

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A True Story of a Very Dark Night in Eastern Virginia.

Though I served three years and four months in the northern army during the great war of '61 to '65, and though I participated in 17 heavy battles and many skirmishes and was very often on scouting or picket duty, I have never before written a story of any one of my adventures, thinking sometime to publish a book of biographical sketches and anecdotes of my war experience. But I will relate one of the most thrilling adventures of my life, reserving the right to use it in the book above mentioned, providing I ever get time to write the book, says Lyman E. Stowe, in the National Tribune.

I have read many exciting stories of the great war; blood-curdling stories, hair-raising stories; stories that were intended to arouse a feeling of wonder, patriotism and pride in our soldiery; but I never read an adventure that bore the earmarks of truth which quite equaled this startling and strange experience of my own, which I vouch for as truth.

It was just after Burnside took command of the Army of the Potomac and started the army moving toward Richmond.

My regiment, the Second Michigan, had done some mighty hard fighting under that old hero of Chapultepec, the gallant Kearny. But now we were transferred to the First division, Ninth corps.

This corps was noted as one which had done much traveling and hard fighting. It had established the first foothold in South Carolina, made a dash in North Carolina, had taken an active part in Pope's campaign, with headquarters in the saddle, and won many laurels at the battle of Antietam.



We Soon Had Every One of the Thirty. Now its gallant commander was placed in command of the mighty Army of the Potomac.

Is it any wonder that the boys of my regiment should feel like a cat in a strange garret or like a child that had lost its parents and been sent to live among strangers?

Our old general, whom we had nearly worshipped, was killed at the battle of Chantilly, and his command broken up, and we were separated from our dear old comrades and placed among strangers. To add to our discomfort, we were reminded by our new comrades that we were now under a general that would lead us to Richmond and success, and told that the Ninth corps would show us how to fight, as though we knew nothing about fighting, after a year and a half of hard campaigning.

The comrades of my regiment talked the matter over, and concluded that we were considered interlopers, as it were, and would probably be placed in every hole where it was considered necessary to sacrifice men. This idea seemed borne out by the fact that on the very first day after we joined the Ninth corps we were placed on the extreme right, and to lead the advance of the army in its march toward Richmond. There was nothing ahead of us but a company of cavalry, and that was considered worse than nothing, for at this time a dead cavalryman had never been seen by a member of my regiment, unless it was in the hospital, where he had died for the want of exercise. However, we would not have cared for this had we not been compelled to march long after dark, silently picking our way through fields and woodlands, cautioned every minute to look out and prevent the rattle of cups or click of accouterments.

At length we were halted in a field called White Plains, a place I have never to this day been able to locate, except that it is somewhere in east Virginia.

We fled into the field and stacked arms, a picket guard was detailed, and we were told to make ourselves comfortable.

We soon found the balance of the brigade to which we were assigned had come up behind us and gone into camp so silently that we hardly knew

they were there. Not a fire had been built, and hardly a man in their camp could be seen stirring. Not so with the Second Michigan. They were seeking wood and water and such things as would tend to make them comfortable. It must needs be extreme measures indeed that would keep a Second Michigan man from his cup of coffee before retiring for the night.

I left my bunk-mate to build a fire, put up our dog tent, and prepared such things as were necessary for our comfort, while I took my musket and our canteens and plunged off into the darkness in search of water. On, on, I went, stumbling through fields and climbing over fences, until I began to think I was a full mile from camp, and, quite likely, away outside of our picket lines.

I had apparently far outstripped all my comrades who were on the same errand, and who had probably become discouraged by their failure to find water and had turned back, for it was deathly still. I could not hear a sound anywhere, but I determined I would not give up until I found water. Ah, what is that dark line ahead? A few steps more and close scrutiny proves to me it is a piece of woods. There, surely, I must find water. In my mind I was already filling my canteen with fresh, cool water, and thinking of my bunk-mate's delight when I should return triumphant when so many had failed.

Let the reader imagine himself in an enemy's country, a mile from any comrade, stumbling through the fields, over fences and ditches, the night as dark as a stack of black cats, doubting whether or not he could find his way back to camp, nerves entirely unstrung by passing events, and expecting every moment to be fired upon by an ambushed foe. If he can imagine himself in that predicament, he will be able to understand something of my feelings as I approached that piece of timber, only to find a large growth of cedars planted for a fence, which separated two fields or meadows.

I picked my way along the fence very carefully until I found a passage-way through. As I passed through the sky beyond the dark line made it appear much lighter. But, ye gods! what had I done? As I stepped over the ridge of ground that is always found along these growing fences, stepped squarely on a man who, with four others, were lying flat upon their stomachs and looking out over the field. The man I trod on turned over, and it brought me to my knees, as he exclaimed, "Who the devil are you?" I answered, "A Yankee soldier, and the first man that moves does, for I am not alone, so surrender at once." "The devil; so are we," was his reply. He continued in a whisper, "We belong to the Second Michigan and we will have hot work in a minute, for they are just ahead of us over in the field. I am glad you have come with help." I then explained that I was alone, but that I would stand by them.

I asked why they did not send a man out to reconnoiter. The reply was, "We have, and as soon as he returns we will go back to camp."

While we were talking in whispers he came in, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Boys, there are about 30 of them out there, and if we are careful we can capture them all."

"What," said I, you certainly do not expect seven of us can capture 30, do you?"

"Of course, we can," said he, continuing. "My plan is to creep up on them, each one of us grab one without frightening the rest, bring him back, cut his throat, then go for another. In this way we can capture every one without firing a shot."

"But," I replied, "that is against the rules of war to cut a prisoner's throat." The answer was, "Oh, stuff! There is no time for nonsense, and if we try any other way, some of them will get away."

We followed the directions of our guide, and, sure enough, we soon had every one of the 30 at the gap in the fence, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

"What," I think I hear the reader say; "you don't want us to believe seven men captured 30 Confederates without firing a shot, do you?"

Who in thunder is talking about Confederates. But I forgot; it is perfectly natural that the reader should fall into the same error that I did. The 30 were good, fat sheep, and the Second Michigan had excellent fresh mutton for breakfast, while the rest of the Ninth corps had to put up withhardtack and sawboshon.

But I never heard the last of the joke of trying to capture five men alone, and then being afraid to be one of seven to capture 30 sheep.

When we got to camp the boys had already cooked fresh beef, and there was plenty of nice, fresh water within a stone's throw of the camp.

In conclusion, I will say that as far as fighting qualities are concerned, the Ninth corps, including the Second Michigan, found, whether it was in the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Potomac or the Army of the Cumberland, for we fought in each army, that one regiment of American soldiers was about as good as another, if the conditions under which they fought were the same.

Western Follies in the East.

In the east one may be a bachelor and in virtue thereof enjoy the hospitality of a bachelor's married friends indefinitely, but the moment after the bachelor commits the indiscretion of marriage the Nemesis of tennis and bridge parties overtakes him with the same ruthlessness with which he preyed for entertainment on those who had married before him. The moral of the east for young men with economical views is—don't marry.

CHARMING AND EFFECTIVE.



For Autumn Wear in Carriage or Automobile.

To Save Space in a Flat.

Rules for Space Economy That Are Also Applicable to a Small House--Eliminate All Unnecessary Articles of Furniture.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Living in a flat in a big city is being packed like a sardine in a box with others packed equally as close and equally requiring to save space.

You know how it feels to stand beside a trunk that is wholly inadequate for the number of articles that must be forced within its limits. The careful packer folds and rolls and squeezes and takes advantage of every tiny vacancy until not an atom of room is left. When the trunk is full to repletion and the trays refuse to let the cover fall into place, there is rearrangement, perhaps more adjustment and finally somebody having coaxed the reluctant lid to approach the lock, jumps on it, stands on top, and presto! the thing is done. "That trunk is packed," the owner cries, with a blissful relief, turning to the next thing to be done, with a comfortable assurance that it will be what the boys call a "clinch" compared with the task of the trunk.

"Why do you take so many dresses and encumber yourself with so much luggage?" remonstrates a practical aunt from the country, who cannot comprehend the necessity of carrying one's complete wardrobe away when one goes on a visit. "Why not carry two trunks?" asks the good-natured uncle who has plenty of money, and does not see the sense of being inconvenienced in the matter of boxes that may be handled by express and baggage men.

The trunk's owner cannot afford two trunks, and she does not wish to omit a single pretty costume. Therefore she endures the agony of packing without a murmur.

For the trunk substitute an ordinary six or eight-room flat in a tall apartment house. If the householder is so well-to-do that he can pay rent for two flats, one above the other, or one opposite the other, across the hall, his problem will solve itself; but city rents are a formidable item of expense. They are forever soaring upward and growing higher. They eat a frightful hole into the average income. To live anywhere near one's business and near one's friends one must be resigned to putting a generous monthly sum into the landlord's pocket. The landlord cannot help himself, for in his turn he pays tremendous taxes and has an ever-increasing outlay in the matter of repairs. Workmen, from plumbers to painters, from carpenters to roofers, charge what seem to those who foot the bills extortionate prices. It goes all around the circle. To live decently in any large town costs a lot of money. This being the case, housekeepers select the flat that offers the greatest inducements in light and air, and proceed to settle their belongings as conveniently as they can.

The greatest benefit that could possibly happen to a great many flat-dwellers would be to have a big bonfire near by in a vacant lot while some despoiler seized upon their goods and chattels and threw them in. Everybody who has kept house over five years owns more furniture and accumulates more articles than are absolutely essential to comfort and luxury. Nobody can bear to part with a single thing. This was a wedding present that was bought the day when the baby had her first birthday; the other was brought by a visiting cousin from Australia. Somebody has said, was it Emerson, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." They certainly are in the saddle, and ride mankind with a vengeance when the home is in a flat.

The first suggestion as to saving space is the practical one of eliminating sternly whatever can be spared. The storage warehouse should accommodate every superfluous stick of furniture until a time comes when wider quarters and ampler environment may be secured.

A city flat is a thing of make-shifts. Possibly in one or two rooms a bedstead with springs, mattresses and pillows, a bedstead that announces itself for what it is and stands in full

view all day long will be tolerated. Ordinarily people who live in flats take to folding beds. These masquerade by day as bureaus, book-cases, sideboards and other contrivances. The folding bed that successfully deceives the elect has not yet been invented. It looks like a book-case on casual inspection, but the cloven feet peep out and a closer glance reveals the reality. Divans and lounges are less objectionable and more popular because a room with a divan looks like a living-room, a library or a drawing-room and does not shout at you the fact that at night this is a bed-room. Added to this, divans are often long chests and hollow in which all sorts of things are kept.

Everywhere in a city flat there are boxes and packages carefully concealed from sight. Behind portieres, under chairs, in the bathroom, in the niches that by courtesy are called closets, the goods, the wearing apparel and the usual possessions of a home, are thriftily disposed and sedulously concealed from observation. I have seen a very charming dressing table draped with spotless curtains of dimity and surmounted by an adjustable mirror. This at intervals was pulled apart and its foundation turned out to be the gas range on which tea was made or breakfast was cooked. Laundry tubs when the washing and ironing are done out of the house are a perfect God-send to the woman whose space is small, while her horde of things is large. The tubs may be made at once to screen from view and to accommodate articles of general utility. They are an admirable safe deposit for shirtwaists and other articles of feminine raiment, including picture hats and the like. Their top makes an excellent table for lamps, books and papers.

I remember a small flat reached by several flights of stairs and made alluring by a little stairway leading up to a great airy roof. This was the home one winter of what I may call a colony of girls. They were art students, journalists and newspaper women. Every inch of space in their flat was made available, and the bewilderment of the pretty southern matron mother of one sweet maiden, a woman who had come from an ample home in Kentucky to hover over this brood, with her motherly wings, was both amusing and pathetic. She had been used to a large house with wide verandas, high ceilings and a vast attic. Imagine her dismay when fitted in to a spot that covered its tenants as a very tight glove covers a plump hand. But she made the best of the situation and helped the girls to get fun out of it.

In order to save space in a city flat one must be clever, original and quick-witted. One must do without some conveniences. One must be contented to take a good deal of trouble. In the downtown tenements it is said that bathtubs are converted into coal bins. This is done by people who, having had the good fortune to rent a model tenement in some of the newer houses, are not yet educated so far as to appreciate a daily bath.

Refined and fastidious people cannot save space by utilizing the bathtub for anything beyond its design. This, however, is almost their only restriction. Notwithstanding continual objections and prohibitions, few women resist the opportunities offered by the fire-escape and, in short, wherever there is a jutting edge or a convenient ledge or a peg or a shelf, something is found to stand on it and it serves a double purpose.

Notwithstanding so much planning and managing, the city flat makes the shell of many a very pleasant home. It does not lend itself well to a family of growing children. By the time baby No. 3 arrives mothers make up their minds that they must go farther uptown or emigrate to a suburb. For young married people, for wage-earning women keeping house on a cooperative basis, the city flat has its advantages.

Wheat in Western Canada

A Good Crop of Excellent Quality Has Been Raised This Year.

The grain crops estimates from the Canadian West make a range of from 87,000,000 to 115,000,000 bushels, and an accurate statement will be somewhere between these figures—probably not far from 90,000,000 bushels. This year a larger acreage was sown, estimated at an increase of from 18 to 20 per cent, and had the average yield of last year been maintained, the aggregate would assuredly have gone considerably beyond the 100,000,000 bushel mark. The exceptionally large influx of settlers was responsible to a considerable extent for much of the increased area, and, there can be no doubt, is also responsible for a part of the decreased average yield. The first crop raised by the new settler—often unacquainted with the conditions of western agriculture—is not usually prolific, and 1905-06 placed a very large number of amateur farmers behind the stilt of the plow; but they will learn, and learn fast, and with another season or two will help to raise the average instead of depressing it.

Of the estimates to hand, that of the Northwest Grain Dealers' association is the lowest: Wheat, 87,203,000 bushels; oats, 75,725,600 bushels, and barley, 16,980,600 bushels. The Winnipeg Free Press sent out five special correspondents, who returned

1904.			
Manitoba	29,162,458	36,239,279	11,177,970
Saskatchewan	15,944,730	10,756,350	586,338
Alberta	786,075	5,509,496	1,608,241
	55,893,263	52,505,125	13,384,547

1905.			
Manitoba	55,781,418	45,484,025	14,064,025
Saskatchewan	28,107,288	19,212,055	832,338
Alberta	2,297,524	9,514,180	1,773,914
	84,186,229	74,211,260	16,711,338

This year, the lowest returns as we have stated, are estimated at: Wheat, 87,203,000 bushels; oats, 75,725,600, and barley at 16,980,600 bushels, which is very satisfactory, if not absolutely satisfying. To better appreciate this fact, all that is necessary to do is to go back 25 years in the history of Western Canada. At that time the agricultural product of the whole country was confined to Manitoba, and consisted of 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, on an acreage of 51,300 and 1,270,268 bushels of oats. The entire crop was at that time required for local purposes, and the export trade was an unknown quantity. To-day, allowing nearly 20,000,000 bushels of wheat for local consumption and seedling, there will be about 70,000,000 bushels for export, which at 70 cents per bushel will bring in outside money to the extent of nearly \$50,000,000. The barley and oats exported are good for an additional \$25,000,000, and



Wheat and Oat Farms, Elbow Valley, Twelve Miles West of Calgary.

after 20 days with a somewhat better report and gave reasons for the faith that was in them. They had traveled all through the spring wheat district; had driven 1,400 miles through the grain country, besides traveling thousands of miles by rail; and they had visited 93 localities and knew whereof they spoke. They reported: Wheat, 90,250,000 bushels, on 4,750,000 acres, with an average yield of 19 bushels per acre. The western division of the Bank of Commerce also investigated with the following result:

Alberta.			
	Acres.	Yield per acre.	Bushels.
Wheat	141,421	20	2,828,420
Barley	75,874	30	2,276,240
Oats	322,923	40	12,916,920
	540,222		18,015,680
Saskatchewan.			
Wheat	1,331,649	22	29,296,278
Barley	41,273	30	1,238,190
Oats	542,483	40	21,699,320
	1,915,405		52,233,788
Manitoba.			
Wheat	3,141,537	19	60,689,203
Barley	474,243	30	14,227,290
Oats	1,155,961	40	46,238,440
	4,771,740		120,154,933
Total			188,389,141
Wheat			91,813,500
Oats			80,854,680
Barley			17,780,970

All of which goes to show that a wheat crop of nearly if not fully 90,000,000 bushels may be safely counted



A Still Better Outfit Seven Miles West of Morden.

upon. This is less than was looked for by some enthusiastic western people, who maintained that increased acreage necessarily meant an increased aggregate. Still, 90,000,000 bushels of wheat is 6,000,000 better than what was looked upon last year as a good crop, and we do not think Western Canada has much cause to feel down in the mouth because the some of its anticipations on the wheat crop may not have been realized. Taking one year with another, that country has demonstrated that it can be depended upon as a great wheat growing territory, and has to be reckoned with in the markets of the world.

The yield in oats has been increased this year by nearly 1,500,000 bushels, the aggregate estimate being 75,725,600, with the average at 41.2 bushels to the acre. The estimated crop of barley is placed at 16,980,600 bushels, which is a slight increase over the total of last year. Of flax the estimate given is 630,184 bushels, which is a material increase upon last year's figures.

Following are the figures in detail for wheat, oats, and barley in Western Canada for the three years last past:

1903.			
	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.
Manitoba	40,116,878	23,135,774	8,797,262
Saskatchewan	15,121,015	9,244,977	955,523
Alberta	1,118,182	5,187,511	1,077,274
	56,356,075	37,568,262	10,830,059

the combined amounts, together with that received from dairying and other sources, are bound to make financial conditions very easy in the Canadian West until the next harvest matures.

In the last week of August a tour of inspection was made along the line of railway in the wheat area by the Northwest Grain Dealers' association and a number of American grain experts. What they saw convinced them that not only was the crop a good average one, but the quality of the grain grown was admittedly of the best quality, and more than one of the visitors stated that although the yield might have been larger, the quality could hardly have been improved. Speaking on this point, Mr. J. F. Whalley, the well-known wheat man of Minneapolis, said:

"The quality of the crop is excellent, and I think the average will be No. 1 Northern. I was up with the grain men two years ago, and I am very much struck with the improvement that has taken place in these two years. The growth is certainly marvelous; there is not a better country in the world than the Canadian Northwest."

The past few years, in which agriculture has been carried on to any great extent, have brought the prob-

lem of transportation very prominently to the front, and there is a railway development in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. Such as has never been seen anywhere. There are at present over 6,000 miles of railway in operation in that country, and a conservative calculation of the lines now in course of construction places the extent at 5,000 additional miles; a large portion of which will be completed during the present year. This means the opening up of a considerably increased agricultural area, and there is every reason to believe that in a very few years the agricultural wealth of the country will be developed to such an extent that instead of "A Hundred Million Bushel Crop" it will not be out of place to refer to the crop as "500,000,000 bushels of wheat for export." This may look like drawing the long bow at the present time, but, in the light of what has been done by Western Canada in the past five or ten years, there is no limit that can be placed upon what may be done in the five or ten years immediately in front of that lusty young giant of the West.

An Odious Comparison.

"Doesn't Scrubby look cheap beside that magnificent, well-dressed wife of his?"

"I should say so! He looks like a bar-tender's shirt-stud beside the Koh-i-noor."—Judge.