

THE LOST PROVINCES.

How Vansittart Came Back to France.

By Louis Tracy.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Flight.

From the route between the Tuilleries and the Gare de Lyon an obscure street leads northward a little way into the Rue Brevet. The Rue Brevet itself is an alley, not used for carriages on account of its narrowness. Armand occupied three very poorly furnished apartments on the fifth floor of No. 6, Vansittart, having left the main road, stopped at the beginning of the alley and alighted. He was wrapped in a long waterproof, and had an umbrella. Jim Bates, who preceded him, had by that time almost reached the station. Vansittart told his coachman to wait, and started down the street.

Following behind him was Marie, bent beneath the rain. She had stood beneath a doorway waiting and watching for the coming of the solitary figure, intending to guide him to the house, if need were. But without much difficulty he discovered No. 6, rang, and was conducted by an old woman concierge to the stairway. He began the long climb. He was a few minutes late. At the top of the Carhaix family in the Rue Fignolle.

When Marie saw Vansittart within the courtyard she hurried back to her nook of shelter from the pouring rain and crouched waiting for him to reappear.

As for Folliet, he got from Agnes the whole plot in all its details. Then he almost hunted her out of the carriage. But he had so many things to do, and so many places to go to all at the same time, that he lost a full minute in agonized reflections. Then he called out: "The Tuilleries!"

The first clear necessity was to discover whether Vansittart had received his telegram, and if so, whether or not he had now actually set out in spite of it.

He hastily scribbled a note on a leaf torn from his pocketbook and gave it to a warder with instructions to deliver it to the officer on duty. It contained an order to dispatch instantly a body of armed gendarmes to the Rue Brevet. He himself went tearing at a gallop to the same point. The storm had emptied the streets, there was hardly a stoppage to his swift career.

In a few minutes, he and Marie, for the first time, were face to face. He was about to rush into the gate of 9 Rue Brevet, when, also rushing in, he met Marie, she coming from the direction of the other end of the street.

Folliet glanced at her face, and from the description he had received of her, suspected. "Who are you?" he asked. "Marie Carhaix."

"Where is Mr. Vansittart?" "Where is Mr. Vansittart?" She started violently. "Mr. Vansittart, monsieur? I can tell you nothing of him."

"Ah, good girl! But see, I am a friend—I am the friend of police—my name is Folliet. Tell me quick—quick, now—do I am a friend—can't you see? Look in my face—can't you see? Do I look like one—Ah, tell me, my little friend—do!"

Marie hesitated. She had an instinct in his favor—a feeling that he was probably honest. Then she remembered her instructions from Evelyn—never a word must pass her lips. Folliet saw her face harden.

Vansittart had, a minute before, passed her on his way back to his carriage. As soon as she had seen him emerge she had started to run with glad and eager feet toward the house, knowing her husband was awaiting her. This, poor girl, was her honeymoon—the time of the beginning of the great drama was to come. She had made no delay to tie to the arms that had made no delay to that which Folliet had alighted.

The detective's coachman had made that end of the street his point of arrival because it was more quickly reached from the Tuilleries, by two short cuts, than the other.

Folliet saw the face of Marie harden against his almost frantic appeal. "Ah, if I only knew, my child," he cried, and rushed toward the courtyard, without more waste of time.

Up the five flights of stairs he flew, and for a minute crouched, panting, listening, outside Armand's entry door. He heard nothing but a rather quick tramping to and fro in the room. It was Armand, vested with Vansittart and all things, throbbing with impatience for the footstep of his bride on the stairs.

Folliet burst into the room. "Is Mr. Vansittart gone, then?" he cried. Armand started, wholly unprepared for twenty "Who are you, monsieur?" "Tell me! Tell me! how long ago?" "It is I who have asked a question, monsieur."

stunned or dead near a carriage wheel. He lifted the heavy hand, and it fell back upon the paving stones.

The detachment of police which he had ordered to the spot had not yet arrived. Should he await them? But to what end? And if not, whether should he go? He did not know.

Vansittart, meanwhile, locked in one of the little compartments of the prison van captured that day, was being driven through the nearly deserted streets of Paris.

When he returned to his carriage he had found the van there, and his coachman already laid low. At the same time he was surrounded by men.

"They had the insolence to jest. One of them, continued to perorate a policeman, said: "Mr. Vansittart, I find it my unpleasant duty to arrest you."

Vansittart was well fitted to bear the inevitable. When there was nothing to be done, he did not attempt to do anything. A twitch of despair pierced like a sword through his heart, but he said, quite blithely: "For how long, gentlemen?"

"Four days," said one. "Well, that is moderation itself. But the night is full—let us seek shelter. Please do not touch my right shoulder."

They conducted him to a compartment in the van. The others took their place within the outer door was locked, the policeman took their stations on the steps and on the driver's seat. The van went lumbering off.

Errouste, Vansittart did what his captors had expected that he would do—he made a noise. He beat upon the thick woodwork of the van, shouting, calling his own name. But the prison van proved to be a good thought. He was supposed to be some drunken rascal howling away the riotous mood of his inebriation.

Between the hours of 9 o'clock, when the van had been captured, and 10:30, when it started from its hiding place to go to the Rue Brevet, the vehicle had lain concealed within the courtyard of a great building shut in by a high wall. It was a depository for grain, a corn warehouse, situated in that region of commerce behind the Rue du Faubourg Poissonniere. The distance from there to the Rue Brevet was some five minutes by the prison van, and the route lay mostly through dark and narrow streets.

The warehouse was in the hands of a wealthy German merchant; and the key of the gate was in possession of the conspirators.

When the van had been got inside the gate, it was drawn up against the wall, the gate was relocked, and Vansittart's cell was opened. They took the van and passed through the flag-paved courtyard to the building.

The men, with their prisoner, ascended four flights of stairs. It was evident that they did not know the place, for, all the while, detachments of them ran opening doors here and there, seeking for a suitable apartment to which to conduct their captive. At last one of them, opening a door, cried aloud: "In here, then?"

They entered. It was an extremely large apartment, heaped in various parts with bags of grain. In one corner, railed off from the rest of the room by an iron railing, was a small square sort of alcove.

The men looked the door of their entrance upon themselves, and gathered round a table. Vansittart shook the wet from his waterproof, and sat among them on the bench.

Among the men there began at once a guttural discussion in rapid German. It was a question of the best way to proceed. Vansittart, what was now to be done with Vansittart. This, the simplest detail of all the plot, had it was clear, not been yet considered.

Just visible, was the grating which shut off it above from the apartment. "No! only come with us this way, Mr. Vansittart," said one.

Vansittart bowed, rose and followed three of them. When they came to the grating they found that it was locked, but the padlock by which it was secured had in it the rusty key. It turned with a squeak, the grating swung back, and Vansittart stepped into the alcove.

As he did so he shivered, and drew his waterproof high up round his chin. The night was cold, and his feet were wet. The men shut the grating upon him and returned to their party.

Vansittart had not stood there thirty seconds, when he felt a sudden hand clapped over his mouth, and deep in his ear heard the snakelike hiss of the words: "Not a syllable! I am Folliet."

The next moment he felt the flooring gently give way beneath him. In his astonishment and dismay, he caught for support at the receding railing; he was sinking—the railing was rising from him! His clutching hand, in its passage through the air, struck upon a rope.

He only succeeded in preventing himself from bursting into loud laughter, he was in a life. The lift was used for the raising and lowering of grain between the upper and lower rooms in this part of the building. Past the third, the second, the first floors they slowly and noiselessly sank. Then only Folliet spoke.

"Well, sir, I think there may now be a chance."

"M. Folliet, allow me to compliment you on your ubiquity."

"There'll be a race, sir, no doubt. Can you climb a gate?"

"I hope so. But they are engaged in a discussion which may last some time."

"I don't fancy it will, sir. The stillness of the alcove will attract them, they will go to look. We may not have a moment to lose."

They were in deepest darkness. They were near the level of the ground floor. He touched a rope. They alighted, ran through a storeroom, down a passage, came to an outer door, and, passing down the steps, were in the courtyard.

"We can climb on to the van, sir, and so gain the wall. Then there is a good high drop on the other side."

They ran forward, flinching and cowering beneath the scourge of the pelting rain, like people toiling on under a burden. When they came near the gate in order to climb the van, Folliet, to make sure, groped about the lock on the inside, and, to his surprise, found that the Germans, after turning the key, had left it there.

"Here, I lock, sir," he said, in a low voice. "We need not climb, after all. And I can now offer you a shelter from this rain."

At once he threw the gate wide, seized the angular head of one of the drenched horses, and slowly and cautiously led the van from the yard.

He conducted Vansittart to the steps at the end, relocked the gate and locked it on the outside, mounted to the driver's seat and started. Inside the van Vansittart was sitting in the very cell which he had occupied in his journey to the warehouse.

When Folliet thought himself out of hearing of the conspirators he whipped the horses into a gallop. Once he was hailed by a policeman, who, faithful to his recently received instructions, pursued the van.

Folliet, blowing a whistle of alarm, Folliet, blowing his whistle continually, took no notice. He made straight for the Rue Brevet and at one end of it jumped down.

Drawn up along the street he found the detachment of gendarmes whom he had ordered to be there. He gave the sergeant the key to the warehouse gate, and told him to pack his men into the coils of the van.

They were to go to the warehouse, replace the van in its former position, lock the gate on the inside and remain, all of them hidden, until the conspirators appeared.

There was to be no arrest inside the house, lest some of them might escape. One of the policemen who he told off to drive Vansittart's carriage back to the Tuilleries.

At the other end of the street waited Folliet's own carriage. He and Vansittart both started at it, entered and started for the station.

Somewhere about the same time one of the conspirators, the discussion at the table being ended, walked toward the alcove to fetch Vansittart. He noted as he came near that he did not see the millionaire, but, without surprise, for the recess was in deep shadow, and its inner part in unqualified darkness. He walked to the grating, opened it and stepped inward, and, without a cry, perished. The drop from the fourth to the ground floor was one of some ninety feet.

Then a second, after a minute or two, having seen him go and not return, sauntered listlessly toward the recess, and, with out a cry, perished. Then a third. But now these mysterious disappearances began to be noted. Cries of "Where are they?" "What the devil—? What's the row?" were heard. There was the snatching up of the lamp, the eager tramp, the hurried inspection, the wild discovery! The whole body started at one another's gaping mouths; then, with a single impulse, started in eager chase through the room, down the stairs, into the courtyard.

There, lying dark and still, beneath the

drench of rain, was the van, splintered and dead as that wooden horse of Troy, whose entrails were treachery and armed men.

"But tell me, M. Folliet," said Vansittart, lying back wearily and patiently in the carriage which bore him at last to the long-waiting train, "tell me, since you are man, and not omniscient, how came you there, in that warehouse, in that lift?"

"There is nothing simpler, sir," said Folliet. "Properly speaking, you owe your escape not to me, but to the revenge of a woman."

"Indeed?" "A woman named Agnes Carhaix—the sister of the Marie whom Mrs. Vansittart knows."

Agnes, in all the venom of her hatred, had braved rain and storm to witness the arrest of the Germans in the Rue Brevet. She ran thither immediately after her revelation to Folliet. For a little while she waited, lurking and spying. Bitter was her disappointment when she saw them accomplish their purpose, and drive off Vansittart. But she followed them; saw them enter the warehouse, and returned breathless to the Rue Brevet in the hope of meeting Folliet. In the very moment of his acute despair, she touched him on the arm.

"It so happens, sir," said Folliet, having told the whole story of the sisters Carhaix, "that about five years ago an ouvrier employed in that very warehouse murdered his sweetheart and hid himself for quite three weeks in the wilderness of the building. I myself had the task of searching for and finding him; you will therefore understand how it is that I know every cranny of the place. From the courtyard just now, as soon as ever I climbed over the wall,

brigades is given the honor of leading the van. By night we shall have taken a giant stride toward Paris. Let us, meanwhile, perform a giant's task. Wilhelm.

As he paced to and fro in a room of the Hotel de Ville at Bar-le-Duc.

"Why does Vansittart tarry in Paris?" he yelled. The French commander-in-chief might have been sarcastic at such folly on the millionaire's part had not an interruption come well known voice, in barbarous Anglo-Saxon, growled at the sentry near the door "put down that skinner, red legs. Don't you know enough to quit when M. Vansittart turns up?"

In the next instant they were gesticulating round Vansittart. Respecting his property, being back wearily and patiently in the carriage which bore him at last to the long-waiting train, "tell me, since you are man, and not omniscient, how came you there, in that warehouse, in that lift?"

"Indeed?" "A woman named Agnes Carhaix—the sister of the Marie whom Mrs. Vansittart knows."

Agnes, in all the venom of her hatred, had braved rain and storm to witness the arrest of the Germans in the Rue Brevet. She ran thither immediately after her revelation to Folliet. For a little while she waited, lurking and spying. Bitter was her disappointment when she saw them accomplish their purpose, and drive off Vansittart. But she followed them; saw them enter the warehouse, and returned breathless to the Rue Brevet in the hope of meeting Folliet. In the very moment of his acute despair, she touched him on the arm.

"It so happens, sir," said Folliet, having told the whole story of the sisters Carhaix, "that about five years ago an ouvrier employed in that very warehouse murdered his sweetheart and hid himself for quite three weeks in the wilderness of the building. I myself had the task of searching for and finding him; you will therefore understand how it is that I know every cranny of the place. From the courtyard just now, as soon as ever I climbed over the wall,

brigades is given the honor of leading the van. By night we shall have taken a giant stride toward Paris. Let us, meanwhile, perform a giant's task. Wilhelm.

As he paced to and fro in a room of the Hotel de Ville at Bar-le-Duc.

"Why does Vansittart tarry in Paris?" he yelled. The French commander-in-chief might have been sarcastic at such folly on the millionaire's part had not an interruption come well known voice, in barbarous Anglo-Saxon, growled at the sentry near the door "put down that skinner, red legs. Don't you know enough to quit when M. Vansittart turns up?"

In the next instant they were gesticulating round Vansittart. Respecting his property, being back wearily and patiently in the carriage which bore him at last to the long-waiting train, "tell me, since you are man, and not omniscient, how came you there, in that warehouse, in that lift?"

"Indeed?" "A woman named Agnes Carhaix—the sister of the Marie whom Mrs. Vansittart knows."

Agnes, in all the venom of her hatred, had braved rain and storm to witness the arrest of the Germans in the Rue Brevet. She ran thither immediately after her revelation to Folliet. For a little while she waited, lurking and spying. Bitter was her disappointment when she saw them accomplish their purpose, and drive off Vansittart. But she followed them; saw them enter the warehouse, and returned breathless to the Rue Brevet in the hope of meeting Folliet. In the very moment of his acute despair, she touched him on the arm.

"It so happens, sir," said Folliet, having told the whole story of the sisters Carhaix, "that about five years ago an ouvrier employed in that very warehouse murdered his sweetheart and hid himself for quite three weeks in the wilderness of the building. I myself had the task of searching for and finding him; you will therefore understand how it is that I know every cranny of the place. From the courtyard just now, as soon as ever I climbed over the wall,

brigades is given the honor of leading the van. By night we shall have taken a giant stride toward Paris. Let us, meanwhile, perform a giant's task. Wilhelm.

As he paced to and fro in a room of the Hotel de Ville at Bar-le-Duc.

Free Rheumatism Cure

Trial Package Free to All—Send for it—Tell Your Suffering Friends That They Can First Test Before They Part With Their Money.

A Genuine Rheumatism Specific That Cures Rheumatism No Matter if 20 Doctors Have Tried and Failed. It is a Marvelous Remedy.

Not a great doctor, not an eminent specialist, not a patent medicine man but just a plain, every-day citizen of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has found a cure for rheumatism, the disease affecting his feet. At times it could barely hobble about. He has invented a specific for the disease and by great good luck hit upon a combination that cured a specific for the disease. At first he confined his efforts among those whom he personally knew, but in time the demand for his discovery became so great that he put the medicine up in regular form and has since sold it through the drug stores at \$1.00 a box. But most of those who suffer are convinced that there is no cure for rheumatism, and as a result they do not try it. Mr. Smith sends a trial package free that may test it first and thus learn of its merits before they part with their money. Mr. Smith sends a trial package free that may test it first and thus learn of its merits before they part with their money. Mr. Smith sends a trial package free that may test it first and thus learn of its merits before they part with their money.

occupied by each brigade in the forthcoming operations. And now the mystery of the rapid movements of the troops was solved.

It was hardly possible either Daubission nor any of his lieutenants knew that the Meuse above Verdun was fordable in many places.

A horrible dread seized Vansittart as he looked at the jumble of soldiers, guns and horses, with ammunition carts, ambulances and commissariat wagons moving and striving to congest the very approaches to the bridges.

The firing on the other side warned him that Le Breton was actively engaged. Even if the Germans were repulsed, it could only be for an hour, until their supports arrived in overwhelming strength.

"What's wrong with the crowd walking across the river?" "Walking across! Where?" cried Jerome, irritably.

"Why, a'most anywhere," said Jim. By way of example, he selected a point a little higher up stream, and rode over, the water scarce reaching his feet.

"Send explicit instructions to commander of troops opposite Troyon to cross at all hazards at 6 a. m., and incline to the southeast, in order to join me about 6:30 a. m."

"I will personally communicate with general at St. Mihiel when I want him."

"Pentons useful, but not imperatively necessary. The river can be forded by cavalry and infantry."

"JEROME K. VANSITTART." Jim did not head straight to Bar-le-Duc, but rode down the river bank. The cracking of whips, the cries of drivers, the fierce yelling of excited staff officers told him that the road to the headquarters was a raging torrent of maddened horseflesh.

Le Breton clattered up, tingling with indignation at the latest lunge of the intelligence department in France, too.

In his excitement he checked his charger so impetuously that he shot on to the animal's neck.

"This is monstrous," he cried, climbing back to his saddle. Jerome misunderstood him. "It is novel, not to say dangerous," he said, with a laugh. Matters were going well now and he was confident again.

"I mean," exclaimed the impulsive cavalry leader, "that the absence of pontoons might have caused needless delay."

The U. S. GOVERNMENT

wants strong men in its service. With one accord the Army and Navy are looking for men who are strong, healthy, and energetic. The greatest known strength-builder, invigorator and nerve tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength, clears the brain, and causes the generative organs to quickly regain their normal powers. For nervous prostration, overwork, impaired vitality, in either sex, or excessive use of stimulants, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cannot be exceeded. One box will work wonders. Six will cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, 50 cents. One to two months' treatment. Fill out and mail us the diagnosis sheet in each box, and we will give you a complete course of treatment without extra charge. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE is prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, 200 North Third Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Sole Agents: Dr. J. C. Williams, 200 North Third Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

WEAK MEN

Instant Relief. Cure in 10 Days. Never returns. I will gladly send to any sufferer in plain sealed envelope a complete course of treatment without extra charge. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE is prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, 200 North Third Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Sole Agents: Dr. J. C. Williams, 200 North Third Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

LADIES' SAFE REMEDY

A safe and powerful remedy for functional troubles, delay, pain, and irregularities, is APOLINE (CHAPOTEAU).

Successfully prescribed by the Highest Medical Specialists. Price 50 cents a box. Sold by all Druggists, or Post Free, P. O. Box 428, N. Y.

noyed at Daubission's inactivity. It is well, Von Hofer can easily hold them. Our attack will develop with the greater ease.

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

As they conversed the minutes passed. And each minute worth an hour, for the German columns were moving with machine-like exactitude in the wrong direction.

Another aide burst into the royal presence, breathless, with a second message from the chief of the Troyon column: "Commander of the Eleventh brigade reports river by artillery and infantry. Two infantry regiments have forded the Meuse, but have been repulsed with much loss. Am about to attack in force." Kreuznach is right, Von Walderssee, roared the emperor. "Quick! Recall every division. Suspend the advance. Quick, I tell you, for heaven's sake! Vansittart has left Paris."

Unthinkable, 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! That is his doing. Daubission would never dare attempt it. O, hurry, hurry!"

FILES

if suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I suffered for twenty years. I read across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything so quick and sure. I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man.

C. H. KEVZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Beware of cheap imitations. Get the 25-cent box.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Bearing Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Trade mark to C. W. M. JOHNSON, M.D.



"I FIND IT MY UNPLEASANT DUTY TO ARREST YOU."

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Banks of the Meuse.

The Emperor William's soul-consuming impatience to cross the Meuse in force was at last to receive its reward.

Superhuman efforts on the part of his engineers and commissariat repaired, in major part, the damage effected by Le Breton and his 5,000. Stores, men and guns were on the way.



BUT NOW IT WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

They were at hand—naught was wanting save the final order to advance.

Officers and men shared the burning desire of their master to meet the French, to crush them, to pulverize the human barrier that blocked the road to Paris.

On the eve of the attack the Kaiser sat in his headquarters, the chateau of a small village. Resolve was written on his stern features as he seized a pen therewith to indite the fateful command. Yet, with unqualified caution, he hesitated.

"Are you assured that no hitch can arise?" he said to his chief of staff, Count von Walderssee.

"I have just received some important news. Tomorrow the Kaiser will attempt to force the passage of the Meuse. And the general gave to Jerome a telegraphic flimsy."

The latter read: "Intelligence has reached the London Daily News that unusual commotion prevails in the German lines. It is believed that the long-delayed advance has been definitely decided upon and that a few hours hence the first great battle of the Franco-German war will take place."

The sender was the French war minister. He explained that the information forwarded to the English newspaper had been telephoned to him by the French ambassador, St. James.

"Vansittart frowned. 'If I had only reached you twenty-four hours earlier!' he exclaimed. 'Yet there is time. What have you done?'"

Daubission snatched up a map and showed the disposition of his forces. 400,000 picked troops, the vital essence of the French army, were on the way.

"And you propose?" went on Jerome. "To remain on the alert and vigorously dispute the crossing of the river at every threatened point."

"Good. Excellent! But we must do more. The American paced the floor with slow strides. Daubission was too fine a character to snub openly. If the French troops did nothing before day broke the Kaiser would sleep in Daubission's headquarters the same night."

Vansittart halted. "General," he said, "your preparations are superb. Nevertheless, we must discount the enemy at the very moment when his divisions are ready to march. You have pontoons?"

"Most certainly."

"Where are they?"

Daubission flushed slightly, as he bent to the table to find the engineer's statement. He had never thought of attacking; his most sanguine aspirations dreamed of effective resistance. He was clever enough to grasp the situation and accept it without comment. After a brief scrutiny he replied:

"Two complete bridges are here. I regret to say that the bulk of the apparatus is at Chalons."

"At Chalons!" Jerome could not restrain his amazement. Chalons was forty miles in the rear—on the road to Paris. The French army was apparently prepared for retreat across the Marne rather than advance across the Meuse.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" cried Jim. "Some chap called me a rabbit because I showed him this!"

"What's wrong with the crowd walking across the river?"

"Walking across! Where?"

"Why, a'most anywhere,"

"Send explicit instructions to commander of troops opposite Troyon to cross at all hazards at 6 a. m., and incline to the southeast, in order to join me about 6:30 a. m."

"I will personally communicate with general at St. Mihiel when I want him."

"Pentons useful, but not imperatively necessary. The river can be forded by cavalry and infantry."