

TO FREE AN ANARCHIST.

HOW A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY UPSET AN INGENIOUS PLOT.

Thrilling Account of the Attempt to Release Berkman, Who Is Confined in the Allegheny Penitentiary for Shooting H. C. Frick During the Homestead Strike.

The Pittsburg correspondent of the Chicago Record, writes as follows:

Woman's curiosity—responsible for many things—led to the discovery of the tunnel by which Alexander Berkman, the anarchist who shot Henry Frick during the dark days of the Homestead strike, expected to crawl to freedom. Had Miss Jennie McCarty not been so curious to know something about new neighbors it is possible that Berkman would now be at liberty.

The western Pennsylvania penitentiary stands on the north bank of the Ohio river in lower Allegheny. On three sides of it are houses, some of them being within 30 feet of the prison wall. Sterling and Refuge streets meet at right angles at the southeastern corner of the prison. Miss McCarty lives on the corner of Sterling street, and almost directly opposite is a two-story brick house at No. 28. From a sentry's box on the top of the 35 feet high prison walls officers of the penitentiary could look into the windows at No. 28. The house is owned by J. W. Langditt, an engineer in the penitentiary.

In the middle of May a man giving his name as Thomas Brown and his address as Chicago agreed to purchase the house from Langditt by paying \$250 cash and agreeing to pay the remainder in installments of \$250 every two months. Of course every woman in the neighborhood heard of the sale and all were curious to see the new neighbors. The latter were four or five men and one woman. All the furniture they had was a few chairs, a table or two, a lounge, some coats, a couple of large mirrors and some rolls of matting. The day following their arrival a piano was delivered at the house by a local music firm.

A wagonload of lumber and several hundred feet of galvanized iron pipe about 2½ inches in diameter was also unloaded and the stuff carried into the yard behind the house. There are women in every neighborhood who see everything taken into a house by new residents. It was thought a shed was to be erected and new spouting put on the house. Miss McCarty, living opposite with her sister, had been "keeping a line" on the house for ten days, and remarked that their new neighbors were peculiar people.

They seemed to keep the front door locked all the time, and the woman sat at her piano by the window, which was always open. She was the first up in the morning in the neighborhood and the last to go to bed at night, and played the piano continuously.

If the postman had a letter, the grocer's boy some vegetables or the milkman was delivering bottles of milk, it was the same. Everything was handed to the woman through the window. The front steps and pavement were never swept, and the woman appeared to do nothing but play the piano, and her voice, a rich soprano, could be heard all over the neighborhood.

"Well, I don't know, but things look mighty funny," said Jennie McCarty one night in June while she and some neighbors were enjoying the music. "That piano wouldn't be going all the time if it wasn't for a purpose. I honestly believe those people are building a tunnel under the street to blow up the penitentiary."

Langditt, prison engineer, who owned the house, was sent for, and the day following the door was opened.

Warden Wright and the other prison officers never allow themselves to be surprised at anything prisoners may do, but what they saw in this house dazed them. In the front of the cellar was a closet about six feet square. In the bottom of the closet was an excavation six feet long and two and a half feet wide. The hole led under the foundation of the wall and out under Sterling into Refuge street. The tunnel was explored as far as the guards could go, but foul air in the hole drove them out.

After making sure that there were no men in the tunnel the party explored the house. In a pantry on the first floor was found an ordinary blow fan, by which air was forced through galvanized pipe into the tunnel. Attached to the roll of the fan was a leather belt, and this was also around a large buggy wheel, between the spokes of which was a handle used to turn it. Each revolution of the wheel caused the fan to revolve and blow air into the pipe. The latter ran along the roof of the tunnel, which at no point was less than two feet deep and wide.

In the front room of the house stood the piano. On the wall alongside of the instrument was an electric push button. The wires from this also led into the tunnel. The latter had been properly braced, or shored, the wires being neatly tacked to the woodwork holding up the roof, and the iron pipe also held firmly by hooks. An electric bell was found in the tunnel, and the reason for the existence of the push button was plain. The woman, seated at the piano, without stopping, could press the button and alarm the men working in the tunnel should danger arise. Over the piano was a large mirror and another was at the woman's back. Without turning her head she could see people coming along the street from either direction, and at the same time watch the sentry on the wall.

But little furniture was found in the house. Cheap matting was on the floor and a great quantity of cooked meats in the kitchen. The dining room table was just as it had been left after a meal. There were six soup bowls,

which had been used, and six knives and forks. This led to the belief that six persons were in the plot, and that they had gone away hastily.

Down in the cellar at the entrance to the tunnel was found a suit of clothes, in one of the pockets of which was a cipher letter. It was supposed to be a letter of instructions to the escaping convict telling him where to go. Several experts agree that in the combination of Hebrew, Russian, German and shorthand characters there is something about the East 72d street elevated station and First avenue. Nobody has yet been found who can read the cipher.

When it was found impossible to explore the tunnel from the Sterling street end because of the foul air which the blow fan could not drive out, excavations were made on the outside. Men who have crawled in went over 150 feet parallel with the Refuge street wall, and the tunnel was easily found. After crossing Sterling street it runs close to the penitentiary wall. The latter is built on piles, which were cut with a saw and hatchet by the tunnelers.

The prison end of the tunnel was five feet from the wall and within 40 feet of the prison hospital. It terminated under a large flagstone, which was over a thin crust of earth and gravel, about three inches thick. Between it and the prison proper was the large prison stone pile on which convicts work. The flagstone was so wedged in the earth that it could be moved up like a trapdoor sufficient to permit the passage of a man.

Nothing could be easier than for a convict to drop behind the pile of stones if he knew the exact location of the end of the tunnel, jump into the hole and pull the stone after him. If he were missed and the hole discovered the stone would block the passage of any pursuers. By the time it was got out and other obstacles in the tunnel overcome Berkman could be out in the street dressed in the clothes left for him.

Police officials, miners and others say no better piece of underground engineering exists than this winding, tortuous tunnel. From beginning to end it was 293 feet long. It was finished about July 4, the woman having played the piano all that day, and the diggers left it "upto Berkman." It was not the latter's fault that he did not get away. According to a story told by one of the keepers, Berkman was suspected of being up to some kind of mischief and was locked in his cell just about the time his escape was planned. As the time drew near for him to make the attempt he became nervous. This was noted by one of the keepers, and without giving any reason for it they confined him.

Some months ago Berkman made a birdcage, and one of his friends on the outside sent him a canary. The latter he evidently intended to use to get away. He had been noticed kicking at the earth near the hospital. He seemed to be "feeling" the ground with his feet. When one of the keepers asked him about it he said he was merely uncovering new gravel for his canary. In that end of the prison yard there is plenty of gravel, but Berkman gathered enough for a dozen birds.

WASHINGTON NOMENCLATURE.

No President's Name in the Senate, Four in House, Directory Full of Them.

In the Senate there is no name corresponding with that of any president.

In the House there are four—Adams of Pennsylvania, Pierce of Tennessee, Polk of Pennsylvania and Taylor of Alabama.

In the city directory of Washington all presidential family names are repeated, and in some instances the Christian names.

There are 14 John Adamesses, two James Buchanans, one William Henry Harrison, one Benjamin Harrison, 13 Andrew Johnsons, seven James Monroes, two Franklin Pierces, one James K. Polk, 12 John Tylers, four Martin Van Burens, 13 George Washingtons with no middle names, and one William McKinley besides the president.

There are 18 Arthurs, 18 Cleveland, 10 Fillmores, one Garfield, 71 Grants, 20 Lincolns, a raft of Madisons, Taylors galore, Washingtons by the page and a number of McKinleys.

Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and Garfield are the only presidents honored with public statues. Washington and Lincoln have two each.

There is none of any vice president. Daniel Webster is the only cabinet officer and senator who has been so honored, for Garfield never took his seat as senator.

The army has one general, Scott. The navy has Farragut and Dupont. The supreme court has one, John Jay, first chief justice.

The above list does not include the statues in Statuary hall. The city directory of Washington always includes the president, not one of whom ever was or is a resident of the city, and the same is true of all cabinet officers, heads of departments, senators and representatives and all other officials, few of whom call Washington their home.

Most visitors, and many who live in Washington, speak of Jackson square or park, forgetting that this, the most generally known square in the city, is Lafayette.

The Best Way.

Castleton—What do you think! Here's a fellow who writes and says I borrowed \$10 of him over eight years ago, and he wants the money.

Clubberly—Why don't you write him back and tell him it takes more than eight years to change your disposition?—Puck.

THE LOG DRIVER'S LOT.

AN OCCUPATION THAT REQUIRES THE STEADIEST OF NERVES.

Trials of the "Walking Boss"—Hard and Heavy Work Done by the Lumbermen of Minnesota This Season to Get Their Logs Afloat in the Mississippi River.

C. C. Kelly of Fergus Falls, Minn., ninrod, student of nature and writer of short stories, went down to Minneapolis the other day to meet a few of his old New York friends and escort them into his balliwick, where they are now spending a pleasant vacation.

"Log driving in this year of our Lord has been, and still is, for that matter, about as near that fearful state of affairs called 'the worst ever' as anything earthly could be," said Mr. Kelly. "Every river, lake, brook and rivulet tributary to the father of waters and all the tributaries of his tributaries in the pine-bearing district of Minnesota, were covered with logs destined to feed the great mills of Minneapolis and other manufacturing points on the Mississippi. During the last winter and this spring the water was not."

"The snow-fall of last winter was scanty and, to make things worse, that scant provision went off so gradually that most of the little water into which it was converted went elsewhere than into the streams, and did little, if anything, toward raising them to a log-floating height.

"Then came the dry springtime and the drier summer, and the water fell every day instead of rising. "Of course, on most streams driving was out of the question, and on all of them it has been a woefully expensive operation when it could be done at all; but withal, it has been again demonstrated that to stop Minnesota loggers stock still, sudden death is the only potential instrument. In the face of low water, high wages, head winds, and every impediment, they have gone ahead and scored as great a triumph over adverse circumstances as even they can point to in the past.

"Ordinarily, a drive, though always furnishing plenty of hard work for every man in it, has enough of excitement and enough of easy spells where water is plenty and logs run easily, to keep everybody keyed up to a concert pitch, and at the same time to avoid putting the breaking strain on anyone.

"But it's another story this year. From breaking the rollaways to 'turning out' into the Mississippi it has been hard, heavy work, steady 'sacking' and 'hossing' over almost water-bare rapids, till even the iron lumberjack has come to find out that there are such things as nerves in his composition. About the time he makes that discovery, the common run of humanity, if engaged in his work, would have been dead about three weeks. 'Sacking' consists of drifting and carrying logs from the muddy shores of the streams where receding water has left them and putting them in the channel—and if Dante had been 'onto' the horrors of that pastime he would have given it a high place in the tortures of his Inferno. It has to be done in water up to knee deep, combined with a foot or so depth of mud, in which the feet of the workers sink at every step, and a day of it consists of 14 to 16 hours. Just imagine seven days in the week of such work, and three months of it on end, and you get a pretty fair idea of what log-driving has been this season.

"'Hossing' logs over the rapids means wading out into water rushing with the velocity of a bullet, getting peavy-hold on the big, stranded logs, and getting them off the rocks and into the current, by pure force of muscle.

"It's dogged as does it, my masters; it's dogged as does it; and the lumberjack can out-dogged the doggedest that ever stood in shoe leather—or went barefoot, either.

"Talk about conducting a campaign in the field! Why, MacArthur and 'Bobs' had no plumes compared to the man who has to bring out a big drive on a long stream. The command-in-chief of that great work, known in the profession as the 'walking boss,' had the problems before him of getting out a tremendous mass of logs with barely enough water to float them to the Mississippi if they had lain in the river in one solid mass, from the landing nearest the mouth to that nearest its source. But they didn't lay that way by a great deal. The great mass of them were not in the river at all, but landed on lakes and brooks tributary to it; and in brief, what our good walking boss had to do was to get them into one solid jam in the river, keep that jam moving so as to keep pace with the moving water, 'boom' them across the many lakes through which the stream flows, and get them into the Mississippi before 'the water got out ahead of them.' To do that he had to get them out of every lake and brook in such season that the out-cumming logs would fit into the space in the 'main jam' reserved for them, and be neither too late nor too soon to fill the appointed place; to fight as many head-winds as Vanderdecken encountered in trying to round the Cape; to watch every dam on lake and brook, and guard the outflow of water as though it was his own heart's blood; to be here, there, everywhere, from mouth to source of river, as omnipresent as the enemy in high wind, at all times; to eat when he could, and to sleep whenever he got the blessed chance; with the sky for cover oftener than not; to work 48, 72 hours, on a stretch when the rare 'fair wind' came, and he could get a good spell of 'jacking' done; in short, to be a prodigy of his brain, brawn, energy and nerve, and miser of water for nearly three months, and from the morning

the drive started, early in May, to get the first chance to take off his clothes on the night the main jam passed the last rapid, a mile from the mouth of the river. And this high-pressure gait he kept up for more than two months and a half, and never let off a pound of steam one minute of the time. But do it he did, and, though claiming to feel 'as if he had been pulled through a sick Frenchman' when it was all over, he did not look a whit the worse after getting a bath, clothed, and into his right mind, than before the drive started. Likewise he went off up the river the very next morning to 'see about starting the boys to haying,' as if such exploits were an everyday occurrence, and so much matter of the day's as not to be worth special attention." —Philadelphia Record.

GAS-LIGHTED BUOY BELLS.

New and Important Aids to Safe Navigation—Lakes Need Them.

With the thousands of reefs, shoals and bad spots abounding on the chain of lakes, any improvement in day or night warnings is appreciated by lake navigators. It has come to be known by them that there is an improved gas buoy and the matter is much talked of among the masters and they are asking why the lighthouse board does not introduce them on our crowded lakes and rivers and straits—crowded now by finer, larger freight craft than are to be found on the Atlantic or Pacific.

It is ascertained that experiments with what is called the Pintsch gas-lighted buoy-bell attachment have been carried on for more than a year and that the results prove it to be a perfect success. Buoys of this type are now made that will not only burn continuously from 80 to 365 days, according to capacity desired, but will ring a bell every 15 seconds automatically, thereby overcoming the fault of the ordinary bell buoy, which is dumb when the surface of the water is perfectly smooth. This improvement to the Pintsch buoy costs but \$300 more than those without it and is of inestimable value to the masters of all descriptions of craft, from the 500-footer down to the smallest coast lugger; and it goes without saying that the great and growing yacht fleet of the lakes and the princely private steam yachts are as much interested as other vessels.

When lake vesselmen know of something they need and want they are not backward in asking for it, and the indications are that the lighthouse board will soon hear from the Lake Carriers' association in regard to the adoption of this new improvement on the lakes, whether it has yet been adopted on the sea-coast or not. It is said the new style of buoy would be much more serviceable in crowded channels than the electric-lighted buoys, which are extinguished and become useless during gales, a time when they are most needed. The Pintsch gas buoy never goes out during the time for which it is constructed to burn, while the ringing of a bell in a fog, in addition to a permanent light, would be a boon the need of which has long been felt.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

GAUNT AND CURIOUS.

The greatest height ever reached in a balloon was 26,100 feet. Two of the three aeronauts who made this ascent were suffocated.

In the province of Smolensk, Russia, there is held every three months a lottery in husbands and wives, who are chosen by the chance drawing of a lottery ticket.

All classes in China dress by imperial command, and when the Pekin Gazette announces that the emperor has put on his winter hat on a day prescribed by centuries' unvarying astronomical custom, all China does likewise and turns over the chair cushions, exposing their "winter side."

E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention, reports that he has found in the department of Hautes Alpes, a cavity in the form of a "natural well," whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1027 feet, but the actual bottom has not yet been reached.

In a Springfield (Mass.) hospital was recently a man with a musical heart. Several doctors examined him and found that owing to the peculiar valvular action of his heart it gives forth at every beat a sound like the twanging of a violin string. The man, whose name is Joseph Milkovski, attributes the peculiar noise to a wound received from the dagger of a Russian Cossack some years ago. The knife entered the heart and came within an ace of ending his life.

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very curious manner. He keeps a special cork for crowing, and the bird which can out-crow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The mode of operation is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that one bird sets the other off crowing. A marker, appointed by the organizers of the show, is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible, in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the bird that scores the highest number of crows in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have recently taken place in the Leige district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.



To Take Grease from Wallpaper.

Lay a sheet of thick blotting paper over the stain, and then press a hot iron over it. As soon as the blotting paper becomes greasy move it; bring a clean part of the stain, and then apply the iron again. Repeat this until the stain has quite disappeared.

Why Clothes Are Boiled.

The purpose of boiling clothes is to expand the fabrics by steam, and thus to loosen the dirt and let it drop out. This purpose may be accomplished within half an hour after the water first begins to bubble, and further cooking turns the clothes yellow. While the clothes are boiling they should be turned with a clothes stick, but not punched or lifted, so as to tear them. As soon as the clothes are taken out of the boiler they should be plunged into clean, cold water. The second boiler full of clothes should not be put into the boiling dirty water, but have a fresh suds for their own cleansing.

Curtains for Cupboards.

In small rooms it is a mistake to have cupboards in the little recesses so often found on each side of the fireplace. If shelves are really wanted there, have them by all means, but cover them with a pretty curtain. This should be hung from a pole inside the recess, so as to take as little space as possible from the room. The effect of a pretty piece of drapery will be decidedly pleasant to the eye, and on cleaning days the contents of the shelves may be protected by having a cotton dusting sheet fastened over them, so that even then, the cupboard doors will not be missed. Of course, on these special occasions the curtain should be taken down and thoroughly shaken.

Furnish the Kitchen.

It is a mistake to lavish money on drawing rooms and sacrifice the kitchen.

Kitchen utensils are of the first importance. The cook cannot do her work well without proper tools and proper environment.

A kitchen outfit costs little. New cloths for the floor, table and sink is cheap and adds immeasurably to the contentment of the maid.

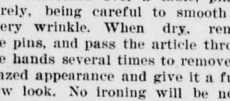
An attractive kitchen bespeaks the good housekeeper. It is easier to convince the servants of the desirability of keeping it clean.

Neat tin and wooden boxes with labels are a delightful acquisition to the kitchen closets and much more pleasant to handle than leaky paper bags.

How to Launder Silk Belongings.

In this age of silk shirtwaists, jackets, silk handkerchiefs and stockings, to say nothing of the many pretty lace belongings, it is a serious question with women as to how these dainty possessions may be laundered without the work really costing in a short time more than the original value of the articles. To remedy this trouble, every woman should learn how to do the work herself. It is not laborious, and may certainly be called a fine art. When ready to wash any silk articles, fill a small tub half full of warm water, to which add a tablespoonful of powdered borax, put the garment in, and wash very gently with the hands. When clean rinse, and squeeze free of water. Spread carefully over a clean cloth, which has been stretched over a table, pin securely, being careful to smooth out every wrinkle. When dry, remove the pins, and pass the article through the hands several times to remove the glazed appearance and give it a fresh, new look. No ironing will be necessary.

Laces may be done up in the same way. In spreading them over a cloth, great care should be given the work of smoothing every flower or design out, and pinning in shape. Edges should be picked out, and arranged in place. A little time must be devoted to doing this work, but the results will be entirely satisfactory.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Raw Beef Sandwiches—One pound of ground beef, two old onions, pepper and salt. Have the butcher remove all suet before grinding. Cut the onions fine and mix with the beef and salt and pepper. Make Sandwiches of white bread.

Stuffed Eggs—Eight eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one saltspoonful each of Anchovy paste, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar. Halve the eggs, mix the yolks with the seasoning, refill the halves and put on each a sprig of parsley.

Cheese Crackers—The eggs will not require all the filling. Mix with the remaining filling three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and spread between salted crackers. Pile around the edge of the egg dish. The cheese and parsley help to remove the onion odor from the bread.

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THE WAGE OF THE WORK-A-DAY.

I hail the souls of mute singers— The forgotten and voiceless throng— That thrill the earth With the priceless mirth Of labor's unworded song!

They are knights of faith and of patience, True kings of the sea and soil! For they pale the glory Of war and story By the chivalry of toil! —John Malone, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOROUS.

Closest—I spent my two weeks' vacation visiting relatives. Wigwag—Then I suppose the two weeks are all you spent.

Blobbs—What time was it when he died? Slobbs—Nobody seems to have noticed. Blobbs—What an untimely end!

Goodman—Do you believe there is happiness beyond the grave? Henpeckle—Not on your life. I did my courting in a cemetery.

Wigwag—I think I should be fond of playing golf. What should I learn first? Lotter (with fire scorn)—Learn to say golfing instead of playing golf.

Miss Fayded—I'm sorry to have to say no, but you might have read the refusal in my face. Mr. Fresh—I'm no good at reading between the lines.

Hoax—What do you suppose is the best way to become a famous bridge-jumper? Joax—You might work up to it gradually by starting to jump board bills.

"Do you know many lawyers?" asked the inquisitive man. "Yes; a good many," replied the man who is usually engaged in litigation; "but my acquaintance with them is usually brief."

"Do tell me all you said to papa," gushed the dear girl. "Didn't you feel backward at first?" "I did," admitted the puzzled suitor; "but how did you find out that my hat was on the chair behind me?"

Clubb—What did your wife say to you when you got in last night? Rounder—What? If you haven't anything more important to do, I have. "What do you mean?" "I can't stand here talking to you all day."

"I've noticed," remarked the clergyman pointedly, "that the man who goes to sleep in church is generally very wide awake in the baseball game." "Yes," returned the handened sinner, "the delivery is different, you know."

The great merchant glanced over his spectacles at the slim young man who had applied for a position. "I have just been graduated from college, and I feel that—" The great merchant interrupted him. "I am sorry," he said, "but just at present we have no vacancies in the firm."

"Bobs" and His Family.

Here is a new story, fresh from the other side, which shows to a remarkable degree the picture of England's greatest military hero in the light of husband and father. It seems that the most perfect sympathy has existed between Lord and Lady Roberts since they were married, 41 years ago, and Lady Roberts, herself the daughter of a soldier, has always been able to associate herself with the chief interest in life of her husband. Her work in India in the cause of the soldiers' wives will long be remembered by the English, and among her own sex she is as much beloved as Lord Roberts is by his men.

The death of their son at Colenso came all the more severely to Lord and Lady Roberts, as they were a singularly affectionate and united family. The greatest affection existed between the distinguished father and his promising son. Lord Roberts was most anxious that his son should achieve distinction in the same profession, and his valuable experience and sympathy were always at the son's service. "Bobs" was very proud of his son's prowess in the saddle. At a race meeting some time ago in Ireland Lieutenant Roberts rode clean away from the field and won by a dozen lengths. "My son must not be encouraged to ride; a soldier has to keep all his abilities for the service," said Lord Roberts; and then, with a burst of paternal pride, "but in all my life I never saw anyone ride a better race."

An Impression.

A recent English writer tells the following, which reminds one of the definition of faith, that "faith is a leg of mutton in a boat." He is writing of his trip on an ocean steamer.

"Out of 220 cabin passengers we had only one little girl on board, aged about ten. Of course, we all made much of her. One day I was making a sketch from memory of Fastnet Rock. My little friend was by me, and she asked: 'How can you sketch a thing that you do not see?'"

"I remember it. I have an impression of it," I said.

"What is an impression?" "I explained by making an impression with the round end of the pencil on the back of the hand, and then saying, 'There is an impression, and one is also made by seeing—only in a different manner—on the mind or brain.' With this explanation the little girl seemed to be satisfied.

"The next day I was talking with a bishop on board, and said to him, 'My little friend here can tell you what an impression is.'"

"And what is an impression?" he asked. "Oh," said she, "it is just a round hole made on the back of the hand by pressing a pencil on it!"—Youth's Companion.

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