

Western Penitentiary and the County Jail sometimes reaches 2,000. Between this horde and liberty stand only about 30 men. Small as this

guard is, however, it is sufficiently large to

prevent a wholesale prison delivery. The system of coasting, has been reduced to the minimum in the vicinity of Pittsburg on account of the structural strength of the buildings. They are, every one, magnificent strongbolds. Make a critical examination of either of the three prisons named, and you will find that they are away ahead of any ancient citadel or castle with its moat and drawbridge, or fortress with all its ram-

parts, parapets and stockades.

Nor is it necessar; to equip these 80 guards with any but light arms, and some of them carry no weapons at all. The famous Bastille in France had a row of

Cannons Along the Gallery, which ran from bastion to bastion, besides having vast bulwarks and ditches. 'And yet the Bastille only held 70 and 80 prisoners. With only 200 inmates Fleet Prison in Lon-don once had 150 watchmen, those in the main corridor being constantly on duty with sabers in hand. Celebrated Newgate prison, a century ago, maintained a l of artillery, and a cannon facing each corridor, intending to sweep it if an outbreak occurred. The storied Marshalsea, which



Operating the Workhouse Gates.

was for a long time the king's-beach prison in London, is said to have served more than once for expert marksmen of the old-time English troops, with poor prisoners as the mark for bullets. There is nothing of this kind in our penal institutions to-day, Just now there are between 700 and 800

onvicts at the penitentiary in Allegheny. In daytime the large majority of these are at work in the shops. There is a community of workshops in the prison yard, so that the prisoners, in passing to and fro, require the watchful eyes of guards. But these guards are

Only Four in Number.

They are stationed on top of the walls, which hem in the yards to a height of 35 feet. On the corners of the walls and at the middle are sentry boxes, in which the guards cat their dinners and take refuge in guards eat their dinners and take refuge in inclement weather. They are armed with shotgans, but these they do not display ur-less they observe some attempt at escape. If a prisoner is seen suspiciously close to the wall he is ordered off, a policeman's whistle sounded, to which responds a mes-senger boy. He is given the number of the provisions prisoner, and an investigation of enspicious prisoner, and an investigation of the fellow's actions follows inside.

The prison is flooded with light at night,

the electricity being furnished from its own dynamos and engines. The interior has been so arranged when the tiers of cells were been so arranged when the tiers of cells were constructed that anything moving will cast a shadow. A cat, treading stealthfully as it may, will throw a shadow anywhere in the Western Penitentiary, which would be instantly detected by the watch.

A wonderful building is this penitentiary. It's impregnable both from within and without. The one man who could dare the 16th convicts inside and who could dare

the 760 convicts inside, and who could laugh in the faces of a mob outside howling for admission, calmly sits the night through in a vast stone chamber on the ground floor. This chamber is where all visitors are received in day time. It is in the center of the two prison wings, and just across the yard from the Warden's residence. Into it open five barred doors. One is from the outer world, the other opens out upon the yard in the rear, and from either side a door wings of cells. In one corner a staircase is completely eaged in by a complicated net-

This one man holds all the keys of the prison. They are hanging in vonder box on the wall. None of the guards within the call-rooms have keys. They must be admitted in and out of this stone chamber by the one man I am describing. If prisoners were to break out of their locked and barred cells, and assault the guards, they would

THE WAY TO FREEDOM

The Way To FreeDom

Accomplish nothing, for he has no keys. A locking lever controls one block of cells. Suppose such a thing as 50 of the cells being broken open at the same time were possible; what would then happen? Why, the revolting prisoners could get no nearer liberty than the great door which leads into this stone chamber. The single man in there could at once take the keys of the outer doors and retire to the eaged stair-case in the corner. Once inside this, he looks the door there, and reaches the administration hall above. This is a look-out hall, or gallery, of most noble dimensions. Instead of a wall on either side, it has a monster framework of fron bars, which transforms it into a marvelous cage. It is practically three stories high, and as the cround, you look from this cage both east and west, upon everyone of the 1,100 cells. In other words, you look out upon the whole vast interior of a five-story prison.

Still Another Supposition.

This caged look-out hall is not touched by any one of the tiers of cells. The only way to reach it is by the caged stair-case from below, or by a closed iron viaduet from the second story or the Warden's residence. But, suppose that the prisoners in the meantime have surmounted what I represent as impossible, and battered down the iron-barred door upstairs. So, suppose they attempt to batter down the door which they suppose leads to the outside. If they should succeed (which they could not) they would find another in the covered archway on the ground outside, and well, by that time the Warden would have a small sarny of assistants at his command.

Or if the escaping convicts found it an army of assistants at his command.

Or if the escaping convicts found it an

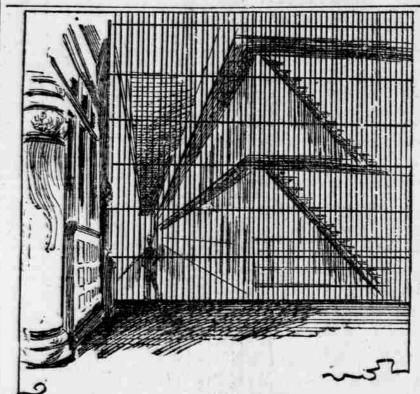
day time there are three guards upon the top of this wall, pacing to and fro within the iron railing, which makes it a safe promenade. On each corner there is a picture sque little guard-house. The guard may carry his loaded rifte on his shoulder, or he may leave it within easy reach in the sentry-box.

In each one of these little sentinel houses is an electric button. The wires which run from these buttons pass into the office of the prison, an eighth of a mile distant, perhaps, and there connect with an indicator. Suppose the guard detects an attempt at escape which he is unable to avert. He touches the button, a gong strikes loudly in the office, the indicator or finger points instantly to the number of the sentinel house, and quicker than it takes to write it the Superintendent has ordered a posse to the relief of the guard on the wall. This relief corps knows precisely what part of the long wall to go to. They are armed, and they get the directions from the guard as to whither the escaping prisoners went, and immediately start a chase. Such a cheep here very escaping prisoners went, and immediately start a chase. Such a chase has been very successful twice.
Watching Men While at Work.

Watching Men While at Work.

On account of the farm connected with the workhouse and the other extensive outdoor industries the force of uniformed guards maintained is larger than the penitentiary. The number of prisoners is something over 700, and yet you will seldom see more than one guard in charge of a gang of prisoners at work in the stave yard in proximity to railroad or river. In the fields the men are especially trustworthy, many a man apparently having no thought of escape. The retiring Superintendent, Henry Warner, has, by a frank, generous policy of trusting largely to the honor of the prisoners, actually decreased the necessity for constraints. constraints.

The wagon gates of the workhouse



THE GREAT LOOKOUT CHAMBER AT RIVERSIDE.

easier thing to batter their way into the caged staircase, and chase the keyholder upstairs in hopes of overpowering him and forth instead of swinging, and are easier thing to batter their way into the caged staircase, and chase the keyholder upstairs in hopes of overpowering him and getting the keys to both the outer doors? Well, when they got up there, they would find that he had retired behind the massive door which shields the viaduet into the Warden's residence. Even if they would follow him in there, they would meet those great barred doors at every entrance and exit from the residence.

But the more probable event is that the

revolting prisoners, unable to get farther than the door into the reception chamber, and thus being prevented from swarming upon the man with the keys, would turn into a hellish, riotous mob in the corridors unlocking all other cells and letting every body loose. In such an event the problem would be, not how to prevent them from getting out, but how to get them back into their cells. Of course the management have legal authority to shoot them down, and a large case in the reception chamber is filled with loaded rifles nominally, for that pur-pose, but Warden Edward Wright thinks he has a more humane plan, fully as ef-

After the keyman would summon him across the iron viaduct, he would simply pass over to a city fire alarm box fixed there to the wall of the administration hall, and pull the lever. In a few moments the city fire department would be on hand, and the would order a quick attachment of the hose to the water-plugs stationed all through the prison yard. The hose introduced into this look-out hall would command every tier of cells from ground floor to roof, and a



Mr. R. Wright says: "If the awful force of those streams of water, directed with a good

aim from the nozzles, didn't knock a prisoner into his cell every time, it would knock him off the gallery, and either kill him by the fall into the first floor, or else drown him afterward. He thinks it would drive every rebel into his cell without

The penitentiary could not be taken from without by such a mob as that in New Orleans, for instance, for the reason that the door leading into the stone reception chamber, which is the key to the command of the whole prison, is protected by a caged arch-way. This archway has two tremendous barred doors. After these were battered down then would come the main door into the building. By that time the man with the keys would have retired upstairs via the caged staircase, and there still remains the great iron door from the stone chamber into

he cell room.

Neither could the mob gain entrance to the prison by way of the Warden's residence, for it has iron-barred doors at every entrance, and then the doubly-barred and protected viaduct upstairs, which, could they force it, they would find still worse, for the vast look-out room has no communication with the prison although it means to cation with the prison, although it seems to

be right in it. The System at Claremont. The workhouse at Claremont ranks next for efficient but humane guarding of prison-ers. It has a large yard also, which is sur-rounded by a wall 40 feet high. During the



A Rangeman at the Jail.

opened and shut by wheels on the wall. It

But none of these methods are practicable at the county jail, in the rear of the new Court House in thie city. There the soli-tary confinement system is in vogue. There are no workshops, no yards, and no sentry walls. At present there are about 240 prisoners there, and sometimes this number reaches to within a few of 300. The only periods during the day when an organized attempt at escape would be possible are when the prisoners are released from their cells for exercise. This is between 9 and 10 'clock A. M and between 1 and 2 o'clock M. In each of those hours as many s 120 of the inmates are out at once

promenading the corridors, or ranges, as the Here in the jail the cells are five ranges high. Sitting at his desk on the landing inside the grated door, the head keeper, as-sisted by two others, can take in the whole prison at a glance. They are in a sort of rotunda. Outside the grated door is the jail office where Warden Berlin and his deputy may always be found. Still beyond them is another barred door that leads out

Firearms Are Too Dangero Warden Berlin allows none of the keepers to carry firearms of any kind. He says that if some provocation led a keeper to discharge a pistol inside the prison it would be the quickest way so incite a revolt. But as it is, if a revolt were organized, the prisoners could not reach the office, and they would simply have to riot among them-selves. Still, the Warden and his deputy keep two loaded revolvers in the desks of the office to be used in case prisoners ever should get out that for

the brass railing, and does some other little chores. To a certain degree he is a keeper, or a guard also, but just how far he may be trusted is questionable.

It is odd that the only escape which has ever yet taken place at the new jail was that of a boy, Eddie Burns by name. He climbed the lightning rod, which is nailed to the wall in the rear of the prison, and then dropped over the other side. That was

there is a perfect stream of lunch baskets pouring into the jail. They are brought to the Ross street door by relatives of the prisoners and there taken in by guards. Each basket is taken to the table of Deputy Warden Soffel, where that official examines the contents to see if there are concealed with the bollogue saves or extend and with the bologna sausage or custard pudding any tools, weapons or liquors. Now and then tools intended to assist an escape have been found, but oftener it is a bottle of whisky that is extracted and thrown



is impossible to open them from below, and it is impossible for prisoners to reach the wheels on the walls because of the presence of the guards. The only arms carried by the guards inside the institution and by those who go out to the fields are Colt's re-Methods in the County Jail.

upon Ross street.

the office to be used in case prisoners ever should get out that far.

The prisoner best behaved on each range is allowed to occupy the end cell. He thereby wins the title of "rangeman," and is permitted to be out of his cell all day. He sits on a chair at the end of the range, attends the wants of other prisoners, shines the brass railing, and does some other little.

Only Escape From the Jail.

From 11 to 12 o'clock A. M. each day

One of Barnum's Agents Gets in

Trouble Through His Courtesy.

AN ENGLISH GIRL ON THE ROAD. She Accepted American Attentions, but Her

A DUEL AVERTED BY A GOOD BLUFF

Relatives Objected.

NEW YORK, May 23 .- "The life of a mar who goes off into the highways and byways of the world in search of the new and curi-ous," said Mr. Thomas H. Davis, "is full of incidents, sometimes of danger, and not unfrequently of romance. When I was doing this for the late P. T. Barnum I met with an adventure which combined more danger and romance than I ever experienced before or since. It was in India, where I had gone to secure some natives for the show. My headquarters were at Secunder-bad, about four miles from Hydrobad, capi-tal of Decca, Mahratta Province, the largest principality in India. It is the only State in India where the natives are permitted to carry arms.

"The Prince is called Nizan, and he has about 200 wives and a family of some 5,000 persons. It is the largest military post in India. The English Government keeps about 15,000 soldiers there all the time. The Prince has a little railroad some 120 miles long. The general manager of the road is an American, and he has full charge of the road, shops and everything. I lived with him while there, and during my absence in the interior he took charge of my natives. A Railway Trip in India.

"I had been down to Ceylon after curiosities, and returned by way of Madras by boat—from there by rail to Secunderbad, about 700 miles. When I got to the railroad station about 5 o'clock in the evening I had only 15 minutes till train time, and it hurried me to get my natives and other stuff aboard. There was only one first-class car on a train, and that was divided into two compartments, one for males and one for females. I noticed a very pretty young lady, an elderly man in a colonel's uniform and a young man also in the British uniform, standing at the door of the female department. I supposed the men were department. I supposed the men were going along with us, but soon afterward I learned they had remained behind. About 7 o'clock we arrived at a junction where several trains stop for dinner.

"In India the traveler must buy meal tickets in advance the

scat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit? I told her to look and be safe on that point, and at the same time I stepped over, threw the Scotchman's things on the floor and took the vacant chair. He glanced at me, but never

said a word. After the meal was over I found she had no meal ticket. The Young Lady's Story. "She said she had just come out from Eugland with her father—the elderly officer I had seen at Madras—and brother, and that both were called suddenly to Bungalore. They had sent her to her aunt, a Mrs. Captain Kelly, whose husband was quarter-master at Secunderbad. Thinking she had master at Secunderbad. Thinking she had no servant, I sent my native valet next morning with a small breakfast—'chota-phaziri,' which means 'little breakfast.' I went afterward to her compartment with her. Thus I managed to scrape up a pretty intimate acquaintance with the young lady, who was very attractively looking and proved a charming traveling companion. She gave me a glowing description of her home in England and of her own entered and the latest and the latest accordance. her own antecedents. She claimed to have

written a couple of successful novels, though she couldn't have been more than 19 years my antecedants—as they ought to have been; carefully omitting anything that any

they heard it. She expressed a good deal of curiosity when I acknowledged that I was an American. A Maid Locked in a Closet. "I have heard that all Americans are like you,' she said—'chivalrous to women.'
"They are,' said I, and I thought of the

Manhattan elevated. "'I'm going to confide in you further. May I? 'Certainly,' I promptly replied, won-

dering what was to come next.

"Tm not alone.

"I looked around and she laughed. Such a sweet, innocent, back-country laugh. "Thave an ayah with me."
"'Where is she?' I inquired in amazement. An ayah is a female servant—nurse.

'You'd never guess,' she laughingly re

phied.
"'No— I give it up.'
"'In the closet—locked up.'
"Then she must be a skeleton in a closet
by this time,' said I. Was Cheating the Railroad.

"But she explained that the ayah had been duly fed and watered. She hadn't bought any ticket for her and was cheating the railroad company. So far the scheme had worked, for in India the tickets are not taken up till the end of the trip. But she began to worry about the windup. I told her I could fix that if she'd leave it to me. "Just before we reached Waddi junction, when we stopped to signal, I made the ayah get off the train, Faowing we'd stop, there half an hour, and let her walk in. No one-horse railway in India is going to get away from an American showman. At Waddi we were actually kept five hours waiting for the down train for Bombay. At dinner we had a bottle of wine, and for the first time I actually saw how an English first time I actually saw how an English girl could drink. Those army officers' women can drink as much as a man. we got through she wanted to pay for half of it. I said: 'Oh no; we don't do that in

imerica.'
"'Why, that is the way we English do, you know.'
"But I'm not English,' I retorted. 'No American gentleman would ask a lady to dine with him—or a gentleman either—and then let the invited party pay half the

score.' She Was Willing to Learn. "How nice!" she exclaimed, as though it were something remarkable. She had never met an American gentleman before and a circus man could give her points. 'Englishmen,' she went on, 'are afraid to speak to a lady without an introduction for fear she might turn out to be a chambermaid or something.'

"The car we took for Secunderbad was divided the same as the last, only it was a divided the same as the last, only it was a said, as the New Yorker was using his pencil. "It is room 96, seventh story," on the see. Well, I am greatly disappointed. I thought Denver was a go-ahead, booming town."

Stylish Sultings,

Overcoat and trouser material, of the best quality at Anderson's, 700 Smithfield street. Cutting and fitting the best.

ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

rickety old concern, and as we were on a high exposed plain in the night it got quite cool. I gave her one of my blankets I bought at Madras to wrap up in. We played casino and drank from my bottle of three-star brandy. I felt pretty good, but it didn't seem to phase her. I also tried to fill her up with American stories to her great delight. We were ten hours making that last stretch of 120 miles. Arriving in Secunderbad I went to my friend Lyle's bungalow and found everything all right. I told Lyle about my adventure on the train and he laughed considerably.

Met With a Backset.

Met With a Backset.

"In a day or two I resolved to call on my late traveling companion as a gentieman might do in America. Of course, it was by her invitation given at parting. I borrowed Lyle's ponies and phaeton, and took two or three Afghan footmen along to run shead and clear the way and drove out in great style. Alighting in Captain Kelley's courtyard, I boldly knocked at the door. I was met in the reception room by a severe looking lady, who announced herself as Mrs. Captain Kelley. She appeared to be greatly shocked at my coming, which she strongly intimated was an impertinence. It was not in accordance with the rules governing English society in India.

"Perhaps I wouldn't have cared about this ordinarily, but her manner was very aggravating. I told her at once the basis of my acquaintance, when she declared it was simply a piece of American impudence to make the acquaintance of any lady in that way. She raised her voice loud enough to scare the Afghans in the courtyard and two of them ran away without their pay.

of them ran away without their pay.

A Glimpse That Gave Him Courage. "At the same time I caught sight of a half laughing, half tearful face of my young lady through a stealthily opened door. She was listening. Being morally certain of her sympathy, at least, I put on a bold front and told Mrs. Captain Kelley that I was an American gentleman, and it was lucky for her she was only an English woman.

and it was lucky for her she was only an English woman.

"Leave the house, sir! she cried. You will have to meet my husband."

"Certainly, madam," said I, retiring as gracefully as possible, 'there's my address. Send him along. I shall be glad to meet him. Good day!"

"When I told my friend Lyle that afternoon I thought he would die langhing. He

noon I thought he would die laughing. He said that little Kelley was probably within the sound of his wife's voice all the time, and declared that he was as afraid as death

of her.

"I was sitting out in front of the bungalow smoking that evening when a young
fellow in a smart red coat came along and
spoke to me, asking if my name was Davis.
I told him it was. Then he inquired if I
had any apology to send to Mrs. Captain
Kelley. I said I hadn't.

uniform, standing at the door of the female department. I supposed the men were going along with us, but soon afterward I learned they had remained behind. About 7 o'clock we arrived at a junction where several trains stop for dinner.

"In India the traveler must buy meal tickets in advance, the same as a railroad ticket or a sleeping car ticket in this country. The agent then telegraphs on and orders as many meals as he sells tickets and no more. No ticket, no dinner.

A Lady Traveling Alone.

"We had half an hour for dinner, but the attendance was very slow, so I hurried to secure a seat. Every chair was finally occupied—save one. It was next to a surly old Scotchman and he had placed his traveling bag, etc., on it. The way he eyed it I supposed the bag contained valuables. The old man had his soup when the young lady mentioned walked up to the Scotchman and asked politely whether the seat was occupied.

"Yes, it is," he answered.

"But is it, really?" she repeated, evidently thinking he was joking. Can't you see it is!" he snapped. Then he went on with his soup.

"Tell tike wringing his neck Bott of the tike winging his neck. But it is the walked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take my seat. She thanked me very much and asked me where then would I sit! I told her to take

Lyle Was Going It Strong. "I told him so, replied Lyle. 'Also, that we'd take pistols. I have a splendid pair of hair triggers. Also, I casually men-tioned that you were a typical American and a dead shot—could shoot the buttons off his uniform without breaking the cloth. Also, that you had been insulted and would shoot him on sight in the American style if he didn't give you satisfaction.'
"The devil you did!" This was going it

But I said no more for some time. 'Do you think he'll come?' "'Come! Of course, he'll comeapology, too!'
"'No!' My muscles began to relax. "'Yes he will. I'll go you the wine on it. He never fights. It's the old woman. But you'd better get ready to pull out before the matter gets out among the other officers of the garrison. They'll make it unpleasant for you in some way.'

Got Out All Right. "The Major was right as to Captain Kelley. For the young subaltern called within an hour with a polite note from Mrs. Captain Kelley saying that upon consultation with her nicce she was satisfied that she was too hasty and that she very much regretted having given offense to a gentleman who had so kindly befriended the aforesaid

young lady en route.
"I replied courteously and begged her not to mention it. I never was so glad to find a big round hole through which to get out of a scrape as I was on that occasion. I leave traveling women alone, too, since my experience in India.

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

WHERE VON MOLTKE LIES.

shal's Estate at Kriesan. Below is a sketch of the private mauso-



Count Von Moltke. It is on his grounds at

DISAPPOINTED IN THE TOWN An Awkward Blunder That Caused a Goth-

amite Deep Disgust. M. Quad in New York World.] It so happened that a New Yorker and s Denver man met in Buffalo the other day and became quite friendly, and at parting the Western man asked the other to jot down his address and call upon him should he ever find himself so near the Rockies.

"Ah! but you've made a mistake," he said, as the New Yorker was using his pencil. "It is room 96, seventh story, and you have it room 7, ninety-sixth story."
"Oh! I see. Well, I am greatly disappointed. I thought Denver was a go-ahead, booming town."

A WOMAN IN BATTLE.

Brave Mrs. Grimwood's Account of Her Experience at Manipur.

BULLETS RAINED OVER HER HEAD.

On the Disastrons Retreat She Was Forced

to Dodge Two Shells.

HAD TO EAT GRASS AND LEAVES

Perhaps the most graphic description of the disaster to the English forces at Manipur was written by Mrs. Grimwood, reference to whose heroic conduct was made in

> 17. Following is her account of the fight, as sent to her sister-in-/ law in London. The conference between Frank (Mr. Grimwood) and the

THE DISPATCH of May

Mrs. Grimwood. lasted several hours but at the end the latter refused to be banished coluntarily. Frank then told him that the Sepoys would be sent to get him. However, he would not give in, so Frank returned about 7 in the evening and told the Chief, A council of war was then held, made. I think we all felt gloomy that night. We all dined together, and tried to make things as jolly as we could, but did not succeed very well, and all went to bed

we all got up. A young fellow called Brackenbury led the attack on the palace of the Jubraj. Then the fight began. I was in the telegraph office sending off a telegram, when a bullet came through the window and struck the floor about two inches from where I was standing. I then ran out, and took up a position with the Chief below the office, which was made of brick, and so was shot-proof. Bullets were raining over our heads. I have kept several that I picked up.

How Lieutenant Brackenbury Died.

were trying to recover the wounded from

Went Out to Ask Terms.

Heavy fire went on for four hours, and at o'clock the Colonel and the Chief decided that terms must be made to save us all, as we had hardly any ammunition left. we had hardly any ammunition left. The buglers were sent to sound the "cease fire," but for some time the firing continued. It stopped at last, and the Chief sent one of the officers out with a letter asking for terms. The Jubraj sent back to say that if the Chief would come out to the gate that he would come too and see what could be done. So the Chief, the Colonel, Frank, the Secretary come too and see what could be done. So the Chief, the Colonel, Frank, the Secretary and Assistant Commissioner, and one officer all went out. This was about 8:30 in the evening, and we had eaten nothing all day.

The wounded were then all brought to the Residency, and one of the cellars turned into a hospital. I pray that I may never see such a sight again. There were crowds of them; some dying. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was the first shot all over, both legs broken, both arms, bullets in him all over the place; and yet, poor lad, he was alive and perfectly conscious the whole time, and in awful agony. I did what I could to help, but it seemed almost impossible to do anything. In one corner was a poor fellow with his brain shot out on the top of his head, and yet alive; another with his forehead gone, and many others worse. Luckly, I am rather strong-minded, and so I was able to help in bathing some of the wounds and bundaging them up. After this I went to get everyone something to cat, and we had a sort of scratch dinner. Then I went round the house. I can't tell you what I felt—all our pretty things broken, the roofs and walls riddled with bullets, and shells burst in all of them. It was a dreadful sight to me, and I left it and returned to the hospital.

She Dodged Two Shells.

She Dodged Two Shells.

Meanwhile about two hours had gone, and I was getting nervous about Frank, so went out in the grounds to try and see if I could see anything of them. I didn't, so I went back to the veranda and asked one of the officers to go outside the gate and look for him, and I sat down utterly wearied out, and officers to go outside the gate and look for him, and I sat down utterly wearied out, and was dozing off in a chair on the veranda, when suddenly, to my horror, the firing began again. At first I thought they had fall of Frank and the others, but a bugler came rushing in and told us they had taken them prisoners, as they would not listen to the shameful terms proposed—which were that we were to give up our arms. I fied down to the cellar again where the wounded were. The firing was something awful, the shells bursting in every direction. I got hurt in my arm: it bled a lot, but wasn't serious.

After another two hours we decided we must retreat, as the house was in danger of catching fire. The wounded were got out as quickly as possible; three had died meanwhile. Poor Mr. Brackenbury was dying, but we had to move him, and the moving killed him. They brought him back and put him in the cellar again, but it made one's heart ache. I covered him up and then left him, and joined the others on the outside. We then moved off. I dodged two shells by running behind a tree. We went out by the back of the house, and had to cross first a hedge of thorns, then a high mud wall, then a river, before we could reach the road. I hadn't even a hat, and only thin house shoes on. One of these dropped off in the river, where I also got wet to the shoulders. We were fired at all the way. I lay down in a ditch about 20 times that night while they were firing, to try and escape bullets. Lived on Grass and Leaves.

We left the Residency at 2 A. M. and marched all the next day and the next night. We had to go through the jungles, as they were lying in wait for us all over as they were lying in wait for us all over the place, and marched at least 30 miles with no food; that was the 25th. On the morning of the 25th we struck the Cachar road. We had to eat grass and leaves; but I was too done up to care much. My feet were cut to bits, and my arm wouldn't stop bleeding, and I was perished with cold and having got so wet in crossing the river. We went on down the road, and came upon a stockade on the road, where there were crowds of the enemy. This we had to rush, and I sprained my ankle and gave myself up for lost; but I got over semenow, and then we saw some men running up the hill below us. They turned out to be men from Cachar, and we were saved, but not one moment too soon. I felt as a subject of the subject of th



FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES

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CHAPTER XXVII. Unorna struggled for a moment. The

Wanderer did not understand, but loosed his arms, so that she was free. She rose to her feet and stood before him. Jubraj at the palace

"You have dreamed all this," she said. "I am not Beatrice. "Dreamed? Not Beatrice?" she heard

him cry in his bewilderment. Something more he said, but she could not catch the words. She was already gone, through the labyrinth of many plants to the door through which, 12 hours earlier, she had fied from Israel Kafka. She ran the faster as she left him the farther behind. She

as she left him the farther behind. She passed the entrance and the passage and the vestibule beyond, not thinking whither she was going, or not caring. She found herself in that large, well-lighted room in which the ancient sleeper lay alone. Perhaps her instinct led her there as to a retreat safer even than her own chamber. She knew that if she would, there was something there which she could use

seeming to support her. Slowly, through vestibule and passage, they went on and entered together the great hall of the flowers. The Wanderer was there, alone.

He uttered a short cry and sprang to meet her, but stepped back in awe of the great white-robed figure that towered by her side.

"Beatrice!" he oried, as they passed.

"Beatrice!" he cried, as they passed.

"I am not Beatrice," she answered, her
downcast eyes not raised to look at him,
moving still forward under the gentle guidanec of the giant's hand. "Not Beatrice-no-you are not she-you

"You have dreamed what will very soon be true," she said. "Wait here and Beatries will she would not turn her head. But her voice came back to him as she walked on.

"You have dreamed what will very soon be true," she said. "Wait here and Beatries will soon be with you."

"I know that I am mad," the Wanderer eried, making one step to follow her, then stopping short. Unorna was already at the door. The ancient sleeper laid on and upon her head.

"You will do it now," he said.
"I will do it—to the end," she answered.



BEATRICE COULD NOT BELEIVE UNORNA.

face, trembling from head to foot. For many minutes after that she could neither see nor hear—she would hardly have felt a wound or a blow. And yet she knew that she meant to end her life, since all that The old man turned and went toward the

After a time her hands fell in a despairing gesture upon her knees and she stared about the room. Her eyes rested on the sleeper, then upon his couch lying as a prophet in state, the massive head raised upon a silken pillow, the vast limbs just outlined beneath the snow-white robe, the

hoary beard flowing down over the great breast that slowly rose and fell. To her there was a dreadful irony in that useless life, prolonged in sleep beyond the limits of human age. Yet she had thought it worth the labor and care and endless watchfulness it had cost for years. And imits of human age. Yet she had thought it worth the labor and care and endless watchfulness it had cost for years. And now her own, strong, young and fresh, seemed not only useless, but fit only to be cut off and cast away, as an existence that offended God and man and, most of all, herealf

But if she died then, there, in that secret chamber where she and her companion had sought the secret of life for years, if she died now—how would it all end? Was it an expiation—or a flight? Would one short moment of unconscious suffering pay half "You to me? Nothing. A man." expiation—or a flight? Would one short moment of unconscious suffering pay half

She stared at the old man's face with wide, despairing eyes. Many a time, unknown to Keyork and once with his knowledge, she whole he had spoken truly, wisely and well.

She lacked neither the less courage to die, nor the greater to live. She longed but to hear one honest word, not of hope, but of sought through all the years."

"You shall bless this house before you leave it. In this place, here where you stand, you shall find the happiness you have sought through all the years."

"In Hungrage II. Hungrage II. Hungrage II. Hungrage II. Hungrage II. Hungrage II. Hungrage III. Hungrage III. Hungrage III. Hungrage III. hear one honest word, not of hope, but of encouragement, but one word in contrast to those hideous whispered promptings that had come to her in Keyork Arabian's voice. How could she trust herself alone? Her evil deeds were many—so many that, although she had turned at last against them, she could not tell where to strike.

"If you would only tell me!" she cried, leaning over the unconscious head. "If you head of the strike this is the came forward the strike this is the came forward the strike this is the came forward.

leaning over the unconscious head. "If you would only help me. You are so old that you must be wise, and if so very wise, then you are good! Wake, but this once, and tell me what is right!" The deep eyes opened and looked up to hers. The great limbs stirred, the bony hands unclasped. There was something awe-inspiring in the ancient strength renewed and filled with a new life.

"Who calls me?" asked the class is this man?"

voice.
"I, Unorna"— "What do you ask of me?"
He had risen from his couch and stood before her, towering far above her head. Even the Wanderer would have seemed of but common stature beside this man of other

years, of a torgotten generation, who now Oh, stood erect and filled with a mysterious hell "Tell me what I should do"-"Tell me what you have done."

Then, in one great confession, with bowed cond and folded hands, she poured out the story of her life.
"And I am lost!" she cried at last. "One

holds my soul, and one my heart. May not my body die? Oh, say that it is right—that "Die? Die-when you may yet undo?" "Undo and do. Undo the wrong and do

the right."
"I cannot. The wrong is past undoing—
and I am past doing right."
"Do not blaspheme—go! Do it." "Call her-that other woman-Beatrice.

Bring her to him, and him to her.'
"And see them meet!" She covered her face with her hands, and one short mean escaped her lips.

"May I not die?" she cried, despairingly,
"May I not die—for him—for her, for both?
Would that not be enough? Would they
not meet? Would they not then be free?"
"Do you love him still?"

"With all my broken heart—"

"With all my broken heart—"
"Then do not leave his happiness to chance alone, but go at once. There is one little act of heaven's work still in your power. Make it all yours."
His great hands rested on her shoulders and his eyes looked down to hers.
"Is it so bitter to do right?" he asked.
"It is very bitter," she answered.
Very slowly she turned, and as she moved he went beside her, gently urging her and

the hall, confused, not knowing whether he had dreamed or was really mad.
"What man are you?" he asked, as the white robed figure approached.
"A man as you are, for I was once young

"A man as you are, for I was once young —not as you are, for I am very old, and yes like you, for I am voung again."
"You speak in riddles. What are you doing here, and where have you sent Unorna?"
"When I was old, in that long time be-

loves you well." "And you would help her to get my leve.

sought through all the years."
"In Unorna"" The question was asked

"By Unorna."
"I do not believe you. You are mad, as I am. Would you play the prophet?"

The door opened in the distance, and from behind the screen of plants Keyork Arabian came forward into the hall, his small eyes bright, his ivory face set and expressionless, his long beard waving in the swing of his walk. The Wanderer saw him first and called to him. "Keyork-come here!" he said. "Who

with amazement. But it was anger that cheked his words. Then he came on quickly. "Who waked him?" he cried in fury. "What is this? Why is he here?" "Unorna waked me," answered the ancient sleeper, very caimly. "Unorna? Again? The curse of the Three Black Angels on her! Mad again?

For a moment Keyork seemed speechless

Oh, she shall pay this with her soul in He threw himself upon the giant, in an insune frenzy, clasping his arms around the huge limbs and trying to force him back-

Sleep, go back! It is not ready yet, and you will die, and I shall lose it all—all—all!

"Go! go!" he cried frantically. "It may not be too late! You may yet sleep and live! Oh, my Experiment, my great Experiment! All lost—"
"What is this madness?" asked the Wan-

derer. "You cannot carry him, and he will not go. Let him alone." not go. Let him alone."

"Madness?" yelled Keyork, turning on him. "You are the madman, you the fool, who cannot understand! Help me to move him—you are strong and young—together we can take him back—he may yet sleep and live—he must said shall! I say it! Lay your hands on him—you will not help me? Then I will curse you till you do—"

"Poor Keyork!" exclaimed the Wanderer, half-pitying him. "Your big thoughts have cracked your little brain at last."

"Poor Keyork! You call me poor Keyork?
You boy! You puppet! You ball, that we
have bandled to and tro, half sleeping, half
awake! It drives me mad to see you standing there, scofling, instead of helping me!"
"You are past my help, I fear."
"Will you not move? Are you dead already, standing on your feet and staring at

Again Keyork threw himself upon the Again Reyors; tarrew minser upon the huge old man, and stamped and struggled and tried to move him backwards. He might as well have spent his strength against a rock. Breathless, but furious still, he desisted at last, too much beside himself to see that he whose sudden death he feared