

For Love, Liberty and Honor.

By W. S. SNYDER.

Four o'clock in the afternoon. People who were going down Cortlandt street stepped quickly to one side. Those who were coming up did likewise. This action made a free passageway for a man who was hastening at the top of his speed to the ferry. When he came to where another street intersected Cortlandt he dodged in and out between the wagons with surprising agility and without perceptibly slackening his pace.

He was a peculiar-looking man. Scarcely five feet tall, with shoulders of the breadth of a large and portly man, a large head, set upon a thick, short neck, a derby hat two sizes too large resting on his prodigious ears, and exposing a broad, bulging forehead; small at the waist, with slender legs bowed almost to deformity, and toes that lapped over each other as he ran, he attracted scrutinizing attention.

Some of the people who made way for him stopped and gazed after him until he was lost to sight by the filling up of the gap which had been made to let him pass. Even the stalwart policeman, who carefully guards the footsteps of the almost constant throng of pedestrians to and from the ferry, momentarily relaxed his vigilance, as the dwarf shot by him, and rushed into the ferry house. If the people who saw the dwarf had suspected his errand he would have been surrounded as by a mob.

He passed the ticket punchers before they had time call upon him to halt. By the time they thought of their duty, the dwarf was tapping a man on the arm. This man stoat near the gate leading to the boat, which was just coming in.

The man whom the dwarf tapped on the arm was fully six feet tall. He was dressed in the somewhat worn and ill-fitting garments of a laborer. Over his right eye was a green patch. His beard was two days old, and he had been clean shaven when a razor last touched his face. His slouch hat was pulled well down on his forehead.

The dwarf spoke to the man as he turned about and bent his head downward.

"But I cannot come, Jimmy," he said.

Again the dwarf spoke to him in a whisper. Then the two turned away together. They went directly to the Sixth avenue elevated station, the dwarf walking behind. When they reached Twenty-eighth street it was dark and rain was falling.

They went briskly toward Fifth avenue, where they turned up town, walked a few minutes, and the dwarf's companion paused. When Jimmy came up he said:

"You must go in."

"But I cannot."

"She is waiting for you."

The man went up the steps, reaching the threshold just as the door opened. He stepped inside. The door closed. Jimmy waited until he heard a sob just as the door was closing. Then he hurried away. His work was only partly done.

He walked briskly, and in a little while ascended the steps of a residence on Madison avenue. The door opened before he had touched the bell. He went inside and a young woman closed the door. The dwarf followed her up one flight of stairs into a sitting room, which was evidently her own. When she had closed the door she said:

"Well, Jimmy?"

"He is with his mother."

"Thank you, Jimmy. You may go."

When the dwarf had gone the young woman stood looking apparently at the figures of the carpet at her feet. But if she had ever known what the figures were, they were then as far from her thoughts as the date of the discovery that the world was round. This young woman was Elizabeth Dalow. She was not beautiful. Her face was too strong for beauty. But a novice in character reading must have seen that she would be impressive anywhere.

Passing into another room, she quickly returned in a mackintosh and was ready to go out. She passed quietly down the stairway, opened the door gently, and a moment later was walking swiftly down the avenue. Later she passed up the steps where the dwarf had left the man with the green patch over his eye. The door opened at her touch. She, too, was evidently expected. An elderly woman conducted her to a room at the rear of the hall, smothering her sobs as they went. Before she touched the door knob she turned in response to a hand upon her shoulder. Elizabeth spoke—only a word:

"Courage."

Then they entered the room. Both stood looking at each other. The eyes of the elder woman were suffused with tears, those of Elizabeth were filling, but her face was no longer stern. Elizabeth spoke:

"He is here?"

"Yes."

"Shall I see him?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Julia Gaylord was 60 years of age. Her face was sweet, pure, womanly—such a face as a boy who loves his mother never forgets, as a man instinctively trusts, and is better for the trusting, as her husband had been, and who had died leaving a smile in return for a kiss that had opened for him the gates to the visible sunshine of eternal day. Mrs. Gaylord left the room, softly closing the door behind her. In a few minutes the door opened

and a young man entered. He was neatly and carefully dressed. Tall, slender, pale, and with his eyes upon the floor, he advanced to the middle of the room. His face was clean-shaven. Elizabeth sobbed, but her courage did not escape. She arose, went up to him and said:

"I am glad you are here."

He raised his head. He could not speak at first, however hard he tried. Tears came to his eyes and then ran down his face. Again Elizabeth said—and there was that in her voice to give a much weaker man strength:

"Courage."

Young Gaylord's voice came to him. He said:

"This means State prison."

Elizabeth shuddered, but William said not. For a moment he was the stronger of the two. At length she said:

"Not yet!"

Young Gaylord looked at her as if he scarcely comprehended. Then she added:

"There is always hope."

This roused him and brought him back to himself. He said:

"Not for me."

"Let us see. Tell me all."

"Have you not heard?"

"Something from my father, but perhaps not all. Tell me."

"In four words: I robbed the bank."

"Yes, I know. But that is not all, and Elizabeth gently laid her hand on his arm. "I have come to see you," she added, "to help you, if I can. Will you not trust me? I am, I know, only a woman but, I trust, a true woman, and one who must be convinced that her ideal of true manhood is unworthy of her faith before she will give that ideal up."

"My trust in you tells me that there is something yet to be uncovered, and may not one as least as I am claim all loyalty from you? Tell me all, William, and then I can decide for myself that which I cannot permit even you, under a cloud beyond which I cannot see, to decide for me. Come, then, tell me all."

The young man looked at her steadfastly a moment and then said:

"I will tell you all. But, why should I? It may break your heart for, surely, it will shatter your faith where I had rather be adjudged a felon than have it broken. Besides, you may not believe me. Your father is the president of the bank."

"But I will believe you—I must believe you. My faith, unto the pleading of my heart, is pledged. My trust in you is immutable until you have made my mind turn traitor to yourself, and led it to doubt my own sincerity. Do, William, tell me all."

"Why should I break your heart, and destroy in you a trust which must make you miserable for life, and make you despise me forever? It is better that I should bear this burden alone, for by so doing I may retain, or at least some time retain, some share in your esteem."

"William, I love you! Now, tell me all."

Young Gaylord hesitated only until he had looked into her pleading eyes. Her hand now clasped his own. He saw her love in all its sweetness and purity unfolded as plainly as he had an hour before seen the anguish upon his stricken mother's face. He spoke:

"God forgive me if I do wrong! You remember, Elizabeth, that two years ago I was made cashier of the bank by your father. My hands were then as clean of crime as my mother's name was above suspicion. I worked faithfully. My salary was small. I do not plead in extenuation of my error, but it was wholly out of comparison with my duties. The directors were all asked men. At the end of a year I asked for a larger salary."

"The directors said they could get competent and more experienced men for what I was receiving. My good mother had only income enough to sustain her properly, and my salary barely kept me decently. I saw no prospect of making a home of my own. But I plodded along. Eagerness to advance in the world sharpens the wits. One day I discovered that the directors, your father included, were speculating in a mining trust. One discovery led to another. I was not long finding out that they sometimes used the bank deposits to add to their personal gains."

"It was easy for me to persuade myself that if the officers could make money in this way, I could not fail to do so. Six months ago I began to use my own money. I had saved nearly a thousand dollars. I went into the mining trust. At first I made a little money, and I had \$1500. Then I went deeper. Meanwhile the bank's officers were speculating. The trust began to go backward and I began to steal. The officers were doing the same. They could keep going because their opportunities were better. They had easier access to the funds."

"The deposits were running low. Three days ago the officers called me into their private room. They had discovered my speculations and told me so. I confessed, and asked for three days in which to make my losses good. They knew that they were, like myself, guilty, and perhaps mistrusting how much I knew, they granted my request. Then I thought of you. Your father must go with the cash. I could not drag him down and disgrace you. I determined to run away, and before I went one of the directors, more bold than the rest, came and told my mother that I was a defaulter."

She would not believe him, but I was in the house, and when confronted by them I confessed my guilt, but made no explanation beyond the mere confession. This afternoon, I, having cleaned shaved my face two days before, procured a second-hand suit of clothing in exchange for others, and was in the ferry house when Jimmy found me and urged me to come back. Why I did not resist him I do not know, only that you had sent him. I simply could not go, and I returned. Tomorrow my mother will beggar herself to try to save me. If she fails—and I almost pray Heaven she may—I must go to jail."

Here young Gaylord broke down completely. Elizabeth did not. She still clasped his hand, but she almost choked as she said:

"And this is all?"

"All."

"And my father was as guilty as the rest?"

Gaylord bowed his head. Then Elizabeth said:

"I believe you. You shall not go to jail."

"It was for me you hid my father's crime. Surely my love can save you, and in it you can never again go astray. If you could do this much for me, my womanhood would be false-hearted to falter in my duty. Wait here for me until tomorrow. I will come. I will go to your mother now."

Mrs. Gaylord's pillow was wet with tears that night, but they were the tears of gratitude, and peace came to her like a ray of hope that never leaves a sombre shadow, from the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

The remainder of this story is quickly told. What Elizabeth said to her father will never be repeated in words, but it had its full and perfect effect. She returned to young Gaylord the next evening, and this is what she said to him:

"William, my mission has been a success. I have saved you and I know that you told me the truth. You are a free man. Before I rested last night my father, confronted with your words, confessed all. I went with him to the bank today and faced the directors with him. His head was only one of all the rest that burned, suffused with shame. I demanded your freedom, and my father then admitted that the trust had advanced again and that the bank was now as solvent as it ever had been. Even your investment had made no loss."

"Indeed, there was something said about the profits gained, and I then demanded a promise from each separate individual that not one penny of this gain should ever be touched by a single officer of the bank. The promise was made, and William, you will promise, too? I know, my love, you will. And as he promised her, tears mingled with his own, while Mrs. Gaylord lifted up her voice from a heart overflowing with gratitude to Him who has promised to be mindful of the widow's son."

William Gaylord and Elizabeth Dalow, his wife, are living in the West, happy and as nearly well contented as a loving man and wife can be, she still doing him honor, and he as proud of her as an honest man can be of a pure and loving woman.

If any man or woman is disposed to doubt the truth of this story of real life in all essential details, let it be said that it is true, and that there are men—for the incident is not of remote date—who can verify it almost within reach of the writer's hand. This is but one incident of its kind.

Are there any more?—New York News.

HOW BEETLE JEWELRY IS MADE.

Beautiful Ornaments Devised from the Shells of Nicaraguan Insects.

There seems to be no connection between statesmanship and fashions, at least at first sight. As a matter of fact, nearly every move in the world's diplomacy is accompanied by novelties and changes in woman's attire. The entente between France and Russia revolutionized modes and replaced the corsage with the Russian blouse. Our growing intercourse with Nicaragua has brought into the market some of the odd beetle jewelry for which that country is famous. Not alone Nicaragua, but all of the Central American republics are wonderfully rich in insect life. Both butterflies and beetles are marked by the most magnificent colorings known to entomology. The colorines utilized many of the beetles for decorative purposes and their Spanish conquerors adopted the beautiful ornaments. The favorite beetle the writer has found to be of three classes. One is about the same shape and size as the Egyptian scarab, though a trifle flatter and very much stronger. It is coated with a green enamel of metallic lustre which looks like a gem from some other planet. The Indians cure the beetle by drying and smoking, and mount it with gold legs. This is set upon a disk of white stone, carnelian, milk quartz, or even porcelain, which, in turn, is rimmed with gold. This is employed as a brooch, cuff-button, or breast-pin. Sometimes the beetle is mounted upon a thin plate of gold or silver, and is used as an ear-ring.

The second class of beetles are of the same general outline as the tumbler-bug, but their wing cases are of rich, changeable purple, blue and green, with metallic lustre. The tint varies with the angle at which light strikes the surface. They are not as strong as the scarab, and are employed for making necklaces and bracelets. Three or four are fastened together so as to form a bead, and a number of these beads are strung upon elastic cord or gold wire. When around a snowy wrist or neck they make a wonderful striking display of color and light.

OUTLAW TRACY'S CAREER

MOST REMARKABLE MAN HUNT IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME.

A Life and Death Chase Across Country Which Lasted Fifty-eight Days and Extended Over Two States—A Powerful Man Though of Very Slight Build.

The death of outlaw Tracy by his own hands ends perhaps the most remarkable man hunt in the annals of crime, and closes a life and death chase which lasted without cessation for 58 days and extended over the greater part of two states.

Since June 9 last Tracy, hunted by Indian trackers, bloodhounds, hundreds of authorized officers of the law, the state troops of Washington, and unnumbered volunteer bands of vigilantes, with a price on his head that amounted to a fortune, traveled over about fifteen hundred miles of wild country, and defied capture to the last.

From the moment of his daring escape from the Oregon state penitentiary to his last stand in the swamps of Lincoln county, near the eastern border of Washington, he killed six officers of the law, slew his fellow fugitive, David Merrill, in a duel fought while men and hounds were on his heels, wounded nearly a dozen other officers of pursuing parties, and terrorized the people of two states.

Living on the country he passed through, Tracy rode down stolen horses without number, robbed farmers of food, clothing, and money needed for his flight; crossed and recrossed rivers, hiding when he could and fighting when too hard pressed. Six times he shot his way through pursuing parties which surrounded him, and struggled on in his desperate race against death for liberty.

The criminal exploits of Frank and Jesse James, the Younger Bros., Murrell, and all the horde of desperate outlaws of the west pale beside the determined daring and reckless courage of the Oregon convict.

On the morning of June 9 Tracy, then serving a sentence of 20 years' imprisonment for robbery and shooting a sheriff's officer who had attempted to arrest him, made his successful dash for freedom from the Salem prison, aided by his fellow-criminal, David Merrill, who was serving a term of 13 years for complicity in the robbery of which Tracy was convicted.

That there was aid for the two desperate men from the outside is certain, for on the morning of the day of their escape, two repeating rifles were left in the jail corridors, where Tracy and Merrill easily could reach them as they marched with the other prisoners from their cells to their day's work.

Tracy believed all along that Merrill, who first was arrested for the robberies they both committed at Portland in February, 1899, had betrayed him to the officers of the law, but nevertheless he consented to plot with Merrill to break prison, and their plans were carefully made.

As they passed the guns left for them each seized a weapon and made a rush for the walls around the penitentiary. The guards attempted to stop them, and Tracy, a dead shot, killed Guard F. B. Farrell and wounded Frank Ingraham, a life convict who attempted to aid the guards.

Then, in the face of a heavy fire from other guards, Tracy and Merrill raised a ladder and escaped over the wall, stopping long enough to return the fire directed at them, a third shot from Tracy's rifle killing Guard S. B. T. Jones. Then the escaping desperadoes made a rush for the prison outer gate, where they encountered two other guards, whom they made prisoners, meaning to keep them as hostages should the other guards not cease firing.

The latter, however, kept up the hail of bullets, and Tracy, who had compelled his captives to walk before him, shot dead B. F. Tiffany, while Merrill fired at the second captive, who dropped, and pretending to have been hit, escaped. Then both escaped.

Twenty guards from the prison were sent in pursuit, and from that beginning grew the famous chase which closed with so dramatic a setting.

Eluding their pursuers, the two outlaws captured an involuntary host, J. W. Stewart, whom they made exchange clothes with them, and also pressed into service an expressman whose attire they likewise appropriated.

Both Stewart and the expressman were held captive until the next day, when after having spent a comfortable night and been well fed, the fugitives stole two horses from another Salem resident and started for the north.

On the second day of the pursuit bloodhounds were pressed into service and the chase grew hot. Within a day there was set on the heads of the fugitive pair a price of \$8000. Neither of the bandits was heard of for some days, till, at a place called Gervais, they further altered their attire by robbing a man named Roberts of his clothing.

A cordon of several hundred men were thrown around Gervais, but Tracy and his companion easily broke through after an interchange of shots. The fugitives next were heard of six days after the escape, on June 15, when they held up a boatman and compelled him to row them across the Columbia river. The impressed boatman landed the runaway convicts in Washington near Vancouver, formerly the home of Merrill, where they undoubtedly expected to find friends and shelter.

Again bloodhounds were put on the trail, but, as before, the outlaws threw the dogs off the scent by taking to

the water of the swamps and doubling back on the trail. It was at this point in the man hunt that another victim fell, this time one of the pursuing party being shot by his own friends in mistake for one of the outlaws.

While the pursuit still was making a dragnet search through the swamps, the fugitives, traveling with incredible swiftness, made their way 100 miles north to the line of the Northern Pacific railroad, which connects Portland with Puget Sound.

At this point in the flight Tracy and Merrill were known to have been together, but when Tracy next was heard of he was alone and in the close neighborhood of Olympia. A few days later the dead body of Merrill was found further back on the trail with a bullet wound in his back.

After this discovery, the facts of the killing of Merrill came out in the boasting of Tracy, who said he had killed him as he had suspected Merrill of having betrayed him at Portland. They had agreed, he said to duel, the strange conditions of which showed in a striking manner the nature of the outlaw.

According to Tracy the quarrel arose over the fact that Merrill was rated as his equal in newspaper reports of the escape and flight, and as he held Merrill to be the inferior, they had come to words and agreed to fight. They were to walk, back to back, a certain number of paces and then turn and fire, but Tracy, fearing treachery on Merrill's part, stopped short of the agreed number of steps, and, turning, deliberately shot the other in the back.

At Olympia Tracy visited a fishing camp in the neighborhood and held up the camp, making five men prisoners and pressing into his service a naphtha launch which lay at anchor there, leaving two of his prisoners tied up on the shore while the others were compelled to man the launch and take him out toward Tacoma. The launch crew gave the alarm as soon as he departed, and Tracy within a few hours was trailed to a clump of timber.

The sheriff of the county, Edward Cuddebe, a noted man-hunter, was absent, but his chief deputy, "Jack" Williams, took up the pursuit, and with a posse surrounded Tracy's retreat, only to have the outlaw slip through his fingers, after having added one more murder to the list by the killing of Detective Frank Raymond and wounding Williams himself.

When Tracy renewed his flight bloodhounds again were put on his track, but the crafty outlaw had provided himself with red pepper, and this he strewed over the ground as he passed, with the result that the dogs had their noses filled with pepper and were thrown off the scent, until Tracy had time to get to water, where he obliterated his trail effectively.

Cuddebe took up the hunt when he learned of the disastrous defeat of his deputies, and promptly with the return of the Sheriff, Gov. McBride of Washington ordered out the Washington National Guard and set 200 soldiers on the chase in addition to the numerous bands of county and state officers who already were hot on the murderer's heels.

The story of the pursuit of the outlaw after this is a long and exciting one, only a few incidents can be given here. Tracy was run to earth on July 10 in a thicket near Covington on Green river, but when the pursuers were sure they had him he burst through the lines, and after two interchanges of shots slipped away, leaving one wounded deputy behind him.

The trail then was lost for two days, and when picked up called for another outing for the bloodhounds and Indian trackers, but with the same results. Then Tracy was lost for four days, till an old-time criminal seeking a share in the reward informed the sheriff's officers that Tracy had submitted to a surgical operation performed by one of his companions with a razor, but the nature of the wound that was so treated was not known. There was a long break in the hunt thereafter, and it was but a few days ago that he was heard from moving toward the point in eastern Washington where he was run down.

Tracy's real name, or at least the name of his father, is said to have been Garr. As a boy of 12 years in 1890 he was arrested in Dillon, Mont., where he spent his boyhood for stealing a keg of beer, and his record ever since has been criminal. In 1897 he appeared in Cache county, Utah, in company with a robber named Dave Lant, and the two together committed many thefts, the burglary of a store in Cache county finally causing the arrest of both and their conviction and sentence to the Utah penitentiary for terms of eight years.

Tracy escaped by taking a revolver away from a guard and marching the guard out of the lines of the prison work before he released him. He next was connected with two notorious bands of young robbers in Colorado. In a fight between officers and the Roberts' Roost gang, headed by George Curry, Tracy and a companion shot and killed a deputy sheriff named Valentine Day, but they were wounded and their capture followed.

They were taken to Aspen, Cal., and placed in jail, but in a few days overpowered the jailor and regained their freedom. That was in June, 1897, and for the next two years Tracy kept out of jail, though wanted in several states.

His conviction to the Salem penitentiary was obtained in April, 1899, for robberies committed in Portland in February of the same year. When he began his sentence of 20 years in Salem prison he was registered as 25 years of age. Tracy was a powerful man, though of rather slight build.

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A "LOVELY GIRL ORCHESTRA" IS NEXT.

The attendance thus far at the New Exposition has exceeded all expectations, and honestly speaking, there is just one verdict, viz. that from every viewpoint the present exhibition is head and shoulders above anything ever before seen in Pittsburgh, or for that matter in any other city. The general "spick and span" appearance of all the buildings, the larger number, and great variety of exhibits and the superior beauty of the booths housing them have brought forth almost endless adjectives of admiration. Mechanical hall, especially has been the recipient of lavish praise, since here the scheme of display has been entirely changed, and the whole structure tastefully decorated and dazzlingly illuminated.

The growth of the New Exposition can best be gauged by the fact that there are forty-two more exhibitors than last year making a grand total of one hundred and twenty-seven, and occupying an area of one hundred and twenty-five thousand square feet. Notable among the new exhibits are "Two Model Bath Rooms," constructed at a cost of four thousand dollars; a superb electrical showing; cereals, fruits, minerals, etc., of the Southern Railway, the finest of cut glassware; the novel steam-turbine-engine-wheel, and many others.

The musical attraction from September 17 to 23, inclusive, will be the Fadesettes of Boston, fifty strong, otherwise the "Lovely Girl Orchestra," an organization that the past summer has set cultured Boston afire with enthusiasm and wonder. It is something new to find large bodies of women playing together, but the results have been so satisfying that the New Exposition management felt constrained to champion the new cause and show its clientele what marvelous progress woman has made in the field of music. Aside from the lovely quality of their music these fifty women, each clad in white or some delicately colored gown, will make a fascinating stage picture among the flowers, green palms and pale blue lights of the newly and beautifully redecorated Music Hall. Suburbanites can not afford to miss hearing this superb body of players.

Just a word as to the special attractions. There are ten of them each more interesting than the other, and all together so enjoyable to the visitor that they have become the talk of the town. Excursions are being run to the New Exposition each week during the season of forty days and every person in this city owes it to himself and his family to make use of the privilege.

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