

THE WAY TO FREEDOM

How Carefully It Is Guarded at the County's Three Penal Institutions.

RIVERSIDE IMPREGNABLE.

A Mob Like That at New Orleans Could Not Break Into It.

FOUR GUARDS WATCH THE MEN.

Bats Would Be Quelled by Turning a Hose on the Rioters.

SYSTEM AT CLAREMONT AND THE JAIL.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



HE total number of prisoners in the Allegheny County Workhouse, the Western Penitentiary and the County Jail sometimes reaches 2,000.

For it is necessary to equip these 80 guards with any but light arms, and some of them carry no weapons at all.

The system of guarding in the vicinity of Pittsburgh on account of the structural strength of the buildings. There are, every one, magnificent strongholds.

It is necessary to equip these 80 guards with any but light arms, and some of them carry no weapons at all.

Canonns Along the Gallery, which ran from bastion to bastion, besides having vast bulwarks and ditches.

With only 200 inmates West Prison in Lockwood street, and 200 in the Western Penitentiary, a century ago, maintained a battalion of archers and cannon facing each corridor.

Operating the Workhouse Gates. For a long time the king-bench prison in London, is said to have served more than once for expert marksmen of the old-time English troops.

They are situated on top of 33 feet. On the corners of the walls and at the middle are sentry boxes, in which the guards on their dinners and take refuge in inclement weather.

The Prisoner's Great Wall. 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 draw him afterward. He thinks it would drive every rebel into his cell without casualty."

An Attack From Without. The penitentiary could not be taken from outside, for it is a mob as the 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 concrete wall.

The Guards Have No Keys. This one man holds all the keys of the prison. They are hanging in yonder box on the wall. None of the guards within the cell-walls have keys. They must be admitted in and out of this stone chamber by the one man I am describing.

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 that happen? Good, the revolting prisoners could get no nearer liberty than the great door which leads into this stone chamber.

Still Another Supposition. This caged look-out hall is not touched by any one of the tiers of cells.

On account of the farm connected with the workhouse and the other extensive outdoor industries the force of unformed guards maintained is larger than the postulating. 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 state yard in proximity to railroad or river.

Watching Men While at Work. On account of the farm connected with the workhouse and the other extensive outdoor industries the force of unformed guards maintained is larger than the postulating.

The wagon gates of the workhouse are all operated from the top of the wall by the guards.

It is impossible for prisoners to reach the wheels on the walls because of the presence of the guards.

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ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

One of Barnum's Agents Gets in Trouble Through His Courtesy.

AN ENGLISH GIRL ON THE ROAD.

She Accepted American Attentions, but Her Relatives Objected.

A DUEL AVERTED BY A GOOD BLUFF.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, May 23.—"The life of a man who goes off into the highways and byways of the world in search of the new and curious," said Mr. Thomas H. Davis, "is full of incidents, sometimes of danger, and not infrequently 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 travels were at Secunderbad, about four miles from Hyderabad, capital of Decca, Maharastra Province, the largest principality in India.

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.

A Railway Trip in India. "I had been down to Ceylon after curiosities and returned 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 baggage and travel bag aboard."

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 Young Lady's Story. "She said she had just come out from Bangalore, and she had a letter which she had seen at Madras, and she had thought that both were called suddenly to Bangalore. She had sent her to her aunt, a Mrs. Captain Kelly, whose husband was quartermaster at Secunderbad."

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A WOMAN IN BATTLE.

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

BULLETS RAINED OVER HER HEAD.

On the Disastrous Retreat She Was Forced to Dodge Two Shells.

HAD TO EAT GRASS AND LEAVES.

(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 THE DISPATCH of May 17. Following is her account of the fight, as sent to her sister-in-law in London.)

Unborn 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.

"You have dreamed all this," she said. "I am not Beatrice." "Dreamed? No, 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 fled from Israel Kafka.

How Lieutenant Brackenbury Died. Meanwhile the fight in the palace was going on. Poor Lieutenant Brackenbury went the wrong way, and first was opened upon him from three sides.

Went Out to Ask Terms. Heavy fire went on for four hours, and at 7 o'clock the Colonel and the Chief decided that terms must be made to save us all, as we had hardly any ammunition left.

He then wished further to ask if I had a discreet friend I could refer him to in such a delicate matter. It occurred to me all at once that this halting English soldier would be killed by the very way of a challenge.

I was sitting out in front of the bungalow smoking my pipe. 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 knew the truth about the case.

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A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

CHAPTER XXVII.

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