No. 2034.

BY KENNETH HERFORD.

Commences commences and a second second second

The line of dingy-coated men ed along the broad granite walk stretche and like a great gray serpent wound in and out among the wagon-shops and planing-mills that filled the prison yard.

Down beyond the foundry the beginning of the line, the head of the serpent, was lost at the stairway leading to the second floor of a long, narrow building in which whisk-brooms were manufactured.

An hour before, on the sounding of a brass gong at the front, that same line had wound round the same corners into the building whence now it crawled. There, the men had seated themselves on four-legged stools bebenches that stretched across the room in rows. Before each man was set a tin plate of boiled meat, a heavy cup of black coffee, a knife, a fork and a thick bowl of steaming, odorous soup.

During the meal other men, dressed like the hundreds who were sitting, in suits of dull gray, with little round-crowned, peaked-vizored caps to match, moved in and out between the rows, distributing chunks of fresh white bread from heavy baskets. Now and then one of the men would shake his head and the waiter would pass by but usually a dozen hands were thrust into a basket at once to clutch the regulation "bit" of half a pound. The men ate ravenously, as if famished.

And now, their dinner over, they were marching back to the shops and mills of the prison, where days and weeks were spent at labor. Those employed in the wagon-works dropped out of the line when they came opposite the entrance to their building. Those behind pushed forward as their prison mates disappeared, and never for more than ten seconds was there a gap in the long, gray line.

A dozen men in blue iniforms marched beside the line on its way from the mess-hall, six on each side. at two yards' distance. Their caps bore "Guard" in gold letters, and each carried a short, heavy, crooked cane of polished white hickory.

On entering the workroom of the second floor, the men assembled before a railed platform, upon which a red-faced, coatless man stood behind a desk. In cold, metallic tones he called the numbers of the convicts employed the whisk-broom contract," the latter, each in turn, replied "Here!" when their numbers were spoken. "Twenty-thirty-four!" called the red-

faced man.

There was no response.

"Twenty-thirty-four." The red-faced man leaned over the desk and glared down. Then a voice from somewhere on the left answered. "Here!"

"What was the matter with you the first time?" snapped the foreman. The man thus questioned removed his cap and took three steps toward the platform. In feature the word "hard" would describe him. His head was long, wide at the forehead, and yet narrow between the temples. His eves were small and close together. His nose was flat, and his mouth hardly more than a straight cut in the lower part of his face. The lower jaw was square and heavy, and the ears protruded abnormally. A trifle above medium height, with a pair of drooping. twitching shoulders, the man looked criminal.

To the question he replied doggedly, "I answered the first time, sir, but I guess you didn't hear me."

The foreman gazed steadily at the man. Their eyes met. The foreman's did not waver, but "2034" lowered his, and fumbled nervously at his cap. "All right," said the foreman, quietly,

"but I guess you'd better report to the warden as soon as you get through in here. Don't wait for any piece-work. Go to him as soon as you have finished your task. I'll tell him you're coming. He'll be waiting for you in the front office.

ward the door leading to the stockroom, the man on the platform watched him closely from between half-closed lids.

A guard who had come round from behind the broom-bins noticed the way in which the foreman followed every movement of the convict, and stepping over to the platform asked, in an undertone, "Anything wrong, Bill?"

"That's what I don't know, George," the foreman replied. "That man Riley's been acting queer of late. I've got an idea there's something up his closure. There's have the been something the sleeve. There's not a harder nut on the contract than that fellow, and by the way he's been carrying on, sullen like and all that, I'm fearing something's going to happen. You rem m-ber him, don't you? What, no? Wby, he's that Riley from Acorn. He came in two years ago on a burglary job in Clive, where he shot a drug clerk that offered objections to his carrying off all there was in the shop. They made it manslaughter, and he's in for 15 years. And 1'm told there's another warrant ready for him when he gets out, for a job done four years ago in Kentucky. He's a bad one. A fellow like that is no good round this shop." The guard smiled cynically at the foreman's suggestion that a convict may be too bad even for prison surroundings.

It was quarter to four by the foreman's watch when the door at the head of the stairway opened and the warden entered, 'accompanied by two friends whom he was showing through the "plant," as he always persisted in calling the prison. The warden was a stout, jovial man, who looked more like a bishop than a "second father" 800 criminals. The foreman did not observe his entrance into the room, and only looked up when he heard his voice.

"This is where the whisk-brooms are made," the warden was explaining to his friends. "On the floor below which we just left, you will remember we saw the boys turning out broom-handles. Well here, the brooms are fastened to those little wooden handles. Some of the work, you see, is done by machine. The brooms are tied and sewn, though, by hand, over at those benches. In the room beyond, through that door, we keep the stuff handy that is called for from time to time, and in a farther room is stored the material used in the manufacture of the brooms, the tips, the twine, the tacks, and about ten

tons of broom-straw." As the warden ceased speaking, the foreman leaned across the desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "Riley's coming in to see you this afternoon. He's been acting queer-don't answer the call, and the like. I thought maybe you could call him down.'

The warden only nodded, and continued his explanations to the visitors of the work done in the shop. "Now," he said, moving away to-

ward the door leading into the stockroom, "if you will come over here I'll show you our storerooms. You see we have to keep a lot of material on hand. Beyond this second room the stuff is stored up, and is taken into the stockroom as it is wanted. Between the rooms we have arranged these big sliding iron doors that, in case of fire, could be dropped, and thus, for a few minutes at least cut the flames off from any room but that in which they originated. See?"

He pulled a lever at the side of the door, and a heavy iron sliding sheet dropped slowly and easily to the floor. "You see," he went on, "that completes the wall."

The visitors nodded. "Now come on through here and loo% at the straw and velvet we have stored away in bales.' The visitors followed the warden through the second room, and into the third. There arranged regularly on the floor, were huge bales of broom-straw, and against the walls of the room, boxes

The guard-patted the little fellow's And we will find him, Tommy,' head. he said. He went over to the foreman's "Bill, did the warden come here? Tommy is looking for him: his mother sent him out."

The foreman raised his eyes from his books. "Yes," he replied, "he went in there, with a couple of gentlemen." The guard looked at the little boy. "He's in the stock-room," he said. "You'll find him in there, Tommy."

Then he turned and walked out of the shop. The child ran on into the room beyond. His father was not there. The stock-keeper did not observe the little boy as he tiptoed, in a childish way past the desk. Tommy passed on into the farther room. He knew he would find his father in there and he would crawl along between the tiers of straw bales and take him by surprise.

He had hardly passed the door when the stock-keeper, raised his head from the lists of material he was preparing, held his face up and sniffed the air. Quietly he rose from his revolving chair and went to the door of the straw-room. He merely peered inside. Turning suddenly, he pressed upon the lever near the door and the iron screen slid down into place, cutting off the farther room. Then snatching a few books that lay on his desk, he slipped out into the shop, and at that door released the second screen. As it fell into place with a slight crunching noise, the foreman turned in his chair. The eyes of the two men met. The stock keeper raised his hand and touched his lips and with the first finger. He crossed rapidly to the desk.

"Get the men out! Get the men out!" he gasped. "The store-room in there is on fire!"

The foreman rapped on the table twice. Every man working in that room turned and faced the desk.

"Work is over for today," said the foreman. His manner was ominously calm, and the men looked at one another wonderingly.

"Fall in!"

At the order, the dingy gray suits formed the same old serpent, and the line moved rapidly through the at the end of the room and down the outside stairs.

There, in front of the building, they were halted, and a guard was de-spatched to find the warden. He was discovered in the foundry. "Fire in the broom-shop!" whispered the guard.

The warden's face paled. He dashed through the doorway and one minute later came round the corner of the building, just in time to see the first signs of flame against the windows of the rear room up-stairs.

Within five seconds, a troop of 15 guards had drawn the little hand-engine from its house and hitched the hose to the hydrant nearest the shop. From all the other buildings the men were being marched to their cells. "These men!" hurriedly whispered

the foreman to the warden. "What shall I do with them?"

"Get 'em inside as soon as you can! This won't last long, the front of the building is cut off. It'll all be over in ten minutes."

The foreman gave an order. At that instant a woman came running down the prison yard. Reaching the ward-en's side, she fell against him heavily. "Why, Harriet," he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," she gasped, "Tommy! Tommy! Where is Tommy?"

A guard at the end of the engine-rail turned ashy white. He raised a hand to his head, and with the other grasped the wheel to keep from falling. Then he cried, "Mr. Jeffries, I-I believe Tommy is up there in the stock-room. He went to look-'

The warden clutched the man's arm. 'Up there? Up there? he cried.

The sudden approach of the woman and the words that followed had wrought so much confusion that the men paid no attention to the foreman's command, and he had even failed to observe their lack of attention, in the excitement of that moment.

"Great God!" cried the warden. "What can I do-what can I do? No

Those below heard him cry, "I've got him!" Then the figure disappeared. Instantly it returned, bearing some-thing in its arms. It was the limp form of a child.

All saw the man wrap smoking straw round the little body and tie round that two strands of heavy twine. Then that precious burden was low ered out of the window. The father rushed forward and held up his arms to receive it.

Another foot-he hugged the limp body of his boy to his breast! On the ground a little way back lay a woman,

as if dead. "Here's the ladder!" cried the foreman, and at that moment the eyes that were still turned upon the window, where stood a man in a dingy gray suit, witnessed a spectacle that will reappear before them again and again in visions of the night.

The coat the man wore was ablaze. Flames shot out on either side of him and above him. Just as the ladder was placed against the wall, a crackling was heard-not the crackling of fire. Then, like a thunderbolt, a crash occured that caused even the men in their cells to start. The roof caved in! In the prison yard that line of con-

victs saw 2034 reel and fall backward, and heard as he fell, his last cry, "I'm a-comin', warden!" He was a convicted criminal, and

died in prison-gray. But it would seem not wonderful to the warden if, when that man's soul took flight, the Recording Angel did write his name in the eternal Book of Record, with the strange cabalistic sign, a ring around a cross-that stands for "good behavior."-Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In Zante, one of the Ionian islands, there is a petroleum spring which has been known for nearly 3000 years. It is mentioned by Herodotus.

A strange clock was made during the last century for a French nobleman. The dial was horizontal, and the figures, being hollow, were filled with different sweets or spices. Thus, running his finger along the hands, by tasting the owner could tell the hour without a light.

The postmaster at Burlingame re ceived a letter the other day addressed to the man living just across the road from and a few rods north of the schoolhouse about two miles south of Burlingame, Kan. The postmaster promptly delivered the letter to Thomas Mitchell, whose residence answers this description.

Insects may be briefly described as small animals with very large families. They think nothing of having a few hundreds of little ones at a single birth. Many of them are never satisfied with less than eight of 10 thousand, while there are not a few whose offspring resembles the sands of the sea, since they cannot be numbered for multitude.

In several of the Western Kansas towns along the Union Pacific a curious sight is presented to the traveler. The scarcity of cars has caused the wheat elevators to overflow, and some of the buyers have made huge piles of grain on the ground along the railroad tracks. At one place the elevator man has procured a small circus tent. The centre pole is standing erect in the middle of a mountain of wheat, and the canvas is on the ground ready to be hoisted in case of rain.

Several carefully observed cases of falling of hair from emotion have been recorded of late in the Progres Medicale, and a still more striking case reported by E. Boissier is now added. 'A normal, healthy farmer, 38 years of age, saw his child thrown and trampled by a mule. He supposed it killed, and experienced in his fright and anguish a sensation of chilliness and tension in his face and head. The child escaped with bruises, but the father's hair, beard and eyebrows commenced to drop out next day, and by the end of the week he was entirely

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

ious Borden-Scion House of David in Jehosheba's Arms-A Lesson From the Slaughter of the Princes-Lead Children to Christ.

A Lesson From the Slaughter of the Princes-Lead Children to Christ. (Covright 1960,1) WASHINGTON, D. C.-In this discourse on a neglected incident of the Bille Dr. Talmage draws some conforting lessons, and s' ws that all around us are royal na-tures that we may help deliver. The text is II. Kings xi, 2. 3: "Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Aha-tiah, took Joash, the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain, and they hid him, even him :-' bis nurse, in the bedchamber from Ath' liah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years." Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age if discipline be necessary chastisement is used, but at seventy the grand-chill is nolocetic and disposed to sub-stitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more heautiful than childhood. Grandmother takes out her nockethand-krechief and wipcs her spectacles and puts them on and looks down into the face of her mischievco:'s and rebellious descendant and looks down into the face. My mother, with the second generation around her, ... boisterous rew, said one day." The suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandhildren." But here in my text we have a grandmother of a dif-everrence of the text toxk Date, and the

There is the end of a direction of the second of the two is and the second of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while is and climbing the towers of the king's palse. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the royal murderess. She ought to have been homorable. Her father was a king. Her bushand was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her pioting for the extermination of the entire royal firmily, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and wrincesses. On all sides are shiricks and hands thrown up and structle and death gran. No mercy! Kill kill But while the ivory floors of the palace run with earnage and the whole land is under the eludow of a great horror a fleet footed woman, a clerewnan's wife. Jehossheb up name, stealthily approaches the innerial nursery, seizes upon the grand-child that had somehow as yet escaped massare. Wargles it against her, flies down the place stairs, her heart in her throat eb discovered in this compassionate abduction. Get her cut of the way as mick as you can, for she earlies a precision at eabduction. Get her cut of the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden him down, sound asleep as he is and unconscious of the reril that has been threat-read, and there for six years be is keretted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smarks her lins with satisfaction and thinks that all the, royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the thoron and to mash back into discrace and death old Athaliah. The second of the temple, wear loy alt the two is definers, severed at the vociferation of his admirers, severed at the vociferation of his admirers, severed at the word and the proval family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the thorone and to mash back into discrace and death old Athaliah. "The arangement's real during the tower here to a day where th

would put an end to everything that could in anywise interfore with her imperial criminality. She folds her hands and says: "The work is done. It is completely done." Is it? In the swaddling clothes of that cherch, pariment are wrapped the cause of God and the cause of rood gov-eryment. That is the scion of the house of David. It is Joash, the God-worshipping reformer. It is Joash, the friend of God. It is Joash, the demoralizer of Baalits idoletry. Rock him tenderly, nurse him gently. Athaliah, you may kill all the other children, but you cannot kill him. Eternal defenses are thrown all around him, and defenses are thrown all around him, and this clergyman's wife, Jchosheba, will snatch him up from the palace nurse ery and will run down with him into the horse of the Lord, and there she will hide him for six years, and at the evel of that time he will come forth for your de-throoment and obliteration. Well, my friends, just as noor a botch go and says. 'T will just put an end to put e religion.'' Domitan slew 40,000 Christians, Diocletian slew 844,000 Chris-tians. And the scuthe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the fames hissed and the guildine chopped, and the Bastile groaned, but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Aban, the first Britsh sacri-fice, or Zwingh, the Swiss reformer, or John Oldeastle, the Christian nolleman, or Abdalla, the Arabian marity, or Anne Aykew or Sanders or Cranmer? Great work of exterminate it will exterminate the Bible' and the scriptures were thrown in the stree for the mob to trample on, and hearned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: ''h work of exterminate were hered on them, and hearned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: ''h wy Age of Prason' I have annibilated the scriptures. Your Washington is a puish-indigmant contempt were hered on them, and hearned universities decreed the Bible indigmant contempt were hered on them, and hearned universities decreed th

assaults upon that rord! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earlies are have been dreated on earlies are have been on to his wife. "You must not be compared with the hostilities are not be compared with the hostilities are have been on her. And though the hostilities are her her and the direct the direct the heat of it and the direct the heat of the direct the direct the heat of the direct the heat of the direct the heat of the direct direct the direct direct the direct direct the direct dir

and giving is an affliction to most people when it ought to be an exhilaration and a ranture. Oh, that God would remodel our souls on this subject and that we might appre-ciate the house of God as the great ref-uge! If your children are to come up to lives of virtue and havpiness, they will come up under the shadow of the church. If the church does not get them, the world will. Ah, when you ass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away, it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sac-raments. You wan' them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sared precincts. When you are on your dying bed and your little ones cor yup to take your last word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I do not care how hard you are, that is so. And so, chouch you may have been wan-derers from God, and though you may have some times caricatured the churcif of Jesus, it is your great desire that your sons and dauchters should be standing all their lives within this sacred inclosure.

his eyes. He stepped back into line.

Then, at a clap of the foreman's hands, the men broke ranks, and each walked away to his own bench or machine. Five minutes later, the swish of the corn-wisps as they were separ-ated and tied into rough brooms, and the occasional tap of a hammer, were sounds in that long room the only where 65. .ed.

Now a solution of the men would go to the ph tform where the foreman sat bent over half a dozen little books, in which it was his duty to record the number of "tasks" completed by each workmen "on his contract"-a

of in the prison vernacular, being the "foount of work each man is compe...ed to accomplish within a given space of time. On the approach of a workman, the foreman would look up and a few whispered words would pass between the two. Then broom-maker would dart into the the stock-room, adjoining the factory, upon receiving a written requisition from the shop foreman, the official in charge would give him the material which he needed in his work -a ball of twine, or a strip of plush with which the handles of the brooms were decorated.

ten minutes past three o'clock, 2034 crossed to the platform.

"What do you want?" asked the fore-man, as he eyed keenly the man in the dull-gray suit.

"A paper of small tacks," was the reply, quietly spoken. The order was written, and as 2031 moved away to-

upon boxes of velvets, tacks, ornament* al bits of metal, and all the other separate parts of the commercial whisk-

The visitors examined the tacks and the tins and felt the bales of straw. "Very interesting." observed one them, as he drew his cigar-case from his pocket, and biting the tip from one of the cigars it contained, struck a little wax match on the sole of his shoe. He held the match in his hand until it had burned down, then threw it on floor, and followed the warden and the visitor under the heavy iron other screen into the workroom of the fac-

The foreman was busy at his books and did not observe the little party as it passed through the shop on the other side of the broom-bins and out the big door.

Two minutes later, 2034 happened to look out through the window across his bench, and he saw the warden with his friends crossing the prison yard to the foundry. A guard just then sauntered into the room and stopped at the first of the bins. He idly picked up of the finished brooms and exam ined it. His attention a moment later was distracted by some one pulling at his coat from behind. He turned.

"Why, Tommy, my boy what is it?" The two soft brown eyes of a little boy were turned up to him. "I'm look ing for papa." replied the little fellow. "The foreman downstairs said he comed up here. Uncle George is back in the house, and mamma sent me out to find papa.

one can live up there!"

There was a crash. One of the windows fell out. "Get a ladder!" some one cried. A guard ran back toward the prison-house. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, a man in a dingy gray suit stepped out a yard from the line of convicts. His prison number was 2034. He touched his little square cap.

"If you'll give me permission, I think can get up there," was all he said. 'You! you!" exclaimed the warden.

"No, no, I will tell no man to do it!" There was a second crash. Another window had fallen out, and now the tongues of flame were lapping the outer walls above.

The convict made no reply. With a bound he was at the end of the lin and dashing up the outer stairway.

The warden's wife was on her knees clinging to the hand of her husband. In his eyes was a dead, cold look. A few of the men bit their lips, and a faint shadow of a smile played about the mouths of others. They all waited. A convict had broken a regulation-had run from the line! He would be punished! Even as he had clambered up the stairs a guard had cried, "Shall shoot?

The silence was broken by a shrick from the woman kneeling at the ward-en's feet. "Look!" she cried, and pointed toward the last of the up-stairs vindows.

There, surrounded by a halo smoke, and hemmed in on all sides by flames, stood a man in a dingy gray suit. One sleeve was on fire, but he beat out the flames with his left hand

bald. A new growth of hair appeared in time, but finer, and exactly the color of the hair of an Albino.

The Monkey and the Parrot

Here is a Chinese fable with a moral, which might be expressed in English, "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw." But that is getting the cart before the house. It is about a monkey and a parrot, and is as follows:

A sparrow had its nest half-way up a tree, in the top of which dwelt a monkey. After a heavy rain the sparrow, snug and dry in its warm nest, the monkey shaking his dripping body, and could not refrain from addressing him thus: "Comrade, your hands are skillful, your strength great, your in tellect clever; why do you live in such a miserable state? Why not build a snug nest like mine?"

The monkey, angered at the com-placency of the sparrow, replied: "Am Am I to be mocked by an evil creature like Your nest is snug, is it?" and so you? saying he threw the nest to the ground. Moral: Don't talk with a passionate man.

Sustaining Power of Bananas

One of the most courageous marches ever taken was that of Colonel Will-cocks to Kumasi. We hear that durcocks to Rumasi. We hear that dur-ing the march from Rumasi the whole party lived on bahanas. On one occasion they had waded shoulder high though a river for two hours. Does anyone want a higher test of endurance on a vegetable diet than this?—The Vegetarian.

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