye are largely reduced to fluid form before the American consents to take them into his stomach. Some 15,000,000 bushels of buckwheat enter each year into the composition of our pancakes.

The exact amount of these various grains used directly for human food cannot be determined, but probably another 6,000,000,000 pounds must be added to the wheat flour, making a total of 20,000,000,000 pounds used each year as food. Large as this seems, in the aggregate, it is less than three-quarters of a pound a day to each person—not a very ample meal in itself, but fully sufficient when taken with the abundant varieties of other foods.

Another favorite food of the Americans is the potato. Its average crop in recent years has been about 225,000,000 bushels. The export and import trade in this vegetable is insignificant. To supply his family with the average quantity the head of the house needs to purchase for each member about half a pound a day, or three bushels a year. Sweet potatoes are also a favorite food, some 45,000,000 bushels being needed for the annual consumption. The yield of peas is 6,000,000 bushels, of beans 3,000,000, and of onions 2,500,000 bushels. More than half a million bushels of onions are imported, most of which are of choice Spanish and Bermuda varieties. Three hundred million pounds of rice are used during the year, one-half of which comes from other countries. This is only about four pounds a year to each person, against ten pounds in Great Britain, fourteen in Italy, 300 in Japan, and 547 in the Indian province of Bombay.

America's sweet tooth is said to be abnormally developed. The consumption of sugar reaches the astonishing total of 5,500,000,000 pounds; but only one-eighth of this is raised at home. Last year nearly a third of the supply came from Germany, and 8 per cent. more from the rest of Europe. The West Indies sent 24 per cent. and the East Indies 14 per cent. Fully half the sugar imported came from countries no better able to produce it than is the United States herself. Last year we raised 125,000,000 pounds of beet sugar. There are those who prophesy that in another decade the entire amount of sugar needed for home consumption will be produced within our own borders. The present average is about 73 pounds a year each, or a pound a day per family of five.

The dairy produces another important part of the food supply. With the butter, cheese, milk and like products, the total value to the consumer is estimated to be not less than $600,000,000 a year. To spread the bread, make the pies and concoct other appetizing dainties requires an annual supply of not less than 1,350,000,000 pounds of butter. Besides, we export about 25,000,000 pounds. Cheese is used to the extent of 230,000,000 pounds annually. Made into one gigantic cheese it would measure 450 feet in diameter and half as many feet in height. More striking still is the use of the raw milk, which amounts to no less than 7,000,000,000 quarts annually. Yet this is only a half pint a day to each person. Of this supply Chicago takes 46,000,000 quarts, Greater Boston 98,000,000, Philadelphia 96,000,000, and Greater New York 634,000,000 quarts.

Then there are the eggs, of which 850,000,000 dozens are used during the year. Placed end to end they would gird the world twelve times at the equator. Yet this use is not excessive, since it allows less than three eggs a week to each person.

Probably no people in the world eat as much meat as the Americans. The Secretary of Agriculture places the annual meat bill at not less than $900,000,000. Figures can be only approximate, yet a fair estimate would place the beef consumed at 5,000,000,000 pounds, pork at 4,000,000,000, and mutton at 800,000,000 pounds. With the poultry and game the total meat eaten annually cannot be less than 10,000,000,000 pounds, which is nearly two pounds a day for each family of five persons.

At the same time the export of this product is enormous. Of beef 488,000,000 pounds went out last year, seven-eighths of which was consumed in Great Britain. Exports of pork products reached no less than 1,302,000,000 pounds. Germany took 15 per cent. and Great Britain 56 per cent. To the meat supply must be added the products of the rivers, lakes and oceans, aggregating probably some 800,000,000 pounds of various kinds of fish. The canned salmon alone is placed at 80,000,000 pounds.

Americans are drinkers as well as eaters. Last year they used 725,000,000 pounds of coffee and 110,000,000 pounds of tea. At the average strength the coffee in the cups would measure 1,200,000,000 gallons and the tea 1,100,000,000 gallons. To these must be added beer, 1,200,000,000 gallons, wines 25,000,000, and distilled spirits, such as whiskey, brandy and rum, 90,000,000 gallons. This gives a total of over 3,600,000,000 gallons or about 48 gallons for each man, woman and child. If we add the cocoa, "soft" drinks, mineral waters, &c., the total, not including plain water used for drinking purposes, is easily swelled to 4,000,000,000 gallons, or more than a gallon a person per week of liquids other than clear water. On the average a person drinks his own weight of these drinks every three months.

All told, the consumption of solid food by this one nation during the year amounts in its raw state to some 90,000,000,000 pounds, or a little more than three pounds a day for each person. This means that the people eat their own weight of food about once each month. The total cost must be placed at not less than $3,500,000,000 a year, to which must be added another $1,000,000,000 for drinks, making the total for food and drink more than could be purchased by the entire gold supply of the world. Of this expenditure, roughly, $1,000,000,000 goes for meat and fish, $700,000,000 for eggs and dairy products, $500,000,000 for wheat and other grains, an equal amount for fruits and sugar, and $300,000,000 for vegetables.

The 90,000,000,000 pounds of food consumed is about 1,200 pounds a year for each person. Physiologists say that the grown man needs about 1,800 pounds, the grown woman 1,200 and the child from 500 to 1,000 pounds, so that on a fair average the Americans may be considered a well-fed people. As to whether this food is of the proper proportions to give well nourished bodies is another question. Careful analyses show that this bulk contains 47,000,000,000 pounds, or more than half the entire material, of nothing more substantial than water. That liquid is essential to the body, but may be more cheaply supplied in fluid form. Nearly another 1,000,000,000 pounds is composed of mineral matter, much of which is needed in bone making.

Of the 42,000,000,000 pounds that remain, 5,000,000,000 pounds are what the chemists call protein, which goes to form muscle and to enrich the blood. Another 30,000,000,000 pounds are carbo-hydrates, such as sugar and starch. In the digestive processes these are converted into fats, and, with the 7,000,000,000 pounds of other fats present in the food originally, serve for fuel and for giving strength to the muscles. Experiments show that the people would be better nourished if fully 2,000,000,000 pounds of these carbo-hydrates were replaced by an equal amount of protein. In other words, the nation should eat less sugar and starch and more lean meat, whole wheat flour, and beans. Americans are inclined to starve the machinery of their bodies while they put too much fuel into the furnaces.

The statement in billions of pounds of the food consumed by the nation is impressive, but far less so than if one could actually see these enormous quantities. As an aid in measuring one day's food of the American people, imagine that a giant 2,000 feet tall were to land on this continent from a distant planet. Larger by far than the famous giants found by Gulliver in the land of Brobdingnag, this monster would tower four times as high as Washington monument. Taking a seat on the Palisades overlooking the American metropolis, suppose he were to call upon the nation to supply him with food. He would need an amount equal to that consumed by the entire 75,000,000 people.

Set his daily supply before him and see what it would be. On a bread plate half as large as a city block would rest a loaf of bread 300 feet long and half as tall. Beside it would stand a pie as large around as a gasholder. From a saucer the size of a ferryboat he would sip his oatmeal with a spoon whose bowl could hold a trolley car. A smoking piece of beefsteak would be twenty-five feet thick and extend over an area equal to ten city lots; a covered dish contains three mammoth white potatoes and a sweet potato, each 100 feet long. His pat of butter would measure a hundred feet in diameter. By his side is a glass of milk as large as a water service tower, an egg 100 feet long, an apple of equal height, and a 600-foot cube of sugar, making up most of the day's food.

But the giant does not forget to ask for drink. Besides two or three glasses of water, each the height of a modern office building, he drinks half the beer from a bottle which towers above a twenty-story building, takes a sip of wine and two (giant) fingers of whiskey. A mammoth cup of coffee and another nearly as large of tea are disposed of during the day. Yet all this food and drink represents only the quantities of these articles that disappear down the throats of the American people every twenty-four hours.

QUANTRELL'S RAID ON LAWRENCE.

Boyish Recollections of the Massacre and the Vengeance That Followed.

"I read with much interest a story recently printed in THE SUN under the title of 'Quantrell's Black Flag,'" said a Kansan who is visiting New York. "I was a boy of twelve, living at Lawrence, Kan., when the city was sacked and burned by Quantrell and his followers. To understand the situation fully you must bear in mind the intense hatred that during the civil war existed between the Kansans and Missourians. This hatred grew out of the struggle between the pro-slavery men from Missouri, bent upon extending slavery into Kansas, and the Free-State immigrants from the North, equally determined that Kansas should come into the Union as a free State. It was a little war of itself waged with great bitterness. When the pro-slavery men massacred in cold blood a peaceable settlement of Northern men at Marais des Cygnes, old John Brown of the free State cause offset it by putting to death with the sword the pro-slavery settlers along Ossawatomie Creek. With these events fresh in mind it is easy to imagine the feeling of vindictiveness toward each other with which the Kansans and Missourians went into the civil war.

"At the time of the Quantrell raid, on Aug. 20, 1863, I was living in Lawrence at the house of a man named Ellis, attending school. In the early morning, before daylight, I was awakened by the sound of firing. I jumped from bed, pulled on my trousers and ran down stairs. Ellis had already got up and gone to the front gate. As soon as I had stepped to the door I could see plainly the blaze of rifles down the street and hear the sound of horses' hoofs beating the road with a noise like cavalry advancing, and with them the shouts of men and the screaming of women and children.

"Ellis turned back from the gate, ran through the house, catching up his shotgun as he went, and, calling to me to follow him, started for the nearest cornfield, a hundred yards back from the house. I looked once over my shoulder and saw horsemen riding after us through the yard; and if ever I used my legs for all they were worth, I did then. They fired three or four revolver shots at us while we were in view, but Ellis and I got to the cornfield ahead of them, and, once among the corn, ten feet high, in the darkness, we were as well hidden as if the ground had swallowed us up.

"From all along the main street of the town and its cross streets came the constant sound of shooting, with the calling out of orders and screaming of frightened women. Other fugitives came into the cornfield, women and children and a man or two, and as soon as they found out that Ellis and I were not Confederates they told us of husbands and fathers shot down unarmed at their doors. They said the raiders were sparing nobody.

"About 8 o'clock Ellis said that he was going back near enough to the town to see what was going on. If he did not return in half an hour I might follow him. So, carrying his gun at half cock, he crept off through the bushes and cornfield toward the town. He did not come back, and when I thought the half hour was up I went after him. The raiders had gone and the people were coming back from the woods and cornfields. There were dead men everywhere, lying as they had fallen, in the street and yards, in the doorways, and in the burning buildings. My impression is that there were 100 men killed in the massacre, though I have since seen the figures placed at 150. The horror of the thing was like a shadow over the town for years, and no one felt really safe there against another raid until after the close of the war.

"With the inevitable delay in summoning troops, Quantrell was able to make good his retreat into Missouri, where most of his force disbanded and went to their homes. But vengeance was not slow in overtaking some of them. A detachment of Kansas troops was soon in Missouri, and when they found any of the plunder from Lawrence in the house of a man it sealed his fate.

"'Twenty-seven men we hanged in one day because they were wearing checked shirts,' a Captain in a Kansas regiment said to me. 'In looting one of the Lawrence stores the raiders had taken a quantity of shirts of a peculiar checked pattern. When, on our return visit to Missouri, we struck a community where the men generally were wearing new shirts of this pattern, we knew we had got among the Quantrell raiders. There were no formalities of trial or waste of time. When we caught a man with one of these shirts on, he went up toward the limb of a cottonwood tree about as fast as a rope could be made to work.'

"With such a war as this you will understand the military necessity of Gen. Ewing's famous move in depopulating a strip some fifty miles in width of western Missouri, along the entire eastern border of Kansas. Some towns like Kansas City, which could be held by the Union troops, were spared, but the country people had all to go, leaving their farms and taking their choice whether to go east in Missouri or west into Kansas. It was a cruel stroke of war, but it broke up many nesting places of Confederate guerrillas and rendered Kansas practically safe against another raid like that of Quantrell."

THE RAILROAD ARMY.

A Larger Peace Establishment Than Any Country in the World Possesses.

The standing army of Russia is usually put at 800,000 men, of Germany at 600,000, of Austria at 275,000, and of Great Britain at 225,000, all on a peace footing. Yet there are, it appears by the last published report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, 830,000 railroad employees in the United States, whose gross wages and salaries are nearly $500,000,000 a year, or 62 per cent. of the operating expenses of the American railways. There are four employees, on the average, for each mile of railroad track. There are 30,049 station agents, 35,667 engineers, 25,322 conductors, 43,768 switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen, and 21,452 telegraph operators and despatchers. At the present ratio of increase—there are now 50,000 more railway employees in the United State than there were in 1895—the total number will not be very far below 1,000,000 at the time of the next census.

Here is an army in which there is no mustering out and no war footing, for the railroad army of the United States, larger than the number of railroad employees of any other country, is essentially an army of peace, and it is steadily growing at a rate larger than the railroads themselves, taking the mileage as a measure of their importance.

THE FISHES OF LAKE ERIE.

PECULIAR DISTRIBUTION IN THE WATER AT VARIOUS SEASONS.

The Lake Is Deep at One End and Shallow at the Other—The Great Herring Output—Muskallonge Decreasing Very Rapidly—The Waste in Gill-Net Fishing.

"There is something singular in the distribution of fishes in Lake Erie," said an old lake fisherman of Sandusky. "The lake tro[illegible] or the most valuable of lake fishes, is rare as the best in Lake Erie, but it is never taken west of Erie. On the other hand, pike and muskallonge are taken only west of Erie. If a fisherman is after lake herring, he knows he will be wasting his time if he sets his nets in the eastern waters. He seeks this beautiful and delicious fish at or west of Erie. The lake herring is the lesser whitefish of Lake Erie. Here is another queer thing; at least, it may seem so to those who don't know the reason. While Erie herring fishermen are hauling in fish by the ton in April and May, and getting a good many all through the summer, the fishermen further west know better than to wet their nets during those months, for they wouldn't get herring enough to make a smell in a frying pan. When fall comes, though, the Erie fishermen know enough to take out their nets and keep them out, and the Sandusky and other Western fishermen put theirs in.

"In the western waters the champion month for catching herring is November. The reason for this is that in that month the fish are moving in enormous schools on to the spawning grounds around Bass Island and grounds further west. A similar situation exists in the matter of whitefish. The most profitable months for taking them from the Erie deep-water fisheries are July and August, and the shallow-water fishermen to the westward don't get a chance at them until November. The sturgeon, the blue pike, and many other species regularly leave their spring and early summer haunts toward the end of July and seek the Canadian shore of the lake, and it will be useless to look for them in their old haunts again until the coming of the fierce November gales. Soon after the first hard sou'wester the blue pike will appear on its old feeding grounds and the sturgeon be found nosing around again in Sandusky Bay.

"One of the most lamentable facts about the fish of the lakes is that the muskallonge, that king of game fishes, is decreasing in numbers every year. The home of this great fish is in the deep waters of the lakes. It is only when it is on its annual spawning migration to the streams and tributaries of the lakes that the sportsman with rod and line comes in contact with the muskallonge. It ascends those streams to spawn, and when that duty is performed the gigantic pike turns its head homeward again and seeks once more the depths of the lakes. It is not due to the fishing that the muskallonge is growing rarer every year in the lakes, but to the defilement of the spawning grounds by the sewage of towns and the refuse of manufacturing establishments.

"There is something also that is playing hob with the sturgeon of Lake Erie, and one of these days, if the sturgeon fishermen don't mend their ways, they will wake up and find their ugly but valuable fish one of the has beens. Sturgeon spawn in June along the rocky ledges of the eastern end of the lake and leave deep water the same month. They travel in schools. The favorite method the fishermen have of taking them is by grappling irons. Attaching a far-reaching grappling iron to a long rope, the fisherman throws it overboard and drags it along by rowing. When this overtakes a school of sturgeon the grappler knows it at once by the strike the iron makes on a fish. The line is then drawn up hand over hand, and if the grappling hook fixed itself firmly in the sturgeon, the fisherman will probably get his fish aboard. If not, it will tear loose, perhaps mortally hurt. Thousands of sturgeon are killed in this way every year and become a dead loss.

"About 2,000,000 pounds of sturgeon alone are handled at Sandusky every year, nearly one-third of which are taken near that place. Three-fourths of that immense quantity of sturgeon are taken by Buffalo fishermen. Tons of sturgeon roe are spiced and pickled at Sandusky annually, and the trade in isinglass made from the air bladders of that fish is an important one. A sturgeon's roe will weigh from twenty to sixty pounds. Three-quarters of the Sandusky caviare is sent to Germany, and is exported from that country back to this in large quantities, the same as the finest English dairy cheese is made up in Cattaraugus county, sent to England and shipped back here again. Sandusky gets 10 cents a pound for her caviare, and lays by quite a snug pile annually from its sale. Yet it was only a few years ago that the sturgeon came to be looked upon with even a small degree of favor by lake fishermen. Now smoked sturgeon is found not only in the markets of all the large cities and towns, but in country stores also, while fresh sturgeon is one of the highest priced of fresh-water fishes.

"The lake herring is a wonderful variety of fish. In spite of the thousands upon thousands of tons of them that have been taken from Lake Erie in the last few years, they are more abundant than ever, and they are the only lake fish of which that can be said. Sometimes the nets will be so jammed with herring that the market will be knocked galleywest.

"In none of the other great lakes do the conditions for fish seem to be so favorable as in Lake Erie. This is due in a great measure, fish culturists think, to the variations in the depth which are peculiar to that lake. The western end is shallow, and thus provides vast areas for spawning grounds. The deep water at the eastern end is an almost boundless retreat for the half-grown young. The line between deep and shallow water seems to be drawn at Cleveland, for west of that city the water is not more than sixty feet deep anywhere, and the average depth will perhaps fall below forty. East of that line the water grows rapidly deeper until it reaches a depth of 225 feet in some places.

"It is estimated that 6,000 tons of fish are salted along Lake Erie annually; not less than 5,000 tons are frozen and probably 2,000 tons are smoked. The amount of fish sold from Lake Erie places fresh, which is principally a local trade, will reach 18,000 tons a year. These figures represent the catch of Lake Erie only. The other lakes west of Erie add something like 50,000 tons to the annual total of the supply. While Lake Erie produces more fish than any of the other lakes, the whitefish of Lake Superior surpass those of Lake Erie in quality—as they do all other whitefish. The lake trout of Lake Superior are also the finest in the world. Lake Michigan produces a close second to Lake Erie in whitefish, and exceeds all the other great lakes in amount of lake trout.

"Fishing in Lake Erie is done with pound and gill nets. The gill net is used almost exclusively by the fishermen at Erie, and, in fact, almost everywhere in the Eastern waters. Half the whitefish taken from Lake Erie are caught in gill nets, which is to be regretted, for these nets are doing untold damage to the whitefish supply of the lake, not on account of the fish they catch, but of the fish that are destroyed and wasted by them. The fish are caught by getting fast in the meshes by their gills, hence the name of the net. The fish thus caught soon die. Whitefish are so delicate that a few hours' delay in removing them from the nets makes them worthless. Gill-net fishermen plan to lift their nets every forty-eight hours.

"Lake Erie is subject to fierce storms that frequently continue several days, during which it is impossible for nets to be lifted. Thus hundreds of tons of choice whitefish, to say nothing of the other varieties, are held in the nets until they are of no use and have to be thrown away. This feature of gill-net fishing has done more to lessen the number of whitefish in the lakes than any other one thing. The pound net is used almost exclusively in the western waters of the lake, and with the exception of whitefish, a large percentage of the fish taken in Lake Erie are caught in pound nets. There are now several hundred miles of them stretched along the lake, some of the lines being from ten to fifteen miles long."

KILLED A DEER WITH A CLUB.

Unexpected Venison for a Surveyor Going Along a Railroad in the Adirondacks.

HERKIMER, Sept. 10.—Surveyor D. C. Wood of this village has brought home the saddles and hind quarters of a two-year-old doe that he killed along the Mohawk and Malone Railroad with a club. Mr. Wood has been in the Adirondacks surveying for Dr. Seward Webb and last Thursday morning he started to walk from Beaver River to Keepawa on the Mohawk and Malone Railroad track. Near Brandreth station the road runs through a swamp and the embankment is about ten feet high. Just as he reached that point he happened to look over one side of the track, and there, not ten feet away, was a deer feeding in the underbrush, which grew close to the track. He laid down his instruments carefully, and taking a step or two toward the deer, hit her over the head with his surveyor's staff. The blow felled the deer, and before it recovered Mr. Wood jumped down the embankment and cut its throat with a penknife.

Deer are very plentiful in the Adirondacks and a few days ago a large buck was killed by the Montreal express a few miles above Beaver River station. The deer was on the track and when the train approached ran ahead for some distance before it was struck.