

## SAVED BY A DREAM.

A THRICE REPEATED WARNING THAT WAS LUCKILY HEADED.

How Two Men Narrowly Escaped Assassination in a Western Ontario Inn—The Reality Was a Perfect Reproduction of the Vision of the Brain.

Miss Mabel Wiloughby, writing in the Toronto Globe, relates this strange story:

"Many years ago my great-uncle, a magistrate of Niagara district, had occasion, as he often had, to make a journey on horseback through some of the more unsettled parts of western Ontario. As those were the pioneer days, many parts of Ontario now thickly settled and prosperous communities were almost unbroken stretches of forest, intersected by roads, passable only by equestrians. The only places of public accommodation were small taverns or inns to be found at intervals of many miles along these trails or roads. My uncle and his father-in-law, who accompanied him, carried large sums of money with which to buy grain and cattle from the settlers.

"One afternoon, toward nightfall, as they were nearing the small inn where they intended stopping for the night, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs close behind them, and, turning in his saddle, my uncle saw that the strangers approaching him were a dark visaged pair of men whom he had noticed at the dinner table with him at the last hostelry. They, however, saluted my uncle and Mr. H., his father-in-law, in a very civil manner and returned the compliments of the hour.

"The party soon reached the inn, and, to uncle's surprise, the two strangers trotted on past the only resting place there was for miles. But he concluded that they were hunters or settlers living farther on, and so for the time thought no more of it.

"Our two grain dealers took their supper and shortly afterward retired comfortably for the night. Not long after going to bed Mr. H., feeling thirsty, rose and went down to the barroom for a drink of water. (No laughter here. He was a local preacher and staunch adherent to the Methodist church.)

"On entering the bar he was greatly surprised to see stretched out on the wooden benches the guests of the dinner table and traveling companions of the early evening. However, he troubled very little about the matter, as he thought that they had been overtaken by night and turned back. On returning to the bedroom he found my uncle dozing, and so made no mention of the uncanny pair in the barroom, and in a few minutes fell asleep also.

"After a short sleep uncle awoke and almost started out of bed, having had a most vivid and frightful dream, in which he saw one of those men advancing toward him with a dark lantern turned upon his face and a drawn knife in his hand. But, finding the room perfectly quiet, uncle persuaded himself that his dream was the result of some slight apprehension he had had concerning the two men, and so fell asleep again, but only to have the horrible vision repeated.

"He began to feel that the dream, so vivid and persistent, might have the nature of a presentiment, so put his hand under the pillow to see that his pistols which he carried were safe. But as everything continued perfectly still he allowed himself to fall into a light doze, which was again interrupted by the same dream, like a midnight specter.

"Now thoroughly alarmed and feeling that his dream was sent as a warning, he roused the old gentleman by his side and told him of it. Mr. H. then told him of the men in the barroom. This increasing their apprehension, the two men decided to watch by turns, Mr. H. taking the first watch. Not five minutes had elapsed before a footstep just outside their door caught the ear of both men.

"In a moment the door opened very softly, and a man stealthily entered and crept toward the bed, while the two in the bed prepared for immediate defense when the villain had come close enough to be seen distinctly, kept perfectly quiet. When within about two yards of the bed, the intending assassin, by the manipulation of his lantern, which until this time had remained perfectly dark, threw a clear light over the supposed sleepers and revealed to them the reality of the vision—the same man, knife and lantern, with his murderous intention hideously written on his fixed countenance.

"One glance at his intended victims and his expression changed to amazement and fear and he stood like one paralyzed as he met my uncle's steady and white face, who, with pistol presented, waited but another move on the part of the villain to kill him on the spot. But the man didn't move. All was perfectly still, except for a smothered prayer from the old gentleman. Uncle was the first to speak, demanding what he wanted. No reply was given. Uncle then, threateningly advancing his piece, ordered him to leave the room at once on pain of death. In obedience to this the robber, without turning his face or changing his attitude in any way, backed as steadily from the room as he had entered it and was seen no more."

All Dear to Him.

Wife—The doctor orders me to the mineral baths at Carlsbad, and you refuse me the means to go. That shows how little you value me.

Husband—On the contrary, I do not wish to lose a pound of you.—Fliegende Blätter.

Strange as it may seem, the origin of the miter is to be found in Acts ii, 3, "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." The miter is supposed to be a representation of these cloven tongues.

## GUARDING THE MINT.

HOW THE PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION IS PROTECTED.

Little Chance For Any One to Get Rich Quickly by Helping Himself to Uncle Sam's Treasure—Patrols, Revolvers and Winchesters in Plenty.

Probably not one person out of a hundred who pass by the Philadelphia mint, that grim looking edifice at Chestnut and Juniper streets, after nightfall realizes what is going on inside. There is nothing mean about Uncle Sam, but he is determined that any one who gets his money shall get it honestly and by process duly laid down. Therefore he has taken all kinds of precautions to properly protect, especially at night, the millions upon millions piled up in the vaults.

The doors of the mint are closed every weekday promptly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After that hour no one but mint employees have any business within the walls which inclose so much money, and no one can either stay in or get in without a special permit from the superintendent. Needless to say, this is difficult to obtain.

Simultaneously with the closing of the doors at 4 o'clock the first shift of the night guard goes on duty. The shift is composed of the captain of the guard and 11 stalwart men. As the men file out to begin their round each one is handed a big Colt's revolver of the most approved pattern and loaded with big cartridges.

From then on till midnight seven of the 11 guards patrol without cessation every floor of the inside of the mint, from the corridors of the gloomy vaults where, away down in the earth, are stowed eighty odd million dollars in silver and almost as much gold, to the top floor, where there is nothing more valuable than machinery. Placed at frequent intervals throughout the corridors are electrical devices for enabling the captain of the guard to keep tabs on his men. Each of these little machines communicates with the rotunda opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the mint. Here it is that the captain is stationed all through the long hours of his shift. Every two minutes and a half the central machine in the rotunda denotes the presence of some one of the guard at some particular station in the building. If it doesn't, then the captain knows that something is wrong, and he immediately proceeds to discover what it is.

But it has been a long time since the little machine failed to send forth its announcement at the proper time, for the mint guards are patrolling up and down outside the big building, carefully watching that no suspicious characters approach too near the vast treasure left in their care.

Promptly at midnight the second shift of the night guard puts in an appearance to relieve the early shift. It is also composed of a captain and 11 men, and they are split up, as the other squad, into inside and outside details. From midnight on until 7 o'clock in the morning they follow in the footsteps of the first shift, with every faculty alert to catch an intruder.

The big revolvers are not the only weapons upon which the guards have to rely. On each side of the main corridor leading from the Chestnut street entrance stands a walnut case. Through the polished glass front of one from 20 Winchester rifles. The other contains as many ugly looking carbines. To grab these dispensers of death would be but the work of an instant for the guards, and then woe be unto any man or men upon whom it might be found necessary to turn them.

For the revolvers there is kept constantly on hand in the mint 500 rounds of ammunition, and for the rifles and carbines 2,500 rounds. Each of the guards is an expert in the use of both the pistol and the gun, and each is endowed with a plentiful stock of courage; hence a combination capable of successfully resisting almost anything less than a regiment.

The superintendent and assistant custodian both talked to the reporter about the methods in use to protect the mint and its contents. Both smiled significantly when the possibility of one getting away with a portion of the vast treasure was suggested.

"It would be folly for any one to try it," was the superintendent's only comment. To it the assistant custodian nodded emphatic assent.

"I have been here for a good many years," the latter said, "and no such attempt has ever been made. It is practically impossible for any one to break into the mint from the outside, and no one could secrete himself in the building during the hours when it is open to visitors and hope to avoid discovery. We search every nook and corner of the structure carefully as soon as the doors are closed for the day, and you may rest assured if any one who had no business within these walls was found he would regret the day he was born."

In addition to the two shifts of night guards, the superintendent and assistant custodian have a habit of dropping in at the mint at odd hours of the night to see that everything is going on all right.

The mint is connected with the central telephone station, and should there be trouble the captain of the guard could communicate with police headquarters in a brief space of time.

"If you come across anybody who thinks he can get rich quickly by helping himself to our coin," remarked the superintendent in parting, "just advise him to think it over carefully first."

In compliance with the superintendent's suggestion the advice is hereby given.

And it is pretty good advice to follow too.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The population of Antwerp includes 20,000 Germans, who, it is said, buy their goods of German merchants only.

## A FEARLESS CONVICT.

STEADMAN'S DARING ESCAPE FROM SAN QUENTIN PRISON.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases of Jail Breaking on Record—Accomplished by a Feat Which Almost Bordered on the Miraculous.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During a meeting of the chiefs of police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at Milwaukee, there were reminiscences of remarkable captures and of escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for here is John Glass, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glass pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with the story.

"The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton, was made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit for taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there, covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. However, we managed to hold him long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had become notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from prison in southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison; had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unfinished.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time, he was put to work with other convicts in the engine room. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing been even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile, possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different caliber. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism.

"One day there came to him as if by inspiration the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revolutions of the driving wheel, but there were lacings in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also by constant observation just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of the day's work and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms grappling both edges of the broad leather. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrench did not loosen his grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished."

"And did he get away without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts and is now serving out an additional sentence for attempted murder at the Folsom prison, which is situated some 28 miles from Sacramento." Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A Nurse of Nebraska Volunteers.

Doubtless all are aware that connected with the Church of Christ, or the Christian church, is their missionary society known as the Christian Women's Board of Missions. They are supporting their missionaries in India, Jamaica, Mexico and other foreign fields. At Bilaspin, India, Miss M. Adelaide Spradlin, one of their christian young women there, withdrew from the work to go to Manila to nurse the American volunteers. This will rejoice the hearts of many Nebraska women who are members of the society, and who have dear ones there. To know there is one of our consecrated christian workers there, is a matter of rejoicing to them. Another suggestive thought is how the workers for the Master are improving these great opportunities and how they are prompted to enter these open doors, taking with them the Word of Life. May it be truly said of them that "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." It will be an inspiration to the local auxiliary whose members have friends and whose president has a son in Manila, that they may possibly enjoy her gentle ministrations if among the ill or wounded ones, and what a lesson in missionary giving. Miss Spradlin left Bilaspin, India, the last of May or early in June and is doubtless located in Manila long ere this.

MEMBER MCCOOK C. W. B. M.

## INDIANOLA.

James Hetherington took in the reunion, Wednesday.

S. R. Smith made a business trip to McCook, Saturday last.

W. H. Powell had business in the county's capital city, Thursday.

W. R. Starr was down from the county seat, Thursday, on legal business.

A few of the old veterans from this neighborhood took in the reunion at McCook.

Fred Woodcock has gone to McCook, and will clerk in the Commercial hotel, this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dolan attended services in St. Patrick's church in the county seat, Sunday last.

Miss Lillian Welborn, county superintendent, had business in the county seat, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Carrie Mitchell has been spending part of the week in the county seat, during the reunion, the guest of her son.

George Sheppard and wife attended the reunion at McCook, part of the week, the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shepherd.

Frank Dolan returned home, Tuesday morning, on a short furlough, being guard over the remains of one of the soldier boys who died in camp in the southland.

The Republican county central committee met here, Tuesday of this week. There was a fair representation present from the east end of the county, but few from the west end.

The oldtime friends of George H. Grubb of our city will learn with pleasure of the fact that he has been nominated by the Silver Republicans of Montana for the high and responsible office of member of the supreme bench of that state. Grubb practiced law here years ago, and was regarded as a young lawyer of some promise; all will be pleased to learn of his advancement in his profession to a point that warranted the Silver Republicans of that mountain state to nominate him for the supreme bench.

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