A TUNNEL INTO A JAIL.

Remarkable Attempt to Rescue Prisoners.

POSSIBLY WORK OF ANARCHISTS.

Pittsburg Prison Is the Present Home of the Man Who Tried to Kill H. C. Frick—Emma Goldman Is Said to Be Implicated.

Pittsburg, July 27.—One of the boldest and most systematic plans for the release of one or more prisoners from Riverside penitentiary has been thwarted by accident. The first theory advanced when the matter was discovered seemed to point to the release of Alexander Berkman, the anarchist, who is serving a 22 years' sentence for the shooting of H. C. Frick, the steel magnate, during the big Homestead strike in 1892, but the conclusion reached by Director Muth of the Alleghany police department is that the real object of the rescuers was to secure the freedom of the notorious real estate swindler, J. C. Boyd, who is serving a seven years' sentence in the penitentiary.

This opinion is shared by the Pittsburg police officials also, and many reasons are brought forward to confirm the theory. Among these are the facts that Boyd is wanted in nearly every state in the Union on charges of real estate swindling, has confederates all over the country and is accounted one of the wealthiest prisoners in Riverside.

The plan by which the rescuers hoped to reach the penitentiary was by a tunnel from the cellar of a house on Sterling street, nearly opposite one of the gates. Their work is remarkable considering the obstacles to be overcome. Investigation showed that it was over 200 feet long, but because of its zigzag character had not reached the prison wall. One of the officers who crawled a distance of 201 feet in the dark passageway was compelled to return before reaching its end by reason of the foul gases arising. From this it is inferred that the tunnel had tapped a sewer. Director Muth, however, believes that the dead body of one of the tunnelers will be discovered when the tunnel is opened from the surface, as is the intention. He thinks the man was overcome by the gases and his companions for fear of complications fled.

A Well Equipped Tunnel.

In the tunnel the men found a dry battery electric light. In two places they found electric push buttons and bells which communicated with buttons and bells in the kitchen and in the parlor alongside the piano. It was plain that the woman at the piano could exchange signals with the men in the tunnel and that the playing and singing was largely intended to drown the sound of the fan. Most of the digging had evidently been done with a "silent digger," a crescent shaped piece of steel with two handles, which could cut down the loamy soil expeditiously.

A pile of dirt ten feet high was in a coal bin in one corner of the cellar. A sheet of paper containing what seemed to be a message in cipher was found. On the back of a torn half of a card was a diagram containing the words "selfishness, altruism, egoism." The other side of the card contained a printed invitation on which the words "Hygeia Hall," "Federation of Social," "Corner Ogden and Roby streets," were decipherable. There are no streets of those names in Pittsburg or Alleghany.

It became known last night that two strange men who had been seen entering the Sterling street house often visited the house of a cobbler named Dietrich on Spring Garden avenue, Alleghany. Dietrich is an anarchist and is a friend of Jacob Bauer and Karl Knold, who went to the prison with Berkman, but have been released. When the afternoon paper extras appeared on the street Dietrich closed up his shop and disappeared. Jacob Bauer could not be found. One of the Sterling street neighbors asserts that one of the women seen in the house bore a striking resemblance to Emma Goldman, who has always interested herself in Berkman's behalf. A force of city street employees will be put to work this morning to dig down into the tunnel on Sterling street and follow the passage to the end by breaking down the earth roof.

Berkman's Crime.

Berkman's attempt on the life of H. C. Frick was made during the big strike at the Homestead works of the Carnegie Steel company (limited) in July, 1892. He forced his way into Mr. Frick's office in the Hussey building, 232 Fifth avenue, and opened fire on Mr. Frick. Two bullets took effect, and before Berkman could be overpowered he had also stabbed the steel manufacturer. Mr. Frick lingered between life and death for several weeks, but finally recovered.

Berkman was sentenced to the penitentiary on Sept. 19, 1892, for a period of 22 years. Two applications for a pardon for Berkman have been made unsuccessfully.

Exonerates Tugboat Men.

Berlin, July 27.—Dr. Wiegand of the North German Lloyd Steamship company in an interview said: "The official report of our New York inspector, Captain Moeller, who is absolutely trustworthy, denies emphatically that there was any incorrect behavior on the part of New York harbor tugs at the time of the Hoboken fire. On the contrary, the captains of the tugs did precisely what Captain Moeller asked them to do. Dr. Wiegand admitted that the company's sailings to Baltimore and the Rio de la Plata had been diminished owing to the fire and to the special Chinese emergencies. He said that other vessels were approaching completion, two of which would be faster than the Deutschland.

A. W. Campbell Dies In London.

London, July 27.—Allen W. Campbell, an American, a brother of Princess San Fastino of Italy, died here yesterday. Allen Watson Campbell was a member of a well known New York family which has lived recently in Rome. His father was the late George W. Campbell. The son was a member of the Rough Riders under Colonel Roosevelt and belonged to the Rockaway Hunt and the Calumet clubs. His sister, Miss Jane Campbell, was a beauty in society before her marriage several years ago. She has lived abroad since her marriage, and her family has been with her during much of the time.

Forest Fires In Montana.

Kalispell, Mon., July 27.—One of the worst forest fires ever known in northwestern Montana is now raging in the Swan Lake country, on the western part of the Lewis and Clarke forest reserve.

WOMAN'S VOCATION.

With woman's nimble fingers
Awake life's beauty everywhere;
Things small and unregarded
Beneath thy touch shall change to fair.

With woman's tender insight
Unspoken sorrow understand;
The watcher's aching forehead
Shall yield unto thy cooling hand.

With woman's noble purity,
Be as the snow white lilies are,
Their glowing heart shall beckon
And be the wanderer's guiding star.

With woman's strength eternal,
Thy life, for others freely given,
Shall shine afar, translucent,
Clear as the crystal gate of heaven.
—Carmen Sylva in North American Review.

MAROONED ON AN ISLAND.

BY M. QUAD.

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If you had a chart before you, you would see that Wakes island is a bit of a dot in the Pacific ocean, lying a little south of the regular sailing route between Honolulu and Yokohama. Now and then it is sighted by steamer or sailing vessel making the passage, but the great majority pass it by 200 miles to the north. The traders call there occasionally for water or fuel, but as there are no inhabitants there can be no trade. It is an island three miles long by one and a half broad, and it was thrown to the surface by an earthquake. There is but one spot where a landing can be made even in the calmest weather, as its shores are rocky and rise to a height of from 30 to 100 feet. Much of the island is wooded, and bowlders lie about everywhere, and it is probably one of the loneliest spots in the universe. For some reason which no one can explain no birds are ever found there, nor is there any animal life. The only living things are land crabs, and they are of such size and fierceness that traders have had to flee before them.

In the year 1861 the bark Restless sailed out of San Francisco on a voyage to Japan and China. She had just been purchased by a man named Robert Westall, who was little known, but had suddenly made a lot of money, and the cargo was also mostly his. He went with his ship, and a fate befell him which reads stranger than fiction of the sea. He was a landsman, knowing nothing of ships and sailors, and it transpired that the captain he selected was a thoroughly bad man, while the mate was little better. It was probably the captain's idea from the outset to get possession of the ship, but Westall's suspicions were not aroused until after they had called at Honolulu and resumed the voyage. Then he overheard observations among the crew which alarmed him, and he went to the captain with his statements. He was told without any beating around the bush that the bark was to change hands. He was to be marooned on Wakes island, and she was to pursue her voyage as captain and crew decided. It was one man against 15, and of course he was helpless. Neither threats nor promises had the slightest effect, and when he stormed he was cautioned to hold his temper, or he would be set afloat in a small boat to perish of thirst and starvation. When the island was finally reached, Westall was ordered into a boat to be rowed ashore. Not a pound of provisions or an extra article of clothing was to go with him. He was not even to have the means of kindling a fire. Rendered desperate by the situation, he made a fight for it, but was soon knocked senseless by the blow of a capstan bar, and while in that condition was rowed ashore and dumped on the beach. When he recovered consciousness, the Restless was sailing away and was already miles distant.

Jules Verne has told how a sailor cast away on a desert island almost naked managed to live almost luxuriously and provide for his every want. The difference between imagination and reality was exemplified in Westall's case. He tried for days and days to produce fire by rubbing dry sticks together, but he never succeeded. He constructed a hut in the woods, but his food consisted of shellfish, roots and wild fruits, and there was no way to replace his clothing. He soon found fresh water, and he also made the discovery that the spot seemed accursed of all living things except the land crabs. As a rule these loathsome creatures did not bother him during daylight, but as soon as the sun went down they swarmed over the whole island. They were gigantic in size, and his only way of escaping them was to climb a tree. He built a platform among the limbs ten feet from the earth, and every night during his long stay he resorted to it. About once a month, generally at midday, the crabs would swarm by the million and hold possession of the island for two or three hours. At such times the noise made by their claws as they passed over rock and soil was almost deafening and gave him a great scare. While the man speedily recovered from the blow on the head given him on shipboard, his lonely situation soon began to tell on his mind. One day, at the end of three months, he found that he had forgotten his own name. It was two hours before it came to him, and then, fearful that it might go out of his mind for good, he carved his initials on the bark of a tree with a sharp stone. After making the circuit of the island three or four times he settled down near the landing place, and every day for weeks and months and years he hoped that some trader would put in or some ship send in her boat. Traders did call on three or four occasions, but he missed them. Once he was asleep in the tree top; again he was ill. On a third occasion the crabs were out in such numbers that the trader grew afraid and put off as soon as he had touched.

You will wonder how a man could have lived for a month as Westall lived for three years. For eight months there was a species of wild fruit something like a plum. Now and then a fish was left by the tide for him to capture, but he had to eat them raw. There were oysters and mussels and limpets clinging to the rocks, but after awhile he could hardly force himself to swallow them. In six months his boots were gone and his clothing was in tatters, and as the days dragged away the man had it on his mind that his memory was failing him. When a year had gone by, he could no longer recall his identity. The initials on the tree stood for a dozen different names to him. Six months later he was little better than a wild beast. During his second year, had he thought to erect some sort of signal at the landing place—some such signal as a sailor would have made—he would probably have been rescued, as two or three traders came in for water, but he did not even heap up stones or set up a bush to attract attention. He had existed on the island three years and two weeks when the American whaling ship Jonathan touched there for water. I was in the boat first sent ashore, and while waiting for the water casks to arrive I followed a path up into the woods and discovered Westall asleep on his platform. I believed him at first to be some monster gorilla. The weather had turned him almost black, his hair was long and matted, and he was without clothing. As he came tumbling down I ran away and gave the alarm. That frightened him, and seven men of us spent half a day in his capture. He fought us with the greatest ferocity, and for a long time we could not make out his nationality. He chattered a queer jargon or sulked, and we had put in at a Japanese port before we could keep clothing on him.

I was one of the apprentice boys on the ship, and, as the wild man had taken a great liking to me and I seemed to be the only one who could control him, the American consul advised that I be left behind with the man while the ship made a three months' circuit. Quarters were provided for us, and I was instructed how to go to work in an effort to restore the poor fellow's memory. By this time he had let fall enough to satisfy us that he was either English or American. We had also connected him in a way with the missing ship Restless. She had been reported as leaving Honolulu, but that was the last of her. I put up a blackboard and turned schoolmaster. I chalked down the letters of the alphabet, made figures, drew pictures and tried to start his memory to work. For a month I had no luck. The man's mind was as blank as night. He tried hard enough, and he used to break down and weep almost daily, but he could not get hold of the end of the string. I had about given up all hope when one day as I was going through the usual performance memory came back to him like a flash. He suddenly uttered a shout and sprang to his feet, and as I turned on him it was to find a new look on his face and to hear him shout:

"It has come! It has come! My name is Robert Westall, and I can remember everything!"

So it turned out, but the shock of recovery brought about an illness that confined him to his bed for weeks. When he could relate his story, the consul went to work to find out what had become of the Restless. Inquiries were made at all the ports of China and Japan, but no news was obtained. The search was still being prosecuted when a sandalwood trader from one of the Philippines brought the consul some wreckage picked up three years agone which proved that the bark had gone to the bottom in a gale encountered soon after sailing away from Wakes island. To this day there have been no tidings to alter this belief. The wretches who so coolly and deliberately planned the death of the shipowner by starvation did not live beyond a few days to enjoy their triumph. The three years spent on the island made an old man of Westall before his time, and he never was clear headed again, but he lived for 15 years after and managed to get together quite a little property and to spend his last years in peace.

A Good Snake Story.

The latest authentic snake story is from North Glenwood Farm, near Easton, one of the country places in Talbot county, Md. The other day a big black snake was seen emerging from an ice pond. It was killed. A protuberance was noticed about the middle. The snake was chopped in two, and a porcelain turkey nest egg rolled out. Captain Noble Robinson was tenant on the farm last year. Mrs. Robinson raised turkeys; using china eggs in their nests. She says that 14 months ago she missed the nest egg from a nest near the ice pond. She supposed a boy who had the range of the meadow had taken it. When the egg from the snake was shown to Mrs. Robinson, she identified it as one she had lost by a certain incised mark upon it. The snake had carried the china egg 14 months in his vermiform appendix, apparently without appendicitis. But he must have thought very hard of it and that it was very singular that it could not be digested.

Countries That Teach Gardening.

School gardens were established in Belgium many years ago, and it is said that to them is due the prosperity of the rural population, the larger portion being engaged in truck gardening. After the introduction of agriculture into the public schools of France, by a law passed in 1885 school gardens increased in that country. Annual appropriations have been devoted to an extension of the system in Switzerland since 1885.

AN INDIANA HEROINE.

A Girl Whose Courage Probably Saved Many Lives.

Miss Cora M. Wise holds a warm place in the hearts of many persons whose lives she probably saved. She is the telegraph operator and tower tender at Sands, Ind., a little station on the "Big Four."

The little tower that is her office stands 40 feet above the level of the track and the track is on an embankment 20 feet high, making her office about 60 feet above the main level of the ground. She was sitting in this little tower, having given the signal to the extra freight train that all was clear. The train pulled out of the siding, and as it was passing her little tower a car jumped the track. This threw four other cars off and all of them came with great force against the tower, overturning it and sending Miss Wise to the ground in a mass of wreckage, which soon took fire from the overturned stove, and in a short

MISS CORA WISE.

time was consumed. Miss Wise extricated herself and managed to hobble around and climb the steep embankment, where she found a man and ordered him to flag No. 1, a fast passenger train, which was due in a few minutes. She could do no more, however, the effort of climbing the embankment in her exhausted condition being too much for her, and she asked to be taken to her home in New Point, a mile away. Tender hands lifted her to the cab of an engine and in a few minutes she was being rapidly taken where medical assistance could be rendered. She became unconscious immediately after being placed on the engine.

Miss Wise does not seem to think much of her deed and modestly refuses to be considered a heroine, but nevertheless it was only her great desire to save the passenger train that enabled her to retain consciousness and climb to the top of the embankment and order the flagman to signal the train.

Woman Lawyers' Club.

The Woman Lawyers' club has disbanded for the summer, but will resume its meetings again in September. It will probably retain its old quarters, 19 West Forty-second street. A programme of papers and discussions will be arranged and presented at the meetings, which will be held monthly as formerly. The club will give one public meeting next winter, to which nonclub members will be invited. Heretofore the meetings have been attended only by members. There are now 20 members in the club, ten of whom are either practicing independently in this city or attached to some department in large law offices, and the remaining ten are similarly engaged in New Jersey and Connecticut. The officers elected to serve the ensuing year are: President, Miss Rosalie Loew; vice president, Mrs. Philip Carpenter; treasurer and secretary, Miss Edith J. Griswold, 220 Broadway; corresponding secretary, Miss Gail Laughlin. These, with Mrs. Louise Fowler Gignoux, form the executive committee. The chairman of the membership committee is Miss Mary G. Potter. The club is organized to assist and encourage women in their profession and to encourage one another.—New York Post.

Nasturtiums.

Nasturtiums are grateful things and repay even indifferent care, but when given generous treatment they are a perfect blaze of wonderful color and beauty.

When nasturtiums refuse to bloom and go to leaf profusely, pick off the leaves by great handfuls, ruthlessly and relentlessly. This lets the sun and air get to the stems and buds and makes them bloom much more profusely. Keep all the old flowers picked off and never let seeds form. Once a week go over them and pick off everything in the shape of flowers, leaving only buds, and next day but one they are as gay as ever. The more they are picked the better they bloom.

If you want a great show of fine large nasturtiums for any particular date, pick off all blossoms a few days before and give copious waterings.

A Large Task.

The new Legislative League of Women, with Lillie Devereux Blake as president and Elizabeth Cady Stanton as honorary president, has assumed a large task. Its object as avowed is to secure equality of rights for women in legal, civil and industrial relations. The league calls attention to the fact that in eight states a wife has no right to her own property after marriage; in seven states there is no law compelling a man to support his family; in 37 states a mother has no right to her children; in 16 states a wife has no right to her earnings outside the home, and the league claims there is discrimination in every state against women in the matter of employment and compensation.

GEMS IN VERSE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Be My Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring.
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow.
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the moon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer.
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold.
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!
—Eugene Field.

My Psalm.

I mourn no more my vanished years.
Beneath a tender rain—
An April rain of smiles and tears—
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low
I hear the glad streams run.
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find—
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land
To harvest weed and tare,
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff; I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given.

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal—
To build as to destroy—
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.
—Whittier.

Guns of Peace.

Ghosts of dead soldiers in the battle slain,
Ghosts of dead heroes dying nobler far,
In the long patience of inglorious war,
Of famine, cold, heat, pestilence and pain—
All ye whose loss makes our victorious gain—
This quiet night, as sounds the cannon's tongue,
Do ye look down the trembling stars among,
Viewing our peace and war with like disdain?
Or, wiser grown since reaching your new spheres,
Smile ye on those poor bones ye sowed as seed
For this our harvest, nor regret the deed?—
Yet lift one cry with us to heavenly ears—
Strike with thy bolt the next red flag unfurled
And make all wars to cease throughout the world.
—Dinah Maria Craik.

School.

The bees are in the meadow
And the swallows in the sky;
The cattle in the shadow
Watch the river running by.

The wheat is hardly stirring;
The heavy ox team lags;
The dragon fly is whirring
Through the yellow blossomed flags.

And down beside the river
Where the trees lean o'er the pool,
Where the shadows reach and quiver,
A boy has come to school.

His teachers are the swallows,
And the river, and the trees.
His lessons are the shallows,
And the flowers, and the bees.

He knows not he is learning.
He thinks nor writes a word,
But in the soul discerning
A loving spring is stirred.

In after years—oh, weary years!—
The river's lesson he
Will try to speak to heedless ears
In faltering minstrelsy.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Hero Worship.

"He is not what you think." O judges wise,
Can we not have Valhalla for our own
Within our hearts, where all the souls we prize
Shall sit in state, each on his royal throne?
What matter if we do not always choose
The few whose names, well weighed, ye write above
As laurel worthy. Do ye then refuse
Our hearts' free right to honor whom we love?

What is one false among a thousand true—
A thousand opening lives so well begun?
"He is no hero, as you think," say you?
Well, then, our faith shall help to make him one.
Back, judges, to your work of weighing, slow,
The dead ye destine to Fame's court above!
But leave us free to worship here below
With faith and hope the living whom we love.
—Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Experience.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup;
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches,
And most of sterling worth is what
Our own experience teaches.
—Tennyson.

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